


**The Century  
illustrated  
monthly  
magazine**

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA  
SANTA CRUZ

SANTA CRUZ

Gift of  
Mrs. Frank P. Hixon



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

SANTA CRUZ







AP  
2  
C4  
v. 105

# CENTURY

*for* NOVEMBER 1922



# Just Say "Yes"

And we'll send you a shaving surprise

We are making a better Shaving Cream than you have ever dreamed of.

We are getting the results you want, each in exceptional degree.

Now we merely ask that you let us send you ten shaves free. You owe that to yourself and us. When someone tries to please you, at least try what he has done.

### *Offers six supremacies*

This shaving soap has six surprising qualities. Each merits one of your desires. And it meets it better, we believe, than any soap you know.

It multiplies itself in lather 350 times.

It acts in one minute.

No finger-robbing needed.

It produces tenacious bubbles.

It lasts 10 minutes.

It forms a balmy lotion.

Anyway, the decision rests with you. But mark this: Famous experts claim to get those six results. And they offer to send you ten shaves free to prove them. We argue that you should accept that offer, in fairness to yourself and them. If you agree, mail us your name and address.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA

*the makers of Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Cream*



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*



Vol. 105

CONTENTS for NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 1

Frontispiece, illustrating "The Last of the Vikings" . . . . .	SIGURD SKOU	
The Last of the Vikings. <i>A novel. I</i> . . . . .	JOHAN BOJER	3
<i>Drawings by SIGURD SKOU</i>		
Youth Grows Young . . . . .	SAMPSON RAPHAELSON	26
Revenge. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	KONRAD BERCOVICI	37
<i>Drawings by GEORGE WRIGHT</i>		
Country School-Room. <i>Verse</i> . . . . .	LOUIS UNTERMAYER	48
After Penrose, What? . . . . .	TALCOTT WILLIAMS	49
Motoring down to the Golden Horn . . . . .	E. ALEXANDER POWELL	56
<i>Drawings by KERR EBY</i>		
Reforming the Glee Club . . . . .	FREDERICK L. ALLEN	71
In the Kentucky Coal-Fields. <i>Drawings</i> . . . . .	GEORGE WRIGHT	77
Miners' Wives in the Coal Strike . . . . .	FREDA KIRCHWEY	83
The Corp'. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	LORNA MOON	91
<i>Drawings by JOHN R. NEILL</i>		
Sex in Fiction . . . . .	HENRY SEIDEL CANBY	98
Advice to My Young Wife. <i>Verse</i> . . . . .	MAXWELL BODENHEIM	105
Dipo: Sprite of the Desert . . . . .	ERNEST THOMPSON SETON	106
<i>Drawings by the author</i>		
Jeremy and the Ruffians. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	HUGH WALPOLE	116
The Circus Theater . . . . .	KENNETH MACGOWAN	128
<i>Drawings by ROBERT EDMOND JONES</i>		
The Outlook for China . . . . .	BERTRAND RUSSELL	141
India and British Imperialism . . . . .	ALLEYNE IRELAND	147
An American Looks at His World . . . . .	THE EDITOR	155
<i>The Church and the Coming Renaissance</i>		
Among Our Contributors . . . . .	<i>Front Advertising Pages</i>	
Investment and Banking . . . . .	JOHN K. BARNES.	<i>Front Advertising Pages</i>

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: Published monthly; 50 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year in the United States, \$5.60 in Canada, and \$6.00 in all other countries (postage included). Publication and circulation office, Concord, N.H. Editorial and advertising offices, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions may be forwarded to either of the above offices. Pacific Coast office, 127 Van Ness Building, Los Angeles, California. W. Morgan Shuster, President; Don M. Parker, Secretary; George L. Woodcock, Treasurer; James Abbott, Assistant Treasurer. Board of Trustees: George H. Hazen, Chairman; George Ingers, Jr.; W. Morgan Shuster. The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. All material herein published under copyright, 1922, by The Century Co. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Entered as second-class matter AUGUST 15, 1920, at the U. S. Post-office, Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered also at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Printed in U. S. A.



*In the*  
**DECEMBER CENTURY**



**FAINT PERFUME**

*by Zona Gale*

The beginning of a four-part serialization of Miss Gale's new novel. "Faint Perfume" marks as distinct an advance in content and technic over "Miss Lulu Bett" as "Miss Lulu Bett" marked over Miss Gale's earlier novels.

**THE THIN QUEEN OF ELFHAME** *by James Branch Cabell*

The author of "Figures of Earth" and "Jurgen" writes again of his mythical Gothic kingdom in a delightfully imaginative tale.

**TESTING THE MENTAL TESTS**

*by H. Addington Bruce*

Another paper that will set the country debating.

**THE STEVENSON MYTH**

*by George S. Hellman*

New light on R. L. S., including hitherto unpublished material.

**ARE THE ARTISTS GOING MAD?**

*by G. K. Chesterton*

The brilliant Englishman says what he really thinks about all of the new art isms.

**CROSS-EXAMINING SANTA CLAUS**

*by Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

The author of "Vanguard, Rear-Guard, and Mud-Guard" examines the modern Christmas observance with the same penetration and wit that she brought to bear on the "younger generation."

**AND AFTER LENINE?**

*by Ernestine Evans*

When Lenine dies, who will figure in the leadership of distraught Russia?

*Articles by E. Alexander Powell, Gertrude Mathews Shelby, and Alleyne Ireland. Stories by Katherine Anne Porter and Lincoln Steffens. A poem by Henry Bellmann, and the second instalment of Johan Bojer's "Last of the Vikings."*

---

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

c. 11-22

I am enclosing \$5.00, for which please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one full year.

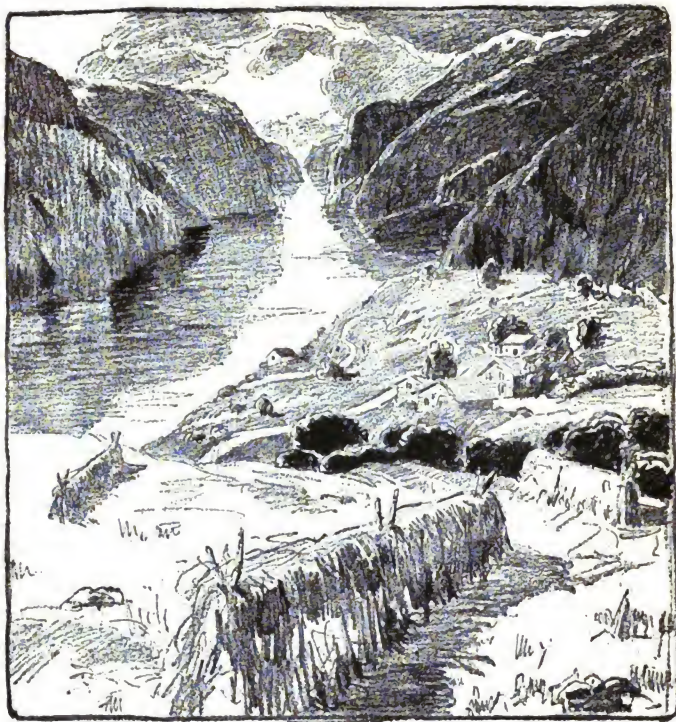
Name.....

Address.....

THE  
CENTURY MAGAZINE



*NOVEMBER*  
*1922*



Harvest-time in a Norwegian fishing-village



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 105 *November, 1922* No. 1



## The Last of the Vikings

*A Novel in Seven Parts—Part I*

By JOHAN BOJER

*Norwegian drawings by SIGURD SKOU*



THE dim, blue twilight had already fallen upon the countryside, and when the bell at Lindegaard rang to call the workers home to supper, its sound rose and fell like an angelus over fiord and mountain. The farm laborers out on the wide, golden corn-fields stood erect, and, taking their dinner-tin in one hand and their sickle in the other, set out in companies for their homes, with the red light from the glowing clouds lying above the snow-mountains in the west reflected in their faces.

Lindegaard stood upon a hill, like an old castle. The windows in the great white house were aflame with the rays of the setting sun; the garden and grounds extended almost to the water, and in the background lay the numerous red-painted farm-buildings, constituting almost a little town by themselves. It was as though this large farm had pushed the others away toward the outskirts of the district, either eastward toward the wooded slopes, where the small farms clung to the hillside, or northward to the

bare mountains facing the sea. And when the bell at Lindegaard rang, the bells from the other farms all over the countryside chimed in.

The farm laborers lived in the little fishermen's cottages down by the steel-gray fiord, each with a small piece of land about it. They were pledged to work many weeks of the year on the big farm, and cultivated their own land when they came home in the evening, and even then they had to resort to the sea for their principal means of subsistence. They took part in the herring fisheries in the autumn, and in the winter sailed hundreds of miles in open boats up to Lofoten, perhaps tempted by the hope of gain, but perhaps, too, because on the sea they were free men.

This evening a single worker still remained on one of the large barley-fields, looking, from Lindegaard, only like a black speck in all the yellow; but it was a woman, Mårya Myran, the wife of one of the farm laborers. Cutting the corn on the big farm was a duty, and though Mårya had done

twice an ordinary day's work, she wanted to finish the last little bit before she went home; but she dreaded having to stand erect, for she was ready to drop with fatigue.

The sickle glittered as she cut, and with red, swollen hands she drew the damp corn toward a skirt that was long since wet through. There was grace in every moment of the slender figure in the gray dress. The black kerchief on her head kept slipping back, and every time she pulled it forward again with the hand that held the sickle. She had scarcely eaten anything since morning, and now it was not only her back that ached, but her breasts, too, were heavy.

On a heap of straw near her lay what looked like a bundle of clothes, but every now and then it moved and talked. Now it had begun to make little whimpering sounds, too, and the reaper said to herself, "He 's hungry, but he 'll have to wait."

The little one had kicked off the clothes his mother had spread over him, and now he stretched a fat little leg into the air and tried to get hold of his toes. There may be a good deal to say about such a proceeding, so he talked all the time, saying, "Do-do-do!" and "Ta-ta-ta!" but he was nevertheless very near crying. In the meantime both legs had become uncovered and began to feel cold; so why should he not set up a scream that his mother could not help hearing? But the sickle sang on without ceasing. The baby whimpered a little, and now and then sucked a thumb and looked up into the sky. On one side the clouds were dark and ugly, but farther off they were red and smiling; and above hung the deep blue of the sky, in which tiny lights began to twinkle.

He tried to talk to these lights, and said, "Ta-ta!" and "Ba-ba!" and then he stretched out a fat little hand and tried to seize some of them, but could not reach far enough. Then he tried to sit up in order to get nearer to them, but only sank deeper into the straw, and an ear of corn fell right across his face. The little fat hand managed to grasp the ear and fling it aside, but the entire expression of the baby face was one of rage. It is allowable to be overwhelmed by one's own misfortune, and he gave vent to a wailing scream. But his mother went on reaping. She was dreading having to stand erect when she had finished.

The baby grew quiet once more. His eyes widened, but he did not know that the stars up there were reflected in them. A semicircle of gold had risen from behind the dark hills in the east. It was so very, very bright, and once more he stretched out his hands. He forgot that his legs were cold, and stretched them up, too; it was as if his whole little body were ready to fly up there and play. At last the semicircle seemed to have a face like grandmother's, and when the baby was sure of this, he began to laugh.

Now his mother set up the last sheaf, and, with one hand on her back and the other over her eyes, straightened herself. She staggered a little, and then walked with uncertain steps to the heap of straw on which her baby lay, and, taking him up, seated herself to nurse him. She sank farther and farther into the soft straw, while the sheaves supported her back; and her baby forgot both the moon and the clouds as she held him to her warm breast.

"Poor little fellow!" she murmured, trying to smile down at him; but every now and again her eyelids closed.

The moon above the eastern hills had turned a silvery white, and the dewy fields sparkled in its light, while the air was filled with the scent of ripe corn and damp earth; but the weary woman, sitting there alone, only wished that some one could carry her home. Now, as she nursed her baby, her own hunger seemed to become greater and her back to ache more; but she wrapped the woolen shawl more closely about the little one, and raised her eyes to rest them on the peaceful landscape before her: the fertile country-side in the blue evening twilight, with light upon light shining out from the farms around; the corn-field in which she sat; the dark, forest-clad hills that she loved. It was a relief to her that the sounds and odors of the sea did not reach her here.

She had passed the seventeen years of her married life on the coast, but had lived her earlier life in a valley, among forests and mountains, and was now as little reconciled to her life by the sea as she had been on the first day of it. She no longer made any complaint, but tried to do the work of two in order to keep morbid thoughts out of her mind. Her husband, Kriståver Myran, was still the handsomest man in the district, but he was out on the sea the greater part of the year, chaining her to a life on the wild, barren shore, and filling her with such fear and unrest during the long winter nights that it was all she could do to restrain her impulse to flee from it all. For him and their six children the gray cottage out there was home, but it would never be hers. She was as homesick

now as she had been all through the first year of her married life; she might do the work of two or three, but she never succeeded in working herself into a feeling of home.

The sea, with its terrible, howling storms that raged all through the winter, the waves that day and night thundered and foamed upon the sand and seaweed, foamed, too, in her mind and made her sleepless, and would one day, she felt, rob her of her reason.

They were long, long years. She looked forward to the day when Kriståver would sell his boats and house, move with her and the children up into the valley, and take to farming. They could never be worse off than they were now. Every winter he risked his life upon the Lofoten Sea, and if one year the fishing was good, it was eaten up by the seven bad years, and they were always in poverty. But to hope to draw him from the sea to the land was like trying to change a fish into a bird, and he turned the children's minds in his direction. The eldest boy, Lars, was only sixteen, but he wanted to go to Lofoten next winter; and Oluf, who was fourteen in the spring, talked of nothing else. She was like a hen with a brood of ducklings, vainly calling and enticing them away from the water.

After a time she rose, and, binding the baby firmly to her back with the shawl, set off with a tin can in one hand and her sickle in the other. Before her lay the wide field, and the stubble rustled under her feet as she walked; her long shadow kept pace by her side, and behind her was left a dark trail through the moon-whitened dew. Her kerchief had again slipped back, and her pale face looked still paler in the moonlight. The knowl-

edge that the day's work is done, and the walking over a level corn-field with a baby on one's back, give an easier carriage to a woman, even if she is tired. As she passed the cluster of buildings at Lindegaard, there were lights behind white curtains in a long row of windows. She could hear the tones of a piano, and over the high garden-walls floated the fragrant scent of apples and all kinds of flowers. Within those windows people lived a brighter, safer existence than a fisherman can ever attain to.

Then began the barren peat-bog, with its pools of stagnant water, which she always dreaded in the dark. Before her lay the wide fiord, overshadowed by the western mountains and crossed by a broad path of moonlight in which the waves rose and fell unceasingly. Down on the beach lay the fishermen's cottages, with lights in their windows, and the smell of peat-smoke began as usual to make her feel sick.

She could hear the waves now. *Shwee-e-e—hoosh-sh-sh! shwee-e-e—hoosh-sh-sh!* It was as though the sea were always mad and foaming at the mouth, and when she was very tired she felt almost as if she must do the same.

There was an odor of rotting seaweed in the air, of salt sand, of fish, of tarred boats, and of wet nets hung up to dry—an atmosphere in which she always had a headache and coughed and had a difficulty in breathing. There was a light in a window in Myran, the little home by the sea, and she covered her eyes with her hand; for it was hard that those whom she loved should live in a place that she detested.

The baby on her back was asleep, notwithstanding that his little head

in its hood nodded this way and that at every step. Now she discovered, however, that the two cows and the four sheep were still tethered in the field. Here was more work for her to do, and once more she put her hand over her eyes as if in a feeling of dizziness.

A pleasant warmth met her as she opened the door and entered. A tall candle was burning on the table, a clock in a brightly painted case ticked on the south wall, against which stood a broad bed, and a similar bed stood against the west wall. A spinning-wheel and a loom took up a good deal of the floor-space, and on the two window-sills stood pots of red geraniums. Three children jumped up from the floor, where they were playing, and ran toward her with cries of "Mother! Mother!" and hanging on to her skirt, and all talking at once, they told her that grandmother had come on a visit.

The bedroom door opened, and an old woman with a pock-marked face, a big nose, and hollow cheeks came out. It was Kari Myran, Mårya's mother-in-law, who lived in the house.

"You 're late," she said, looking at Mårya through her spectacles.

"Oh, yes; it is late."

The face of another old woman appeared behind the first, with smaller features and a bristly chin. This was Mårya's own mother, Lava Rootawsen, who had come down from the valley on a visit.

"Good evening," she said, coming forward and shaking hands when Mårya had laid the baby in the cradle.

"Good evening, Mother. So you've come all this way, have you?"

The two grandmothers could sit all

day boiling coffee on the stove in the bedroom, and talking of things new and old, and of their rheumatism and the pains in their chest, but in all other respects they were as different as night and day. The old woman at Myran was accustomed to look to the sea and to Providence for everything, and therefore she would often sit with her hands in her lap, seeing things that others could not see. Was it the sea or Providence that she saw? The other grandmother was accustomed to the daily toil up in the valley. She had brought up five children on a small mountain farm, and she held that by picking cranberries or making birch-brooms; but if you relied only on Providence and wind and weather, both your pocket and the larder would be empty.

Mårya noticed that there was no supper prepared. The two old women had probably had so much to talk about that they had quite forgotten both her and the cows.

"Where are Lars and Oluf?" she asked.

"They went to fetch peat," said her mother-in-law. "It 's odd that they are n't back yet."

Mårya sighed, and, after saying a few words to her mother, had to go out to put the animals in the cow-shed.

Outside the north wind had risen, and from the beach came the perpetual sound of the waves. It was as though they are plotting some evil in the darkness. *Shwee-e-e—hoosh-sh-sh! shwee-e-e—hoosh-sh-sh!*

## § 2

The wheelbarrow appeared first, and then the man who was pushing it before him. He limped, so that even the squeaking of the wheel sounded

uneven and halting. The front view of the man showed a broad-shouldered body, and a small, weather-beaten face surrounded by a quantity of black hair and beard, and surmounted by a red, pointed woolen cap, with its tassel dangling down over one ear. Some little boys burning seaweed on the beach could see him from behind, however, and he had legs as well, one shorter than the other. He seemed to be sailing in a rough sea, and if it had only been winter, the broad back of his waistcoat would have made a splendid target for a snowball, or a still broader and better would have been the seat of his trousers, with his knife in its sheath hanging from the waistband. It was all awry, and the patches, one above another, put one in mind of little fields. The trousers-legs lay in folds, like a concertina, and hung down over the tabs of his high boots.

"Hullo, Jacob! Hullo, Damnitall-with-the-limp!"

"Be quiet, boys!" was all he said, and passed on with his barrow.

It was in fact Jacob, and the nickname had been given him because he so often said, "Damn it all!" when he swore, and when he said it, he generally swung out his short leg; but the little boys looked up to him because he was the head-man on the big Lofoten boat, the *Sea-Flower*, and had gone through so much both on the sea and on land that it was a miracle that he still lived. When a lad had taken hire with him for a Lofoten voyage, the lad's mother would cross herself in horror at the thought that he could go with Jacob. Jacob was a great seaman, a great fisherman, and a great drinker; and while the other seamen lived in the gray cottages round the





A fisherman's wife

bay, and had wife and children to provide for, he was a happy bachelor of sixty, and his boat was wife and house and home to him.

It is true that the *Sea-Flower* lay unrigged high up on the beach half the year, but even then Jacob lived on board, in the poop-cabin, and while the others toiled at the herring-fisheries in the summer and autumn, he led an easy life from the end of one winter's fishing to the beginning of the next. And it is wonderful how quickly the days pass when you have learned how to sleep at any hour of the twenty-four. When smoke was seen rising from the stove-pipe through the roof of the poop-cabin, you knew that Jacob was awake, and if you wanted a dram, you had only to climb on board. He no longer had any relatives in the district, but when he set out to sea, he always waved his sou'wester vigorously, although there was no one on shore to say good-by to him and wish him a prosperous voyage; and in the spring he joined the others and sailed the hundreds of miles southward again, although no one among the many standing on the beach was there to welcome him home. But what did that matter? They got on well here, both the *Sea-Flower* and Jacob; and to-day he came limping along in the sunshine with his wheelbarrow and was not even drunk.

Over the sunlit surface of the sea the wind was flinging patches of ruffled blue. All round the bay between the two headlands stood gray boat-houses, and out of the back of two or three of these stuck the pitch-brown fore part of a Lofoten boat, as if to watch for the coming of the season when it would go out and be rigged again. The *Sea-Flower*, however,

lay alone on the beach, with no boat-house to cover her, as homeless as Jacob himself, her long hull with a white stripe along the sheer-strake, and the black stem and stern standing proudly erect. Herring-nets hung drying beside the boat-houses, for there may be a herring or two to be caught by those who have the mind and the patience to catch them; but Jacob with his wheelbarrow held such fishing in contempt.

Suddenly the noise of the wheel ceased. Jacob had stopped, and was gazing out over the bay. A boat was sailing up past the southern headland. She was certainly no herring-boat, nor yet a ten-oared nor a four-oared boat; neither was she a cargo-boat. Why, damn it all! if she was n't a Lofoten boat! Such an object on the sea at this season of the year was like lightning in a cloudless sky. It was incredible, and yet there she was, and had a six-oared boat without a sail in tow as well. Jacob put down the wheelbarrow, and stood staring, without even noticing that there was some one behind him who was also standing staring. It was Elezeus Hylla, a broad-shouldered, brown-bearded man with prominent cheekbones; and he stared so intently that a row of white teeth became visible from sheer wonderment.

"Can you understand that?" he said, burying his hands deep in his trousers-pockets. His blouse was of white sail-cloth, and his homespun trousers hung down over his boots just as Jacob's did.

The old man turned his head, removed his quid from his mouth to his waistcoat-pocket, and expectorated.

"No," he said. "Can you?"

"It must be a stranger."

"Perhaps; but it seems to me that I know the six-oared boat."

The windows in the cottages had become full of faces, and a few people came out in order to get a better view.

On the Myran land two fair-haired boys were taking up potatoes. They were Lars and his brother Oluf, and both stood leaning on their forks and gazing.

"I 'm going down to the water," said Oluf.

"You 'll just stay where you are," said Lars, for he was sixteen, and the other only fourteen, and what would the world be like if the younger brother were not to obey the elder?

The brothers were very dissimilar in appearance, Lars being bow-legged and round-shouldered, and with a quick temper, while Oluf was big and broad, and had his mother's short upper lip, so that his mouth was always open.

"He 's coming in to our boat-house!" cried Oluf, dropping his fork and setting off at a run. The next moment his brother ran past him. "It 's father!" he shouted. "You 'll see, he 's bought a Lofoten boat!"

It was Kriståver Myran, and this was a great day for him. For many years he had secretly longed for it, and at last it had come, and he stood there, the head-man on his own Lofoten boat. It was altogether incredible, but the tiller that he swung backward and forward over his head was his; the hull, rigging, grapnel, and ropes, everything on board, belonged to him.

The sturdy fisherman was still in the prime of life, his red, close-clipped beard and whiskers surrounded a strong face, and the hair beneath the black sou'wester was fair and curly. It was not unusual, when he walked

up the aisle in church, for great ladies to put up their eye-glasses in order to have a better look at him; but a fisherman with a wife and six children has other things to think about than being handsome.

The purchase of the boat had come about in a strange manner. He was fishing the fiords for herring in his six-oared boat with Kaneles Gomon, and one day went over to an auction at which he had heard a large boat was to be sold. He had no thought of any purchase, but there were crowds of people on the beach, and the auctioneer was shouting, but not a soul attempted to bid. And there lay the boat. Kriståver began to walk round her. He thought he ought to be able to judge of the capabilities of such a boat, and she was apparently as good as new, well built, with extra-fine lines—a regular sea-plow to cleave the billows and forge ahead with. What could it be that kept people from bidding for such a fine boat?

It happened that there was a man there who could not hold his tongue, and he let out the fact that the boat had capsized three winters in succession on the Lofoten Sea, and now had the reputation of being a regular coffin, in which no one would sign on. She was, moreover, a slow sailer, and dropped behind the others in the voyages north and south, so that no head-man with any self-respect would think of bidding for such a tub.

At this Kriståver took courage and bid a mere nothing; and he turned cold for a moment when the boat was knocked down to him, and he, a poor man, stood there the sole owner of a Lofoten boat.

"Do you want to kill yourself?" said one man, with a smile; and every

one in the crowd gazed at him, apparently with the same thought.

A head-man from a coast-district cannot resist the temptation to tease the dwellers in the inland fiord-districts, who like to think themselves seamen; so he answered that the boat was good enough, but that much depended upon the fellows that were on board her. Whereupon the men began to close in upon him and ask him what he meant by that.

A spirit of mischief impelled him to reply that the boat was far too good for such "inlanders," who were good enough to dig potatoes up out of the ground, but would never make seamen.

"I'll show you that I can make her go," he added; "aye, and make her stand up, too."

But if he had not taken his departure then, it is probable that blows would have been exchanged. Now he was coming home.

He had been a head-man for many years, so that was not what made the difference; but he had been only part-owner in the boat, and what is the good of a successful fishing-season once in a way, when the proceeds have to be divided between six men? Kriståver had sons who were growing up, and his head was full of plans; and if the day ever came when he could man his own boat from his own household, a single good fishing-year might make him a wealthy man.

He owed for the boat, it is true, and would have to go still deeper into debt if he alone had to equip six men for a winter's fishing. It was fool-hardy, but he had taken the plunge, and what was done could not be undone.

"Lower away!" he shouted to Kaneles, who was standing forward,

and the topsail bellied out, sank together, and glided down, followed by the mainsail. The grapnel clanked over the side, and the big boat swung round to the hawser, and lay along the wind.

The beach was black with people, and when the six-oared boat had also been moored, and the skiff came shoreward, but was still at some distance, it was Lars who shouted:

"Who does the Lofoten boat belong to, Father?"

Kriståver made no answer. His face was all smiles when he stepped ashore, and two of his younger children seized each a hand; and he stooped down and talked to them, although every one all round him was trying to speak to him. Then he went slowly up the beach with the children, nodding affirmatively in all directions. Yes, the boat was his.

Jacob alone held aloof, and would not condescend to be curious. He looked grim, and tried to find out whether that boat was a thing to go to sea with.

"We'll be able to race one another now," said Kriståver as he passed him.

Down through the field a woman was coming toward him with hesitating steps, carrying a baby on her arm. It was Mårya.

"Welcome home!" she said, with an attempt at a smile; but the eyes in the pale face had a frightened look.

Kriståver walked slowly beside her, only asking if everything was going on all right. He thought there was no one like her, and that she had a perfect right to her own thoughts and opinions.

Two boys had already rowed out to the Lofoten boat, and they were Lars and Oluf.

Kaneles Gomon, who had been with Kriståver on this herring-fishing expedition, was a bachelor of thirty. He was little and pale, and had it not been for his fair mustache, would have been taken for a mere boy. He was now walking up from the shore into the mountains, singing as he went, swaying from side to side, and carrying his chest on his shoulder. His home was on a little mountain farm, where there lived only his half-blind father of seventy and a little sister who was not yet confirmed. If only he had been able to cultivate the land at home, he might have made a large farm of it; but that needed a little money, and if he did not earn that on the sea, he would like to know where it was to come from? He was unsuccessful, however, year after year; so there was nothing but toil when he was away, and poverty at home. But still Kaneles sang. The priest never failed to put him down as father in every case of doubtful paternity in the parish, and though it might be amusing for the priest, it became by degrees a heavy tax on Kaneles. But still he was as happy as a king, and was always singing the gayest of songs.

There was much talk in the cottage at Myran all that evening, first about the boat and father, and then about father and the boat. Even the little ten-year-old Tosten had been on board, and he determined that his own little boat, which was as large as a wooden shoe, should be called the *Seal* after the big boat. Lars had extracted from his father the promise that next winter he should at last be allowed to go with him, and this caused him to assume a still more authoritative manner toward Oluf, for now he was almost a Lofoten fisherman.

There was not much sleep for any one in the little cottage that night. There was only one person who had not yet said anything, and that was Mårya, and she lay awake beside Kriståver, but pretended to be asleep. He himself was thinking of the guarantors he would have to find for his bank loan, and of all that he must try to obtain on credit from the tradesmen here and in town. To fit out six men is no small matter, and if then it was a "black" year with the fishing, it would be pretty well the ruin of him and his.

And, then, about the *Seal*. The thought that he had acted like a fool kept flitting through his mind. If the boat had capsized with others, why should he be better able to keep her right way up? Was not that merely a boast? And would he dare to take his eldest boy with him in such a venture?

He smiled at this, however. Boats are like horses and women: they have their whims and caprices, and the question is whether you are man enough to overcome them. There was nothing wrong with the boat, nothing, at any rate, that could not be put right. And he repeated, "I 'll show you that I can make her go; aye, and make her stand up, too."

But what would Mårya have said if she knew?

Lars slept in the attic with Oluf, and lay thinking until he fell asleep, and then dreamed until he started up wide-awake again. Oluf slept on undisturbed, for he knew no better; but it was not easy to be Lars. He felt drawn in many different directions. At school he had been a regular clipper, and it was jolly to learn things; there was no doubt about that. Both

the schoolmaster and the priest had advised him to try to borrow money and take a teacher's course. It was a great temptation. He would like to rise and get on in the world; and whenever he and his mother were alone together, she always impressed upon him that that was the way he ought to take. But his father was a Lofoten fisherman and a head-man, and he would like to be like his father, too. He had never forgotten what the pastor's wife had once said to him. "I know now what Olaf Trygvason looked like. He was just exactly like your father."

He remembered now, too, what the schoolmaster had once said about the Stadsland Lofoten boat. She was a descendant of the old dragon-prowed vessels which hundreds and hundreds of years ago bore the vikings to their discoveries and battles all over the world; and the fisherman of to-day still sails in the same kind of boat the hundreds of miles northward to battle with wind and wave. Lars would certainly be just what his father was.

He slept and dreamed he was fighting in the battle of Svolder. His father was Olaf Trygvason, and he himself was Einar Tambarskjælver. He drew a bow with a stronger hand than others, and his bow broke.

"What was that, that broke with such clangor?" asks Olaf.

"Norway from thy grasp, O king," said Lars; and he started up in bed, and there lay that duffer Oluf fast asleep!

The next day, while they were at dinner, Oluf said:

"But the boat has n't got a pennon, Father. Are n't you going to have a red pennon at the masthead like all the others?"

His father replied that he had thought of speaking to Karen Seamstress about it.

Mårya looked up at him.

"Oh, you might intrust that little piece of work to me," she said, her face brightening.

"Well, there 's no one could do it better," he said.

Mårya had a piece of red material that was just large enough to make a petticoat for herself, and the same day she took it out and cut off a piece about a foot wide and a good two feet in length for the pennon, and then hunted up some bright blue woolen yarn, and set to work to embroider a K and an M upon the red ground. She worked away with a happy face, because they were his initials, but at the same time she felt inclined to cry.

One day she dressed herself in her best, and, telling the children to be good, set off up the road, with a rope in her hand. She was going up to her brother's, in the valley, to fetch home a cow that had been up there on the mountain pastures all the summer. Her mother had given her the cow as a calf, and every spring since she had taken it up there for the summer, and every autumn brought it down again. It was a strange expedition both for the cow and for her. When they set out from the little farm by the sea, Russia would turn her handsome, white head over her shoulder to look back at the houses and low. She had stood in the cow-shed there all the winter, and it was her home. Mårya thought of the children; so it was not easy for her to leave it, either. When they had come farther in toward the valley, however, Russia began to scent the mountain air that she knew from the long, bright days on the sæter

pastures, and her step grew lighter, she whimpered, and quickened her pace. Mårya, too, forgot the children and the cottage by the sea, and walked more easily; for she was on her way home to the only place in the world where she was happy.

On this occasion her mind was full of all the bustle down by the sea, but when she had passed Lindegaard, and the valley lay before her in the hot autumn sunshine, with its farms and woods, where bright patches of scarlet leafage stood out here and there from the deep green of the fir-clad hills, she breathed more freely, and her step grew lighter.

Farther on, the valley began to close in and become more sheltered, the river gleamed far below, and the hills came nearer, as if to welcome her; and she sat down on a stone and wiped the tears from her eyes.

By evening she had reached the little farm where her mother lived as a pensioner of her brother. The small, sun-browned buildings were surrounded with green and yellow fields, the whole forming a picture in its setting of green forest. Mårya could hardly imagine anything more beautiful. The night was frosty, with bright moonlight, and she lay listening to the wind in the trees, but heard no sound of waves; and she folded her hands and prayed, for here she felt there was a good God. Down by the sea He stood only for the day of judgment, storm, misfortune, and terror, and she did not pray there; she set her teeth and defied Him.

The next day they went down together, she and the big, red cow with the white head and beautiful horns tipped with brass buttons. The cow turned and lowed her farewell, and was

answered by her comrades in the cow-house. Mårya, too, walked sadly, for she was turning her back on home.

As she went down the valley, her eyes rested lovingly on the mountains and wooded slopes; then came the wide country-side, where it was still beautiful; then Lindegaard; and beyond that were the peat-bogs and the sea.

But here Russia raised her head, and sniffed the well known air of her little winter home by the sea, and instantly her step grew lighter.

Mårya thought of the children, and wondered if anything had happened to them while she was away; and she quickened her pace as the cow had done.

And so they reached the field, the cow lowing softly, and Mårya calling to the children to ask if all had gone well at home.

### § 3

If Kriståver had to go the round of the country-side and beg people to become guarantors for a bank loan, he would have to make a special occasion of it. He had shrunk from it and put it off as long as possible, but one day a letter came from the bailiff of the inland parish to say that if he did not pay for the boat at once, he would send men to fetch it away again.

One cold, windy November day he set out on his errand. He would not go to Brandt at Lindegaard or to any of the well-to-do farmers in the farming district; he would have to keep to the cottagers out on the shore, for the poor are the readiest to give help to one another.

Many a night when he lay awake, he had gone over his comrades in his mind, and now he weighed and con-



A young Norwegian girl



sidered them in a manner he had not done before. One was a good-for-nothing, to whom he would be under no obligation, another a miser, a third a sanctimonious fellow who would manage to get rid of him with a flood of pious phrases; but here and there among them a face would appear before his mind's eye that ordinarily was all smiles and gaiety, but which nevertheless held his attention, for perhaps, after all, its owner might be more obliging than most.

There was a little red house with a gray cow-shed beside it, out by the wood below Lindegaard, where his sister lived with her husband, Elezeus Hylla. Relatives are not always the first one would apply to, however, and, besides, Elezeus was one of those who look to see whether their wives use too much cream and coffee when they are away, and he often beat her black and blue. And yet no one could be angry with him long, for among his comrades he was a capable man both on land and sea.

He was chopping wood in the shed when Kriståver came, and they went at once indoors. Berit appeared from the kitchen, and on this occasion was neither black nor blue; and she even ventured to bring the kettle in and put it on the stove, although her husband sat looking on. There were plants on the window-sills behind the little white curtains, and there was a spicy smell from the juniper with which the floor was strewn.

Kriståver sat down by the door and lighted his pipe. He told story after story and laughed heartily, finding it all the time becoming more and more difficult to say what he had come for. Berit looked at him and thought he was not like himself. Her cheeks

were hollow, but red, and her beautiful golden hair was twisted into a large knot at the back of her neck. She had married Elezeus only because she had had a child by another man.

"Is it true, after all, what people say?" she asked, as she spread a cloth on the table.

"Say? Have people anythingspecial to talk about just now?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "that you 've inherited such a lot of money from America."

"I? From America?"

"Yes, and that it 's with that money that you 've bought your boat."

Oh, was that how matters stood? And Elezeus sat staring at him, his large eyes standing almost out of his head with curiosity, and his white teeth gleaming beneath his brown mustache. It was so funny, so irresistibly funny, that in a spirit of mischief Kriståver did not contradict the story.

"Ah, yes," he said. "It 's strange how things sometimes happen." More than this, however, he would not say at present.

As they sat drinking coffee, Elezeus suggested that he should go with him to Lofoten in the winter, and Kriståver answered that was just what he had come about, and he should certainly go with him.

Elezeus did not stop here, however. He said he had been thinking of having nets of his own, so as to have a whole share in the fishing; but he needed a guarantor. Did he? Well, Kriståver was quite willing to back a bill for him, of course.

When he left the house, he burst into a laugh.

"I'm a fool, and a fool I always shall be," he said to himself. "It

was n't exactly to have fun that I came out to-day."

Inside the cottage Elezeus was walking up and down excitedly.

"Now you can see," he said to his wife. "Was n't I right? He *has* inherited money! Is n't it wonderful how things go for some people? Perhaps it's some thousands. You'll see, he'll be buying a large farm soon, and begin to drive about in a four-wheeled carriage, ha! ha! You must go down this evening and ask him to lend us the money to buy a cow with."

"No, indeed I won't," she said. "You'll have to do that yourself."

"You won't? Is that the way to answer me? You'd better take care! You'd better take care!"

Kriståver trudged on in the cold north wind, going in to one after another of his acquaintances, but always meeting with a refusal.

Andreas Ekra was a well-to-do man, head-man on the *Storm-Bird*, and had shared a hut with Kriståver for many years, but he said "No." People seemed to think that it did not do to be too open-handed when you had n't a penny to do it with.

Kriståver's knees seemed to grow weaker as he went from house to house, leaving each with a fresh refusal. He held his hat on with one hand, and swung the other vigorously; he had the whole day for the business, and would have to put up with a few more refusals.

A man was coming toward him in a white blouse and a sou'wester, his left hand deep in his trousers-pocket. He had a goatee, and as he walked his right shoulder was in advance of his left. It was Peter Suzansa, the head-man on the *Sea-Fire*.

"Are you out this windy day?" he

said, stopping. He spoke with a nasal twang.

Yes, Kriståver was just out for a walk. They both stood, as fishermen generally do, looking out to sea, which was grayish white under the north wind.

Peter Suzansa had the reputation of lying as readily as a horse trots. He told the most dreadful stories with the most serious face, and no one believed a word of them. He was now over sixty, and his beard was gray; he had recently lost his wife, and had an unmarried daughter living with him who was awaiting her confinement. Today he was looking old.

As they stood there, Kriståver, despite everything, forced himself to ask his assistance in the matter of the bank-loan; and after all it was Peter, who had had so much trouble lately, who now said that he thought it might be managed.

When they parted, Kriståver walked with a lighter step, but he still had to have another name. He met with several refusals afterward, but they were easier to bear now.

As twilight fell he drew near to two little red houses up by the peat bogs. They belonged to Henry Rabben, a man of a rather different type from the others in the neighborhood. No one could explain why it was that every one looked up to him. He was a fisherman and a farm laborer like the others, had no more learning than they, and was in possession of no great wealth; but however much noise might be going on in a room when he entered it, it instantly became quiet, and every one in it was ready to make room for him. He was of medium height and broad-shouldered. On week days he went about in patched clothes

like his neighbors, but his dark brown beard was always carefully combed, and his yellow mustache separated from it and brushed out to each side. He had a large nose and large eyes, he spoke little, but smiled when he did speak, and the more he smiled, the more serious was the expression of his eyes. When he was out fishing, he would occasionally snuff up a bailerful of sea-water, because he said it was wholesome. He cultivated his little patch of land better than any one else, and was the only man in the neighborhood that had a garden in front of his house, with bushes and flowers in it.

When Kriståver came, Henry was winnowing corn in the barn.

"You've come just when I was in need of you," he said with a smile, as he brushed the corn-dust out of his beard. "For I suppose you'll need a half-share man this winter, won't you?"

Kriståver recollected now that Henry was one of a boat's company that had been run down by a steamer the winter before in the middle of the night, and had lost both nets and boat. It was sad to think that this capable man would now have to go out as a common half-share man.

That was just what he had come about, said Kriståver once more. Would it do to ask Henry to be a guarantor after all his losses?

Kriståver was tired and did not feel equal to going to any more acquaintances now; and when he made his request, the tears were not far from his eyes.

Henry considered and pulled his mustaches only for a moment, and then his answer was "Yes."

"He sha'n't be the loser by that," said Kriståver to himself when at last

he turned homeward with the knowledge that his boat was saved.

#### § 4

The snowflakes were already beginning to float down over Blue Hill in the north, and the days were dark and gloomy. The roads leading to the village shop resounded with the tramp of iron heels as the fishermen flocked to it like birds of passage assembling in preparation for their long journey. They all looked more or less alike in their white canvas blouse, black felt hat with a brim as wide as an umbrella, and gray homespun trousers that below hung down over the tops of their boots. Some, however, wore red woolen caps with a tassel that dangled over one ear. They went first to the shop on the nearer side of the bridge, which they filled, packed closely, shoulder to shoulder, while the humpbacked shopman behind the counter darted about hither and thither in the lamplight, taking things down from shelves and wrapping them up in wrong order. Occasionally he received money in exchange, which he threw into the till, but most of the purchases had to be entered in a long book to which a pencil was attached by a piece of string.

Those customers whose purchases, as entered in the books, were of one and two years' standing, preferred to keep in the background and make remarks about the weather; but they were obliged to come forward in the end.

They all wanted credit for sacks of flour, tobacco, rye-cake packed in brand-new casks, kegs of treacle, barrels of coffee, leather, and paraffin. They were almost all in debt from the year before, but they were all expecting that this time the Lofoten fisheries

would both free them from debt and make them wealthy, for this year would surely be a good year.

The humpbacked man behind the counter looked at them one after another. If they did not get what they wanted from him, they would go to his rival on the other side of the bridge; and if they got it there, they would go there first when they had something to pay with.

The village shops, however, did not keep everything the fishermen wanted, so most of them sailed up the fiord through the falling snow to the town.

On the wharves all round the harbor there were little shops where everything necessary for a fisherman's outfit could be obtained: oilskins, rope, twine for nets, hooks, etc., down to writing-paper for Lofoten letters.

Heavy sea-boots, wet with mud and snow, stamped in here, and the fog from outside floated in through the door, to which a bell was attached. Behind the counter, with his back to a wall on which there was a great display of rope and twine, stood a sturdy man, dressed in homespun and high boots, his face, beard, and clothes all bearing traces of flour, tar, and treacle. This was Utnes, and he had once been a fisherman himself.

Kriståver and Peter Suzansa met here when the shop was full of men from both inland and coast districts, all wanting their Lofoten outfit on credit.

"Very well," Utnes was saying to a little red-bearded man, "but this must really be the last time."

The gas over the counter was lighted, and the bell on the door kept on ringing, and many had been standing for hours without having stated their errand.

At last Utnes's eye fell upon Peter Suzansa, who was standing with one hand in his pocket, and his shoulder thrust forward.

"What do you want?"

"We-ell, I should like the whole shop," said Peter with his nasal twang, his face quite serious.

Utnes could not help smiling, for Peter Suzansa owed for several years; but it was cheering to the others standing round to find that some one was able to make the great man behind the counter drop his shop expression.

Peter said he would have liked everything that was to be had there, and would have paid cash down, but, unfortunately, he had forgotten to bring any change, so he would have to be content with rather less; and he thereupon gave a list of all the things he must have.

It was not easy to say "No" to a man who made the whole shopful of people laugh.

Again the bell rang as the door opened to admit Jacob. He had been taken up the evening before for being drunk, and had spent the night at the police station; but now he was out again and had come to do business. There was certainly no false modesty about him. He pushed noisily in to the counter, and began to express his horror at all the poisonous, ill natured things people can say.

"What 's up now?" asked Utnes.

"Why, there are those rascally fellows going about and saying that things are so much better at Larsen's down on the quay. I gave them a thrashing yesterday, and got a night's free lodging for it; but now, damn it all, you 'll have to let me have some rope and twine for taking your part."

Utnes shook his head doubtfully. He knew Jacob was lying, but even that was better than when men leaned over the counter and quoted Scripture when they wanted credit.

But Kriståver wanted to buy a great deal, and Utnes opened his eyes wide: Kriståver wanted things for five men!

"Yes, it's easy enough for you, when you can afford to buy a Lofoten boat," said Peter Suzansa; and this Utnes heard, as it was probably intended he should.

He took it in. Kriståver looked like a man who would pay his way.

When their purchases were made, the men sailed back down the fiord through the falling snow. There would be plenty to do now before Christmas.

The living-room at Myran was full during those evenings, and the smoking lamp shed its dull yellow light upon many busy hands. At one side of the room sat Lars and Oluf, trying which of them could net cod-net the quickest, while Kriståver sat at another, putting the edge on to the nets. The ten-year-old Tosten and little Jonetta, who was six, were sitting on the floor, fully occupied in filling the netting-shuttles with twine. Måyra was hard at work knitting two thick woolen jerseys for the Lofoten men to wear over their woolen and cotton shirts, and they had blue and red rings round the sleeves and waist. Even the old grandmother, with spectacles on, was busy, and sat by the stove dipping the new woolen gloves and socks into hot soapy water, and rubbing them upon a fluted board, so that they would become matted and be thick and warm.

"Your feet'll be nice and warm," she

said to Lars, showing him one of the socks she was working at.

Then they had the shoemaker in the house, and when Lars stood in his new, soft sea-boots that could fold down over the knee, but could also be pulled right up the thigh, he requested Oluf to get out of the way so that he could have room to move. And just at that moment his father brought in a large bag from the porch and threw it across to him, and out of it appeared a new, shining sou'wester and a yellow oilskin coat that smelled very fresh and was so sticky that his fingers almost stuck to it.

"My word!" said Oluf, staring with all his eyes.

"Hold your jaw!" said Lars, for there was still a large leather skirt to draw down over the tops of his boots. When at last he had put on all this finery, he looked quite like a warrior in full armor; and it was silly of that little donkey Jonetta to come just then and tease him by asking him to come out and run races.

There followed some clear, windless, frosty evenings, which turned the road up through the ravine into a sinuous ribbon of shining ice, which went up and up until it was lost in the very sky itself. It was a grand time for tobogganing, and when Lars left his netting and went out on to the doorstep, and heard the shouts and laughter on the hills and saw the trail of sparks when the iron under the runners of a sledge passed over a stone or a patch of sand, it was not easy for him to resist joining in the sport. He was a Lofoten man now, it was true; but, on the other hand, he had a sledge that was called the Lightning, because it went so much faster than all the others. And before he knew what he was

about, he had stolen round to the out-house, and in another moment was racing up the hills with the sledge at his heels without having told Oluf.

At the foot of the hills the boys and girls collected, and went up again all together, and Lars had friends enough all over the neighborhood. There was lanky Peter Rønningan, who stammered, and could never pass for confirmation because he was so stupid. The others called him Peter Galleas. Martin Bruvold was called Martin Fur-rug, and they called Lars Bright-eyes, and Olavus Koya Dear-death.

There were large and small sledges, and girls of about the same age as the boys, not mere children, nor yet quite grown up. As they hurried up the hill, talking busily, there came a shout from higher up out of the darkness. "Hullo! Clear the road!" And a sledge flew past, with many feet sticking out on both sides, and shouts from their owners.

After half an hour's climbing they had reached the dark hills right up under the stars, from which they could see the fiord far below beneath the mountains in the west, with here and there upon its surface a ship's lantern, and farther east their own district, dotted all over with the lights from the fishermen's cottages as far out as Lindegaard.

Three or four of the company placed themselves upon the largest sledges, where Martin Bruvold sat farthest forward, to steer with his feet. The girls shrieked with mingled terror and delight as they started and the speed grew faster and faster. The wind cut their faces and went through their bodies. The sledge rounded a curve on one runner, and in another curve nearly flew off into the broad

ditch, but escaped it. On it went in the darkness, faster and faster, as the road grew steeper. On the middle of the last hill something black appeared that did not make way for for them.

"It 's a horse!" was the despairing shout from all on the sledge, but it was impossible to stop, and on one side of the road there was the rocky cliff, and on the other blocks of stone to mark the edge of the road, and beyond them a deep ditch. The horse reared and snorted, and the man holding the reins swore and shouted, but the sledge dashed past at the side of the road and disappeared in the darkness, leaving a fiery trail behind it. Just as the man was about to drive on, he heard more shouting, and ran forward to hold the horse's head; but he slipped on the ice and fell full length as a second sledge flew past.

It was not every one that Lars would have with him on the Lightning. This evening it was Ellen Koya, although he and she had not been the best of friends of late, one reason being that she was always such a tease. Other people teased them both, however, declaring that they had been married some years before and were man and wife. The wedding had taken place in the barn at Koya one Sunday in the summer, when the children had assembled to play. One suggested that they should play at entertaining guests, another that Ellen and Lars should be bride and bridegroom. A door was laid upon a barrel to represent the altar, and Martin Bruvold, draped in a tarpaulin, was the priest; and the next moment Ellen and Lars were standing in front of the altar, with downcast eyes, like a real bride and bridegroom. The

bride was then only twelve, and was dressed in a blue check dress. A wreath of buttercups rested upon her fair hair, above a face that was then, as now, pretty and pink; but no one could see her large blue eyes, for she never raised her eyelids, and stood with folded hands while the other children sang "The voice that breathed o'er Eden."

"Lars Kristoffersen Myran," said the priest, "wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?"

"Yes," said Lars. This was fun, and a thrill ran through him at the thought that now he was grown up and was being married.

"I likewise ask thee, Ellen Olsdaughter Koya, if thou wilt have this man, Lars Kristoffersen Myran, to thy wedded husband."

"Yes," answered Ellen, still looking down, with folded hands.

"Will you be faithful to one another?"

"Yes," said both Ellen and Lars.

"Then join hands in token thereof," said Martin; and they joined hands, and Martin placed his upon their heads and blessed them, after which they had coffee and refreshments and dancing, just as at any grown-up wedding, in the barn.

The next time they met was on the way to school. They were a large company, and Lars did not like to look in her direction. He had to put up with the teasing from the others, but when she came and asked him to carry her books, he thought it was going too far, and he told her in so many words that he was not her husband to-day because he had been it yesterday.

"Silly!" she said, tossing her head and blushing crimson; and thereupon

he was informed that if she ever took a husband, it would not be a cad like him. A quarrel ensued, to the great amusement of the others.

"Poor things!" they said. "Have matters already gone so far, and only yesterday they were standing at the altar!" But from that day they preferred to ignore each other when they met.

This evening they had happened to walk up side by side, and the distance between them and the others gradually increased.

"You're angry with me," she said.

"It's you who are angry," he returned.

She laughed at this, and then he laughed, too, and after that there was not much more to be said about the quarrel.

"And to think that you're a man already and are going to Lofoten!" she said.

"And you've been so ill," he said. "Was it inflammation of the lungs? Do you think it's wrong of you to be out this evening?"

His thought for her touched her, and she took hold of the sledge-rope to help him pull; and it was strange how near their hands felt to one another, even though they had on woolen gloves.

"You'll be writing Lofoten letters to all your sweethearts this winter, I suppose," she said.

But Lars assured her that he was not even going to take pen and ink with him.

"Oh, I like that! You are a storyteller! But I suppose it would n't do to write to a girl who is n't confirmed?"

"No, I should be taken up and put in prison for that."

"Hold my glove, will you, while I tie my garter?" she said.

They were now far in advance of the others and quite alone, and at the very top of the hills he took her glove and rubbed her cheeks with it, because he declared she was cold. Around them were the dark hills, and above them the stars.

They seated themselves upon the sledge, and he was quite equal to steering with his feet although she was sitting on his knees, leaning back so that he had to support her with his arm, as they flew along. Once, upon a bridge, the Lightning made a leap into the air, and was quite a long time before it came down again; but it struck the road again without flying into splinters, and they dashed on, shouting, frightening the driver of a sleigh almost out of his wits, down to the level ground, with its numerous lights shining in the darkness.

Before the young people separated they stood talking on the road at the foot of the hill for a little while. They had gone to the same school, and had played many a game together both in winter and summer, and now they would soon be men and women. Several of the boys were going to Lofoten this winter, and the girls looked at them with the thought that they might never come back again. In any case, there was an end to games and tobogganing. A period of their life was over, and a new one was beginning in which everything would be more serious than before.

As Lars went down toward Myran, he discovered that he still had one of Ellen Koya's woolen gloves in his hand. He took off his own and drew hers on, and it was really wonderful how warm and soft it was inside.

Christmas came with snow and wind, and as soon as it was over,

the great, heavy Lofoten boats were dragged out of the boat-houses. There they lay full length upon the beach, not rigged as yet; but the men were very busy getting them loaded, and shouted and made signs with their hands to one another when they had anything to say, as if they were already at sea.

By the boat-house below Myran lay the *Seal*, long and heavy, and the strangest things were being shipped in her. There were nets in barrels, food in barrels, home-brewed ale in barrels, a barrel of sour whey to mix with soup, and as a drink mixed with water, a barrel of oil for the lamp in the hut, chests, boxes, and skin rugs. Most of it disappeared into the large space midships, where there was room for much more. The boat looked like some good-natured animal as she lay there, letting people clamber about and do what they liked with her. Now and then the men would stop work, and the bottle would be passed round.

The same activity was to be seen round the *Storm-Bird*, which lay right out by Nordnæs, and where Andreas Ekra was head-man. A little nearer lay the *Sea-Fire*, where Peter Suzansa was busy with his men, and nearest of all, the *Sea-Flower*, which was almost ready for sea, although Jacob limped about in a state of intoxication from morning till night. "Heigh-ho!" he said. "Work away, men! Work away, lads!"

On the last Sunday most of the men went to church with their wives, and even Jacob limped up more or less sober, with his upper lip shaved and looking quite blue.

They all met outside the brown wooden church, whose bell rang out



into the gray wintry air, people from the farms around, who had driven up in sleighs drawn by fine horses with bells on their harness, and fishermen who had waded through the snow with their wives. Inside the church the fishermen were lost among the others, so they had appropriated a fixed place for themselves far back under the gallery.

During the singing of the hymn many a wife from the shore district raised her eyes from her hymn-book to look across at her husband sitting on the other side of the aisle; and the hymn became a little prayer for his return from the long voyage northward. The men, both old and young, looked up at the priest while he preached; but in the minds of the fishermen was the thought that God was in the wind and on the sea, and that they would soon be on their way to meet Him.

The day before, Elezeus Hylla had said to his wife that he thought they ought to take the sacrament this last Sunday that he was at home. Elezeus was not a religious man, but he had spells of being exceedingly good to his wife and children, and if a misfortune happened to any one in the district, it would bring tears to the eyes of at any rate one person, and that was Elezeus.

On this occasion, however, as ill luck would have it, he flew into a rage with Berit again, and before he knew what he was about, he had flung her against the wall and given her several blows, after which he had hurried into his clothes and gone to church, forbidding her to accompany him.

When the sacrament was about to be administered, however, he was seized with such remorse that he left

the church. As he walked slowly homeward before the others, he recollected how the priest had said that one day we should all have to stand face to face with God, and he felt himself to be so great a sinner that he did not know what to do.

The following evening the beach was full of people, for now the boats were to be launched. First of all there was a little merry-making in each poop-cabin. The door was so small that a full-grown man could only just creep through it, and in the narrow space in front of the bunk, with its skin coverings, a fire was burning in a rusty cooking-stove, upon which there now stood a pan of steaming ale. Upon the skin rugs lay and sat women and men, and bowls of hot ale and glasses of spirits went round. Men and women sang, and eyes grew moist; and Kaneles Gomon played the concertina, with a girl sitting on his knee. Lights shone from other poop-windows all round the bay.

Then men with lanterns came tramping in from the boats lying farthest out, and one halted. It was Jacob. The *Seal* was to be the first boat launched, and the other boats' crews came to help. There was a cutting north wind that carried stinging snowflakes. The light of the lantern shone upon a ring of bearded faces round the boat, and when Oluf Myran succeeded in setting light to a great heap of seaweed and driftwood which he had collected, it was a bonfire that lighted up the snow and the beach and shone upon the gray waters of the fiord.

An old man was led up to the spot. He had a long white beard, and wore a red woolen cap pulled down over his ears, and big, white, fingerless

woolen gloves on his hands. It was Peter Headman, and this was his great day, for he was still able to sing the boats into the sea. He was helped up on to a large stone, and after clearing his throat and wiping his nose on his glove, he cried:

"Now, boys, you must all work together!"

Every one was turned out of the cabin, and the men stood side by side, close together, with their backs against the side of the boat, looking quite small under her great brown bow. Then Peter Headman sang out:

"Here we go—oho-o-o-o!"

The men strained every muscle; their faces contorted with the effort.

The logs under the keel rolled, and the heavy boat moved, but stopped again. Peter Headman sang on: "Heave ho! oho-o-o!" Backs and legs stiffened again, and the boat grated along a little way, but then the men had to pause to take breath.

Lars Myran was looking at the old man with the white beard, standing in the light of the bonfire, and as he looked he thought how, many hundred years before, such an old man would have been the sacrificing priest and the bonfire the sacrificial fire, and the

people were drinking to Thor and Freya before the Lofoten boats set sail. The shore was the same, and the fiord was the same, and the mountains and the boats were as they are now, and the people were probably very much the same, too.

Now the old man sang in a high falsetto:

"There she goes, oho-o-o-o!" And the next moment the great boat lay rocking upon the water. Kriståver shouted his thanks to the other boats' crews for their assistance, and dealt out drams, after which the whole party passed on with their lanterns, and launched boat after boat. The old man's eyes grew moist from the effect of his numerous potations, and his "Heave ho! oho-o-o-o!" grew louder and louder.

Before the men went home to sleep their last night in a comfortable bed, they went out and moored their boats a little way from land, raised the mast, and placed the sail in readiness.

Silence fell at last upon the beach, the lanterns were gone, and the fire had died down; but the four boats lay rocking on the waters of the bay, with their pennons flying from the mast-heads, ready to set sail.

(The end of the first part of "The Last of the Vikings")





# Youth Grows Young

By SAMPSON RAPHAELSON



MY earliest adventure was New York's lower East Side, where I was born, and my latest adventure has been a catapulting flop from H. L. Mencken and Stuart P. Sherman into space. I have had various other adventures, but I shall dwell upon only those which explain the short stories I have written. These stories are important, because they explain me, and I am in a certain sense an important figure in American life.

I am important in that I am emotionally, and probably always shall be, in harmony with common people, and intellectually in accord with the discerning and learned. I love a cabaret and can enjoy a second-rate musical show, yet I can appreciate a professor's pleasure in Matthew Arnold, in Racine, in Goethe.

I am virtually an American of the first generation, a Jewish American, and a Jewish American who is twenty-seven years old and who, despite his A.B. at the age of twenty-three, first really began to become educated—well, yesterday. My curse is the curse of many Jews: I am so greedy for equality in this land of the free that I passionately accept every obvious standard which thrusts itself before me—the standard of wealth, of celebrity, of romantic conquest in love, of elegance, of wit, of physical prowess. This is, in general, true of most people, but more intensely so of the Jew. It is the action of one who has roots in no

great tradition, but who has limbs and a trunk with sap in them.

But there is in me, as there is in many of us, Jews and others, that peculiarly human thing, a critical intelligence. It tends to take the pleasure out of wealth, the glory out of celebrity, the thrill out of romantic conquest, the prestige out of elegance, the gratification out of wit, and the pride out of physical prowess.

Sometimes I think that I am an artist. I have a sense of form; I respond with great intensity to certain books, certain tunes, certain pictures, and they make me want to do similar things, but better—better in my own way.

But is that impressive evidence? My mother, without understanding a word of it, might say yes. My wife, understanding all of it, *would* say yes. But the world demands proof, and my only proof is the stories I have published, mainly mediocre, often affected, too frequently with stock characters, and with a style that is usually reminiscent of a score of other styles, few of them great ones.

Yet I am important. I am important because there are thousands of young persons like me writing in America, and because there are thousands of young persons, thinking and living like me, who will do much to shape the destiny of the nation.

Robert W. Chambers and Gouverneur Morris made me a sentimentalist;

O. Henry made me a trickster, clever in playing with surface contrasts; Richard Harding Davis made me a romanticist, with a yearning for polite, but bloody, adventure; Jack London rendered me more or less immune to civilized influences, and gave me a respect for prize-fighters, thugs, and sea-captains which I may never entirely outgrow; Grimm, Andersen, and James Whitcomb Riley gave me a silly affection for children *en masse*; and Burt L. Standish made me near-sighted.

These things are happening to thousands of young men as they are happening to me. And perhaps, on the whole, they are not the worst things that could happen. The ideal opposed to this kind of influence might be said to be a sound historical grounding, knowledge of and familiarity with science, literature, painting, and sculpture. I am seriously inclined to doubt whether, out of the common American experience, with a typically American background, many of these influences would "take."

Let us confine ourselves to literature. Is it the fault of our high-school teachers that children do not care for Shakspeare? The teachers are bad enough, Heaven knows, but they could never, bad as they are, spoil Robert W. Chambers or Richard Harding Davis for young America. And that is because the whole texture and tone of the average American youngster's life, from his mother's lullaby song to the daily newspaper's way of featuring runaway marriages as well as scandalous divorces, heroic acts of life-saving as well as crime, is such as to make him take to these books with a mind well prepared for them. The exceptional boy in the exceptional home may have the background for reading

Shakspeare with honest appreciation, but I am seriously inclined to doubt that. I am much inclined to view the average youth who swallows Shakspeare, William Dean Howells, George Eliot, Hawthorne, and the other standards of the high school as a receptive dolt.

Such youths early develop a certain complacently superior air, a natural thing, because it is their only weapon, their only protection, the only egoistic justification they can have, and this air they retain through life.

Many young men of this sort become teachers. A significant proportion of their students are not the sons and daughters of professors, or of the Adamses of Boston, but average Americans like myself. I am not approving our background and our childhood influences; I simply am recognizing them. I am not asking that we remain content with our background, nor am I even praying for the decapitation of the boy who, coming from the farm, the suburb, or the slum, memorizes with docility the dramatis personæ of "Julius Caesar" and the speeches of *Mark Antony* and *Brutus*.

I want this young scholar to remain a scholar; we need him. But I do not want him to be a dolt all his life. Neither do I want my kind of youngster to be, as we now are in danger of remaining for the rest of our lives, half-baked and increasingly arrogant. I want us to come together, and I think that for every educated man who desires to make honest and intelligent overtures to us there are thousands of us who desire to make overtures to him. There should be sympathy here and a painstaking effort to understand one another.

I began to write at nineteen. After high school, from which I had barely succeeded in being graduated, I worked for a year in a mail-order house, failed to save a cent, hung around cheap dance-halls, and grew youthfully cynical and desperate.

I was exceedingly egotistical. I suppose I was born that way, but here are a few things which contributed to it. My parents, who had a struggle of it in America, had been taught that this is the land of opportunity, which they taught to me. By "the land of opportunity" they meant, and I understood, that it was a land where, by trying hard, I could become more distinguished, wealthier, more powerful, and happier than any one else. And the streets of New York's East Side taught me that usually you win if you hit first and hit hard, that nothing is so important as "getting away with it," and that if you do one thing well once, everybody believes that you can do many things well often, and that you can live for a long time on such an achievement.

## § 2

Well, being exceedingly egotistical, I believed myself an authority on magazine short stories. I had read feature articles on the fabulous sums paid to writers, and I believed implicitly that if "The Saturday Evening Post" published one story, you were "made," and could write for the rest of your life and be famous. So I wrote a story entitled "Forgetting Eleanor." Its plot is a direct influence of O. Henry. Its material came from my high-school experience with a snub-nosed, dull-eyed girl who wore sleazy waists and rouged and had an imbecile simper. I had tried to kiss

her, which was the conventional thing, but she had repulsed me, which made me want to kiss her; and that made a story. My nature is to write warmly and colorfully of emotions, but here I used O. Henry's method. He handles emotion slantingly, shamefacedly, as a man furtively might give a coin to a beggar. That is the way I wrote, and the effect is correct, unimportant, and unoriginal. A magazine bought the story three years later for fifteen dollars.

Then I made up my mind to go to college in order that I might become educated, write stories, be celebrated, and have money. I spent my freshman year at Lewis Institute in Chicago, for which I shall always be grateful. For there I met Professor Edwin Herbert Lewis, who, I believe, has grasped the idea of democracy more concretely in his daily life than any man I have ever known. He realizes that it requires gifts of a high order to make simple cultural ideas comprehensible to simple people. He has read many books on many subjects and he has understood them, and yet he stands jovially and magnificently humble in the presence of a freshman. Reading "Forgetting Eleanor," he saw, as any Ph.D. would have seen, that it was an insignificant atom in a universe of insignificant atoms; but he also saw, as any mother would have seen, that it was a creative effort of a living youth. And therefore he said pleasant things about it—pleasant things, things so exquisitely chosen that I believed and was enlightened at the same time; and then he said things which, within the next month, made me rewrite the story seven times. For hours he listened to my childish yammering. Not once did he say, "You are a con-

ceited, ignorant, vulgar, horribly self-centered, over-intense child." Not once did he remark deadeningly: "That is not a discovery, young man. Thousands of people have thought it at various times in the last two thousand years, and most of them were not particularly wise people."

Since then I have met few teachers who would have done what this man has done for me and for hundreds of others. I feel that this fact is the signal failure of democracy to-day.

### § 3

I went to the University of Illinois then, a sophomore, and registered in a short-story course. My instructor was an intelligent young man of New England predilections. I think his ancestry was Bostonian. He gave me the impression then of being that kind of person, though, as I was not in the least equipped for recognizing and classifying the products of various American regions, my impression must not be taken seriously as regards his derivation. When I say he was intelligent, I offer my opinion of to-day. As a sophomore I should have been likely to say, with offensive finality, that he was not. He was, I thought, polite, meticulous, modest, inquiring, patient, indecisive, kind-hearted, and utterly without knowledge of the world. By "world" I meant, without quite realizing it, me and my kind. I had little confidence in his opinions on anything, even books. He spoke often, and with expansive respect, of literary style. I became curious about it despite my feeling that literary style, like style in clothes or the way one combs one's hair, is something no truly masculine person talks about, and that if one does un-

derstand it or is interested in it, he should have the good taste to hide his weakness. He answered my question by quoting a definition of style. I do not recall it, but it confirmed me in my attitude toward literary style and toward him.

Four years later I made an exciting discovery. It came to me that O. Henry wrote as a particular person to a particular audience. I fancied a college instructor, discharged for drunkenness, drifting up and down the American Continent, finding himself one balmy night in a smoking compartment with a business man, a poet, and a longshoreman, and expounding life so as to interest all three. "Why, that 's O. Henry's *style!*" I cried. And it came to me that Gouverneur Morris often wrote as a high-born American man of the world about forty, in a big-brotherly mood, might talk to a nice girl of sixteen. That was his style. Good style, therefore, was the manner of a distinguished person writing for distinguished people. And the problem of a writer, therefore, was to become at least a person, and to find a particular audience.

I 'm doubtful about how good a definition of style this is, but to me it gave a new interest, a personal interest, in books and in writing and in life—an interest which this instructor, who gave me the lowest possible passing grade, failed in the least to awaken. He told me that he could not discuss my work with me, because it was the sort of work he could not endure. In order to esteem myself, I had to despise him; therefore I did. But his attitude got to me, and in three years I wrote only one story, a sentimental, stupid tale of two people on a desert island, a tale that tried laboriously

to be humorous. A year ago I destroyed it. I still shudder at its memory.

After leaving college, I went back to Chicago, and, being engaged, had to get a job, so that I could get married. I found that the fact that I was a college graduate made some business men contemptuous, impressed some enough to inform me that now, with "practical" knowledge on top of my knowledge of "theory," I might amount to something,—that is, make money,—and amused others, who said that it would take me at least a year to unlearn everything I had learned. I felt, somehow, that I had been a sort of intellectual chorus man and that now it was for me to redeem myself. Everywhere I saw busy offices, bustling men, swift elevators, heard the click of the type-writer, which sometimes I think will strangle all the music of the world, and witnessed a drama of absorption so vast, so alive, and so grand that, with scarcely a protest, I was swept along as an actor. I reacted swiftly to the business man's contempt for the pedagogue and as swiftly to the business man's reverence for himself, and wrote "The Conqueror," a story glorifying the romance of business, its mightiness, and its importance to the soul, yet at the same time showing in a blundering way the development of some critical tendencies; for my hero, David Burns, was *not* perfect. He had faults; stock faults, but faults.

#### § 4

I returned to New York. For a few months I lived in Greenwich Village, but I left it. I preferred sleek, successful men and smooth-running, successful institutions. Who

was there to give me, gently and insidiously, any sort of perspective on that great American institution, the magazine? How can any one blame an untutored young person with literary leanings, seeing many-colored magazine stands, and hearing of the unbelievable prices paid to popular writers, for feeling that the greatest achievement in life would be to have a story in a popular magazine, illustrated by a popular artist?

Add to this the glamour of the companionship of a prosperous and a successful young short-story writer, a picturesque person who had been educated on the Continent. He wrote deliberately for money, loved Browning, the Bible, George Moore, and Charles E. Van Loan, had what I believed to be the manner of a European aristocrat, and believed in me.

I was with him day and night for two months, and suddenly found what I conceived to be a way of swinging my pen. Until then I had clutched it. I wrote a story "Ain't you Comin' back?" It is melodrama, attempting to redeem itself with a sentimental "twist" in the O. Henry manner. I had learned some of the tricks of craftsmanship by that time,—toil and my not exceptional sense of form had taught them to me,—and Sewall Haggard, then editor of "Hearst's," said, "If you will write of people and emotions with which you are familiar instead of China and revenge and virtue outraged, I think you can get into our magazine."

With what was I familiar? The University of Illinois? To all intents and purposes it was ten thousand miles away. Business? I was becoming skeptical about it and could no longer glow about millionaires. Love? I

was in love; so I wrote about the East Side of New York, which I had left ten years before, and now returned to casually and indifferently. The story, "The Happiness of Rebecca," while sentimental and conventional, is the first thing I did which at all satisfied me. I had seen a real character, and I had been able to present it in dramatic form; but my method was that of Fannie Hurst, and my style an imitation of my brilliant friend's. "Hearst's" bought it, and I returned to Chicago, got married, and prepared to live by writing.

I tried to write another East Side story, and wrote drivel. I could n't do life as I saw it, for I had no perspective. Nothing I had learned in college helped me now to stand off, and in some degree understand adequately, my world. To the lectures in the classroom I had barely listened. I had felt that the lecturers, repeating what they had read in books, were inferior men because they did not understand me or the youth next to me, and I believed that if they did not understand us, they could not possibly understand the books.

### § 5

I had to get a job, and the editor of a string of popular magazines offered me work as his assistant. Every day I judged the "availability" of manuscripts. I learned to think of manuscripts as stock in trade, of authors as machinery of production to be maintained at low cost, but I learned virtually nothing of life or of literature. Two stories I wrote at that time about people I had never met and places I had never visited finally found a place in a magazine.

I went into advertising work, and

for more than a year I wrote no stories. I could not. As soon as I began to think, it hurt; so I ceased thinking. But I read promiscuously, without much understanding and with little thinking. I read "The Smart Set," much for the same reasons, I suppose, that young men to-day read "Live Stories" and "Snappy Stories." I also read "The Nation" and "The New Republic." I liked the vigorous erudition with which the writers in those magazines expressed themselves. For perhaps the first time in my life I was becoming really impressed with erudition. I think I did not understand any five consecutive paragraphs in these magazines, but I read on and on; thus, when I picked up "The Education of Henry Adams," I was not dismayed. I read it through. Some day I shall read it again, for I should like to know what it was all about.

In the meantime the war had come, and my eyes had kept me out of it. I suffered for a while from a romantic desire to be in it. I frankly confessed ignorance of the political, economic, and philosophical issues, but I clung blindly to the fact that I believed in struggle and that any fight was better than no fight and a big fight better than a little one.

The war, "The New Republic," "The Nation," "The Smart Set," "The Education of Henry Adams," and the nature of the life around me then compelled me to think seriously and objectively of myself, and from that thinking came an intense desire to identify myself intelligently with some great and significant social group. America alone did not seem enough then, and being a Jew and nothing but a Jew meant less than



nothing. The idea of a dignified and brave combination of the two came to me, and I expressed it in a story called "Terrible as an Army with Banners."

I believed then, as I do now, in the inevitability and desirability of the assimilation of the Jews, but I felt that a great impeding factor in its culmination was the very desire to become assimilated, which, it seems to me, is the outstanding peculiarity of all but the aged Jews who have recently come from European Ghettos and a large "miscellaneous" class, including many intellectuals. On the face of it, when one considers the clannishness of certain classes of Jews in America, this might seem a preposterous statement. But if one probes more deeply, it becomes more plausible. The average Jew who comes to America is, like the average Irishman, Swede, Italian, and German, of low caste. He is, very likely, ignorant (even if volubly literate in the Torah and the Talmud), vulgar, poverty-stricken. When he has been in America, say, twenty years, he, as well as the Irishman, Swede, Italian, and German, is still ignorant and vulgar. But there is one difference. He has been so sharpened, so intensified by his life in Europe that his longing for money, to him the immediate and only symbol of success, has developed into an invincible technic, profoundly rooted in his character. He has the gift of accumulation. Thus, after twenty years, we find him still vulgar and ignorant, but wealthy. He lives now uptown, a neighbor of the more refined American bourgeois. And in this atmosphere, particularly since he does not carry with him some specific, admirable background or tra-

dition to give legitimate color and stamina to his crude manifestations, he becomes obnoxious, whereas we do not object to the vulgar Irishman in Irish slums, to the vulgar Italian in Italian slums.

Why has he moved uptown? Why does he name his children Irving instead of Isidor, Sidney instead of Samuel, Jack instead of Jacob, Martin instead of Moses? Because he wants to be like his neighbors, to be accepted by them. He fails to realize that he is not civilized to their standard; his wife, even more than he, fails to realize this. It is the *nouveau riche* situation, greatly intensified, given race flavor, and with a curious twist.

The twist is this, that, being snubbed by his neighbors, as a corn-cob-smoking Murphy would be, as a garlic-reeking Tony would be, as a heavy-handed Sven Svensen would be, he turns back to himself, and the Martins, the Irvings, the Sidneys, and the Jacks have an empty, feverish time of it exclusively in one another's company. Their children and grandchildren make another story, and a more beautiful one.

The way out of this, it seemed then and seems now to me, is for the Jew to identify himself proudly and intelligently with his past and to present this past with dignity as his greatest credential as an American, to offer the gold of his history and tradition for the melting-pot. It is noble to come bravely as Jacob; it is disgraceful to attempt to sneak in as Jack.

## § 6

My interest in the Jew flagged for a while. We had moved into a more expensive apartment. I bought an imported English suit of clothes. Occasionally we took a taxicab, and oc-

casionaly we bought theater tickets from scalpers. Young fellows holding positions similar to mine drove their own runabouts. My thoughts turned back toward business.

I had been reading Mencken. Because Stuart P. Sherman had helped me a good deal through letters about my stories, patient, sympathetic letters, written with uncanny insight into my writing process, letters dynamically stimulating, I got his book of essays, "On Contemporary Literature." It opened new worlds to me. His precise classification, his lucid definition of his point of view, his painstaking, but never laborious, thoroughness, conveyed to me a suggestion of the fundamentals of how to think about human life. I discovered, as I should have known at nineteen, what an idea is. Without quite realizing it, I faithfully followed his technic for irony, for he uses irony with a masterly touch.

I turned back toward business, helped by Sherman to see it aloofly. I wrote a story in which I viewed with a bit of amusement the typical earnest young man in business, ambitious, egotistical, sentimentally in love. But I was not a Sherman in temperament or in equipment, and I could not sustain the irony. The virus of the magazine was still in me, and is yet, and may be as long as I live, and so I straddled the fence. The plot of "The Romantic Realism of Rosalie," one of a series of stories about the earnest young man, is one which any cash girl or shipping clerk could swallow without a decrease in efficiency as an employee; but the handling is a bit aloof, patronizing, and critical. I may have written that kind of plot because I deliberately wanted to get into the magazines and

make money; but this I do believe, that I could not then have written otherwise, even if I were writing on a desert island for an audience of one Ph.D.

Then, quite by accident, I got hold of George Moore. I loitered about a book-shop, and the proprietor recommended "A Story Teller's Holiday." I suppose it is a pornographic book, but I do not know when I have read a more beautiful one. I read also and reread "Avowals," and, later, other works of George Moore.

How many teachers recommend Moore to students? To how many does it occur that for a sensitive youngster without background George Moore may serve as an excellent introduction to Matthew Arnold, to Turgenieff, to Balzac, to Shakspeare?

I was as different in temper from George Moore as I was from Sherman, but I reveled in the music of his sentences as I reveled in the clarity of Sherman's paragraphs. I wrote to Sherman about him, and he wrote back, saying that one novel of George Moore's would give me more than a hundred ordinary American novels. How different in spirit is this from what Sherman says in his printed essay on George Moore! And how much more helpful it was to me! And how much more helpful it would have been to thousands of others like me! For in his essay Sherman says, in effect, "of course George Moore can write, but what a cur he is!" I wanted him to say, "George Moore may be a cur, but how he can write!" This is what I thought, and I mulled it over in my mind, asking myself if Sherman would not have been even more effective than he is if he could have included the spirit and feeling of such a per-

sonal remark with the spirit and feeling of the essay he has written for publication.

It seems to me that a writer who can take his doubts with a touch of seriousness and his convictions with a touch of humor and who can put them down side by side with clarity and definiteness is a writer with more than a touch of greatness. Mencken attempts to do it at a stroke by labeling his books "Prejudices." His works, however, frequently belie the spirit which caused the title. They often are prejudices, but I recall few instances where, as he puts them on paper, Mencken realizes that they are.

Mencken, among other things, warns us against professors. His instinct is right, but his action is based on failure to understand the larger meaning of his problem. He wants us to live vitally and honestly. Professors, he feels, are emasculating and befuddling influences. So he tells us to avoid them. A more hopeful and helpful performance would be to suggest to the professors how to be stimulating and illuminating, how to help us to live vitally and honestly, a process the first step in which is to intimate to them the nature of their pupils. The fact that our professors need a certain simple kind of education seems to disgust Mencken, and he throws up his hands.

Sherman is more complex. He warns us against Mencken, although as a penetrating student of human experience and its expression it must be obvious to him that Mencken, because he has the style of a stevedore, attracts us and delights us by showing us that a table-thumping, beer-drinking person also may be educated, thus introducing us to the novelty of sophis-

ticated thinking by rude force, which we need at first. Sherman is afraid that Mencken will convert us to Nietzschean ideas, whereas what happens is that Mencken jolts us, for the first time in our experience perhaps, into having ideas at all.

But what I learned from the style and technic of "On Contemporary Literature" I shall never lose. As for its ideas, although they served admirably in conversation with young advertising men more ignorant than I, they proved, by the test of creative work, not to be legitimately my property. When I tried to use some of them creatively, I could only produce "Nicotine and Tricolette," which tries to prove, what Rupert Brooke at my age could not bring himself to believe, that "kindliness" is better, on the whole, than "love." Up to the point where I attempted to inject this idea, the story, I believe, has some respectable qualities, but where this argument begins, it becomes weak, false, sentimental. How much more potent is "The Allure of Luachet," written under the influence of George Moore, where the stimulus was style rather than semi-foreign ethical theory, emotion rather than unrealized concept!

After "Luachet" I still realized that Sherman was brilliant, heroic, extraordinarily intelligent, but that most of his attitude was to be explained by his nature, and that his nature is distinctly different from mine. This left his work a real stimulus and help to me. I could assimilate him now. But how much more easily, how much sooner, might not this have happened to me and to many others like me who must be undergoing similar influence, if Sherman

had mellowly recognized himself as one who, in order to be at his best, must believe that he is fighting for the liberation of all mankind and must believe that his weapons and his plans are, all in all, the best! Such a spirit of soberly smiling at himself would make his thesis more persuasive to some and less shackling to others of us who have not yet come into the light.

Pulling away from Sherman and somewhat liberated from Mencken, I found myself very much alone and troubled. About that time I left advertising to go West to live by writing fiction. In the Rockies I tried for a month to write more earnest-young-man stories, but could n't, although my funds were running low. I abandoned the effort finally and gave myself a rather free, wild time in a story called "Carole," which allowed range for my doubts, my emotions, some of my ideas, and which did not limit me to an office and a street and an engagement-ring. It gave me spiritual elbow-room. But I did n't have many spiritual and poetical resources, for after "Carole" I was exhausted, and could go back easily to the comparatively parsimonious material of the earnest young man, who paid the railroad fare to California, grocery bills, rent, and for the leisure of six months with books.

But I took one month off and wrote "The Day of Atonement," without the slightest expectation that any magazine would take it, for it touches on the Jew-Gentile question, and I had a notion that most popular magazines prefer to avoid that question. It came originally as a striking feeling about Al Jolson, who is the son of a cantor; the synagogue and the Winter

Garden presented a stimulating contrast as short-story material. In planning my story, I thought again about the Jew, and the contrast between the Jew and the Anglo-Saxon came to me more vividly and articulately than before. It is a dangerous practice, I know, to attempt to explain a character on a race theory, and the best literature is most likely to be written with a human being in mind rather than a social theory or a historical formula. "The Day of Atonement" suffers in its art in the degree in which I attempted to make its hero symbolical of what I believe to be the peculiar qualities inherent in the Jew as a member of his race—a poetical gift for religion, a strong protective instinct, and the courage which comes from a simmering, half-frustrated ego rather than from a simple, direct love of battle. I try to show how these qualities in an unintellectual Jew, bereft of the resources of his race's tradition, translate themselves through the common phenomena of life in New York—the clash and blend of color and of sound which is essentially Broadway and unlike New England and the pioneer West. The Anglo-Saxon in "restraint" seems natural to me; the Jew, as well as the Celt and the Latin, in the full swing of emotional expression seems as natural. That a blend of the two will furnish the flavor of to-morrow's America I believe strongly.

Weary of the eternal paradise which is California, and consciously hungry for education, I came back for a year to my alma mater, to study, to try to write a novel about Mid-Western college life, and to teach, of all things, "Business English." From books and disciplined study I learned a good deal, I believe; and from my teachers—

from some of them despite themselves, because I was patient and forbearing with them and could understand, now, what they were trying to convey. I became acquainted in various degrees of intimacy with faculty men, but there were too many occasions when I preferred the company of undergraduates. It was not exactly the year I had expected to spend, and my limited point of view is exhibited fully in "Lizette."

Although loaded with data, I was unable to do the novel. Here at hand were learned men, men with the materials of urbanity, but not one of them lifted me out of the chaos of undergraduate life. Why, I am unable to say. Quite likely a good deal of the difficulty rests ultimately with me. I do believe that not many of them are vitally alive, and most of those who are, apparently found other things more eminently worth while—other things not particularly concerned with me or my kind.

### § 7

And that is all. I started out to sketch, with the use of my stories and myself as illustrative material, the writer who is more than likely to be the kind whom the American common people to-day will produce. I believe he is in all significant ways like me. New York is full of him, and Chicago and St. Louis and Minneapolis and Denver and San Francisco. If he is not a Jew, his problem of Americanization is in a large degree different from that of the Jew. But, after all, that part of it is not as important as the other part—the influence of movie and

magazine, sky-scraper and bungalow, newspaper and jazz-time song.

Genius, they say, will out despite all handicaps. On that I do not feel particularly qualified to speak. I suppose it is so. Frankly, I nurse no secret conviction that I have genius, but I do believe I have a flickering of talent, and it is mainly for young men of talent that I speak. Talent will not out so easily; it requires nursing.

I have tried to suggest to our teachers, in whose hands our salvation and the salvation of the country lie, that the stupidities of to-day, when they are embodied in our young people, should be treated with sympathy and patience and humility. When our teachers give us Ovid's "Metamorphoses" to read, and we say, "What dull stuff!" they answer, and rightly: "If you saturate yourself in Ovid's times, you will find it very interesting, if not great. All things cannot be appreciated by current standards of to-day; often truly great literature, to be comprehended, requires historical background in the reader." May we not say to them, similarly, when we present a creative effort, the result of travail and woe: "Do not condemn this, even if it is not great. Do not judge it by the standards of ancient Greece or of ancient Rome or even of nineteenth-century Great Britain, but judge it as a manifestation of twentieth-century America. And remember, while you are judging, that there is one immediate distinction between us and Ovid. He is dead, and we are alive. You cannot change him, but us, if you will, you may bring nearer to the gods."





# Revenge

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Drawings by GEORGE WRIGHT



I FIRST met Aristides Simonides in the Latin Quarter of Paris. We were of the same age, twenty. Life, as I looked upon it, was but a bridge, an escalator. I was on one of the steps and going upward. There was the usual afternoon talk with friends in the "Café de la Belle Etoile," where all things were discussed while we drank black coffee and light wines. Everything from the latest in music and literature to the fall of the ministerial cabinet passed in review under our youthful analysis. Then before night fell each one brought his *petite amie* and returned, locked arm in arm, marching in step to the rhythm of a new poem or the melody of a street song.

We were a noisy lot, and our women companions, since became famous the world over in all branches of the arts, were as noisy as we. In groups of twenty or more nightly we invaded the peaceful streets of the neighborhood and serenaded loudly and long until some young head framed itself in a window. We were not particular as to whom the head belonged. It was our nightly lark. We called that "making love to the world at large." The neighborhood as a whole never objected to our noise. Even the policeman looked on with amusement. "Young students; they amuse themselves."

We were an international group.

All the nations were represented; all the nations and all the continents. We studied hard at times, but we played harder than we studied. We followed our own curriculum, the curriculum of youth, the noisy, wise, happy youth of Paris.

I said "we." "We" is all too inclusive. The exception was the Greek student, Aristides Simonides. He was handsome; "the Greek god" we called him. Tall, lithe, straight, he followed wherever we went, but never actually took part in any of our games and frolics. He listened to our singing, but did not sing. He accompanied us in our nightly larks, but did not lark. His pale face never showed the slightest emotion. His movements were slow, but precise, and his gestures measured. To one who did not know his great strength he appeared like a man just out of a hospital, recuperating from a serious illness.

After the second bock, we acted as we should have acted after the twentieth, had any of us had money enough to drink that many. We anticipated the effect of the twentieth. We gambled a little. Not for gain; just for the excitement. If one won or lost ten cents at the end of a gambling session, his sensations were akin to his who had lost or won a fortune. Not so Simonides, win or lose. It was all the same to him. He derived no pleasure from beer or gambling; neither gave him



"We gambled a little. Not for gain; just for the excitement"

any thrill. He was dead to all that. Having all pleasures at his disposal, he had no joy in life.

We all hoped great things. We had ambitions. We desired to shine, to outshine one another, to glorify our families, to burn our names in big deep letters upon the pages of history. Our parents were simple mortals; we wanted to become immortal. Our families were poor; we wanted to become rich. Those born in huts battled and worked to die in palaces, mourned by the whole world, brought to the grave with the fanfare of trumpets and the pomp of state.

But Simonides! He was a descendant of one of Greece's oldest houses. The race of Simonides had already produced great poets, great musicians,

great statesmen, and great warriors. Great riches were also theirs. There was not a single honor that could come to Aristides Simonides that one of his ancestors had not already received; not a single thing money could buy that Aristides had ever been denied. Every thrill life held as a promise to us was already buried in his past. Instead of hopes he had memories, traditions. We were the seed of the future; he was the fruit of a rich past.

Born on a beautiful river that traverses the plains of the fertile province of Thessaly, Aristides Simonides had traveled extensively. His mother promenaded her son and her ennui through all the capitals of the world. He had seen all the great museums of the world. He had heard all the great

musicians and watched from very near the most celebrated actresses and singers. The Simonides owned a palace on the Bosphorus, a mansion in London, the palace of some old doge in Venice, and their home on the Boulevard St.-Germain was the show-place of the avenue of the French nobility.

When Aristides was eighteen, his father decided to enter politics in Athens. The boy was left to live in the Paris mansion in charge of a dozen servants and cooks. But he chose to live in a hotel not far from the Luxembourg gardens. He chose to live among us, amused by our aspiration and vivacity.

He drew a little closer to me; we were almost friends. Perhaps because I could speak his mother tongue? Or because I understood him better? One day Aristides inquired:

"How about passing your vacation in Greece as my guest?" There was nothing on earth I desired more, and I told him so. I had already visited Greece before, and longed to see again the placid, oily waters of the Ionian Sea, the dark, stretching greensward of the hills, thick with olive-groves.

"So it 's understood," he answered. "When school is over, you go with me to Athens."

The next few weeks I lived on wings. But a month passed, another month, and Simonides never repeated his invitation. Too proud to inquire, I was sure that the plan had somehow fallen through. Then one early morning Aristides suddenly asked:

"Have you made the necessary preparations for your voyage? We leave Monday of next week. We take the boat at Marseilles. I have made reservations on the train, a special

compartment. From Marseilles we leave on a boat going more or less directly to Piræus. I have written home that they put a piano in one of your rooms, so that you may be able to practise. Get ready, Adelphos."

It was a great surprise. I had given up hope of the voyage. Preparations were the least difficult matter; a corduroy suit, a few other things, a dozen books, a music-bag, and a cane were all I possessed. I had studied on an allowance of sixty francs a month. One could not buy any luxuries with that sum.

On the morning we were to leave Paris I met him, as we had previously agreed, at his home on the Boulevard St.-Germain. When we arrived at the railroad station four of his servants were checking trunks and attending to the innumerable details of travel. One servant was to accompany him and see to his comfort, and another was to look after me. "He will be your man, English fashion," Aristides explained.

It humbled me when the black-frocked old valet took charge of the frayed little satchel containing all my worldly goods.

"Aristides," I said, "do you think I was born a millionaire? I was born in corduroys."

He laughed, and slapped me on the shoulder.

"The Simonides don't care for such things. Don't bother. All will be well."

My *belle* was at the railroad station. She had excused herself from work in a near-by millinery-shop to see me off, if she could not convince me to remain. For even at the station, a minute before the last bell, Mimi, the golden-haired little *midinette*, tried to



convince me not to leave Paris for that "heathen country," so far away from the Luxembourg, the Louvre, the creameries, and her lips. All I could do was to promise to come back to her. I also promised other things, and had her make promises which I doubted she could keep, before I tore myself away from her. Simonides, who was smilingly observing our leave-taking, had called out that the train was leaving. His *amié* had not come to see him off, but he did not care. He had no strong attachment for anybody or anything. He watched me as I put my head through the window when the train departed. I saw tears in his eyes when I sat down finally and exclaimed, putting aside the handkerchief I had waved:

"She can't see me any more."

"What a happy man you are!" he said, with the air of one who was old.

## § 2

Two days later we were in Marseilles. I had by that time, as if to the manner born, become accustomed to "my man." One is so adaptable to new forms when young! The boat for Piræus was delayed twenty-four hours. I took advantage of the delay to roam through the port of Marseilles, to fill my nostrils with the scent of fried oil and heavy wine, the sweetish odor of packed figs and dates in burlap bags on the pavement of the wharves, and to inhale the spicy smells of tar, rope, and rubber, the symphony of odors dear to one born on a waterfront. It made me so communicative, so exuberant, that "my man" became alarmed, hired a taxi, and brought me almost forcibly back to the hotel. I was tremendously amused when we returned. My man was apologetic,

but he argued that Marseilles was a wicked city, and he was responsible for me to his master.

A suite of rooms had been engaged in advance for each of us. I tried to amuse myself and my host, but Aristides was bored. The fact that he was returning home or the voyage did not mean anything to him. The only thing he complained of, and it was the first time I had heard him complain, was that he had lost his favorite cigarette-holder on the train. His servant was sent to buy him a dozen new ones. Aristides looked them over, tried them, and threw them out of the window. None would do so well as that which he had lost; so he had the servant telegraph the station-master, asking him to institute search for the little wooden cigarette-holder.

Early the following morning we boarded the steamer. A new surprise for me; it was one of Aristides's father's passenger-boats, the last word in traveling luxury. Of course we were given the best cabins. There were other passengers on deck, but because of the deference shown to us by the captain and the crew, no one attempted to make our acquaintance, though I was still in my old corduroy suit. I gathered that one of the crew had given out a statement that we were *Alteses* traveling incognito. Even my advances were respectfully declined. Aristides laughed when I complained.

"You see how clothes do not matter? Reputation is all that counts. Just try their conversation now. It will bore you to death." He was himself not a very cheerful companion.

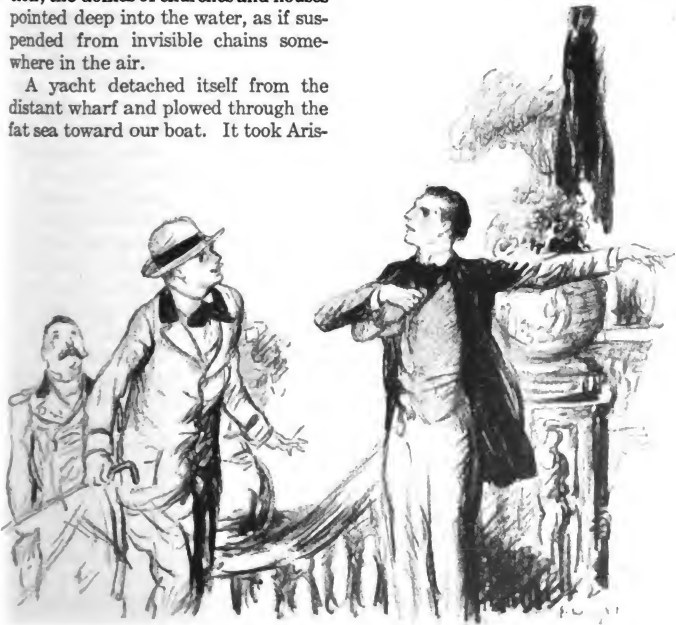
For four days our boat cleaved through a glassy sea. The sky was so uniformly blue that it looked more like a theatrical background of a musi-

cal comedy than a living horizon. As we approached the Ionian Sea, the calm became even more stagnant. When within sight of Piræus, the port of Greece's capital, our boat seemed to glide upon a sea of thick, transparent oil. Not a single wave ever split as we cleaved through. The thick, dark-brown liquid undulated in huge glassy sheets, which mirrored the shimmering shapes and colors of inverted ships lying on the shore, and the towers of the distant tall buildings. The sea rocked the fantastic mirage. The inversely mirrored boats and towers swayed, curved, and returned to position; the domes of churches and houses pointed deep into the water, as if suspended from invisible chains somewhere in the air.

A yacht detached itself from the distant wharf and plowed through the fat sea toward our boat. It took Aris-

tides and me to the shore. In less than an hour we were at the wharf, where a splendid equipage, drawn by four magnificent black stallions, was waiting for us. The servants remained behind to attend to our trunks. Aristides slowly opened a letter the liveried coachman had handed to him, read it, refolded it neatly, and said, with just a hint of disappointment in his voice:

"Father could not come to meet us. He is in Thessaly. Elections, you know. Oh, did I ever tell you I have no mother? She died two years ago. I should have told you, I think."



"'You can go alone to Egypt'"

The Simonides's palace in Athens was all I expected, and more. Wealth and good taste had for generations combined to build a house which internally and externally had no equal anywhere. The architecture was of the purest Byzantine. The interior echoed back to the last stages of Neo-Egyptian culture; to the Alexandria of the days of Hypatia, when paganism, vanquished, strangled with the reflex movements of a dying eagle's flapping wings, was gasping away the last breaths of life. I did not feel humbled because of my modest corduroys. I had not time to think or brood about myself. There were too many new interests absorbing me, and I was only too willing to merge in the new surroundings. With Aristides acting as guide, I visited the ancient temples and monuments of the district. Every day was a holiday. On donkey-back we made excursions to the distant green mountains, thick with huge fig-trees. Between groves of oranges and lemons played tame mountain-goats, mules, ewes with their lambs, and deer-limbed little horses.

"To-morrow we shall get ready for a trip to Alexandria," said Aristides one day. "You must see Alexandria before my father returns from Thessaly. When he comes back, he will take possession of you to explain everything in detail. He affects pride in his art treasures, just as he affects political ambition. He has neither of them, the dear old man. It's affectation. We Simonides have lived all our lives in the past. You are a lucky man. You still expect something, hope for something. Father contents himself, makes believe he does, with his affectation of art and politics. I have n't even that," he declared. His eyes

were humid with the sadness of his own life.

Strange, but I was most of the time absolutely unaware of Aristides's existence. Since he desired nothing, enjoyed nothing, and missed nothing, as a personality he ceased to exist for me. Knowing from which angle he looked at things and life, I always knew beforehand what he was going to say. When he kept quiet, I was grateful. It was as satisfactory as the harmony of non-existing dissonance. His very positiveness was to me as negative as static atmosphere on a gray summer morning.

When all the details for our trip to Alexandria had been attended to, a small package reached Aristides from Marseilles. It was the lost cigarette-holder. I expected him to show some emotion. He had been so troubled when he missed it, he surely would be happy to find his favorite holder again. Nonchalantly, he asked his valet to open the package, stuck a cigarette in the retrieved holder, and continued an interrupted conversation without the slightest show of emotion. That same day he had also received a letter from his *amie*. He did not even open the envelop. It annoyed me so that I could not withhold the remark:

"You are made of wood, Aristides!"

"I am old," he answered slowly, but without hesitation, in the ghostlike, colorless voice he affected most of the time.

An hour later, just as we were descending the broad staircase to enter the waiting carriage, a telegram was handed to Aristides by one of the servants. Standing with one foot on the carriage-step and the other on the wide granite step, cigarette-holder between his thin lips, he opened it slowly, after looking at the stamp for its origin.

"It's from Thessaly," he said. "My father is probably announcing his home-coming."

A second later, as he read the telegram, he paled, and gave a loud cry, crushing the bluish piece of paper in his upraised fist. The high-strung horses pranced and rose on their hind legs. In less than a minute many servants were about us, hats in hands, at a respectful distance.

"My father was killed by a political enemy!" Aristides said as he turned toward me. "You can go alone to Egypt. The guide will attend to all the details. I must go to Thessaly for revenge."

His voice startled me. It was full and round. I looked at him closely. In less than a minute he had changed from a tired boy into a passionate man. His eyes, which had looked like a quiet pool, now sprayed and radiated like a boiling sea. His face was a deep red. His movements were jerky, and his voice was husky in its impatience.

I refused to go alone to Alexandria, deciding instead to return to Paris, unless he needed me or wanted me to help him. He laughed nervously.

"Need you? My God, no! I shall hunt for Termandre all alone. It's my revenge! Why should I share such joy with anybody?"

He rushed up the steps again and closed himself up in one of the rooms. I heard him crying, laughing, singing as I packed my belongings. The sudden change was so unusual that it made me uneasy. I knocked at his door and entered the room even before I had received an invitation. He acted like a raving maniac.

"Termandre! Termandre!" he cried over and over again. "So you have done it, ha?" Then turning to me, he

said: "Oh, you do not know what a man Termandre is! He is a descendant of that other Termandre, the great Hellenic poet. He is of noble blood, and he is crafty and clever. I shall have to hunt for him for years. But I am a Simonides. To the end of the earth, to the last of my days, I shall do nothing else; I shall think of nothing else but hunting him down. Ah, revenge! Oh, now I understand you! Now I understand all your other friends. I, too, have something before me now. I, too, have something to live for—Termandre! Termandre! I have to avenge my father's death."

Aristides pronounced the name with great hatred.

"I hope you find him soon," I stammered before leaving the room.

"Soon? Why? Oh, you don't understand. You don't understand. Leave me alone. How deep the chasm between us! He is a Termandre. He knows I am a Simonides. It will take years and years."

### § 3

The *Simonides*, the boat on which we came, was leaving that night for Marseilles. I embarked on it. Four days later I was at Mimi's door. She was very happy to see me back.

"I knew you would not stay away from me very long," she cried, holding my hand as we swung ourselves toward the Boulevard St.-Michel. Not caring to disillusion her, I said nothing about the death of the old Simonides. I was twenty, Mimi was beautiful, and she loved me.

Paris! Paris! The Mediterranean, the Adriatic, Piræus, Athens, the gorgeous home of Aristides, the green mountains, the old monuments, even the frustrated excursion to Alexandria,

including the fateful telegram, were soon forgotten. Paris! Mimi! I tramped the hot streets with her. I sang serenades at unknown windows. The great city had become dearer to me than ever. I had no worry, no care. I was sure of myself, I was in splendid health. New poems were read aloud by poets in cafés; new songs were sung in the streets. The Dreyfus Affair was on; there was plenty of controversy, of excitement; one ministerial cabinet fell after the other. And I had six weeks of freedom before the beginning of the school year.

One evening as we were making merry Aristides Simonides, joyous and light-hearted as we had never seen him before, suddenly appeared among us. He outshouted and outjoked us all. He seemed to have grown much younger. His eyes were sparkling with deviltry; his lips were humid and loose, and he was alert of step.

"So you are here!" He extended his hands, and we embraced.

"Look at Simonides!" one of the young women called as she left her table and went over to him. "Let 's make sure it 's Aristides and not his happy ghost." She touched his arms to make sure he was alive. Aristides planted a kiss upon her cheek. "*Mes amis*," the girl yelled, "is it possible? Aristides has kissed me! Is it a dream or not?"

The young women approached Aristides to assure themselves they were not dreaming, and he kissed each one of them. I felt certain I knew what had accomplished the miracle. He had found Termandre and avenged the death of his father, I said to myself. We drank wine and danced until the wee hours of the morning. Aristides and I walked home together.

He was very enthusiastic about one of the women.

"I had never noticed before how beautiful she is," he exclaimed. "She has adorable eyes, and a mouth as fresh and cool as a rose in the morning."

"Where did you find Termandre, and when did it happen?" I inquired as soon as he gave me a chance to talk. "Tell me; I am dying to hear the story."

"What? About whom are you speaking?" Aristides turned on me with astonishment.

"About Termandre, Aristides. You have killed him, have you not?"

"Oh, no, I have not found him yet. No, no, not yet. It will take years, years. He is a Termandre, of old stock, clever, wealthy. What do you think he is? A lamb, a kitten? My dear, it is n't as easy as all that, thank God! Don't you remember your Greek poets at all? The first Termandre wrote great poetry. There has always been rivalry between the genius of their blood and ours. Did you think he was a truck horse, to be corralled at will and put to harness? Or an ox to be slaughtered at will? Did you think a Termandre was a kitten? My dear, he is a tiger, a wild tiger. It takes time to track such a wild animal. But what game! What sport to hunt down a tiger who watches his chance to spring at you! He knows I am on his tracks. He has had me followed and is posted daily as to my whereabouts. I am sure of that. That 's what I would have done were I in his place. I know he is in Rome hiding in one of his villas. I chartered a special train to make believe I thought he was in Paris. It will take years, years, but I shall get him. Oh,

what sport! That 's why I am so alive. Now only do I feel what it means to live. To live is to hunt. Strong men hunt big game, have great ambitions, choose high peaks, and climb to the top. Weaklings are satisfied with hilltops or to sit on the mounds."

He spoke with the same fervor that

seemed to me that he did not much regret the death of his father. Somewhere in his mind lurked the idea that his father had died to offer him an object in life. Old Simonides's death was certainly more valuable to his son than his life had been.

But what a change in Aristides! What a complete change! In another



"But what a change in Aristides!"

some of us used in discussions about a future *début* on the concert platform, the first appearance in a great rôle, the first book of poems, or when planning a great novel. So now Aristides, too, had something to live for. His life was not flickering out, like the remnant of a wick in a spluttering candle, in memories of the remote past. There was bright hope in its light. It even

two days he had swept a young lady off her feet and was busy making other conquests. On the terrace of the *brasserie* he recited extempore translations of old Greek poetry, never forgetting to include at least one poem of the older Termandre.

One day I found him busily engaged in his library writing an ode to the whole Termandre race. He recited it



"A cowering, gray-bearded man"

in Greek that evening. He exaggerated the value of the Termandres, as a hunter exaggerates to himself the size and cunning of the animal he is hunting.

"What has happened to Simonides?" every one asked. "Look at him, with one arm around the waist of a girl and making love to a grisette sitting across the table. He is almost human. And the way he fights with the waiters! He gambles, too, and gets excited when he loses and when he wins!" Some even believed he cheated when he played.

There was a young woman of our group who had formerly tried in vain to attract his attention. Now he was so jealous of her that he fought with fists young men courting her. When he was not carousing, Aristides worked, writing a history of the Termandre

family, from the first great poet to the last of the race. Perhaps no greater eulogy of a family was ever written. He translated it for us from the original manuscript.

About a month after his return to Paris, Aristides Simonides, standing upon a table in the Café de la Belle Etoile, was leading the chorus of a new song. The whole café was singing with him. A bottle of wine in one hand, a glass in the other, he waved his arms in broad sweeps, urging and encouraging the timid ones to raise their voices, to give themselves more completely to the singing of the song.

He was irresistible. The chorus of the song was repeated again and again by the young people surrounding him. They slurred over the last and the first words of the chorus in perpetual-motion fashion, as if there were no end to the song.

The doors of the café opened wide toward the boulevard and the terrace, and habitués and passers-by, attracted by the gaiety, forced their way into the place, and were submerged in the whirlpool of energy of which Aristides Simonides was the center.

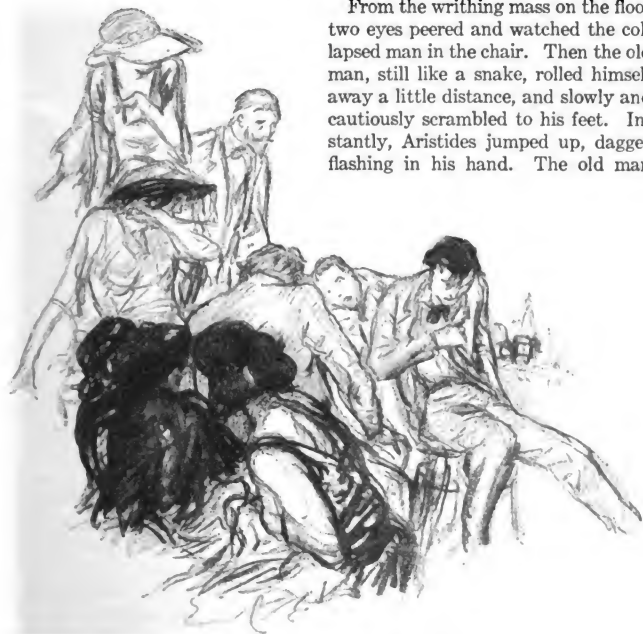
His *belle* had climbed upon the table and stood near him. A few other *belles*, not to be outdone, did the same thing. It vitalized the whole *brasserie*. The waiters and the managers looked on stupefied. It was a rare sight even for them, and they had witnessed many a spontaneous student affair of this sort.

The singing continued for more than an hour, when Aristides's arms suddenly became rigid, remaining upraised, his body crouched forward, and his eyes dilated. A horrible grin changed the happy expression of his face into one of beastly savagery. During the sudden silence that followed two shrieks were heard. One from Aristides, who jumped down from the table, and one from a cowering, gray-bearded man, so horror-stricken that he seemed paralyzed. Instantly, a path was opened between the two.

As Aristides approached him, the old man's knees collapsed, and he fell into a heap, a moaning mass of flesh. Simonides, still disfigured by that horrible grin, a dagger in one uplifted hand, stood over the old man and shrieked wildly in his native tongue.

No one interfered. For a while Simonides stood over the prostrate man, who writhed on the floor like a worm. But suddenly his own body shook in convulsions, the dagger fell from his hand, and he collapsed into a near-by chair, as pale and haggard as though death and decomposition had already set in.

From the writhing mass on the floor two eyes peered and watched the collapsed man in the chair. Then the old man, still like a snake, rolled himself away a little distance, and slowly and cautiously scrambled to his feet. Instantly, Aristides jumped up, dagger flashing in his hand. The old man



"He collapsed into a near-by chair"



again threw himself upon the floor, and again Aristides collapsed. Then he turned his back on the old man, yelling:

"Disappear, or I shall become a coward, as you are!"

As quick as a flash, the old man disappeared into the crowd. Some one offered a glass of water to the young Greek.

"It is all over now," he said to me when I approached him. "That was Termandre. That heap of flesh writhing on the floor like a worm was the enemy I pursued. And I thought I was hunting a tiger, a wild tiger!" he

mourned, shaking his head from side to side.

And in that minute he again became the old, indifferent, cold Aristides, with no interest in life, the passion in his eyes extinguished; and it seemed to me that even his glossy, black hair became dull and lifeless.

The following day the Parisian papers spoke about the suicide of a young Athenian, and I came into the possession of the history of the Termandre family, whose tigerish and fighting qualities were specially emphasized by the man who wrote it.


## Country School-Room Adirondack Mountains

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

"Turn to page ten in your arithmetics."


Rustle of yellow pages like a snake  
Among old leaves. The small boy tries to make  
His mind go through its jumbled bag of tricks.  
But how can he lay hands on eight times six  
When mountains fill the window and a lake  
Nudges his dreams, when autumn and the ache  
Of color, noon, and numbers meet and mix?

Puzzled, he asks the tree-tops, but the sun  
Covers his desk with blots and yellow scrawls.  
A woodchuck mocks him. If he had a gun!  
Last year he brought down two of them. The walls  
Dissolve. Vague thoughts bemuse him, one by one,  
As numberless and nameless as their calls.



## After Penrose, What?

By TALCOTT WILLIAMS



**A**FTER Boies Penrose, what? When Senator Penrose died at sixty-one, though he should have had a full decade of life before him, his going was treated as the end of an era in party management, and he as "the last of the bosses." In our many facile criticisms of the sins of bossism we often overlook the fact that a man like Penrose was really only a step in the growth of a more and more direct share in the choice of the agents whom a majority of voters directly or indirectly select to carry out their view of guiding and governing the government.

Senator Simon Cameron; his son, Senator J. Donald Cameron; and Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, were the first three state bosses of Pennsylvania. The first, boss from 1844 to 1877, looked on himself as a man who broadened the base of the popular control of party affairs by replacing the congressional caucus by our national convention. Simon Cameron cast his first vote under Monroe; Boies Penrose died under Harding: between them they covered a century of American party government.

When the elder Cameron began his active political life in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, the Presidents had for some time been named by a caucus of congressmen. Cameron shared in securing from the Pennsylvania Legislature the nomination of Andrew Jackson for President by resolution. This was Jackson's plan for advancing

himself and the Democratic Republican party (you can still see the title on orthodox Tammany banners), and incidentally for developing government by voters instead of by the wicked Federalists. The plan of nomination by a congressional caucus floundered around for a decade or so, but in 1844 Simon Cameron, by great personal effort, got together a Pennsylvania delegation, nominally chosen by the voters, for the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore which nominated Polk. In 1877, when Simon Cameron already seemed an old man, I asked him how he achieved leadership in Pennsylvania in the days of the second Adams.

"Sonny," said he, beaming on me, "I watched for the biggest crowd and then I walked in front of it." Then he added, his Scotch-Irish face wrinkling with astute sagacity, "*but never too far in front.*"

A decade after he named the Democratic state delegation, he transferred his allegiance to the Republican party, and was elected senator by acquiring five Democratic votes, as the investigation into the legislative ballot for senator abundantly showed. Simon Cameron, after his scandalous election, was chosen by Abraham Lincoln as secretary of war in 1861, and got the administration into a disgraceful mess, which made it necessary to send him to St. Petersburg. Years later, James G. Blaine, himself a newspaper man,

gave a reception to Cameron as the oldest newspaper man in the National Capitol. All the Washington correspondents were invited. As Cameron stood leaning back against the pillar between which the folding-doors ran, meditatively running his forefinger around the edge of an empty champagne glass (Blaine was a prohibitionist in Maine, but this did not prevent champagne at Washington), he said, "My boys, to sum up fifty years, be honest when it's the best policy."

This precept was followed by the dynasty he founded. Simon Cameron was frankly for power and profit; his son entered politics a man of means. Quay rose in politics step by step, as men rise in a regular army. He had done it all himself. There was no election crime for which he did not, in private, frankly confess responsibility. "I shall win," said one of his followers, fighting for party control in the Philadelphia Republican machine, "because I am ready to risk the penitentiary to win; the other man is n't." He won.

## § 2

Boies Penrose is the only state boss whom I have known who entered politics with a clear philosophic view of the way to win and of his reason for wanting to win. He went to Harvard with his two brothers, who were both elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He missed this distinction by a handbreadth because he preferred dominance and his own way. His people were educated and influential through the colonial period and after. His father was a prominent physician in a city never lacking a group of men of international repute in medicine. Senator Penrose's brothers have both won success, one

as a surgeon, the other as a mining engineer. Senator Penrose acquired such fortune as he had from a mining development. In politics he never gained a dollar, though directly and indirectly he furthered the dubious gains of money by others.

Most party bosses make their own gains, though the real evil of the relations of party government to business is not in the money made by them, evil as this is, but the way in which reforms are halted, improvements postponed, and the public made to suffer. But Boies Penrose had no desire for these personal gains. They did not interest him. He left an estate of moderate size. He wanted in life what he wanted in Harvard, dominance. He entered upon his career a highly educated man. He left college schooled in history, in national and civic administration. He studied law from the point of view not of the student, but of the public man. He entered a law office with extensive banking relations, but his brief years there were marked by the preparation of an excellent book (on the city government of Philadelphia) which Johns Hopkins University published. It contained many suggestions which have since figured in the reform of city charters. When I discussed this book with him, I found myself dealing with one of the keenest and most detached intellects I had ever met, a mind singularly free from any moral strabismus. The book was widely reviewed and approved. It was the joy of reform editorial writers who in later years quoted from the book when Senator Penrose was in position to carry out his early ideas of reforms, but blocked them, though thirty years later, when the time came and he had a wider power, he incor-

porated some of them in legislation for Philadelphia. But before this book was finished, his little office in a firm that was more than usually fastidious in its clients, swarmed with negroes from the lower end of the eighth ward, in which he lived, who gave their time to providing the votes that later sent him to the Pennsylvania Legislature. The western end of the ward was the unchallenged social center of Philadelphia from 1850 to 1910, but years ago the eastern end of the ward was negro, able to outvote the other end in any election, partly because the negroes voted and society, wealth, and learning did not vote, and partly because the negro population did not confine itself to a vote for each man, but cheerfully risked the penitentiary to win.

This dusky black flock was ruled and shepherded, not unwisely and not unkindly, by an Irishman, a city magistrate, abundant in charities and for whom all who knew him could not help having an abounding charity. There have been cases in which a Philadelphia election for mayor has been decided when by twelve at midnight it was clear that a few hundred ballots would carry the plurality vote needed, and this was gained by diligently marking reform ballots in this and adjacent wards for both candidates, throwing out this share of the vote for four years of misrule.

Senator Penrose lived in a house midway between the two extremes of the ward. Its upper windows looked across a few roofs to an alley that was one of the worst plague-spots in the city and was never raided. Senator Penrose mastered this new task. He knew every voter. He sat by the hour with them, knew their lives, their needs, their wants, their families, and

everything that was theirs; he shared their slang and all their desires. A man who could hold such a group had all of American political life before him. He knew its inner secret power, the very foundation of the triumphant working of the Pennsylvania Republican machine.

He had learned the trade of American politics in the best of all schools. He knew what it was to carry his division, his ward, his district, the lower and higher branches of his state legislation, and at length his election as senator. He left Harvard with his mind bent on politics and power in 1881, and in three years he was in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, in six in the state Senate, and in sixteen years, at the age of thirty-seven, was elected senator by the second largest State in the Union. Few younger men have been sent to the United States Senate in years, and the number elected at this age since the Senate first met has been minute. He was elected five times in all, the last time in 1920, just before his death, after serving twenty-four years. His last election, in 1920, was by the unprecedented plurality of 583,627 votes over a Democratic candidate who polled only 484,362 votes.

"Give me the people every time," he said in a braggart mood to a reform friend. "Look at me! No legislature would ever have dared to elect me to the Senate, not even at Harrisburg; but the people, the dear people, elected me by a bigger majority than my opponent's total vote,—by over half a million,—and you and your reform friends thought direct election by the people would turn men like me out of the Senate. Give me the people every time!"

He had implicit confidence in only one great factor in American politics, the machine which brings votes to the polls. When, at the selection of Senator Quay, he was chosen senator in 1897, a riotous dinner was given to him by his personal friends of the Clover Club, a unique organization in Philadelphia which prohibition brought to an untimely and lamented end. A member, I walked home with him. He was in a grave and conscious mood. He had won his utmost desire; no higher prize could be before him. To the Presidency no Pennsylvania Republican will be nominated. Candidates that can carry doubtful States are too necessary in a Presidential election. He stood the sure successor of Quay; he had years of power before him. He had made his record. He had originated no legislation, had mastered no problems of the day. Whenever a good cause was safe, prudent, popular, and injured no political friends, he had voted for it in the state Senate for ten years. Appropriations for education, for the universities, for hospitals, for education, he had urged. Whenever he could do it without delaying the pecuniary aid or political influence of a manufacturer, he was for restriction on child labor, and any friend seeking sound legislation he was always aiding by shrewd suggestion and fruitful support. This work, this course, I knew had not been his vision when he entered public life; but he saw no other course, and he was visibly depressed and silent. He said something of the sort. "You are," I answered, "only thirty-seven. You are secure in your seat for years to come. You enter the Senate its youngest member. Great issues are all about, the railroads, labor, our foreign relations;

war is certain over Cuba, as you know, knowing McKinley's personal policy. No one in the Senate is abler, keener than are you. Not a young man in our history has had a greater opportunity." It was in a way a foolish speech, but no one could know Penrose without admiring his ability and wishing for him better ends than were before him.

"What's the use?" he replied. "I propose to stay senator. I want power. It is the only thing for which I care. I have it. I shall keep it. There are about five thousand election divisions in this State. They hold from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand Republican workers who carry the division and bring out the vote. I must know all these men. They must know me. If I do not meet them and never see them, I must know what they are, what they want, and how and when. My hand must always be on the job. I can never take it off. All my time goes to the task, and must. If I take my hand off, I am gone. The interests of the State? Of course I look after those. But the job is managing and knowing the twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand men who run the election divisions. As for great measures and great issues such as you talk about, no senator of a State of this size, run as it is, has the time to take them up. I am always glad to hear suggestions. Come to me, write to me. I shall always be glad to hear you, but staying senator is my job."

He knew the Republican machine. He was Quay's fit successor. He had seen Quay, defeated in the state convention and near his fall, retrieve his fortunes because an able and agile secretary of the state Republican committee had seized the card catalogue

of twenty-five thousand workers, their addresses, and their various prices, and run off with it, though it was undeniably the property of the committee. No reform organization in an ordinary year could win against that disciplined army, each division squad of which knew the voters in their precinct, who were safe and unsafe, who would come of themselves, who could be won, and who could be safely bought, scared, cajoled, or played upon by all the motives men know. A tidal wave might come, as in 1912, when Theodore Roosevelt, with the Republican machine swept the State on the Progressive ticket and left the regular candidate, President William H. Taft, with a pitiable 273,305 against Roosevelt's 447,426, 51,807 greater than the Democratic vote for Wilson. Two years later the Republican machine elected Governor Brumbaugh by a vote of 534,898, the regular Republican vote on an off year, a plurality of 222,345 over the Democratic candidate. As for Roosevelt's friends, they polled a pitiable 10,506 votes, and that divided between "Bull Moose" and "Progressive." The sudden and unexpected success of Gifford Pinchot in the Republican primaries in Pennsylvania and the row of defeats of the regular Republican candidates for a nomination from North Dakota eastward in Iowa and other States are only a jolt to the regular organization. In Pennsylvania last June Gifford Pinchot and his managers conducted an able campaign, but they paid no attention to the choice of the new state committee provided for in the state primary. Mr. Pinchot was duly nominated, and in a week discovered, when the state committee met, that the conduct of his campaign was in the

hands of his opponents. His name is on the regular Republican ticket, but the men who bring out the vote are not for him. Still, as the Republican plurality for governor is from 200,000 to 250,000, a good many voters may stay at home before defeat draws near the regular candidate. In Pennsylvania everything centers in the state machine.

### § 3

Even Boies Penrose grew doubtful as the twenty-four years he sat in the Senate drew near their end. The association he had so diligently cultivated, election division by election division among the negro voters of the eighth ward, left him with little else, though all doors had once been open to him. A man's friends and his health, his personal life and his temptations, are closely related. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. The splendid physique, the imposing figure, the face of keen thought and thorough training, left only a wreck behind—a wreck with memories it were best not to record. In 1894 he was forced to withdraw from his nomination as mayor. An association of clergymen, by a campaign of personal criticism, was able to defeat him in his own city. It was powerless to prevent his election as senator three years later, but the bitter blow he never forgot. Just before his death he said wearily:

"Now that I know my own abilities through experience, I see that if I had stayed in my profession, I would have become one of the leading lawyers in the city, respected by every one. Now I know what men, as they see me passing alone through the street, say."

Yet he had far more in him than the

mere manipulation of a political machine. He knew by instinct, penetration, and experience what issue would move the many. In November, 1919, when he had just dealt defeat to the opposing city Republican machine in Philadelphia, he came back elated to his committee-room, where he sat as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, the chief honor of his senatorial career, won against public opinion, and a protesting Republican minority led by Senator Borah.

"What is to be the Republican issue next year, in 1920?" I asked him. "The tariff?"

"I wish it might be," he said. "I believe in the tariff, but I am sorry to say the tariff has become a back number."

"Reducing the extra taxes on large incomes and estates?"

"I have great sympathy with wealthy men, but this would be inadvisable."

"You ought to have sympathy with them, when I remember how often you have touched them."

"Don't be ribald. You are not writing an editorial."

"What is to be the leading issue?"

Taking his best senatorial pose, he said:

"Americanism."

"You are the man I have been looking for. Of course, if it is to be the issue, you know what 'Americanism' is. What is it?"

"Damn if I know," said the senator, relapsing to the weariness of the years; "but," with a sudden keen look of the trained politician who reads the public turn earlier than others, and, too, with the responsible gravity of a leader of men, "you will find it is a damn good issue to get votes in an election."

It was in 1920, as the tidal wave proved.

This election added to the voting vote on a scale unprecedented. The votes cast numbered 22,000,000. They had risen one half. The election divisions have increased, or will increase, in the next Presidential election in proportion. They were 40,000 on a rude rough estimate. They are to-day nearer 60,000. When Senator Penrose spoke of the number of men with whom he must keep in touch, there were from 4000 to 5000 election divisions in Pennsylvania. There are now 7300. By 1924 there may be 8000 or 9000. The number of active political workers have proportionately increased, and Senator Penrose spoke only of the men in one party.

#### § 4

The experience of Boies Penrose is the experience of the American people. Here was a man who began with a just ambition and a justifiable desire to use his great powers, which, like most youth of education, he undervalued, in directing the affairs of a great democracy. He had training. Wisely, he began at the bottom of the task. Cynicism is neither the best background nor the most stimulating atmosphere. Harvard has perhaps too large a share of it. It was not absent in his early environment; it was present in his own temperament. But cynicism, like humor, clears thinking and prevents self-deception. He entered politics, as his book on city government abundantly shows, believing in administrative reform as a need and a remedy. He was swamped in the machinery he won the privilege of directing and ruling. The need of keeping in touch with twenty-five thousand men over a great

State absorbed time, energy, ability. The experience is frequent in American public life. All democratic institutions show like perils in their working.

The small select group which managed the Revolution had in 1790 an active voting population of not over 150,000, in all, to instruct, inspire, lead. To-day the number of men in both parties who run our election divisions is at least twice as large. The governing group of the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary period responded to a congressional caucus of a few score. It rose to national conventions, at the start self-selected. The party primaries, which directly and indirectly choose these conventions and nominate all elected officials, grew until the State had to superintend them. The voting vote at these primaries steadily enlarges. A group of States, in primaries, cast 2,550,000 Republican votes, or one quarter the Republican vote cast in these States.

This grows with every contest. In New York State the Republican party leaders, finding themselves unable to manage it, have summarily abolished it. It is idle to suppose this instrument for expressing the public will and preference can be laid aside when other States in the country possess it.

The election officers were once unpaid volunteers, chosen as the election opened, often with a free fight in progress. To-day they are officers named in advance under legislation and paid by the State in nearly all our commonwealths. They count and declare the votes. Party workers bring voters to the polls. They materialize the voting vote. These are indispensable to the expression of the public will. Votes are cast and elections decided by their efforts. This body of party workers,

probably 600,000 strong, is to-day secret, unpaid, irresponsible, unwatched by law. The mere possession of a list of these votes is an instrument of power, a path to the control of voters held and known only by party leaders.

They will go through the same evolution as election officers in the polling-places. They will be regulated by law, recorded in lists open to law, and in the end, perhaps, paid by the State. This will not prevent the individual worker from going his own ancient way, but it will deprive party leaders of the special and tyrannical powers they secretly possess and publicly use to carry out their own policy and purpose in "bringing out the vote." Exactly as elections in the last fifty years have become less corrupt and more orderly, more directly expressing the public will, so parties in the future will be more responsive, more orderly, less under personal control.

In *THE CENTURY* for July, 1921, I pointed out that eventually the public treasury must pay the cost of putting before the people the "publicity information" of a contested election. The first step toward this has already been taken in Oregon and other States. The step proposed now is as needed and as inevitable. As long as the great sum needed to instruct and inspire voters comes from private contributions, corruption will exist. As long as the organized body of party workers in each election division is a secret pretorian guard rewarded and directed by party leaders, party leadership will be corrupt or corrupting, self-seeking, leaving power in the hands of men so absorbed in its direction that they cannot either create wise public policies or execute them, as Senator Penrose's life and career pointedly show.





# Motoring Down to the Golden Horn

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Drawings by KERR EBY



MY acquaintance with Ladew began, en route from Paris to the Riviera, about the time of the armistice. We occupied the same compartment in the *wagon-lit*. We were both in khaki and we were both being sent down to Nice by a paternal government to convalesce after many weeks in army hospitals. Before the war, I gathered, he had divided his time between his hunting-box in the Meadowbrook country of Long Island and his camp in upper Canada, while I confessed that I had spent my life journeying about the world in quest of the picturesque, the novel, and the adventurous.

"If you ever want a companion on one of your trips," he remarked one day, "I wish that you would take me along." Thus it came about that three years later I wrote him, reminding him of his offer, and asking him if he would accompany me to Persia. "Of course I 'll go," he answered. "What 's more, I 've a car in England, so why can't we go as far as Constantinople by motor?" I assured him with great enthusiasm that we could, and we proceeded to make our plans accordingly.

Ladew met me in Paris toward the end of March. His car subsequently proved to be a long, low-slung, rakish craft with the power of threescore horses beneath its silvered hood. His

chauffeur, whose real name is Patrick Dunn, but whom Ladew had rechristened John, had likewise served in the A. E. F., the experience which he gained while driving ammunition trucks up to the firing-line by night standing us in good stead later on. He proved to be the best driver it has ever been my fortune to ride behind.

It had seemed perfectly feasible to motor from Paris to the Bosphorus. True, I did not know any one who had actually done it, but there were roads all the way. I had seen them many times from the Orient Express, but many things might have happened to the roads and bridges of southeastern Europe during four years of war, and that an entirely new set of political conditions had arisen in that region, did not occur to us.

Nowadays, in the countries beyond the Rhine, one is required to deposit in cash the amount of the duty on his car at the frontier of every country which he wishes to enter, and I might add parenthetically that the chances are very slim indeed of ever getting this deposit back again. Moreover, every country requires that these deposits be made in its own currency, and to carry the necessary currency, we should have required a trailer. In Austria, for example, at the rate of exchange which prevailed when we were

there, the deposit on our car would have amounted to something over ten million crowns. That we crossed nearly a dozen frontiers without once making a deposit was due to Ladew's tact and persuasiveness and to the fact that, before my leaving Washington, the representatives of the countries that we purposed to traverse had been kind enough to provide me with letters to their respective frontier authorities and on my passport to put diplomatic visés.

The distance by railway from Paris to Constantinople is approximately two thousand miles, but by the route we followed it was nearly three thousand; for we were told of so many interesting places off the beaten track that, instead of keeping to the main highways, we zigzagged erratically across the whole of southeastern Europe, thus adding immensely to the interest of our journey and bringing to us many adventures which we would not otherwise have had.

We started in March, because we hoped to cross Mesopotamia before the beginning of the hot season, but if one is going only as far as Constantinople, the ideal time to make the journey would be in May and June. The roads in Hungary and Thrace, which are all but impassable in the early spring, would then be dry, and the snow would have disappeared from the Black and Bohemian forests and from the Balkan passes.

As it was, it was still bitterly cold when we left Paris, and we shivered despite our fur-lined coats and the many rugs in which we were wrapped. And as we tore eastward, instead of becoming warmer, it grew steadily colder, and in Nancy, where we spent the first night, the ground was covered

with snow. We crossed the Rhine at Kehl, which is the bridge-head of Strasburg. Here there was considerable delay, due to the innumerable formalities which must be observed on both the French and German sides. Somewhat to my surprise, the German customs officials were extremely courteous, their attitude being in marked contrast to the arrogance and brusqueness which characterized officialdom in the fatherland before the war. And this same courtesy was shown us everywhere. Before leaving Strasburg I had purchased a small American flag, which John had fixed to the hood of the car, so that the Stars and Stripes fluttered before us all the way to the Bosphorus. I was warned in France that this display of the flag might provoke unfriendly demonstrations in the former enemy countries, but it proved to have exactly the opposite effect. On only one occasion did the sight of it arouse resentment. On a country road in Bavaria we inquired our way of an old peasant woman. Pointing to the flag, she exclaimed scornfully: "You are Americans. Don't ask me to help you."

Neither Ladew nor I had ever visited the Black Forest, so, when the concierge of the hotel in Baden-Baden suggested that we take the road which leads through it to Stuttgart, we did. Instead of keeping to the valleys, as we had expected, our road steadily ascended, the forest becoming denser and the snow deeper the higher we climbed. Soon all signs of human habitation were left behind. We did not even see one of the charcoal-burner's huts which we had associated with the region. There were no signposts and no one from whom to ask our way; and then it began to snow.

Even a machine as powerful as ours could not continue indefinitely to plow its way through continually deepening snow up a steep and narrow road, and finally it gave up its hopeless task and slid gently from the road into a deep snow-bank, against which it reclined like some prehistoric monster taking a rest.

After an hour of unsuccessful attempts to extricate it, we realized that, unless we were to remain in the forest until the spring thaws set in, we must go in search of assistance. So, leaving John to guard the car, Ladew and I started off in the teeth of what had now become first cousin to a blizzard. After floundering for miles through snow-drifts, we saw, rising above the tree-tops, a thin spiral of smoke, and a few minutes later we came upon a hamlet—a single winding street, bordered by quaint, gabled houses with steep-pitched, red-tiled roofs and pictures frescoed on their plastered walls—set down in a forest

clearing. The men of the village, driven indoors by the storm, were gathered about the fire in the tap-room of the *Gasthaus*, puffing slowly at their long-stemmed pipes. In our halting German we explained our predicament and asked for men and horses, for which we offered to pay liberally. But no one stirred. It was quite evident that our room was preferable to our company. "*Verdamte französische Schwein-hunde!*" I heard a bearded fellow, drying his boots at the fire, mutter surlily.

"But we are not French," I exclaimed quickly. "We are Americans."

My words worked an instantaneous change.

"So you 're the fellows who ended the war?" said a tall young peasant, the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross in his buttonhole. "That 's quite a different thing. We 'll be glad to do anything we can to help you." So while the innkeeper, now as deferential as he had been sullen, set out a



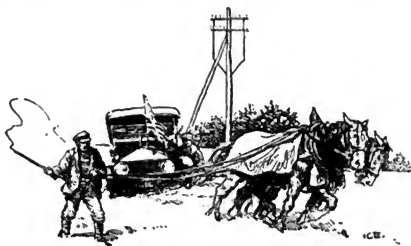
meal of cold ham, black bread, cheese, and something that passed for coffee, our erstwhile enemies hurried out to procure chains and shovels and to harness their horses. Thus we spent the night in a most comfortable hotel in Stuttgart.

Judging by the great difficulty which we had in obtaining accommodation in the hotels in the larger cities, all Germany had started traveling. For that matter, the same conditions prevailed all the way to Bukharest. Most of the people who crowded the hotels appeared to be traveling on business, however, rather than for pleasure. All Germany seemed to be hard at work. The *reich* may be in desperate straits financially, but intense commercial activity was everywhere apparent. To assert that Germany can never "come back" is to betray a profound ignorance of the industry, energy, and patience of its people.

We had planned to cross into Czecho-Slovakia at Eger and spend the night at Carlsbad, which, by the way, has regained much of its pre-war popularity; but, upon reaching Bayreuth, we learned that the snow was still deep in the northern passes of the Böhmerwald and that our best route lay through Pilsen.

Night and a blinding snow were falling when we reached Rothaupt, a hamlet on the frontier of Czecho-Slovakia, so our plan of pushing on to Pilsen had, perforce, to be abandoned. But we did not greatly mind, for the prospect of spending a stormy night in a village inn on the edge of the Great Bohemian Forest appealed to us as

being very picturesque and romantic. My conception of Bohemian inns had been drawn from "The Bohemian Girl" and "The Prince of Pilsen," and though I did not expect to be greeted



by a bevy of beautiful damsels in short red skirts and black velvet bodices, I did expect a cozy bedroom, with a fire leaping and crackling on an open hearth, and a bed with clean linen. But the inn at Rothaupt was a rude shock, and sleeping in it so impossible that we decided to pass the night sitting up in the tap-room. However, we were delightfully surprised when an old German couple named Hüttl, who in some way had heard of our predicament, offered us the use of the spare room in their cottage. By this time it was bitterly cold and our teeth were chattering, but our volunteer host started a roaring fire in the great porcelain stove, which occupied nearly a quarter of the little room, the son of the burgomaster appeared with a bottle of liquid fire, which was labeled cognac, and Frau Hüttl, after forcing us to put our chilled feet into buckets of hot water, fed us on eggs, black bread, and steaming coffee. And when we departed, they firmly refused to accept any recompense for their kindness, so that we had to leave some money



on the table when they were not looking.

The next morning, as we were preparing to resume our journey, the local customs official appeared at the cottage and informed us that on the car we must make a deposit of 276,000 crowns. It seemed that he and the schoolmaster had spent the greater part of the night figuring it out. We patiently explained that we did not have any such amount of currency with us, that the nearest bank was at Mies, thirty miles away, and that, being Sunday, it would be closed, anyway. But he was adamant in his determination that we must pay before we would be permitted to go on.

"But what can we do?" I demanded. "We have n't enough money with us, and we can't get it until we reach a bank."

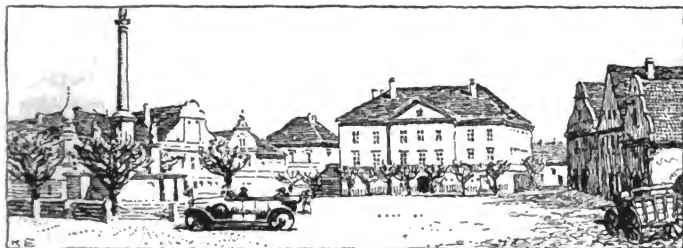
"Zurück nach Deutschland" ("Go back to Germany"), he replied stolidly.

"Not by a damned sight!" I told him, losing my temper, and flourished in his face the letters of introduction given me by the Czecho-Slovak minister in Washington. With the assistance of the schoolmaster he laboriously deciphered them. The letters addressed to President Masaryk, to Premier Beneš, and to the minister of

foreign affairs he tossed aside contemptuously, as though he had never heard of them; but when he came upon one addressed to the minister of finance his manner underwent an immediate change.

"Why did n't you show me this letter in the beginning?" he asked respectfully. "These people"—and he indicated the letters to the president and the premier—"mean nothing to me, but the finance minister is my boss. If you are friends of his, it's not my business to stop you."

For the first dozen miles beyond Rothaupt the road zigzagged up the heavily forested range of the Böhmerwald, where the snow was so deep that it looked for a time as though we would repeat our experience in the Black Forest. But as we dropped down into the valley of the Mies the country-side turned from white to brown, and in the air was the scent of spring. We paused in Mies only long enough to take a picture of its cobble-paved market-place, lined by old, old buildings with step gables and elaborate rococo decorations; then on to Pilsen, where we lunched at a hotel whose restaurant windows overlook the beautiful Smetana Promenade, and watched the *chic* Bohemian women and the offi-



cers in their smart uniforms saunter by, and from tall, thin goblets of Bohemian glass sipped the beer for which the city is famous.

As the road from Pilsen to Prague was in good condition, John stepped on the accelerator, and we covered the seventy-five miles at a speed that made the telegraph poles look like the palings in a picket-fence. Prague is one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in Europe. Its numerous towers and baroque palaces, the broad river, with its stately bridges, and the heights on the left bank, crowned by the venerable Hradčany, combine to form a singularly attractive picture the interest of which is enhanced by its historical associations.

We went several hundred miles out of our way in order to visit Czecho-Slovakia, because we wished to see for ourselves how this young nation, still scarcely out of its swaddling clothes, was progressing. So far as our superficial opportunities for observation permitted us to judge, it is making remarkable progress. The whole country was ahum with industry. The hotels were crowded with business men and commercial travelers, and the shops with customers. In the streets, it is true, there were more men in uni-

form than seemed necessary for a nation whose security is not seriously threatened, but a people with the history of the Czechs can hardly be expected to discard their military traditions in a day.

From Prague our way led down the winding Moldau, where the wooded hills lay on each side and formed the valley through which we rode; through Budweis to Linz, and thence along the north bank of the Danube to Vienna. I was no stranger in the Austrian capital, for I had been there many times before the war, but this time the city seemed unfamiliar to me, though where the difference lay I could not at first determine. But shortly I realized that its unfamiliar aspect was due to the disappearance of the old-time evidences of wealth and fashion, to the absence of brilliant uniforms, the equipages of the rich, and the trappings of royalty, and at night to the insufficiency of the street lighting. Even in the Bristol we had hot water only in the mornings, and the rooms were never quite warm enough for comfort.

In Germany and, to a lesser extent, in Czecho-Slovakia we had had some experience with depreciated currency, but it was not until we reached Vienna

that we realized what monetary depreciation means when carried to the *nth* degree. The morning after our arrival I drew one hundred and fifty dollars on my letter of credit, and for the first time in my life found myself a millionaire—that is to say, an Austrian millionaire. The bundle of currency which was pushed across the counter was so large that I could not get all the notes in my pockets, and had to carry part of them back to the hotel in my hand.

While we were in Czecho-Slovakia we learned of the death of the ex-Emperor Karl in his distant place of exile, and on the day after our arrival in Vienna I attended the mass which was said in St. Stephan's Cathedral for the repose of his soul. There were more than five thousand persons in the great cathedral, and twice as many more, who had been unable to obtain admission, were assembled in the square outside. In that silent, sad assemblage were archdukes in fur coats and top-hats whose pictures I had seen many times in the illustrated papers. After the mass was over the company formed in procession, bare-headed and with tears rolling down the cheeks of many of them, and marched slowly through the city streets, singing the old imperial anthem. The side-walks between which the procession moved were black with silent onlookers, and the windows and roofs and balconies of the buildings along the route were white with fluttering handkerchiefs. I do not think that this demonstration was so much a tribute of affection to the weak, ineffective, well-intentioned young man who was the last of the emperor-kings as it was a final farewell to the dynasty which for more than six hundred years had ruled

Austria for good and evil, and to the brilliancy and grandeur for which that dynasty stood. In any event, it was a very impressive and affecting spectacle, and I am glad to have seen it.

Upon leaving Vienna we were warned by our friends that before reaching Budapest we would experience many delays and difficulties. One of the secretaries of our legation told us that on a recent trip between the two cities he had been stopped and his papers examined twenty-one times, and this despite the fact that he was a diplomatic courier. And we were warned by Colonel Briggs, the American military attaché, that numerous bands of *francs-tireurs* were roaming the Burgenland, the debated territory between Austria and Hungary, and that, if we did not exercise great caution, we would be stopped by bullets. As it turned out, we were not stopped at all; indeed, we did not even know when we crossed the Hungarian frontier, and the only armed man that we saw, barring soldiers, was a game-keeper. If you wish to have any peace of mind, it is well not to take such pessimistic predictions too seriously. Experience has taught me that trouble is always in the *next* country.

When we reached Budapest we found the city in deep mourning for Karl, who was King of Hungary as well as Emperor of Austria. From the windows of nearly all the buildings floated long black streamers, and the officers who thronged the streets and restaurants wore mourning-bands on their sleeves and knots of crape on their sword-hilts. Though Austria has become a republic, Hungary remains a kingdom, and devotion to the imperial house still runs fierce and strong in the veins of the people. The Austrians

have accepted their fate meekly, but there is no meekness in the Hungarian character. They bitterly resent the partition of their country and, if I read them aright, they will seize the first opportunity that presents itself to regain the territories that have been taken from them. That grave injustices were done them by the treaty of peace there can be no denying, and, until those injustices have been rectified, Hungary will remain a source of anxiety and danger to her neighbors.

From Budapest our road led south-easterly, across the great Hungarian plain, into Transylvania, which is now a part of Rumania. It was still early in April, it had been raining steadily for days, and the whole country-side, which is as flat as the top of a table, was a sea of yellow mud, through which at times the car could hardly force its way. Our difficulties were increased, moreover, by our ignorance of the Magyar language. Imagine trying to inquire one's way in a country where one is constantly encountering such names as Ujszász, Püspökladány, Hódmező-Vásárhely, Bánffy-hunyad, Székelykocsárd, Sepsiszentgyörgy! By the time we reached the Carpathians my vocal cords were almost paralyzed.

The annoyances and delays which we had been led to expect in Hungary materialized as soon as we crossed the Rumanian border, for the Government lives in constant fear of a Hungarian uprising in its newly acquired provinces. As a result, Transylvania is flooded with spies, secret police, gen-

darmes, and soldiery. Every stranger is under suspicion. The passport regulations are tedious and exasperating. The secret societies which are believed to exist among the Hungarian population have driven the authorities into a state of nervousness bordering on hysteria. Every traveler is regarded as a spy until he can prove his innocence. When two or more persons are seen talking together, the police promptly jump to the conclusion that they are conspirators engaged in



hatching a plot against the Government. While we were breakfasting in the coffee-room of the hotel at Klausenburg, the ancient capital of Transylvania, a young Hungarian, a reporter on a local paper, came in to interview us on our trip. It was a perfectly innocent interview, in which politics were not even mentioned. Yet before the reporter had been gone ten minutes I was approached by an agent of the secret police. He informed us, politely enough, that, as we had been seen in conversation with a Hungarian, we were under suspicion, and that the chief of police wished to interrogate us. It took the better part of an hour, the production of letters to half the members of the Rumanian cabinet, the diplomatic visé on my passport, and the sight of a Rumanian order, which I happen to possess, to convince that functionary that we had no designs against the Government.

That same afternoon we stopped in Segesvár for petrol. The curious crowd which always collected about the car at sight of the American flag



was joined shortly by a young Rumanian who began to question us in our own tongue.

"Where did you learn English?" Ladew asked him.

"In Martin's Ferry, Ohio," was the answer. "I worked there six years, and I wish to God I was back there again."

"What are you doing here, then?" I inquired, by way of making conversation.

"I 'm a detective," he answered proudly.

"And what do you detect?"

"Just now," he explained confidentially, "I 'm detecting you. When the chief of police heard that there was a car with an American flag in town, he sent me down to detect what you are doing here."

We spent the night in Kronstadt, or Brassó, to give it its Rumanian name, one of the chain of frontier fortress-towns founded in the thirteenth century by the Teutonic Order, which, like the Templars and Hospitalers, began as a charitable society, developed into a military club, and ended as something akin to a chartered company exercising rights of sovereignty on the troubled confines of Christendom. The next morning

we ascended the northern slopes of the Carpathians through some of the finest scenery in Europe, the green-clad, snow-covered mountains rising in serried grandeur against a hot blue sky. Reaching the summit at Predeal, on the old frontier, we went roaring down into Wallachia, through Sinaia, which is the Bretton Woods of Rumania; past the royal château of Pelesch, where I had visited the king and queen two years before; through Ploesti, with a forest of derricks above its oil-wells; and so down the straight and dusty road which leads to Bukharest.

We reached the Rumanian capital toward the end of the week before Easter, thus enabling us to witness the picturesque and colorful ceremonies with which the Rumanians, who belong to the Greek Church, celebrate the end of the Lenten season. The most interesting of these begins on Easter eve in the venerable Metropolitan Church, being attended by the king and the members of the royal family. Ladew and I left our hotel at eleven in the evening and walked to the church through streets lined by soldiery. The Metropolitan Church, in which the kings of Rumania are crowned, was built in 1656, and stands within the walls of a monastery on a

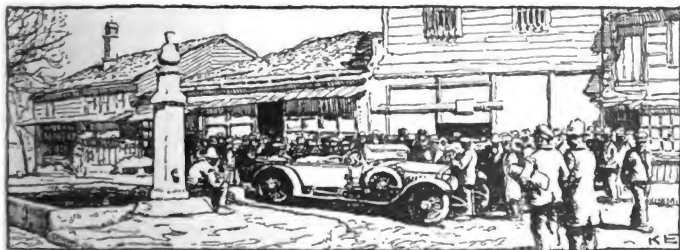


hill which overlooks the city. The streets leading to it were already crowded with carriages and motor-cars bearing cabinet ministers, generals, members of the diplomatic corps, and other dignitaries, all in evening dress or in uniform, their breasts blazing with decorations. At a quarter to twelve we heard the shrilling of police whistles along the route, and a moment later the royal procession came in sight, headed by the minister of the household, gorgeous in sky blue, riding in a court carriage. Then came a squadron of lifeguards mounted on great black horses, the men very smart and soldierly in their long gray cloaks and silver helmets; an equerry in scarlet and gold; outriders in the royal livery; and finally a great coach of gilt and glass, drawn by four horses ridden by postilions, and with three footmen in plumed hats and powdered wigs and white satin knee-breeches clinging on behind. Within the coach, which rocked and swayed as it jolted over the cobbles, sat King Ferdinand in the uniform of a field-marshal, and beside him, very fair and lovely in her white gown and veil, his daughter Marie, now the Queen of Jugoslavia.

There was a brief wait after the royal party entered the church, then,

just as the hands of my watch pointed to midnight, a salvo of rockets went streaking skyward, announcing to all Bukharest that Easter had come. Thereupon the bells of all the churches in the city began to boom until the air reverberated with their brazen clangor, and the waiting throngs lighted the candles that they carried, so that quite suddenly the crowded hillsides below the church were dotted with thousands of jets of flame, like a city when the electric lights are turned on at night-fall. About one o'clock a battalion of infantry came swinging down the hill, the bugles playing a stirring march, and every soldier carrying a lighted taper, which threw into relief the bronzed faces beneath the trench-helmets. But it was nearly two o'clock before the royal coach, with its escort of clattering cavalry, came rumbling down the lane formed by thousands and thousands of people, who held lighted candles in their hands and chanted: "He is risen! He is risen! He is risen!"

We had planned to leave Bukharest on Monday morning, but, to our dismay, we found that the Easter holiday would not end until the following Thursday, which meant a delay of three days in obtaining the necessary



visés on our passports. In southeastern Europe in these days life is just one damn visé after another. And it also meant that we would miss the steamer which we had planned to take from Constantinople to Syria. But when Peter Jay, who is the American minister to Rumania, learned of our predicament, he asked his Bulgarian and Greek colleagues as a personal favor to visé our passports despite the fact that their legations were officially closed. So, to use Ladew's favorite expression, everything was under perfect control.

We left Bukharest on the morning of Easter Monday, expecting to cross the Danube that afternoon; but, when still thirty miles from the river, something went wrong with the oiling system of the car. So, leaving John with his feet protruding from beneath the car, Ladew and I started down the road toward the next village, Calügareni by name. It was a holiday, and the villagers, dressed in their picturesque gala costumes,—the men in sleeveless jackets and tight white breeches ornamented with arabesques of black braid, and high caps of white sheepskin; the women in embroidered blouses and skirts of green or scarlet,—were gathered on the green before the village inn, where a few of the younger men were dancing to music provided by a Gipsy orchestra.

Strangers were evidently a novelty in Calügareni, and the furor created by our arrival threatened to break up

the dancing, which we were eager to see; so we summoned the innkeeper and instructed him that he was to keep the dancers supplied with wine at our expense as long as they continued dancing. Most of the villagers, either from disinclination or shyness, had taken no part in the dancing, but when they heard this announcement there was a concerted rush to get places in the circle. The Rumanian peasant dances are of various kinds, but the most popular is a round dance called the *choró*, in which a number of persons, usually of the same sex, take part, holding hands. Ordinarily the *choró* is a rather monotonous, inanimate affair, but as the innkeeper and his assistants continued to circulate among the dancers with their wine-laden trays, the circle steadily grew larger, the tempo of the music faster, the dancers more spirited, until finally they attained a pitch of vivacity which would have satisfied even the director of a Broadway musical show.

Then, just when everything was going beautifully, trouble materialized in the form of a grim old man in a sheepskin cap who suddenly burst upon the scene and began belaboring the dancers with his cudgel, accompanying his blows with a stream of reproaches and invective. The old man, so the innkeeper explained, was one of the village elders—a "selectman" he would be called in New England—and he was incensed because the village youths were dancing instead of



digging a grave for a horse that had died that morning. Naturally, we could n't permit our party to be broken up just as it was getting started, so Ladew, assuming his most winning manner, attempted to placate the irate elder with a bottle of cognac. At first he sullenly refused to accept our proffered hospitality, but the villagers, with whom he was obviously no favorite, quickly jeered him into it. His second glass left him in a perceptibly mellow frame of mind, after his fourth he had entirely forgotten about the dead horse, and after his sixth he insisted on himself leading the dancing, introducing steps and cutting capers that left us weak and helpless from laughter.

By this time the whole village was dancing, young folk and old, men, women, and children. There must have been fully three hundred people in the circle, and the array of empty bottles was growing larger and larger. But John had arrived with the car, and the road called us, so I asked for the bill. It included some eighty bottles of wine and reached the total of two thousand *lei*, or just under fourteen dollars. When we took our departure, the villagers gave us a farewell that King Ferdinand would have envied, waving their hats and pelting us with flowers. It will be some time, I imagine, before Calügareni forgets the two strangers who came strolling out of nowhere, played hosts to the entire village throughout an afternoon, and then climbed into a big gray car and disappeared as mysteriously as they had come.

We spent that night at Giurgiul, on the Danube, and the next morning, amid much excitement, loaded the car on a barge and were towed across the

river to Rustchuk, on the Bulgarian shore. The run across Bulgaria, from the Danube to the Balkans, was the pleasantest of our entire journey, for the roads were dry without being dusty, the sky looked like an inverted bowl of blue porcelain, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of blossoms. For the first time we felt that spring had really come. Bulgaria, particularly that portion of the country lying on the northern slopes of the Balkans, is a land of orchard-covered hillsides and fertile, highly cultivated valleys; of quaint villages with red-roofed, white-walled cottages; of pleasant woods, and sweeping, upland pastures on which graze flocks of sheep and herds of curious, curly-coated swine. We lunched in Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, on the balcony of a little restaurant built on the edge of a cliff rising sheer above the brawling Yantra, and nightfall found us in Gabrova, a busy manufacturing village, with many woolen mills, at the foot of the Shipka Pass.

The Shipka, celebrated as the scene of fierce fighting in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, forms one of the principal gateways between northern Bulgaria and the former Turkish province of Eastern Rumelia. The road does not pass between high peaks, but crosses the main range of the Balkans at its highest point, about 7500 feet, so that it is therefore not a pass in the ordinary sense of the word. I might mention, by the way, that "Balkan" is not a distinctive term, as most people suppose, but is applied by the Bulgarians, as well as the Turks, to all mountains.

I thought that I had become inured to bad roads when I motored to Alaska, but the worst of them were



macadamized highways when compared with the road over the Shipka. It is about fifteen miles from the foot of the pass to the summit and in places the grade rises to thirty-five per cent. At many points the road was so narrow that a cat could scarcely have found footing between the outer wheels of the car and the edge of the cliff. One stretch of the road was almost buried beneath the debris of a recent avalanche; at another it was strewn with boulders as large as wardrobe trunks; again the way led over smooth and slippery outcroppings of rock. These were the most dangerous of all, for the wheels could not get traction, and the car would slip backward until it literally had "one wheel on the edge o' the morning and one on the brink o' the pit."

In order to lighten the car, Ladew and I, taking advantage of the paths, set out for the summit on foot, but before we had covered half the distance we were overtaken by a terrific mountain storm. I do not think that I have ever seen it rain harder. In five minutes we were as wet as though we had fallen into a lake. From far above us on the mountain-side came the steady roar of the car's exhaust as it climbed skyward, and occasionally

we met groups of excited peasants, evidently startled out of their wits at sight of the monster tearing by them through the mist. When we finally reached the summit, we found John awaiting us as nonchalantly as though he were in front of a shop on Fifth Avenue instead of having just ascended one of the most perilous passes in Europe.

We descended into the valley and pushed on in the hope of reaching Adrianople that night. We were spinning down an exceptionally smooth stretch of road at forty miles an hour, Ladew asleep beside me in the tonneau, when a peremptory "*Halt! Halt!*" rang out on the night air, and the twin beams from our lamps showed a Bulgarian sentry standing beside the road, rifle leveled, ready to fire. John jammed on the brakes so suddenly that we nearly went through the rear wind-shield. When the car came to a stop, the sentry's rifle was not three feet from our heads and his finger was twitching on the trigger. We were, we found, on the frontier of Thrace, and a mile or so ahead Greek territory began. The officer in command of the outpost was summoned and, after scrutinizing our papers, gave us permission to proceed. He could speak



nothing but Bulgarian, but he knew a few words of German, for he kept pointing down the road and repeating warningly, "*Die Brücke, die Brücke,*" which we rightly interpreted as having some reference to a bridge. What he meant we discovered a few minutes later, when the road ended with terrifying abruptness in a yawning black chasm. When we came to a stop our front wheels were on its very brink. The bridge that had been there had been blown up, presumably at the time of the Bulgarian evacuation of Thrace. Had John been driving rapidly, I should not now be writing this story.

While we were attempting to turn around on the narrow road we were suddenly surrounded by a patrol of highly excited Greek soldiers, who had stolen up on us in the darkness. Owing to the bitter hatred which exists between the Bulgarians and the Greeks, and to the fear of the latter that the powers were about to order them out of Eastern Thrace, a highly dangerous state of tension prevails along the frontier, and, though we did not know it at the time, we were taking our lives in our hands when we attempted to cross it at night. After an excited discussion as to what they should do with us, two of our captors

climbed on the running-board of the car and, pushing the muzzles of their rifles into the small of John's back, directed us across some four or five miles of exceedingly rough country to a little village, the headquarters of the border patrol, as it turned out. After considerable delay a very sleepy and irritable captain appeared from out of the darkness, but after he had examined our papers, he became profuse in his apologies for the delay to which we had been subjected, due, he explained, to the fact that his sentries had taken us for a party of Bulgarian comitadjis. As it was out of the question for us to reach Adrianople that night, quarters were hastily improvised for us in the village.

For the first fifty miles beyond Adrianople the roads were magnificent. Then they disappeared altogether, being succeeded by a rough cart-track that wound across the Thracian moor. After a time we lost even the cart-track, and thenceforward we guided ourselves by the sun, for the bare, brown country-side was uninhabited, and the few huts we passed were deserted. Greek rule has cast a blight over all Eastern Thrace. The industrious Turkish peasants who formerly made this region the most prosperous

in the Balkans have departed, and the land, once yellow with grain, is now a stranger to the plow. And in the other lands that the Greeks have acquired since the war, in Macedonia and in Asia Minor, the same industrial paralysis is observable. Outside of the towns, almost the only persons whom we saw in Thrace were Greek soldiers. They were everywhere.

Just at sunset we topped the last of a seemingly interminable series of bare, brown hills and looked down on the tranquil waters of the Sea of Marmora. At our feet lay Rodosto.

We set out from Rodosto at day-break on the last lap of our journey. Rodosto is only fourscore miles from Constantinople, and we felt that all our troubles were at an end. The first forty miles led us across the open veldt; then our way led down to the shores of the Marmora again at a little town called Silivri. Just beyond the town a small stream, coming gaily down from the hills, debouches into the Marmora. Though not a wide stream, it was too deep to ford, and the ramshackle bridge which spanned it was so obviously unsafe that we did not dare to cross it with the heavy car. At my advice, we took to the beach, but no sooner did the car strike it than it began to sink, and it stopped sinking only when the running-boards prevented it from going deeper. To make things worse, the tide was coming in. We sent a boy to bring some buffaloes to pull us out, but he returned with the message that they were all at work in the fields, and their owners refused to stop their plowing. Just when things were at their blackest, two Greek soldiers appeared upon the scene. Both had lived in America, and they spoke English. No sooner

had their eyes fallen on the flag than they volunteered to bring us assistance. They set off down the road at a run, and half an hour later reappeared at the head of the entire Greek garrison of Silivri, about thirty men, and the greater part of the village's male population. They brought with them some stout planks and a length of chain, and after three hours of hard work they succeeded in hauling the car to dry land. When it was all over we told the two soldiers who had first come to our aid that we wished to show our appreciation by standing treat to the whole crowd and offered them the equivalent of twenty dollars, which, when translated into drachmæ, makes a very impressive sum. But they firmly refused to take it. Ladew and I insisted, whereupon the sergeant turned and made a little speech to the assembled soldiers and villagers, who responded by shouting, "No! no! no!" and some of them came up and patted us on the back. "They all say that they will not take anything from you," translated the sergeant. "We like to have Americans come here and get into trouble, because it gives us the pleasure of helping them. That is all the recompense we want."

The sun, an orb of vivid crimson, was just sinking behind the mountains that guard the Dardanelles when we looked down on the city of Constantine. I have seen the Turkish capital many times and under many conditions, but this view of it from the western hills is the one that I shall remember longest. An hour later we drew up before the Péra Palace Hotel, our long journey done, having in three weeks and three days crossed Europe from the Seine to the Golden Horn.



# Reforming the Glee Club

By FREDERICK L. ALLEN



IT is often said that there is no more conservative creature in the world than the college undergraduate, at least in his attitude toward college life. He may sometimes cherish romantic and impractical ideas about the world outside the college gates, but inside the college he is the true Bourbon, taking it for granted that, in the fabric of undergraduate life and tradition, whatever is, is right. There is considerable truth in this generalization. Yet every now and then those who take stock in it receive a jolt. Their convictions have not often been more severely shaken than when, three years ago, the Harvard Glee Club, an organization controlled by Harvard undergraduates, threw aside the pleasant, but essentially conventional and commonplace, music which college glee clubs have always sung since the freshman days of the oldest living graduate, divorced itself from the banjo and mandolin clubs at the college, undertook the experiment of singing first-rate music, classical and modern, and suddenly came into prominence as one of the outstanding men's choruses of the United States, if not of the world.

To understand the significance and nature of the Harvard experiment one must go back a dozen years to the time when a young man named Archibald T. Davison, who had been for a year an assistant in the music courses at the college, was made organist and

choirmaster at the chapel. Davison was a trained musician who had been studying the organ in Paris under Widor since his graduation from Harvard with the class of 1906. In those days the Harvard Glee Club employed a professional coach to teach its members to sing the "Stein Song" and "Down by the stream where I first met Rebecca" and similar pieces. Some of the members of the glee club belonged also to the college choir. They found Davison an able and likable conductor of the choir, and one of them, being elected president of the glee club, asked Davison if he would not coach the club the next year.

Davison's answer was unexpected: "I'll do it on one condition—that I be allowed to do it without pay." Naturally, that condition was easy to comply with, for the glee club, like many another undergraduate organization, had a way of coasting along the brink of bankruptcy. So Davison began conducting the glee club. He had his eye on the future, but he bided his time.

As the years went by, the men who belonged both to the chapel choir and to the glee club—and there were always a number of them—began to notice things. They observed that Davison steadily improved the quality of music sung by the choir, that he introduced them, as members of the choir, to the splendid old music of Palestrina and Bach and to the finest



Gregorian chants, and that something happened to them when they sang those things that did not happen when they sang "Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day" at glee-club rehearsals. They noticed also that when Davison suggested that the glee club should try a Mendelssohn piece by way of variety, and the glee club hesitatingly made the experiment, its audience applauded with unusual fervor. This was a little unsettling. It made the men ready to try more of the sort of thing that Davison knew how to make their hearers appreciate. Little by little the proportion of difficult and subtle pieces to obvious and conventional pieces increased in the glee club's programs. Still Davison bided his time. Then came the war. After the war came the turning-point.

## § 2

The fundamental thing to remember about the new step that the Harvard Glee Club took in 1919 is that it was taken on the initiative of the undergraduate officers themselves. They decided that the club could not go on serving both Bach and the "Bulldog on the Bank." They decided to separate themselves from the banjo and mandolin clubs, which could not very well undertake Bach, and to become a genuinely ambitious choral organization. When they told Davison of their scheme, the truth is that he was at first inclined to be skeptical. He did not want them to go so fast that they would meet with opposition from the traditional conservatism of the undergraduate body. But the officers of the club meant business. At Davison's suggestion they conferred with President Lowell, who advised them to go ahead. So it happened

that the glee club broke with the instrumental clubs, and in the autumn of 1919 began giving concerts that opened with chorales by Palestrina and Bach, and proceeded through Schubert and Brahms to modern pieces, ranging from swinging songs like Coleridge-Taylor's "Drake's Drum" and "King Charles, and who 'll do him right now?" to the most difficult compositions of César Franck and Debussy.

The path of the glee club was not entirely smooth. Critics like H. T. Parker of the Boston "Transcript," to be sure, gave it enthusiastic applause from the start; that vague thing known as undergraduate opinion at least suspended judgment because the experiment seemed successful; and when the club was invited to sing in joint concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it did itself great credit: yet there were doubters. There were Harvard graduates who met the news of what the club intended to do with incredulous and scornful laughter. What a preposterous idea! As if young men in college could possibly be made to sing good music well! When the new glee club planned to take its first vacation tour through the country, its managers had all they could do to induce musical critics to believe that the concerts would be worth wasting time over, and found it equally difficult to persuade the groups of graduates who were the prospective hosts of the club that it was no longer a social organization primarily; that its concerts were not merely light exercises preliminary to dancing parties; that it did not select its members for their social presentability any more than did the foot-ball team, but selected them for their ability as singers; and that its members were virtually

in training, like the members of an athletic team, and followed rigid rules about being in bed at a certain hour, about not smoking within three hours of a concert, and about not drinking at all from one end of the trip to the other.

The glee club set forth on its trip, and the surprise was tremendous. Many a graduate in many a city came to the local concert expecting that it would be a social occasion, and found instead that it was a musical occasion—of an entirely new sort. To the everlasting credit of the Harvard graduates it must be said that most of them perceived at once that what the club was doing was worth a hundred "Bulldogs on the Bank." When the conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra invited Davison, during the intermission of the Cleveland concert, to bring his men back the next year to sing with the orchestra, and when other critics who knew what they were talking about showed the same sort of spontaneous enthusiasm, the majority of the graduates knew that it was up to them and their friends to adjust themselves to the new situation and to give the club their full support.

From that time on it was comparatively plain sailing. Joint concerts in Boston with artists such as Fritz Kreisler and Frieda Hempel added to the organization's local reputation. A second vacation tour to a number of cities in the East and Middle West proved strikingly successful. The French Government invited the club to visit France during the summer of 1921, friends of the university and of American music contributed the necessary funds, and the expedition was made by sixty singers. They visited not only France, but Switzerland, Italy,

and the occupied area of Germany, and the foreign critics added their praise. In Cambridge one began to notice that more and more the undergraduates took the new rôle of the glee club for granted and looked upon it as one of the established assets of the university. Here and there a voice was raised in objection to the continued use of the name "glee club," and the argument was brought forward that the club was sailing under false colors, and ought frankly to call itself a choral society; but when members of the club replied that the glee is really a splendid old form of choral music and that from the point of view of the carping etymologist they had as much right to the name as any glee club of the conventional type, the opposition weakened. Some observers lamented that the genial old college songs were to be dropped out of undergraduate life entirely, but regained their composure when they heard that Davison, by organizing singing contests among the men in the various freshman halls and by arranging for glee-club concerts of light music on spring evenings in the college yard, was making the good old songs familiar to more men than ever before. The glee club is now also planning to publish a new collection of Harvard songs, reviving many of the older favorites that are falling into disuse, in an effort to encourage general college singing.

Recently the precedent set at Harvard has begun to have its effects elsewhere. "If the movement spreads," wrote Daniel Gregory Mason not long ago, "it is not too much to say that it will in a few generations transform our entire musical life. To set young people to making good music for themselves is fundamental. It is placing

something else, something better, in that vacuum that nowadays rag-time, jazz, and the 'canned music' of mechanical instruments rush in to fill."

### § 3

Before one generalizes, however, about the chances of doing elsewhere what is being done at Harvard, one should note one or two outstanding facts. The first is that the new movement at Harvard developed gradually. Because, when the time came, the glee club changed its policy almost overnight, there is a danger of overlooking the fact that the thing could not have been done—the proposal would have been hooted down—unless for more than ten years Davison had been slowly laying a foundation. After all, there is much truth in the theory that undergraduates are essentially conservative. The only thing that the theory of undergraduate conservatism overlooks is that when, with proper preparation, a change is made in undergraduate institutions, presto! a new tradition has been established, and one which the new generation of undergraduates will cling to as desperately as it clung to the earlier tradition. The Harvard Glee Club is already a tradition.

Another thing which one must bear in mind is the quality of Davison's leadership. He is not only a skilful conductor; he is a man inspired with a faith in the ability of young men to grasp anything that is really vital and true, and in the compelling power of good music. Can there be anything, he argues, more misanthropic than the common opinion that men of education and intelligence, at what is essentially a romantic age, cannot be made to enjoy the best that music has to offer?

If that is the case, the musicians might as well shut up shop. Davison claims that he finds college students almost ideal material to work with. They know how to think for themselves; they have enthusiasm and the power of application. And they know a really good thing when they see it. If the musicians, says Davison, lament that good music is not appreciated, in nine cases out of ten that is because it is badly performed. Perform it adequately, says he, and it will find an enthusiastic public in the colleges and everywhere else. The secret of Davison's success is that he has this faith, and that through the force of a dynamic personality he has been able to implant it in others.

The quality of the individual voices in the glee club is not unusual. Davison does not waste time searching for Carusos or Scottis in the university. He is content with what he calls a "homogeneous mediocrity of tone." He says that particularly brilliant or powerful voices are more of a problem than an asset; they stand out above the rest of the voices, and are likely to mar the total effect. Any man who can make "a human sound," who has not a "file-like voice," as Davison puts it, and who can learn to sing a scale accurately and hit a given note when it is played on the piano is material for him. In the autumn he has about two or three hundred candidates for the club, most of them undergraduates, some of them students in the various graduate departments. For six weeks he trains these men in one large body. Then he breaks them up into quartets and puts them through trials. If they show promise, he keeps them; if he finds they have n't learned anything, he lets them go with advice. When

the first concerts of the year come along, the number of men has been cut down to a hundred or more. Half of these men are probably veterans of the preceding year; the rest are new material. Then comes the most rigorous period of rehearsal for the big concerts of the season.

#### § 4

The rehearsals are mostly held in the early evening, at the Paine Music Building at Harvard. If you would see Davison in action with his men, go to one of these rehearsals. In an ordinary recitation-room you will find a hundred men or so sitting in chairs of the modern classroom type, each chair equipped with a large flattened arm for a book-rest. The men are singing from mimeographed sheet-music. In front of them, at the end of the room, is a slightly raised platform before a blackboard. On the platform stands a grand piano on which an undergraduate plays the accompaniment when needed, and next to the piano stands Davison, beating, or rather waving, time with both hands as the music of a swinging chorus by Handel fills the room. A smallish man of thirty-eight, solidly built, with light hair and keen blue eyes, he is the personification of electric authority. In front, just below him, sit the tenors; farther back in the room, the basses. As you slip into a seat at the rear of the room, you hear, cutting through the deep, swelling tones of the chorus, Davison's sharp voice:

"Now 's your chance! That 's it! Good! first-rate! This is a bad place; look out for it! That 's the way, basses! Eyes! eyes!"

Then suddenly he claps his hands.

"Bad attack!" he shouts. On the

instant the chorus is broken off in the middle. "Let 's have that over again." A wave of his hands, and the men have somehow picked up the song again a few measures back. You notice that Davison never has to consult a score; he knows every note of each part of every piece. "Now watch it! That is good!" And so the chorus swings on, with compelling rhythm. Again he breaks it off. "Let me hear you first basses alone on that." For a moment the first basses sing their part alone, and all eyes are on them. "There 's a curious buzzing sound there," says Davison, and, a moment later, "That 's not an octave you 're singing; that 's a twenty-third: an octave is just eight notes, you know," and then, as the tenors and second basses join in a laugh at the expense of the first basses, comes Davison's sharp rallying voice again: "Now I want to hear the other parts. He who laughs last, you know."

Always he emphasizes rhythm. Every attack must be perfect in its timing, every phrase as if sung by one man. Now he stamps the rhythm with his foot as he feels the men losing time. Now he breaks off the song again.

"Basses, I did n't get a decent entrance from you. Did you make it?" A chorus of mingled "Yes" and "No." "All right." And they are off again.

Sometimes he himself sings as he leads them; sometimes, when he finds their singing unexpressive, he acts out the song before them. The singers come to the phrase, "How can you be so spiteful?" and Davison shows them how the word should be almost snarled. "Speye-teful!" he shouts as he stops them, and the men sing the phrase over again with a new vigor of expression. Every minute he keeps them on the

alert. One moment they are laughing as he chides the first tenors: "Anybody who swallowed a whistle in his early youth barred out of that piece," or as he calls to them, "There 's a *d* in *good*: don't sing *goo-will*. Let 's have it again!" The next moment the mood of the roomful of men changes as Davison changes his tone. But his sway over them continues. Humorous or serious, he holds them in the hollow of his hand.

The rehearsal draws to an end. The men are getting a little tired.

"All right now," comes that cutting voice again, "last piece—'Glory to God in the Highest.' Everybody up." As one man the chorus rises to its feet. "Are you ready? Unbutton your vests! Now!" Before you know it he has given them the note, his upstretched hand drops, and the glorious music of Pergolesi's swinging hymn of praise rocks the building. Now loud, now soft, with perfect rhythm and enunciation, the chorus sweeps through to its tremendous conclusion.

"Going well, gentlemen. If it goes as well as this to-morrow, we 'll have a good concert." And all at once the room is full of men heaving into their overcoats, talking, crowding to the door; the rehearsal is over; in groups of two or three the undergraduates stroll down the hall and go their separate ways.

The men enjoy it; of that there is no question. For Davison has succeeded in making great music the vital thing to them that it ought to be to all of us who have in us the rudiments of musical appreciation. He has removed from it the curse of the high-brow, the dilettante, the *poseur*. He has shown undergraduates that the

possession of such human qualities as a sense of humor is not incompatible with the most intense artistic enthusiasm, and that musical performance and appreciation can be made the most natural thing in the world for ordinary people of ordinary ability.

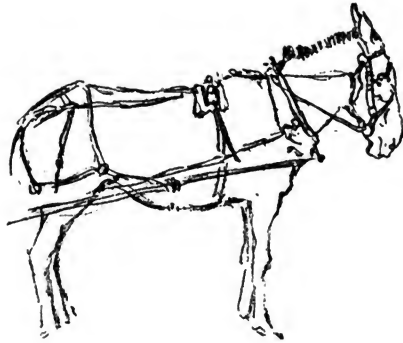
"I wish," said Davison to me once, "that people would realize that we look on the glee club not primarily as an artistic organization doing an unusual stunt, but as an educational movement." And he told me about an incident that happened a year or two ago when the club was making a concert tour during the spring recess. One night after one of the concerts the men had to wait for some time at a little railroad station for their train, which was delayed. "I found a bunch of them sitting on a baggage-truck singing, with one fellow leading them," said he, "and they were n't singing musical comedy stuff; they were trying one of their glee-club pieces. They were n't doing it for me; they did n't know I was there. They were doing it because they liked it. That gave me more satisfaction than anything that has happened in a long time."

The movement is already spreading. Princeton, the University of California, Leland Stanford, Columbia, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are experimenting with genuine choral singing, and other colleges will probably follow. The influence of the Harvard Glee Club has made itself felt in choral organizations outside the colleges as well—organizations of business and professional men. The movement will be gradual, and here and there it may fail, but it cannot entirely fail. The extent to which it succeeds in enriching American life will depend on the vision of the men who lead it.

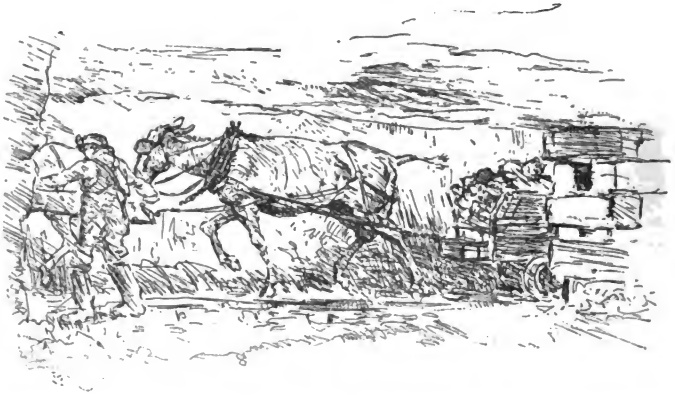


IN THE KENTUCKY COAL-FIELDS  
FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF  
GEORGE WRIGHT





For work there is no better animal than the lowly mule, and often a mule is an easy riding "hoss." With no particular preferences in food, he is an easy "keeper," and with a reasonable amount of kindness he reciprocates with his head and not with his hind feet.



Electricity is used to a great extent in hauling the small coal-cars, but the old stand-by for work is still the mule. He spends all his days and nights underground, and comes out of the mine only when it is stripped of coal and abandoned or when he is finally through with work and life.



The mining companies build homes for the miners and their families, but there are still to be seen typical mountain cabins throughout the coal-region. Unlike the workers in the Pennsylvania coal-fields, the miners are mostly mountain men, and foreigners are considered to be "outsiders."

Civilization penetrates only tentatively into the mountains. Even the instruments in the telegraph office tick sluggishly amid a clutter of empty boxes, broken chairs, and a general disorder.







Early to work seems to apply in mining, as in other industries where physical labor is needed. The miner may see the beauties of nature only for a brief moment in the early morning.



Miners carrying lunch-pails, with safety-lamps in their caps, fill the trains and station platforms at the beginning and end of the day, but one can never forget it is mountain country. Children and hounds, women in calico and sunbonnets, are always in evidence.





The pitch-dark corridors and shafts of the mines are an unreal world where forms of men and mules appear and disappear as apparitions in the scattered islands of light. At every turn misshapen shadows threaten, and a group of miners warming their noonday coffee over an open fire seem goblins and witches stirring infernal flames.



# Miners' Wives in the Coal Strike

By FRED A. KIRCHWEY



THE valley was silent and motionless; its ugliness was without purpose. Of what use was the black, gaping hole torn in the side of the hill? It was nothing but an unhealed wound, with a clotted mass of slate and loose coal about its edges. Of what use were the shining rails of the incline, the angular lines of the tippie, the pile of slate below it, the "empties" standing along the tracks? To what end had every green tree been torn from the narrow banks of the creek? Rows of gray shacks had replaced them, a hard, rutted road crossed and recrossed the bed of the creek, and the railroad ran close enough to the houses to serve as a sidewalk; but these were of no apparent value. Children looked from the windows of the houses or played in the cinders between the ties, men walked up and down the tracks and loafed in groups beside the company offices, and women were inside the houses, working; but the purpose of these people and their houses and the railroad and the tippie and the wound in the hillside—the purpose of these and of all the treeless ugliness of the valley had somehow been lost. For the valley was on strike.

The people in this part of West Virginia live by coal alone. If a mine "blows out,"—suspends operations for one reason or another,—they are unemployed until it opens again, unless they hear of mining jobs in another

valley or in a near-by coal-field. If their wages are too low, they go hungry; there are no better jobs to which they can turn. Or if they strike, they strike in the knowledge that they can find no other employment, since there is none. They know that the operators can throw them out of their houses with only a brief warning and that they will find no others, for every house in the valley belongs to the company and was built for its employees. They are prisoners, and their dungeon is a deep, green valley. They are serfs, and their master is coal. When coal is not being mined, their existence loses its meaning, and all their surroundings become senseless.

If the miners are the slaves of coal, the women are the slaves of slaves. They, too, are tied to the valley and the mines; they go hungry when depression or a strike hits the coal-fields. In addition, since they cannot mine coal,—it is held to be bad luck to let a woman even step inside a mine,—they are bound to just one occupation: they do housework under the most primitive and uncomfortable conditions, they bear and rear children in great numbers. That is their whole life.

At least that is their life in ordinary times; in times of strike the life of the women is more arduous and sometimes less monotonous. Housework is trans-

formed from a dreary round to the daily excitement of making something out of nothing. Life is more precarious, but because of that very fact it is more apparent and more precious. And then there is the fight. Thin blood congeals in the presence of danger and hardship and suspense; rich blood boils. The striking women of West Virginia, like all other women, are of all sorts, alert and apathetic, despairing and eager, bitter and blithe; and the conditions of their life bring out the facts of their character in sharp relief, for they live at the very roots of life. They have just the few clothes necessary to cover their bodies and the bodies of their children. Their food is coarse and scanty and unvaried and bad in quality. Their houses are ugly and small and bare and wholly uncomfortable. Charm and beauty and color are not in their lives except where they spring from a gaiety and courage that survive all misery.

In my days in the coal country I talked with many women of all kinds. Some were on strike along with their husbands; some were on strike against their husbands. Some were good-natured and easy-going even with hunger and death near by. Some were bitter; some just tired. But by coming close to the lives of these women on strike I came close to the life of the valley and learned more, I believe, of the meaning of the industrial struggle in West Virginia than a mile of statistics and a year of research could have taught me.

#### MRS. SOAMES

If she had lived in another age, Mrs. Soames would have been an Amazon in spirit; if she had been born into a different class, she would have turned

out a militant suffragist. As things are, she is a revolutionist, although revolutionary theory has never so much as brushed the hems of her mind, and she has, no doubt, a stern abhorrence of Lenine and Trotzky. Even if she knew them, I think that she would dislike the Russian leaders, for she has little time for juggling dogmas. She sees the world going wrong, and without stopping to reason about it, she sets out to make it right. She knows that her husband and all his friends earn too little to keep their children in clothes and food and to give them an education; therefore she accepts without regret the need to fight for these obvious necessities. She has a simple, unfanatical faith in violence. She backs the union with the buoyant, whole-hearted enthusiasm of a college freshman cheering for his team at the big game; there is no skepticism or sophistication in her.

Before I reached the valley, Mrs. Soames had been "set out." With her furniture and bedding and her eleven children she had been moved out of the four-roomed company house where she had lived for eight years and had been dumped beside the road. I found her living in a tent on a bare patch of ground between two forks of the creek several miles up the valley. Three other evicted families occupied tents on the same narrow island, and in the four families there were thirty children. A narrow suspension-bridge connected them with the mainland; the steep sides of the hill closed down on them. They looked like a small beleaguered army encamped. On the tent nearest the bridge the word "Uniontown" was lettered in bold black paint.

Mrs. Soames cannot be described in

terms of beauty or ugliness. That she was small and thin and weather-worn and had black teeth had nothing to do with the effect she made. She was, rather, composed of quick motion and easy, shrill laughter and a sort of humming, vibrant life. The blue of her eyes was steely; her nose was bold. At her breast a six-months-old baby nursed industriously; the eldest child, a girl of eighteen, sat near by, patting the puffs of hair over her ears and listening admiringly to her mother's militant, dramatic talk. Her other children, shrieking and laughing, played about the tents, except for a two-year-old baby who lay naked on a blanket, undisturbed by the noise, or by the flies that walked over him.

"If them sons of — down to the company offices thought they could throw a scare into us by settin' us out, they guessed real bad. This is my third time in a tent, an' I like it fine. We reckon maybe we 'll advertise this here Uniontown as a health resort; get city folks down here to give the place tone. Soames an' I got two tents for the thirteen of us, but Mrs. Lightfoot, next door there, she 's got nine all in one. But it don't sour us none. If we don't live real good or eat real good, we know what we 're doin' it for, an' we 'll stick as long we got to. We eat fat meat an' corn-bread mostly, an' some days we don't eat nothin'; but we know why, don't we, Sis?"

Sis smiled and blushed and nodded. She was too pretty and too young to be marooned on an island ten miles up a coal valley.

"I 'm afraid those babies don't know why," I said, "when they get hungry."

"They get to know pretty quick," said Mrs. Soames. "Soon 's they

know anything, they know about the union an' the bosses an' what this fight 's about. They 're born to this fight." She looked at the pale baby in her arms, and her voice grew a shade more metallic. "I 'd rather see this baby die than see the union die," she said. "If we lose this strike, he might as well be dead. They ain't going to be no security for him, nor for any of us, if they kill our union, like they 're settin' out to do. Every man an' woman of us is as helpless as this baby without we band together an' fight together. S'pose there ain't no union? Who 's to get us enough pay to live on? Who 's to say, 'Eight hours is enough an' too much for men to spend underground.'" Mrs. Soames let loose a stream of speech, racy, vehement; and then, with a fine instinct for effect, ended quietly: "My babies may be hungry now while the trouble is on,—it ain't easy to send 'em to bed with nothin' only a piece of dry corn-cake in their hands,—but if we don't fight now, they 'll be hungry all their lives; an' if we lose, they 'll die, like as not."

Soberness could not hold Mrs. Soames long; she was too happy a warrior. I heard the story of how a company guard—the names he received were rich and unrepeatable—had "shot up" the tents the night after the family moved in. He had stationed himself on the hillside across the creek and fired over their heads against the opposite shore. The bullets had nicked off twigs and leaves from the trees beside the tents, and one had cut down the union banner improvised by Mrs. Soames.

"But it kep' the babies awake all night," she said. "That was bad enough. An' it give us a mean feelin', hearin' them bullets whine by so

close to." I heard the story of the unwary "scabs" who had walked up the tracks past the tents and dared to "get fresh" about the "red-necks" (the strikers) and their living quarters. "Soames an' Tom Lightfoot an' Jimmy Carson they laid for 'em, and when them scabs got home to their mamas, they was all mussed up, seems like."

I heard the story of the march into Logan County, when an army of miners crossed the mountains to put the fear of the union into the operators' hearts. Scores of legends have grown up around that march. To Mrs. Soames it was a crusade and a piece of necessary house-cleaning combined.

"They call it treason now," she said. "My man only got home last week after them keepin' him locked up over there three weeks on a charge of treason." She laughed at the word. "Soames ain't no traitor," she said. "Anyhow, he wa'n't in the march; got hisself laid up with an arm broke' just a week before the boys started. I guess he 'd 'a' give' a year in jail to of gone. Young Jimmy Lightfoot he went. He drove a Ford car acrost them mountains, totin' ammunition to the army. Back an' forth he went over them roads, that ain't hardly roads at all; traveled nights mostly, so 's the airplanes could n't get him and blow him an' all the stuff he carried into kingdom come. Two, three times by day-light they did bomb him, an' one time he got a stream of shot out of one of them machine-guns they carried. Jimmy says they tipped like they was comin' down, tipped till the nose of the gun pointed straight to earth, an' then let loose on him.

"That was an army," said Mrs. Soames, "union men every one of 'em.

Men from Pennsylvania an' Illinois was in it; they come clear from Colorado, some. If they had n't of stopped for talk, they ain't nothin' those boys could n't of done. They 'd of cleaned the gunmen an' the dirty scabs right plumb out of Logan County. They ought n't never to of stopped, not for President Harding nor nobody. Logan County could be a right decent place for folks to live if the boys had gone ahead an' finished the job. It was a black, stinkin' place then, an' it still is. If they had n't of stopped, they could of cleaned it out right."

"Cleaned it out," I repeated. "Killed all the gunmen and scabs?"

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Soames, plainly. "Shot the hell right out of 'em."

I shall always see Mrs. Soames as she was at that moment, nursing her baby quietly in her arms and smiling, with a look in her sharp eyes that was humorous and bold, but not in the least ferocious, and saying words that still thundered in my mind many days after I had left her.

#### MRS. SWEET

In West Virginia the size of families can be measured with a fair degree of accuracy by the length of time people have been married. So when I met Mrs. Sweet and saw that she was nothing more than a tired child, I showed no surprise at the baby she held to her breast. She smiled at me rather wanly.

"He 's four weeks to-day," she said.

"Your first?" I asked.

"No," she said; "we been married two years. Tommy he 's crawlin' round outside."

She was as pretty as any one of this year's débutantes and she may have

been eighteen. Her cheeks were pale, but her lips were softly modeled, and her eyes were clear blue. She told me nothing but the story of the last month of her life, but I felt that I knew a good deal about her when she had finished.

"It was hard before the baby come," she said, "because first there was n't no work, an' then, soon as they got workin', seems like, the strike come along. Tom he went out like the rest. The baby come four weeks ago. I had a real hard time,—seems like I ought not to, don't it, with the second?—an' then when baby was twelve days old, Tom went off. I can't make it out. I think an' think about it. He seemed to care about me; he was real decent to me most times. Sometimes I think maybe he could n't stand to watch us get hungry an' not know how to help it nor do nothin' different. But sometimes I think he was pretty mean, seems like, to go off like that just when he did. Says he was goin' to see a sick uncle, but his uncle 'd have to be real sick to be sicker 'n what I was. I was up, but I was feelin' slim. Had to get the house cleaned an' do some washin' 'long about the eighth day after baby come; the house got lookin' like a pigsty by then. I guess I worked too hard; anyhow, I felt real ornery, an' the little feller got lookin' kind o' peaked. An' then Tom up an' left. This week the union sent me two dollars, an' last week a dollar fifty; that 's the first money come into the house since the baby come a month ago. They say they 'll send it right along now even if Tom has lit out. I guess we can get along somehow. Maybe Tom 'll stay away an' maybe he 'll come back. I reckon he thinks he 'll come back some time when things

ain't so hard round here. I thought it was awful when he went, but now I don't care if he don't show up." She hesitated a moment. "Things may go easier if he stays away—some ways. If I had money, I 'd pick up the babies and go to my people, an' I 'd never in the world come back." She spoke slowly in a flat, tired voice. She seemed to have forgotten my presence; her eyes were as round and as fixed as if she were a child day-dreaming. Then she remembered me and smiled, and said without any self-pity in her voice, "Well, I ain't got much left out of that three fifty I 've took in this month, so I reckon I 'll set right here an' see what happens."

#### MRS. BENDISH

I saw her four children first. One of them looked half-witted and had red eyes; one looked healthy; one had sores on her legs; the youngest was four years old, but could not walk. She crawled on her hands and feet, and as she went, her legs bent the wrong way at the knee.

The sight of them prepared me for Mrs. Bendish. She was thin and misshapen, her eyes were red-rimmed, she had an enormous goiter, and on the back of her head was a growth as hard and as large as a door-knob. It was obvious what the disease was that had blighted the family. I could not bring myself to talk to her about herself, but her neighbor, a striker, told me all that I needed to know.

"They get the usual union rations," he said, "not the best sort of food for sick folks. We get 'em a tin of milk when we can."

"They don't need milk; they need a hospital," I said.

"Yes," he said shortly.



"Well, why does n't somebody send them?" I asked.

He smiled.

"Ol' Bendish is a Holiness," he answered. "One of them lay preachers—Holy Roller, you call 'em, I reckon. Anyhow, he don't believe in interferin' with the judgments of the Lord. 'God's will be done,' Bendish says." He smiled again, sardonically.

#### MRS. WILSON

She asked me into her shack with a wide and gracious gesture of welcome. The floor and walls were very dirty. The furnishing of the room consisted of a mattress, covered with a heap of dismal rags, and a chair that should have been condemned as unsafe for occupancy. We both sat down on the edge of the mattress. Mrs. Wilson thrust her feet out straight ahead of her, and sat as a child sits, firmly planted, with straight back and straight legs. Even in that posture she was beautiful: her neck and head and shoulders were those of a black Juno; the one dirty garment she wore opened at the throat and showed her deep, strong chest. Her legs were long, and her feet were big and broad; the large toe flared widely from the rest like the toe of a barefoot child.

"Them children don't get enough to eat," she said without any rancor, "but I tells 'em they must n't make no fuss. 'T ain't goin' to las', I tells 'em. Union 's boun' to win. But you knows yourself," she said confidentially, "you ain't goin' to git no two-year-ol' to take no stock in that. But I feeds 'em pretty good. Po'k an' meal we gits off'n the union, an' I cooks 'em up greens off'n the hill what I picks. Young an' ol' they all eats greens; seems to suit 'em real well. Ain't got

no clo'es on'y what 's on 'em. Powerful little, but it don't hurt 'em now, in summer-time. Come winter, an' I don't know what we all *will* do. Did n't have no shoes las' winter, an' I reckon we won't have no nothin' by nex'. 'Still, 't ain't so bad,' I says to my man. 'Might 's well go hungry fer to strike as go hungry fer to be out of work. Fust the mine she blows out, 'n' 'en the men they goes out,' I says to him. We ain't got nothin' to lose neither way. They ain't nothing you can do about it nohow. They 's some hollers at the bosses, an' they 's some hollers at the union, an' they's some as jus' gen'ally makes moan; but we gits along jus' as bad as they does without half the pain. It 's boun' to be over sometime," said Mrs. Wilson; "jus' in the nature of things."

#### MRS. RATHOM

Mrs. Rathom stood in the hard, baked yard in front of her shack, pecking away at the unfriendly earth with a grub-hoe. Her skirts hung around her brown, thin ankles; her bare feet were as hard and black as the earth. A man's shirt covered the upper part of her body; an enormous sunbonnet hid her small face. As she hoed, her loose, ungainly garments flapped against her. She was a scarecrow, just tumbled down from its cross.

I greeted her, and she looked at me with eyes that revealed more clearly than the narrow, pinched lines of her face what her life had been. They were not patient eyes. There was malice in them, and resentment.

She opened the gate.

"Come in an' set awhile," she said. "I ain't work brickle. The hoein' can wait."

I sat down, and we talked about the

strike and about the months of unemployment that came before it. She told me of the hunger that had made the winter before a nightmare. "You c'n stand to be hungry in summer," she said. While she spoke, her eyes moved over me, and the restless malice never left them. Her talk was fitful and rambling, but there was a strange unity in it, a note that recurred and held it together.

"If things had gone on as they was before the strike, like we 'd 'a' died," she said. "They ain't nothin' to do up this valley only dig coal, an' when that stops, we stop. When the strike come, things eased up a bit. We begun to get rations. They ain't so much, meal an' sow-belly an' a poke a flour once a week; but they can be et. Sometimes I set an' think how they 's folks right now outside the valley eats fresh meat every day, an' corn an' a pie or a cake.

"A strike ain't all good," she went on, and she spat a thin stream of tobacco-juice over the edge of the narrow porch. "It 's got to be, and it 's got to be won; but it lights heavy on the women. You go up an' down this valley and see what the strike means. It means men settin' along the ties a-talkin' an' a-spittin'; men holdin' meetin's an' makin' speeches; men throwin' horseshoes an' a-layin' on their backs; an' up in them hills men makin' whisky to set themselves crazy. There 's no good in an idle man.

"It ain't like that with the women; the less work fer the men, the more we work. It 's us has to put the children off till next day without food. It 's us has to hold rags together to cover our bodies and our men's and babies'. It 's us has to cook meals with nothin' fit to cook, an' make bread with water

an' salt an' moldy flour. The men set an' jaw while we work our arms loose: that 's what a strike means.

"They 's always a bunch a men a-settin' over yonder where the road runs into the creek. You c'n see 'em there now, squattin' an' chawin' an' tellin' what 's what. Sometimes it makes me fair sick to see 'em. The other day I walks up an' says to 'em: 'I sure am goin' to get me some goose eggs so 's you all can hatch me out some goslin's while you 're a-settin' there. Might 's well make yourselves useful.'"

She had no front teeth, so she smiled unwillingly behind her hand.

"You think I look pretty porely, don't you now?" she asked me, her appalling eyes on my face. "An' old like. Well, I ain't forty-two yet. That ain't so old. Some women 's real spry when they get that old. Well, I ain't got any gray hairs myself. See?" She pulled off her sunbonnet and revealed a head of fine black hair drawn back from her bony temples and her lined forehead. "It 's hard on a woman to be lookin' like a wore-out scarecrow when she ain't forty-two an' ain't got a gray hair, seems like. Men—" She stopped short and looked straight at me. She wanted me to understand what she could n't say, and a century of hate in her eyes told me enough. But she could n't quite stop.

"I married him when I was seventeen; my mother got me into it. I wanted another man, but she put me off on this one. Perhaps it would n't of made no difference. Marriage—" She stopped again. Then she said in a flat, lifeless voice that denied the smoldering malice in her eyes: "He 's no more nor less than a snake. I hated

him when I married him an' I 've hated him every minute since. I 've always been sick like ever since I married. He 's always well an' hearty; never a sick day. I 've had twelve children that lived. I don't rightly know just how many others. He don't care; men don't."

She sat still a moment. Then her eyes grew less insistent, less painfully descriptive.

"It 's killed me. There 's nothin' to me now; I 'm near' gone." She put her hands against her flat body. She knew she was a scarecrow, a flapping travesty of a woman. "But it ain't right for the children neither. They don't get no proper schoolin' an' no chance in life. My big boy he come back safe from the war to get shot by a mine guard acrost in Mingo County. These here ones you see"—she pointed to an assorted group of frail, dark-haired children—"they ain't got no food to make 'em grow right, an' they ain't got books. School only keeps five months, an' I reckon it ain't right good at that. What can I give to 'em now I got 'em?"

She looked off across the creek, beyond the railroad tracks and the tipple, to the green hill behind, and through the hill to some region far away.

"I wa'n't raised in the mines," she said. "My folks was farmers. My mother was a Calloway from Virginia,

an' my father's folks was a good family, too. They come out to this country after the nigger war; before that they lived real fine in Virginia. I was born an' raised back over the mountains there,"—she jerked a thumb over her shoulder,—“down in the bottom of a deep, green hole. The hills went up close all around us; we was like in a cup. Only a few folks ever come our way, but my mother taught me my letters, an' I ran wild over the hills. An' then when I was still only a baby like I married him. None of my girls can't never say I made them marry a man they could n't stand. My Susy she married last month. God knows she 'll run into trouble, but she wanted him."

"How old is Susy?"

"Fifteen come September."

Her eyes looked through me, and her voice was harsh, defensive as she continued:

"Husband an' wife gets a dollar twenty a week each from the union," she said slowly, "an' twenty cents a week fer each child. A girl fifteen eats as good as a man. She 'll be gettin' a dollar twenty now she 's married, same as me an' her pa."

She pressed her rough fingers into the deep hollows of her eyes.

"Susy wanted him real bad," she said. "Maybe he 'll be gentle with her."





# The Corp'

By LORNA MOON

Drawings by JOHN R. NEILL



BY shutting the door to within three inches of the jamb, and moving her chair nearer the cat's hassock by the fire, old Kirsty could see Mistress MacNab's door and watch the mourners come and go.

She had been sitting there for three days, secretly watching, her dismay growing with every hour as she realized that it was possible that Mistress MacNab could carry her rage about the butter prize to the extent of not bidding her to see the corpse.

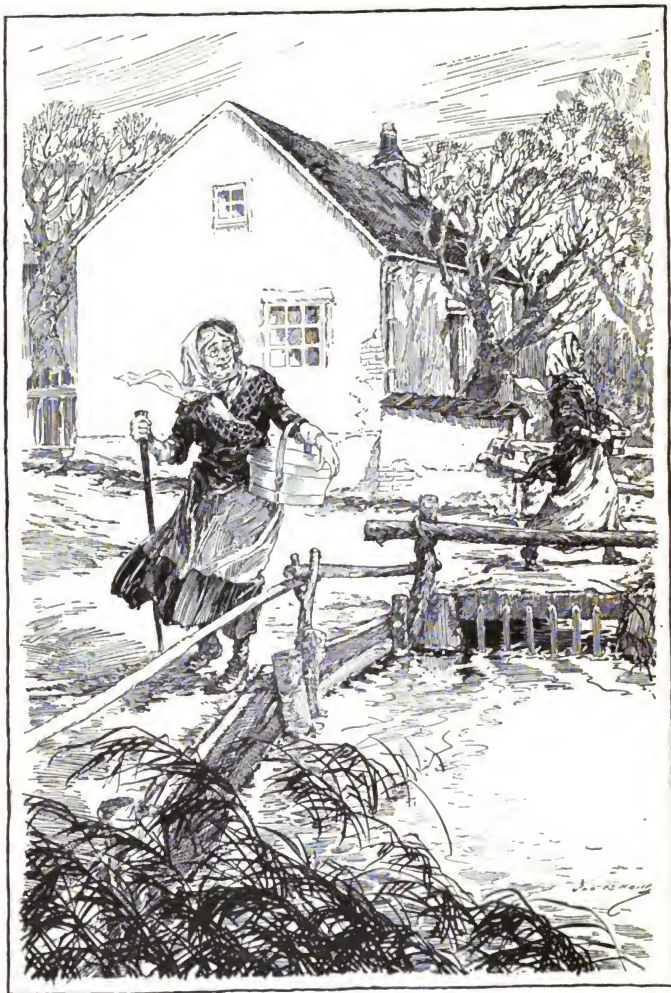
When Mistress MacKenty brought the startling news on Sunday evening that "Sandy MacNab had choked on a cold potato and hiccoughed himself to death," Kirsty had had a momentary qualm of doubt. She wished she had n't openly scoffed at Mistress MacNab's butter and flaunted her own first prize on the way back from the show. It was "an unwise-like thing to do with death so sure and life so uncertain; but, then, who would expect a braw man like Sandy MacNab to choke to death on a potato?"

"And besides," she reflected, "Mistress MacNab, be she as angry as she may, would never bury Sandy without all the honor that was due him." And who in all Drumorty would think of being buried without Kirsty Fraser to cry as the lid was screwed down? Had she no' cried at every funeral for forty-five years? And was it no' part and

parcel of the ceremony for her to have a fit when the body was carried out? And was it no' true that the laddies of the village hung round the house of sorrow waiting for the chance to run for the doctor to bring her round?

She recalled the first time. What a day that had been! Never would she forget looking into the coffin of Maggie Sclessor and seeing her lying there so satisfied-like with the best-looking mutch in Drumorty on her head. Never would she forget the rage that had filled her at the sight. For who would have expected Maggie Sclessor, poor as she was, to have a hand-made lace mutch laid away to be buried in and never to say a word about it? She had cried with envy, but the neighbors thought it was with grief, and they had turned their attention from Maggie and her braw mutch to Kirsty as her sobs grew louder; and when the doctor averred that Kirsty had been "on the very verge o' a fit," they screwed the lid down on Maggie without further to-do. And as they carried the body out, Kirsty reflected with satisfaction, "Weel, she had a fine mutch, but wha will think o' that noo?"

And then, with each succeeding funeral, she had added to her laurels; having once tasted the joy of stealing the attention from the corpse, she could not forgo the excitement and the commiseration and the secret gratitude of



the mourners. Her "fits" grew more and more masterly, until the neighbors argued boastfully:

"I'm tellin' ye, when my man died, she had the worst fit she ever had." And the answer, as positive, would be:

"Mistress Macpherson, hae I no' got the use o' my sight, praise be to God? Did I no' see her eyes roll up to heaven and her legs stiffen when my Jeannie was carried oot?"

Certainly, Mistress MacNab would never think of burying her man without Kirsty's being there, butter prize or no butter prize. Thus reassured, Kirsty had resolved to outdo all her past efforts at the funeral of Sandy MacNab. Always in the back of her head she had had a notion that by biting the sides of her cheeks till they bled, and frothing the blood upon her lips, she could give a more convincing and gruesome fit than any she had ever given. She had saved this for some great day. And this was the day. The world would see that Kirsty Fraser scorned to bear a grudge in the face of death. She would treat Mistress MacNab better than if she had been a friend.

On Monday morning she felt so kindly toward Mistress MacNab that she was minded to step over and say a word of comfort to her. She even thought of offering to do the "biddin'," although she knew full well that her legs would never stand it.

But Mistress MacKenty came in to say that Maggie Tate was to do the "biddin'," and that the funeral was on Wednesday, adding meaningly, "But there 's no need to tell ye that; ye 'll be the first to be bidden, nae doot."

Her tone made Kirsty uneasy.

At sundown, when Tammas, her son,

came wearily in, she watched him wash his face in the tin basin, and as he spluttered and blew the water,—he never thought he was clean unless he made a noise about it,—she started to ask if he had heard anything, but stopped, mistrusting her voice. It would no' do to let Tammas know that she was anxious. And should it be that some were already bidden, Tammas would know that she had been slighted, being left to the last.

On Tuesday the coffin was brought home. Jimmy Tocher tripped on the step as they carried it in, and it banged against the door. Kirsty could hear Mistress MacNab raking them up hill and down dale for their fecklessness, and she wanted to join them and see for herself if they had dented the mountings, but she could n't make the first advance.

At dusk she saw Maggie Tate on her rounds doing the bidding. She cried in at Jessie MacLean's and then went on to Mistress MacKenty's. "She 'll be here inside ten minutes," Kirsty reflected, and rose to put the kettle on, so that she could make her a cup of tea. "It's unco thirsty work, biddin' to funerals."

It was getting too dark to see. The kettle boiled dry, and she pulled it forward on the crane. "Mistress MacKenty is talking her stone-blind. She 'll never get here to-night," she decided, but she could n't give up watching.

Tammas came home. He had heard something, and was uneasy in his mind. Kirsty could tell, because he was whistling "The Lass o' Ballochmyle" between his teeth, which was a sign. And forby that, he said the *long* grace before supper, and he said it slowly, as she always had begged him to. He

was trying to be kind to her; he even blew the smoke from his pipe up the chimney instead of out across the room. It was unnatural-like, and Kirsty knew that his behavior meant that he was sure that she would not be bidden to see the corpse. She resented his giving up hope before she did. He had never valued her fits. On occasions he had even advised her to bide away if funerals made her take on so. He was like his father, that he was. He was reliable-like, but he was dull. All the Frasers were dull. Why could he no' speak up and say, "Ye'll no' be bidden to see the corp', and I'm glad o' 't," if that was what he was thinking? She'd give him just a minute more; then she'd ask him outright.

"Mither." She looked at him as he spoke. To avoid her eyes, he bent down, and used the heel of his boot to press the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe.

"Weel?" she prompted, and there was an edge on her voice.

"I'm thinkin' o' drivin' up to Skilly's the morn ti borrow their rake. Would ye like to go wi' me?"

So he believed she would n't be bidden, and he was trying to save her face. He little knew. *He* had never set store by her fits, but others had. Mistress MacNab might wait till the last to bid her, as was natural; she'd do the same herself, but bid her she would, as Kirsty knew well. So she answered tartly:

"I'm thinkin' yer losin' the wee bit o' sense ye were born wi', Tammas. The morn 's Sandy MacNab's funeral."

Tammas reddened guiltily.

"Oh, aye," he murmured. "I had forgotten, Mither."

And now this was the day of the funeral. Through the small space between the jamb and the door Kirsty could see Mistress MacPherson knocking for admission to the house of sorrow. She had a small parcel in her hand, which she held gingerly upright.

"A jar o' calf's-foot jelly, nae doot," Kirsty informed Tammas as she called his attention to it. "That 's the tenth parcel since ten o'clock. Mistress MacNab will no' need ti buy a bite o' food for a fortnight." She said this exultantly. Funerals were Kirsty's art, and she liked them to be successful. "Tammas, keep out from between me an' the door. I can no' see through ye."

Tammas had made another attempt to shut the door in a yearning desire to spare her. Manlike, he could not understand why she tortured herself by looking on. He had seen her put on her black mutch in readiness, and his heart was sick for her. He wondered why she could not give up hope. He paced the floor silently, stopping every now and then to do some kindly, useless thing for her; and she, knowing what prompted him, would snap at him furiously.

The minister came. Kirsty sat rigidly forward in her chair as he was admitted and the door closed after him. Tammas stopped pacing. He did n't know what to do with his hands. He tried them in his pockets, and then took them out again, hanging them limply by his sides.

From over the street came the singing. Kirsty picked nervously at the crochet edging on her knitted wristlets. She half turned to look at Tammas, and her voice quavered:

"They're no' to bid me, Tammas." But as Mistress MacNab's door opened and Skilly's lad came running out,



Kirsty rose to her feet, eager and joyous. "Aye, they're sendin' for me noo." She started toward the door. But the laddie ran past. Tammas helped her back to her chair. Then, for a Fraser, he rose to great heights.

"I'm sorry for them, Mither," he said. "It will be a feckless-like funeral without a fit at it."

She sat up at the thought, grasping at it eagerly.

"Aye, will it no', Tammas? Will it noo?" she cried gratefully.

Then, turning it over in her mind, she found it sweet with comfort, and she chuckled while the tears were still wet upon her face.

"They'll value my fits more than ever noo, Tammas. Puir Sandy MacNab!"

She nursed the thought joyously. She was sorry that it had happened to Sandy MacNab, for he had been a good man, and deserving of honor; but she was glad that Mistress MacNab must share the humility.

"She's cuttin' off her nose ti spite her face, puir body! I could feel it in my heart ti pity her, Tammas."

Fully recovered in spirit, she got up lightsofely, and began to unfasten the strings of her black mutch.

"We'll shut the door on the rest o' t, Tammas," she said, and was moving toward it when Mistress MacKenty





came breathlessly in. She was burning with news to tell, and greedy to see its effect.

"Mistress MacNab is havin' a fit, an' Skilly's laddie has gone for the doctor," she cried.

"A fit!" Kirsty screamed the words in a hysteria of unbelief. "What would *she* be knowing of a fit, she that has never had one?"

Gloating with the joy of telling it, for she had always envied Kirsty her fits, Mistress MacKenty's voice swelled with gratification as she answered:

"Such a fit as I have never seen. Her eyes are rollin' to heaven, and the blood is frothin' on her lips."

At that Kirsty's knees began to tremble beneath her. She put out a wavering hand and gripped Tammas by the sleeve, striving to keep upright and face Mistress MacKenty, who continued maliciously:

"Drumorty will never forget this fit. I'll mind on 't mysel' if I ever hae a corp'."

And Kirsty Fraser knew that her glory was gone. Another had stolen the chief jewel of her crown. There would be none in all Drumorty who would do her homage again.

But not before Mistress MacKenty would she bow her head. She took her hand from Tammas' sleeve and stood alone, and nothing in her voice as she spoke told Mistress MacKenty that her pride lay stricken.

"Gie her the ammonia bottle to take over, Tammas. I hae had *slight* fits mysel', an' weel I ken ammonia 's good."

And Mistress MacKenty wondered at this heroic thing that made Kirsty Fraser disclaim the glory of her fits and hand her laurels to another. She stood shamed before it, and she hung her head and crept away, unable longer to look Kirsty Fraser in the face.

Kirsty stood till she had gone; then her hand went feeling blindly for her chair. She cupped one hand helplessly in the other as she sat. The string of her black mutch hung down like a weary pendulum that had wagged its hour. As Tammas knelt by her, dumbly anxious to comfort, she whispered:

"Think ye she knows I care, Tammas?"

"Niver, Mither. I would no' have known it mysel'."

Assured of that, she let the tears steal down her wrinkled cheeks. Her hands trembled together helplessly in her lap. Tammas reached out and held them firmly in his, and they sat there silently together.

Her thoughts went seeking comfort everywhere, but found none. With every funeral her pride would die a little more; with every funeral Mistress MacNab would reap a greater triumph. None would think of Kirsty's fits except to say how poor they were, and how great were the fits of Mistress MacNab. And so until the end.

"O Tammas," she cried, "when I am dead and lying helpless, ye 'll no' let that Mistress MacNab have fits at my funeral! Promise me that, Tammas!"





# Sex in Fiction

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



IN 1800 fiction was charged with infidelity; in 1830 it was accused of frivolity; in 1890 it was suspected of immorality; in the 1920's it is freely convicted of too much sex. Thus in every age some complaint against the novel, or that acted fiction we call drama, becomes a convention. For many worthy Americans to-day "sex drama" and "sex novel" are not definitions, but terms of abuse intended to settle the matter, just as for a certain type of mind "radical" as a descriptive epithet ends discussion.

Well, if fiction goes in for sex more thoroughly now than in the past there must be a reason, and it is idle to begin campaigns against passionate or outspoken fiction until that reason is disengaged from prejudice and obscurity. Upon the results of such an inquiry hang the answers to such elementary questions as, How much sex should go into fiction? and, How frankly should sex in fiction be expressed? questions so naively simple that they have gone unanswered while controversy raged. Readers have been shocked or disgusted, writers have been truculently candid or defiantly obscene, ethics and instinct have been in debate, epithets have been hurled, criticism has been feverish; definition has never had a chance. I suppose we know what we mean by fiction, but do we comprehend its necessary relations in any given period to sex?

If sex is the distinguishing feature of the novel of the 1920's, it is easy to find the reason. Literature has generally followed or paralleled philosophy, probably because both mirror the prevailing temperament of life. Discoveries or theories which affect philosophy come out in literature shortly afterward, like a rash. Scholastic philosophy interpenetrates the medieval romance. The renaissance of classic thinking was reflected in the literature of humanism. Deism had its poetry and prose. Darwinism is a postulate for the discussion of nineteenth-century literature in the latter half. But the fact is self-evident and needs no tedious exposition.

Now the relativity of Einstein may influence our philosophy of life profoundly before we have finished absorbing it; so far, however, it is a little remote from the science of human nature, and fiction is unaware of it. Not so with the new psychology of sex complexes and repressions. That began with sex abnormalities as a means of discovering the truth about sex, and passed almost immediately out of cold science into warm debate and quick philosophizing. Concurrently, biology stepped onward with its rediscovery of Mendelism, and made reproduction, as the key to heredity, the center of its problem; and this also came to the public ear. Thus the popular philosophy of the day, by which I mean the philosophy of life which seems warm

and vital to the layman, is largely built upon questions of sex. It is inconceivable that literature, even without the moral oversets of war, would not be powerfully affected.

Knowledge, and therefore consciousness, of sex has greatly increased. The Elizabethans knew that love colored the world for the lover; but what they knew experientially and metaphysically we begin to know by symptom and its cause. We can trace the negatives as well as the positives of love—the effects of repression, the share of instinct, the results in time as well as in space. Shakspeare depicted man in love more vividly than the modern psychologists, but they have ticketed love's remote, unsuspected effects. They have carried their analysis beyond and before adolescence, and traced love's pathology as well as its healthy function. In scope and detail we have more knowledge if not more wisdom in sex. And feminism has doubled interest in the question, for the female sex has now a different environment of custom, new sets of activities, and a different emphasis in discussion. Women raise problems now which once were allocated only to man. No wonder that those for whom sex is still a moral question solely and those for whom it is at present merely a problem in psychology have difficulty in understanding each other. They do not speak the same language. Never before, at least never since the first Christian centuries, have there been such divergent opinions in a single civilization as to the status of sex. And this tension of opinions also finds its way into literature.

Much that is being written in science or pseudo-science to-day is still stamped by the Freudian emphasis upon abnormality. Much of it deals with

hypotheses unproved. Nevertheless, there is enough ready for acceptance (which, indeed, merely explains what good sense has long apprehended) to give the literary imagination material to feed upon. "Advanced" writers, and many who are never called "advanced," are well aware of this material, have let, indeed, their imaginations too often run dangerously ahead of science. Sex as a natural force contributory to all the emotions is familiar to them, and so is sex repressed or diverted and become a malady. Novelists are thinking of sex for itself and as itself, which does not necessarily mean that they have ceased to think also of sex in terms of morality. And as they think, so they write. The youth who discusses coldly topics upon which age is warmly reticent has become a commonplace of satire.

Therefore at a moment of such intense interest it is clearly ridiculous to criticize fiction for dealing with sex, or to talk about sex dramas and sex novels as if the presence of such an interest made them evil. Is it likely that writers will keep sex out of fiction just as they are made aware in detail, instead of by intuition, how sex permeates every act and thought of the living organism? Or that we, the readers, will agree to deplore its presence there? Can sex ever be kept out of fiction? If you choke it back in one direction, it rises in another. If you discourage its normal expression, you get, on the one hand, erotic adventures and supersubtle analyses, and, on the other, movie melodrama of the cave-man and strained innocence, or squashy novels of facile emotions. Love complexes are not confined to the perverted or the abnormal; they determine sentimentality also and the mawkish

emotion of purity that protests too much. The complaint, in a time like this one, cannot be of sex; it can only be of sex in exaggeration. The division which our amateur censors make between sex and non-sex novels is a false one; it should be between stories of sex in proportion and sex out of proportion. This is a distinction which bears some relation to reality, and is valuable in the criticism of art.

### § 2

Even the most prudent reader must by now be familiar with novels of sex out of proportion. Let me rudely classify them for him into the behavioristic, the phallic, the neurotic, and the stereotyped varieties. Sex in proportion may be left for a later page.

Some novelists are interested in human behavior for its emotional values, just as some psychologists are interested in behavior for its scientific values. Such a novelist seldom bothers about plot. If he is Mr. Aldous Huxley, writing "Crome Yellow," he tosses together half a dozen of his contemporaries in an imagined house party and lets them talk and act the sex that is in them. The distinguishing feature of each is his or her sex complex (they all have them, negative or positive). Nothing important happens; only some brilliant conversation and a few emotional episodes, and the story floats and sails upon the turbid intensity of restless sex. Or she, if it is Miss Rose Macaulay in "Dangerous Ages," fixes her attention upon the difference in sex reactions among the young, the middle-aged, the old, and pursues an investigation of jealousy complexes and the transmutation of sex power into some other kind of energy. She is clever, original, observant, but this

is the sum of her rather delightful book. Or, there is Miss May Sinclair's "Life and Death of Harriet Frean," which follows the so-called parent complex through all its deadly course, so that in the story of poor *Harriet* the behavior of warped sex is the only theme. These are all interesting books, Miss Sinclair's perfect of its kind, though its kind is a miniature, Mr. Huxley's rich in pointed flippancy, Miss Macaulay's full of shrewd insight. Nevertheless, they are specialists' work, essays in sex rather than stories, examples of the novel made narrowly experimental by an over-emphasis upon the behavior of sex. Their characters are like puppets that all dance to tugs from a single direction.

The phallic novels of our day also illustrate disproportion. Mr. Lawrence's books, of which I have written elsewhere, are powerful in this genre, and contain admirable qualities which this definition does not touch. My point is that in his novels, and in the stories of, let us say, Waldo Frank or Ben Hecht in this country, the urgency of sex is so immediate in every thought and action that the thing becomes an obsession. The genre has reached its climax in the "Ulysses" of James Joyce, an extravaganza of erratic genius in which literally hundreds of pages are driven into an insane indecency by an obsession with inflamed or perverted sex that hurries the author away from proportion, away from coherence, and very far away from art. Subtle studies result, but also an emotional intensifying of life which is often wearisome and sometimes distressing. The phallic novel at its worst is no more valuable as a transcript of life in the round than a study of dipsomaniacs in a private sanatorium.

Then there is the neurotic novel, where "change partners" is the command in every other chapter, where every one is restless, aimless, unsatisfied, and a complicated series of strains and tensions makes the story. Sick sex is usually the cause. The characters, even the most amusing, like some of Scott Fitzgerald's, are sick from frustration or satiety. They are slaves to longing, like Hergesheimer's *Lee Brandon*, or hopeless or helpless or shameless. The effect is like conversation over an undercurrent of nervous music. No one may enter these stories who has not a complex; and here Freud is justified: the complex is always of sex.

And last, to sweep ten thousand volumes into a single category, are those stereotyped stories which express not quality, but quantity of sex. I mean the popular narrative of blatant innocence in which the kiss that begins upon the slip cover is held with brief intermissions throughout the volume; where there is constant amorous emotion, and a surfeit of pulchritudinous femininity and excessively masculine men. Harmless these books may be, except to taste, but they are just as out of proportion in sex as the sophisticated studies of behavior described above; and if Lawrence and Huxley give only partial truth, these are not true at all, except to the desire of feeble imaginations too timid to be wicked and too weak to be sanely good.

The stereotype of sex has been done in every generation. Shakspeare was often guilty; so, I think, was Fielding sometimes, who, it must be remembered, did not confine his studies to *Tom Jones*. The neurotic, the phallic, and the behavioristic books, however, are essentially modern; the sex in them

is a product of the modern temperament and modern nerves, and is illuminated and influenced in its creation by a science which did not exist before the nineteenth century.

But that these ill proportioned novels are typically modern is no proof that they are intrinsically excellent. Most of them are more interesting as phenomena than valuable as permanent art. They are not, as reckless critics charge, decadent; they are experimental. And it is hardly worth while to attack the stronger writers, like Mr. Lawrence, for indecency. These men are sincere artists. If they are bold in their statements, it is not to be naughty; it is because they believe candor to be essential to their project, which is to imitate and interpret and satirize what they see in life. They mirror their times as did the Restoration drama and the French literature of the *régence*, and probably catch about as much in their glass and miss as much. Mr. Lawrence sees the world in terms of sex, precisely as single-taxers see it in terms of land, socialists in terms of unearned increment, and writers of movie-scenarios in terms of heart interest and violent sensation. There was sure to be a literature of sex in this generation, there was sure to be an overplus of sex for a while in our fiction, and we are lucky to have a few writers who have written brilliantly under its influence. But an overplus of sex is like any other overplus: it brings reaction with it. Nemesis awaited the tearful fiction of our ancestors, and Nemesis, perhaps a distant one, awaits Mr. Lawrence. Like many an extinct animal, he has specialized too far.

Shall we urge going back, then, to some earlier, simpler condition, where sex, instead of an irritant, was an

impulse, and men and women, instead of having complexes, were merely virtuous or sinners? Impossible; we cannot go back. Whatever may have been true of the past, the fringe of civilization has now passed beyond the point where virtue may be defined as obeying the rules, and transgression called a venial sin to be retrieved by penitence and flagellation. Now that we know how complex in their ramifications of influence are the sex relations between man and woman, we must go forward, not resting upon the ethics of a simpler period, nor yet discarding the Christian moral code, but rather, as has been done a hundred times before, endeavoring to tame without repression the turbulence of sex to the requirements of a good civilization.

Perhaps the books I have been discussing are the first steps in such a process. Their stories of strain and warp and desire present the sex maladjustments of the day; and doubtless that is a great service to the intellect, if not always to art. They are novels of maladjustment—maladjustment of knowledge to tradition and experience. And some of them betray an indigestion of dubious information, and others the shell-shock of social groups shaken and relaxed by war.

But as we cannot keep sex out of our fiction, so we cannot wait to write until the new psychology has made love into a formula. Of course it never will; at the most it will reveal a little more fully what love does to the nervous organism. In the meantime we shall continue to make novels, and as complexes become more familiar, and society adjusts itself to new conditions, even the more violent may recover their balance, and keep sex in proportion.

I am aware that I have been using a formula myself throughout this essay, and I am quite willing to drop the matter in hand for a moment to defend formulas—in proportion. When Milton attacked Salmacius, when Coleridge and Wordsworth attacked the Augustans, when Arnold used up the Philistines, when Poe redefined poetry, and when Mr. Spingarn issued a manifesto against Paul Elmer More, they merely substituted one formula for another. There is nothing objectionable in formulas so long as they remain working theories of truth and are not allowed to crystallize into the ultimate truth itself. I have spoken of sex out of proportion, which is not so much a formula as an accusation; and I have spoken of sex in proportion, which is a formula, without defining it. I am quite willing to say what I mean, but with the definite proviso that it is a living ideal I am defining, which, like life, is subject to adaptation and evolution. Sex in proportion as a formula for 1840 is by no means the same as sex in proportion for 1940. At best one can only say what it might very well mean to-day; but if said honestly and with reference to the needs of art rather than to the teaching of morality, that may be worth saying.

### § 3

I do not believe that any writer upon sex can keep it in proportion to life as it is best and most vividly lived if he is not keenly aware of standards of decency and morality where they in their turn are most delicately and truly apprehended. This sounds delightfully old-fashioned, but may be true despite that.

Decency is a matter of taste. Decency lies always somewhere between

prudishness and the shocking. As the least unsophisticated are aware, what shocks one generation does n't shock another. Knees, for example, have run the whole scale from inevitable through invisible to permissible. And it is equally true that prudishness, which lurks in all sex morality, although it is in no sense a part of it, has also advanced and retreated. Prudishness in fiction is not to be taken with the seriousness which the emancipated young bestow upon it. There are masterpieces of prudishness, like "Cranford," that literature could not do without. It is annoying only when it rasps upon taste, which is irritated by repressions, naive hypocrisies, and moral snobberies precisely as a man of taste suffers from stiff mannerisms and tyrannies of a conventional social code. And it is taste rather than morality which suffers from indecency in fiction. I do not deny that "suggestive" fiction has its effect upon the susceptible mind; but "suggestive" fiction is seldom indecent, although often immoral. Its authors are much too clever to risk plain statement. The indecency of the modern realist is more likely to encourage strict living out of sheer reaction against the ugliness of depicted vice. It is usually honest in its intent, and its prime offense is against good taste.

I maintain, then, that the great novelist will seldom be troubled by questions of decency or indecency. He will make decency, for his taste will be a register of the susceptibilities of his age. Knees will be knees to him, and neither non-existent nor means of provocation. If he beskirts them, it is for cause; and if he frees them, it is a sign not of immorality, but that dressing is different. If he writes of knees instead

of souls and hearts and brains, the probabilities are that he is not great.

As for morality, in the monastic period of the Middle Ages, and again in the nineteenth century, as the meaning put upon the word indicated, it centered in sex. At present sex is being affiliated not so much with morals as with behavior. Whether it makes you healthy, wealthy, and wise is to be the criterion of your control of sex. Thus we have passed from one over-emphasis to another, particularly in our criticism and our fiction.

I certainly do not wish to enter upon anything so difficult as a definition of morality. But here is a salient fact: whether you derive your moral principles from a definite code laid down in sacred writ and the doctrine of the churches, or whether you conceive of morality as a deduction from the experience of the race for its proper guidance, the result is pretty much the same when it comes to judging really vital instances. The action permitted may be different,—divorce may be forbidden or encouraged,—but the responsibility of man for woman and of woman for man works out about the same by either system.

I refuse to estimate a novelist by his attitude toward divorce, but I am quite willing to judge him by his fundamental moral attitude. Lacking stability here, he may be almost anything but sound, and therefore almost anything but great. But I will have no petty formulas of morality to judge him by. As knees do not disqualify him, so ethical practices which belong to his own time rather than ours do not disqualify him. Chaucer is indecent, but morally sound. I will not condemn Stendhal because his moral attitude differs from my own.



Of course a fundamentally immoral writer is a rare bird. The novelist is more likely to err in his sense of proportion. Especially is he prone, like D. H. Lawrence, to let sex and its problems run away with him until it warps his moral universe, until sex (or money or success or cleverness) becomes more important than the life of which it is a part. Scott's novels boil down to an essential Toryism, if you let all their delightful romance and sound sense bubble away; Dickens distils into a rather soapy humanitarianism, if you are silly enough to vaporize his wonderful people; but the much less considerable narrative of the over-sexed novel evaporates of itself and leaves only a protest or an obsession.

#### § 4

Novelists, great and small, must keep their heads in this rather startling period. If sex means anything to them (and otherwise they are not novelists), they must keep up with the baggage and yet not surrender to her wiles. They must realize that sex is creative energy, and instead of playing variations upon sensuality or making investigations in the pathological, they must study the whole man or woman. This means that there can be no rigid interpretation of the formula, sex in proportion. Sex moves and creates and destroys in all of us, but in different measure; and the measure for the novelist depends upon the total significance of his scene and upon his own sensibilities.

Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Galsworthy, for example, give us marvelously different views of the human animal regarded as gender, and yet usually succeed in keeping sex in proportion.

Tarkington has the normal Ameri-

can attitude toward sex. His heroes and heroines control their sex; or, if they fail to do so, it is outside of the story. One sees the results and sometimes is shown the cause, but the circumstances do not interest the novelist or his readers, which is perhaps unfortunate. And yet this does not mean that Mr. Tarkington is ignorant or hypocritical or suppressed as regards sex. "Alice Adams" will convince a discerning reader that he knows more of the curious pranks of the instinct within us than many a younger writer who may have created neurotics in order to display his knowledge of Freud. Sex for Mr. Tarkington is important only in its more romantic and more humorous manifestations. He keeps it in proportion to his purpose, which is the gently satiric study of American experience.

Mr. Galsworthy is different. He is an artist with a social conscience, not a humorist. His studies of human nature have more depth and breadth to them than Mr. Tarkington's, although they are not more discriminating or more true. But his novels constantly spread toward that area of life where sex dominates. In "The Forsyte Saga" his crises are substantially all of them crises of sex. Like D. H. Lawrence, he keeps the sex urge visible through every ramification of plot. And yet in this remarkable chain of stories, sex, although dominant, is in proportion. One can describe the "Saga" as a symbolic study of the Philistine, and be reasonably correct. The London of the *Forsytes* is as solid and as varied and as versatile, though not so humorous, as the London of "Vanity Fair." If *Irene*, with her fatal gift of potent sex, is the key which unlocks the plot and the symbol which gives it meaning, she

and the sex impulses and negations which complement her influence do not drive the rest of life from the story. There is more sex in "The Forsyte Saga" than lies within Tarkington's sympathies and discernments, but it is sex in proportion.

Viewed this way, the whole question, whether for moralists or critics of art, becomes, I will not say simple, but a problem where judgment instead of prejudice can be applied, and discriminations be exercised. It is possible to appreciate the genius of some of the bad boys of literature while deprecating their taste. It is possible to praise a passionate sex interest without forswearing morality. It is possible to condemn an obsession by sex without believing that "sex story" is a synonym for something bad.

And is it not more than probable that a historian, standing without this hurly-burly and viewing it critically,

would say that our new discoveries in sex, and the disturbance of social customs which the age of feminism and the break-up of nineteenth century discipline have brought about—would he not say that a great surge of creative energy was in process of release; that already it has had its prophets, its persecutors, its victims, and its slaves? That it requires, as human impulses always do, not suppression, but direction and mastery? I think that he would, and I hope that we shall hear less and less of sex as a term of disapproval, and see more and more of the breadth of sex influence reflected in art, and in its true proportions. Let us have Chaucer rather than Longfellow, Rabelais rather than Mable, Sterne rather than Harold Bell Wright, if we must make a choice; but, better still, men as great or greater who can give final expression to sex and yet keep it in proportion.

## ADVICE TO MY YOUNG WIFE

BY MAXWELL BODENEHEIM

You have shattered your hands  
 Against a lusterlessly brooding door  
 And called it life.  
 Life is breathlike shapelessness  
 That you must cut to fugitives  
 Of sound and color trampled by your feet.  
 Life is like the air  
 Bounding with unannounced frankness  
 Into beards of thieves and mountain-sides.  
 Offer all things myriad points  
 To sharply coil about your heart.  
 When naked breasts ask for the sword,  
 It often clatters to the floor.



# Dipo: Sprite of the Desert

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

*Drawings by THE AUTHOR*



WHY do they call it desert? A desert is commonly understood to mean a barren, burning land of hot winds and stifling sand-storms, deserted by all living things, even plants, cheerless, dreary, appalling, and death-dealing.

It would be hard to get further from the truth than this if the Mohave is a true desert. Imagine a broad and somewhat level sandy plain dotted over thickly with low shrubs, chiefly sage and greasewood, with occasional cactus, and here and there scattering groves of palm-like yuccas, casual patches of greening herbs just thick enough to tinge the middle distance with their green or grape-like bloom, but melting into the golden haze that masks the upland where it, far off, butts starkly into towering, naked granite peaks of purple, shot with golden lights. Peaks that rise up, up, abruptly up, to bear, each high above his noble shoulders in the gentle blue, a crown of white—the crown without which no mountain ever can be in the noblest rank, a cap of shining snow, a blazoned promise to mankind that this year the blessedness of water will not fail.

Yes, this is the desert at a hasty glance, the desert in its poorest time—the time of bleak and dusty winter

winds. But spring comes here as well as anywhere, and when the parsimonious rain has laid the dust, when the greasewood has begotten for itself a deeper green, when the corpse-like sage looks living again, and the cactus, the reptile among plants, puts on a semblance of aliveness spelled in orchid terms, the deadly sand responds with a plain-wide sheen of flowers that beggars language to describe, that numbs the brain's perception with their exquisite multiplicity, their wondrous unexpectedness, their boundless gladness in the spring that they so delicately express; not lush, not rank, not crowded, but everywhere in beds, groups, and little brotherhoods, that nothing in the world but perhaps the mountain meadows in July can equal for joyous profusion, and nothing anywhere, not even the wide, unbroken expanses of the deserted arctic summer plains, can faintly approach in the tender delicacy of each exquisite, low-hanging bloom.

Nevertheless, this is only the frame of the picture, the setting of the jewel that really claims one's thought. For the desert is the home of higher things than flowers, and every sandy place between the scattering blue-eyes or the low, flat loco-weed is pattered over with an endless, ever-changing maze of

four-footed tracks and trails of living creatures.

There is no wild stretch of our land that for superabundance of harmless, beautiful wild life can compare with the desert. Africa may have a larger animal population on some parts of its tropic breadth, but that is a far-off country. In America, from Arctic to tropic, and from Atlantic to the sun-down sea, there is no place that can compare with the great Mohave Desert for the abundance and variety of its bright-eyed, fur-clad creatures. Every one of the millions of low bushes has a home in its roots, large or small, according to its owner's fashion, and marked with the owner's name and ways in characters that the desert hunter knows.

The hard or leafy forest floor of other lands betrays no sign of the mouse or fox that passed an hour ago, but the finely sifted desert sand tells all. Here on every side we see them, the chains of tracks, the hunter signs, the confluent trails that mark these little peoples' streets, and point out the well-worn thresholds of their open doors. Big and little, small and very small, they wind about, lead to the holes and feeding-grounds, or tell some story of their lives, their loves, their tragic ends.

Here in record of the foot-writing are cottontails, jack-rabbits, ground-squirrels, chipmunks, pack-rats, gophers, kangaroo-rats, calling-mice, deer-mice, lizards, harmless children of the sun, with their overlords, the coyote, the badger, the desert fox, the hawk, the raven, and the owl, and

their Bolsheviki, the scorpion, the chuckwalla, and the deadly rattlesnake.

But with them, and rarer, better than them all, was a winding twin-foot, interlinking, wide-spread trail—the trail of a two-foot, and also a creature with a long important tail, the track of the kangaroo-rat, the big kangaroo of the desert.

What the brook-trout is to the mountain stream or the chamois to the Alps, what its bloom is to the rugged cactus or the petrel to the wide, salt sea, is the kangaroo-rat to the arid, shimmering, elusive deserts of the far Southwest. She is as swift as drifting sand, painted with silver and gold like shining sands, filled with the joy of the great open spaces, happy in its foods, and contented in its drought. No need has she of water or of anything but burning sands. Its hard, dry plants are her food, its open levels her playground and her world. Her home, her sleeping-chamber, and her citadel is a burrow in the sand deep down in the bosom of the desert.

A million square miles of the hot, dry West is the range of her kindred, but the hottest, dryest of it all, the great Mohave Desert and similar reaches, is the proper mold in which was cast this creature of



the burning dust.

See that long, low mound, a score of paces around, with a mesquite thorn and a dozen greasewood bushes scattered on its rounded top. This is the roof-tree of Dipo's home. The winding trails of twin-foot tracks are all about it, and lead in pathway multi-

plicity to an entering hole. There may be a dozen entrances, some of them open, some of them closed with fresh-heaped sand; but all lead to the same labyrinthine burrow, which, in a sample taken for exact survey, was the work of years and of generations of the Dipos. Seventy-five feet long all told, its complex galleries began at the ten entrances and twisted hither and yon till a final low level of three and a half down was reached. There were seven various halls or chambers, twelve store-rooms, and three little toilets, serving the necessary rules of health and cleansing.

Only one nesting-den was there in all this, deep down at the lowest level of this under-world abode, the most protected by the mothering sand, and remotest from the heat and cold, the shock of heavy feet, or dangerous approach. It was a rounded chamber, a hand-span wide and high, lined with a great hollow globe of soft-chewed fibers of the plants about, and inner lined with curving feathers—turkey, guinea-fowl, and chicken—from the ranch-house in the distance, with bright-red feathers of the crimson linnnet as a contribution from the wild things. From this three corridors furnished escape in case of actual invasion, but many other safeguards were there: blind alleys, trap-turns, false approaches, and stop-gaps of movable sand. Last of all, there was off this nest a little toilet for the family, that the exquisite home be not defiled.

Twelve small storehouses for food were made and partly filled in order that stormy weather or fierce frost—yes, frost, for it comes with winter on this high-up plain—may find the Dipo and her family well supplied indoors. For places of amusement and exercise

were two big rooms, a winter hall, and under the strong, protecting roots of the mesquite a spacious room where a dozen of the kangaroos might have met, and half a dozen played some game. An upright plunge hole or ventilating-shaft near by, a store of food on one side, a toilet-room on the other, and six fire-escapes completed the plan and equipment of this carrousel of the little folk of the sand. Of the ten doorways, seven were open, and only three plugged with newly placed sand.

This is Dipo's home, refined and complex and, like all homes, a reflex of the owner. Her food is every desert plant, of the hundreds that grow within her range of a quarter-mile around her mound save one, the bright-green, stinking creosote. No desert creature will touch it. Her drink? She has none, not as we understand it. Yet the morning sand in level places shows a hundred little pockets dug by the paws of this exquisite night-prowler. They are not accidents, for they are many and regular. The diggers were not seeking for seeds, for seeds are best found on the surface, nor for roots, because they are in open places far from plants with roots. There can be no doubt that these little prospect-holes are made in a search of insects of which there are many kinds buried down an inch or two; and these big, fat, hard-shelled, juice-filled creatures are to the desert kangaroo what the can of tomatoes is to the throat-parched cowboy—meat and refreshing drink, but especially drink. Therefore the Dipo digs in the sand not for food, but for drink, her only drink. Dry, bone dry, though her country is, her loved and only beverage is *bug-juice*, rich and strong.

The desert child has two strange



Burrow of Big Kangaroo Rat. Mohave Desert  
March 22 1919 E.T.S.

equipments for her special life. On her back, between the shoulder-blades, she bears the battery of a wireless telegraph, combined with a rubber-stamp and ink-pad with which she stamps her name, when record of the same may help her friends. It is merely a big, round gland that yields to the air a faint musky smell that, on the night air, far away, lets any kinsman know that such a one is passing, and is near or far up-wind. Or, when she gently presses this shoulder-pad on a low-hung root or overhanging rock, it is to all her exquisite, discriminating kind a

simple notice easily read that such and such a one was here.

Very wide are these open spaces of the dry upland. For miles and miles there is no landmark. Only the unvaried sage and the scattering mesquite, each like the last; and if a towering yucca shows its head afar, it is only one of a thousand similar towering heads. So Dipo, traveling in the starry night, wandering in pursuit of alluring new foods or playing hopscotch with her merry clan, or, last and worst, flying homeward in desperate haste from bandit coyotes or hush-

winged owls, might easily miss her unmarked way. But for this she has a wonderful special gift, a road-guide that, it seems, has never failed her. Very broad at the ears is her fawn-brown head, and that great added bulk comes not from ear bones bigger than is common, but from a pair of road-guides, bony mechanisms, filled with strange fluids, floating needles, and delicate nerves, a new machine, a road-recorder, a gyroscope in short, bestowed in order that this night wanderer on the unmarked plains may never miss her way.

Thus we have learned of the place and home of this exquisite prowler in the dark, this living jewel-flower of the rugged desert plain, of her house, and her foods, of her new strange weapons for the life battle that she daily fights. But who can adequately show the dainty little soul within, the wild and

this the proof that they are enough: for her race still lives and prospers, as it always did. Not even man, disturbing, interfering, upsetting, has turned the balance so it does her harm.

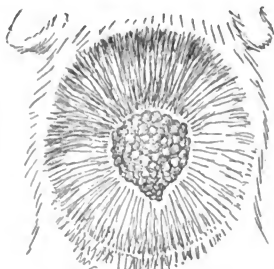
Seeking the peace of the desert,—for in the desert is peace,—he came, the wanderer from the East, and found and loved it. Its friendly spirit entered in, possessed him; therefore he loved the desert things. Then he came to the mound with its complex tale of life. The noon wind had leveled off the sand. The nightly spread of myriad trails was wiped out, but the little doorways were there, with the dim upleading pathways. And he gazed as one who for the first time sees a precious scroll or thing of beauty that he has read of and dreamed of for years.

Yes, such a little thing can deeply move, if the soul is sensitive and long preparing.

He kneeled and gazed. This way and that he sought, and learned but little more than this, that here was verily the place, here was the home of the desert's fairest living thing. But nothing more he saw, for the sprite is absolutely vowed to a life of starlight only.

There was one way open for more knowledge, and with a sense of almost wickedness he took it. By that sand-closed door he set a big spring cage trap, baited with oatmeal, raisins, and cheese, for he knew not which might be to the night one's taste.

And coming in the morning, the wanderer had a thrill, yes, three thrills, almost shocks, and he knew not which was strongest, the treasure-trove feeling, the joy of hunter's success, or the shame of sacrilege. For here in one corner of the cage was the most

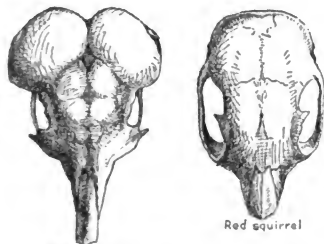


Shoulder gland. Hair parted

The scent-gland between the shoulders

gentle spirit that peeps from those big soft eyes? Without teeth or claws or ferocity to fight, her only safety from a multitude of foes is her great speed—her speed and her kindly mother, the desert, ever ready to receive and hide her in her bosom. These are all, and

exquisitely beautiful thing he had ever seen in fur. Bright-yellow plush was its mantle, with white satin gloves, slippers, and vest. It had great liquid eyes, like those of a gazelle, and a long striped tail that ended in a banneret of white.



Kangaroo-rat

Red squirrel

Skull showing the direction-lobes of the kangaroo-rat

The wanderer had some book-won knowledge of the wild one's looks, and yet he felt a sense of intense surprise. Why do the books give a map of the body and no hint of its beauty? Why do they offer measurements of the limbs and close the eye to their grace and strength?

Home to the ranch-house they went, wanderer, trap, and sprite. In the farthest corner of the trap she crouched, and her big innocent eyes took in the wanderer's every move, with fear, wonder, gentleness, and a childishness that was touching. The wanderer reached in a slow, firm hand and seized the fawn-eyed sprite. She struggled a little, but made no attempt to bite and uttered no sound. He transferred her to a cage almost big enough for a man, and here the wild one had the freedom of a prisoner who leaves his cell to walk in the prison-yard.

She sailed across and, around high

on two hind legs, with her white hands pressed on her white bosom and her tail curved up behind her. Round once or twice she went, sketching on the sanded floor the familiar, linking twin-foot trail of the nightly desert. Then seeing no way out, she leaped straight up, not once, but half a dozen times at half a dozen places; but only bumped her head. Escape was impossible. Then she settled down in one corner to watch the fearsome monster who held her in his power. How she hated him, how she feared him! How could she know that he loved her?

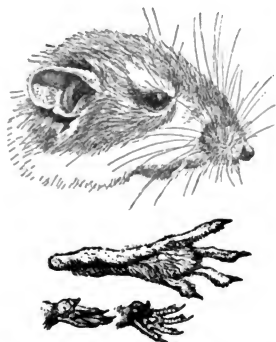
Wise monster, wise wanderer, he was, for, bent on taming her, he began, as the Indian says, "making medicine with his mouth." He talked softly, cooingly to the captive, and very slowly and softly reached forward his hand. At the slightest sign of fear or move to escape, he stopped still, but kept on gently telling the wild one that he was her friend.

Each knew nothing of the other's speech, but back of speech is always the spirit, the soul sense, that lives in the language, and is the same in all, however different their sounds may be.

The animal mind had long been the wanderer's study, and he knew that the desert sprite was getting his soul sense through the words which in themselves meant nothing to her. She was sensing his utter friendliness. When that should overcome and cast out fear, she would receive him as a friend. And this came far more quickly than with any other wild thing he had met. The liquid eyes lost their hint of wild terror, the vibrant whiskers ceased to tremble at last, as the wanderer gently stroked the prisoner's



head and called her "Cooee," "Cooee," which was meaningless, only it was the right kind of sound to act as carrier of the gentleness he felt toward her. And then she sur-



Dipo's head and feet

rendered very slowly, but completely. She no longer shrank away. Her head bowed a little forward, so he could the more easily stroke her gold-brown hair. The big eyes, which had bugged with fear, now softened, and the lids drooped sleepily.

By these signs he knew that they had reached a friendly understanding. But there was one more proof that was needed: would she accept his gifts? Would she eat from his hand?

No food was near. He dared not call to his friends to bring this or that, for the rude and clanging change of voice vibration and sense undertone would have undone all his gains. There was nothing for it but a slow, gentle retreat. She started as his hand left her head. Her whiskers vibrated like wireless tentacles taking in some jarring over-charge. He stopped

still, and spun a little magic thread with whispered "cooing," and slowly withdrew his hand from the cage. Everything he did was slow. Chesterfield has told us, "You cannot be polite in a hurry." Politeness is kin to gentleness, and this exquisite creature of the under-world must find in her captor nothing but the most refined politeness, or their friendly acquaintance would end at once.

He was careful not to jar the cage or the chair or the door as he went out. He hated his shoes for their discordant squeaking as he came back with samples of all the eatables he could find, and like an assorted meal he slowly pushed them in, not on a saucer, but in the hollow of his hand; for, as he thought, she must remember his hand as a giver of good things.

Much of the taming was undone by his going away and by the jarring of the cage as the door was opened; but the magic of the kind intention, entwined with the gentle voice, won another little victory over her fears. Soon again he was stroking that velvety back, and in a few minutes she was eating the peace-offering he held out in his other hand.

This was going far; yet there was one more step, a better proof. Would she come at call? Was the sound of his voice not a scare, but a lure?

This he never was to teach her, for all that night he heard her pattering up and down the cage or leaping high in a fruitless, endless trying to get out. The soothing little magic he could make with soft talking was gone as soon as he went; therefore when next the sunset came, he gently took the captive to a far-off spot in the sage and cactus and set her down. She gazed blankly at the new freedom. He

touched her. She sat still as a bump of golden sand, not believing. He clapped his hands as a magician does to end a trance or break a spell. She sprang to her height, then sailed away over sage and sand-heap, to be lost to view in her own dear native realm, to be folded again in her mother's arms and bosom, to meet her mate and friends, again to live her desert life.

The fire-ball sun has set behind the snow peaks of San Bernardino. The purple of the eastern sky flows down like a flood of wine and fills the wide basin of the desert, first in the hollows, then over the flats, and later one by one the higher spots, till all are overwhelmed.

The singing coyote and the dancing owl are out already, though they reckon themselves of the night-folk, and the afterglow is still strong behind the peaks. But the purple overcomes the gold, and the stars are lit, the big bright kind that are not seen in other lands. It is night.

Of all the creatures of the desert



Dipodomys with pouches filled

night, the Dipodomys seems most insistent on its very gloom. Not a vestige of twilight will she willingly accept. Of all the thousands whose tracks are daily made, not one in fifty is seen in

hours of light. Those that are met on the prairie are seen after nightfall by the sudden light of a motor-car. Not a few are killed at such times, for the blazing light dazzles and confuses them beyond the power of quick escape. More than one observer has noted that a light attracts them, and they may be captured by a combination of jack-light and net. This is indeed a failing of all true night folk.

In some wise way the peoples of the under-world seem to know when the gloom they love is on the upper world, and forth from her deep-down nest at the right time comes the desert-rat, followed, jostled, or led by her mate. She digs and pushes her way through the sandpile barricade.

For a moment they peek from the hole. They venture out with a timid hop. They sense the breeze, they listen, they smell, they peer. A wild cat or a coyote may be just behind the bush that is their roof-tree. That crooked root may be a rattlesnake. But the coast is clear. They dig the doorway free of sand-bars, and each in a different direction set out to forage.

When a small boy raids an orchard he begins eating a selected apple, but quickly stuffs as many as possible into his pockets, and makes ready to dash for safety the moment there is any alarm. This is the jumper's method when she goes forth to seek her meat. Hopping high, like a kangaroo, on two legs, balanced by her tail, taking an extra high hop at times to look around,—“Stop, Look, and Listen” is her watchword,—she arrives at the feeding-ground, ever farther from her home as the near supply is used up. Desert shrimps, which are grasshoppers on the half-shell, serve for fish, with flat anisocoma, evening primrose, and little

borage for greens, and mashed caterpillars as meat course. Leaves of wild mustard and water-leaf furnish delectable salad, berries and beans of many kinds are unexcelled for dessert.

She has sampled both flesh and fruit courses when a suspicious odor on the open sand causes her to halt. Her tiny paws set the sand flying in little jets between her spread hind legs as she digs with gleeful certainty to another fat grasshopper, and gobbles it with champing jaws that set her juices running. Quite out of order, for this is shell-fish, and she has begun the dessert. But the bill of fare is not printed. At one or more places she thought she smelled other buried treasure, and sank little prospect-holes without success. But she passed on lightly, sensed the trunk of a tall creosote, rubbed her back ink-pad on it to let her mate know she had been there, leaped high in the air to take a look around, and had the ill luck to catch the eye of a foraging screech owl. In a moment the big, silent air-marauder had swooped her way. But the jumper is alert. In two leaps she is under a sheltering cactus, where she is safe, and at once she drums with her hind feet on the sand, a danger-signal for her mate and kinsfolk—a signal whose timely warning makes them perfectly safe, and the baffled owl goes careering afar, to try some more promising field.

Dipo is no more upset by the incident than is the visitor at a zoo when the caged leopard makes a futile slap at him through the distant bars, and hoppity-hop she goes on her two long legs, with her tail as curved balance, keeping her two dainty, white-gloved hands tight against her chest as she bounds, for they serve as hands and as diggers, but never as feet, except on

rare occasions, when boy-like, she goes on all fours. The seeded spearhead of a grass attracts her eye. It smells tempting. Good luck! The seeds are still in it. With vibrant nose and lips, team-working to her teeth and dainty paws, she threshes the little harvest then and there, and the seeds, except for the samples used as tests, are stored in her ample cheek pouches. Already these contain other seeds and a number of delicious leaves, but never so far as known are they used to carry insects, berries, or any squashy food. What would the furry lining be like if such untidiness were indulged in?

Making a long cast to seek new forage, and a high hop for observation, she sees a strange-looking object, like the moon on the ground, a mass of brightness, with wavy things, like red grass, rising from it, and huge living creatures moving or lying about it.

She is drawn closer to it, fascinated by the strange glare of the camp-fire. She draws nearer, and is more fascinated. She gazes and comes closer, forgetting all sense of danger, when her eye catches sight of a huge creature like an overgrown coyote. It is gazing at the bright wonder of the fire. Then by chance the coyote creature rises and rambles toward her. A sense of danger breaks the spell of the blazing wonder. Dipo turns, and lightly hops away, till all sign of the camp-fire is lost.

Now a distant rumble, a drumming made by some kinsman's foot, warns her to look out. On the ground under a prickly thorn she sinks down, a mere sand bump on the sand. There was a slight swish and the form of a desert fox, immense in the dim sage, glides through the opening and goes on.

With easy hops of half a yard the

jumper heads up-wind for a while, to get off the fox's beat. And then across an open space she catches a flash of white. Friend or foe? In the desert it is mostly foe. Again the flash, a white lantern swung like a yardman's bull's-eye in a great half-circle, the national sign of her own people—the white tail-tip swung to let the other know. She swings her own tail, then stamps. The answer comes—the same. She rubs her back pad on a low limb, then goes, rabbit-like, around; the other does the same. Thus they change places without coming near each other. Each smells the new rubbing place. Then they must have laughed, for they are mates. Dipo hops up to her mate; they twiddle whiskers, lick lips, and rub cheeks in friendly salutation.

But even as the pair caress and frolic on the sand they hear the grind of heavy feet, a sniff, and from the near sage springs a coyote big enough to block the sky, and swifter than an owl. He is on them almost before they can move.

Her mate bounds backward, darting under the monstrosous enemy. She leaps under a friendly bush. Alas! it is only a grass tussock. The coyote knows it, and lands on top; but Dipo jumps, eludes him, and springs away. Now it is a race on the open plain, and now is seen how the jumper can bound. Three feet in the air, five feet at a bound, five bounds to the second, she goes. The coyote is close behind at first, but the big brute must go nearly straight, while Dipo strikes a new sharp angle at nearly every jump, here, there, back, and forth, but mak-

ing ever for home. In all the darkness of the night and the sameness of the sage, she never misses her way home. The coyote races and follows for a hundred yards, then loses sight of the jumper. And she, wisely refraining from any high hop now, goes skipping like a cottontail under the bushes and cactus, till the foe is left far behind. Then speeding up her foraging hops without spy-hop or observation or landmark, thanks to the twin gyroscope that her mother had given her, unerringly she reaches home.

On the edge of the tall timber greasewood, ten hops from the den, she halts, and thumps with her hind feet. On a low limb, which is their visitors' book, she writes her name with the pad on her back, looks well around, then swiftly moves homeward. No, her mate is not there. She closes the door by scratching back the sand, then empties her cheek-pouches in a store-room, and has a quiet bite before retiring.

Every night of their lives they have some such adventures as these. He is late, but she is not worried; he can take care of himself.

She curls up to sleep. Presently she is awakened by a scratching sound outdoors. She runs to the hallway, thumps three times with her hind feet. The signal is answered. She digs on the inside, and he on the out. Her mate comes in. They twiddle whiskers and lick lips; they close up the door with sand. After that, curled up together, they sleep in peace and perfect safety far underground in their cozy bed of chewed yucca fiber.





# Jeremy and the Ruffians

By HUGH WALPOLE



JEREMY sat on a high cliff overlooking the sea. He had never, since he was a tiny baby, had any fear of heights, and now his short, thick legs dangled over a fearful abyss in a way that would have caused his mother's heart to go faint with terror had she seen it.

The sight before him was superb, not to be exceeded, perhaps, in the whole world for strength and even ferocity of outline combined with luxuriance and Southern softness of color.

Here the two worlds met, the worlds of the North and the South; even in the early morning breeze there seemed to mingle the harsh irony of the high Glebeshire uplands and the gentle, caressing warmth of the sheltered coves and shell-scattered shores.

The sea was a vast curtain of silk, pale blue beyond the cove, a deep and shining green in the depths immediately below Jeremy's feet. That pale curtain was woven both of sea and sky, and seemed to quiver under the fingers of the morning breeze. It was suspended between two walls of sharp, black rock, jagged, ferocious, ruthless. Sharp to Jeremy's right, inside the black curve of stone, was a little beach of the palest yellow, and nestling on it, standing almost within it, was a little old church with a crooked gray tower and a wandering graveyard. Behind the church stretched a lovely champagne of the gentlest, most English country-side: hills as green as brightly

colored glass rising smoothly into the blue, little valleys thickly patched with trees; cottages from whose stumpy chimneys smoke was already arising; cows and sheep; and in the distance the joyful barking of a dog, the only sound in all that early scene save the curdling whisper of the tide.

Jeremy had arrived with his family at Caerlyon Rectory the night before in a state of rebellious discontent. He had been disgusted when he heard that this summer they were to break the habit of years and to abandon his beloved Cow Farm in favor of a new camping-ground. And a rectory, too, when they always lived so close to churches and had so eternally to do with them! No farm any more! No Mrs. Monk, Mr. Monk, and the little Monks; no cows and pigs, no sheep and horses; above all, no Tim. No Tim with the red face and the strong legs, Tim perhaps the best friend he had in the world, after, of course, Riley and Hamlet. He had felt it bitterly, and during that journey from Polchester to the sea, hitherto always so wonderful a journey, he had sulked and sulked, refusing to notice any of the new scenery, the novel excitements and fresh incidents (like the driving all the way, for instance, from St. Mary Moer in a big wagonette with farmers and their wives), lest he should be betrayed into any sort of disloyalty to his old friends. The arrival at the rectory, with its old walled garden, the flowers

all glimmering in the dusk, the vast oak in the middle of the lawn, was, despite himself, an interesting experience; but he allowed no expression of interest to escape from him, and went to bed the moment after supper.

He awoke, of course, at a desperately early hour, and was then compelled to jump out of bed and look out of the window. He discovered then, to his excited amazement, that the sea was right under his nose. This was marvelous to him. At Cow Farm you could see only a little cup of it between a dip in the trees, and that miles away. Here the garden seemed actually to border it, and you could see it stretch with the black cliffs to the left of it miles, miles, miles into the sky. The world was lovely at that hour; black-birds and thrushes were on the dew-drenched lawn. Somewhere in the house a cuckoo-clock announced that it was just six o'clock. Before he knew what he was about, he had slipped on his clothes, was down the dark stairs and out in the garden.

As he sat dangling his feet above space and looked out to sea he argued with himself about Cow Farm. Of course Cow Farm would always be first, but that did not mean that other places could not be nice as well. He would never find any one in Caerlyon as delightful as Tim, and if only Tim were here, everything would be perfect; but Tim could not, of course, be in two places at once, and he had to do his duty by the Monks.

As he sat there, swinging his legs and looking down into that perfect green water, so clear that you could see gold and purple lights shifting beneath it and black lines of rock-like licorice-sticks twisting as the shadows moved, he was forced to admit to himself that

he was wonderfully happy. He had never lived close, cheek by jowl, with the sea, as he was doing now. The thought of five whole weeks spent thus on the very edge of the water made him wriggle his legs so that there was very real danger of his falling over. The juxtaposition of Hamlet, who had, of course, followed him, saved him from further danger. He knew that he himself was safe and would never fall, but Hamlet was another matter, and must be protected. The dog was perilously near the edge, balancing on his fore feet and sniffing down; so the boy got up and dragged the dog back, and then lay down among the sea-pinks and the heather and looked up into the cloudless sky.

Hamlet rested his head on the fatty part of his master's thigh and breathed deep content. He had come into a place where there wandered a new company of smells, appetizing, tempting. Soon he would investigate them. For the present it was enough to lie warm with his master and dream.

Suddenly he was aware of something. He raised his head, and Jeremy, feeling his withdrawal, half sat up and looked about him. Facing them both were a group of giant boulders, scattered there in the heather, and looking like some Druid circle of ancient stones. Hamlet was now on all fours, his tail up, his hair bristling.

"It 's all right," said Jeremy, lazily. "There 's nobody there." But even as he looked, an extraordinary phenomenon occurred. There rose from behind the boulder a tangled head of hair, and beneath the hair a round, hostile face and two fierce interrogative eyes. Then, as though this were not enough, there arose in line with the first head a second, and with the second

a third, and then with the third a fourth—four round, bullet-heads, four fierce, hostile pairs of eyes staring at Hamlet and Jeremy.

Jeremy stared back, feeling that here was some trick played upon him, as when the conjurer at Thompson's had produced a pigeon out of a handkerchief. The trick effect was heightened by the fact that the four heads and the sturdy bodies connected with them were graduated in height to a nicety, as you might see four clowns at a circus, as were the four bears, a symmetry almost divine and quite unnatural.

The eldest, the fiercest, and most hostile had a face and shoulders that might belong to a boy of sixteen; the youngest and smallest might have been Jeremy's age. Jeremy did not notice any of this. Very plain to him was the fact that the four faces to whomsoever they might belong did not care either for him or his dog. One to four, he was in a situation of some danger; he was suddenly aware that he had never seen boys quite so ferocious in appearance. The street boys of Polchester were milk and water to them. Hamlet also felt this. He was sitting up, his head raised, his body stiff, intent, and you could feel within him the bark strangled by the melodrama of the situation.

Jeremy said rather feebly:

"Hullo!"

The reply was a terrific ear-shattering bellow from four lusty throats, then more distinctly:

"Get out of this!"

Fear was in his heart; he was compelled, afterward, to admit it. He could only reply very feebly:

"Why?"

Glaring, the eldest replied:

"If you don't, we 'll make you." Then, "This is ours here."

Hamlet was now quivering all over, and Jeremy was afraid lest he should make a dash for the boulders; he therefore got to his feet, holding Hamlet's collar with his hand, and, smiling, answered:

"I'm sorry. I did n't know. I've only just come."

"Well, get out, then," was the only reply.

What fascinated him like a dream was the way that the faces did not move or more body reveal itself. Painted against the blue sky they might have been, ferocious stares and all. There was nothing more to be done; he beat an inglorious retreat, not indeed running, but walking with what dignity he could summon, Hamlet at his side uttering noises like a kettle on the boil.

## § 2

He had not to wait long for some explanation of the vision. At breakfast (and it was a wonderful breakfast, with more eggs and bacon, cream and strawberry-jam, than he had ever known) his father said:

"Now, children, there 's one thing here that you must remember. Jeremy, are you listening?"

"Yes, Father."

"Don't speak with your mouth full. There 's a farm near the church on the sand. You can't mistake it."

"Is the farm on the sand, Father?" asked Mary, her eyes wide open.

"No, of course not. How could a farm be on the sand? The farm-house stands back at the end of the path that runs by the church. It 's a gray farm with a high stone wall. You can't mistake it. Well, none of you children

must go near that farm—on no account whatever, *on no account whatever*, go near it."

"Why not, Father?" asked Jeremy. "Is there scarlet fever there?"

"Because I say so is quite enough," said Mr. Cole. "There 's a family staying there you must have *nothing* to do with. Perhaps you will see them in the distance; you must avoid them and *never* speak to them."

"Are they *very* wicked?" asked Mary, her voice vibrating low with the drama of the situation.

"Never mind what they are. They are not fit companions for you children. It is most unfortunate that they are here so close to us. Had I known it, I would not, I think, have come here."

Jeremy said nothing; these were, of course, his friends of the morning. He could see now, straight across the breakfast-table, those eight burning, staring eyes.

Later, from the slope of the green hill above the rectory, he looked across the gleaming beach at the church, the road, and then, in the distance, the forbidden farm. Strange how the forbidding of anything made one from the very bottom of one's soul long for it! Yesterday, staring across the green slopes and hollows, the farm would have been but a gray patch sewn into the purple hill that hung behind it. Now it was mysterious, crammed with hidden life of its own, the most dramatic point in the whole landscape. What had they done, that family that was so terrible? What was there about those four boys that he had never seen in any boys before? He longed to know them with a burning, desperate longing. Nevertheless, a whole week passed without any contact. Once Jeremy saw, against the sky-line, on the

hill behind the church, a trail of four, single file, silhouetted black. They passed steadily, secretly, bent on their own mysterious purposes. The sky, when their figures had left it, was painted with drama.

Once Mary reported that, wandering along the beach, a wild figure, almost naked, had started from behind a rock and shouted at her. She ran, of course, and behind her there echoed a dreadful laugh. But the best story of all was from Helen, who, passing the graveyard, had seen go down the road a most beautiful lady, most beautifully dressed. According to Helen, she was the most lovely lady ever seen, with jewels hanging from her ears, pearls round her neck, and her clothes a bright orange. She had walked up the road and gone through the gate into the farm.

The mystery would have excited them all even more than in fact it did, had Caerlyon itself been less entrancing. But what Caerlyon turned out to be no words can describe. Those were the days, of course, before golf-links in Glebeshire, and although no one who has ever played on the Caerlyon Links will ever wish them away, they the handsomest, kindest, most fantastic sea-links in all England, yet I will not pretend that those rounds on the green slopes, sliding so softly down to the sea-shore, bending back so gently to the wild mysteries of the Poonderry Moor, had not then a virgin charm that now they have lost. Who can decide?

But for children thirty years ago what a kingdom! Glittering with color, they had the softness of a loving mother, the sudden tumbled romance of an adventurous elder brother. They caught all the colors of the floating sky



in their laps, and the shadows flew like birds from shoulder to shoulder, and then suddenly the hills would shake their sides, and all those shadows would slide down to the yellow beach and lie there like purple carpets. You could race and race and never grow tired, lie on your back and stare into the fathomless sky, roll over forever and come to no harm, wander and never be lost. The first gate of the kingdom and the last—the little golden square underneath the tower where the green witch has her stall of treasures that she never sells.

### § 3

Then the great adventure occurred. One afternoon the sun shone so gloriously that Jeremy was blinded by it, blinded and dream-smitten, so that he sat, perched on the garden wall of the rectory, staring before him at the glitter and the sparkle, seeing nothing but perhaps a little boat of dark wood with a ruby sail floating out to the horizon, having on its boards sacks of gold and pearls and diamonds, gold in fat slabs, pearls in white, shaking heaps, diamonds that put out the eyes, so bright they were, going, going—whither? He did not know, but shaded his eyes against the sun, and the boat was gone, and there was nothing there but an unbroken blue of sea, with the black rocks fringing it.

Mary called up to him from the garden and suggested that they should go out and pick flowers, and still in a dream he clambered down from the wall, and stood there nodding his head like a mandarin. He suffered himself to be led by Mary into the highroad, only stopping for a moment to whistle for Hamlet, who came running across the

lawn as though he had just been shot out of a cannon.

It can have been only because he was sunk so deep in his dream that he wandered, without knowing it, down over the beach, jumping the hill stream that intersected it, up the sand past the church, out along the road that led straight to the forbidden farm. Nor was Mary thinking of their direction; she was having one of her happy days, her straw hat on the back of her head, her glasses full of sunlight, her stockings wrinkled about her legs, walking, her head in the air, singing one of the strange tuneless chants that came to her when she was happy. There was a field on their right, with a break in the hedge; through the break she saw buttercups, thousands of them, and loosestrife and snapdragons. She climbed the gate and vanished into the field. Jeremy walked on, scarcely realizing her absence. Suddenly he heard a scream; he stopped, and Hamlet stopped, pricking up his ears. Another scream, then a succession, piercing and terrible; then over the field-gate Mary appeared, tumbling over regardless of all beholders and proprieties, then running, crying, "Jeremy! Jeremy! Jeremy!" buttercups scattering from her hand as she ran. Her face was one question-mark of terror, her hat was gone, her hair-ribbon dangling, her stockings about her ankles. All she could do was to cling to Jeremy crying: "Oh! oh! oh! Ah! ah! ah!"

"What is it?" he asked roughly, his fear for her making him impatient. "Was it a bull?"

"No, no. Oh, Jeremy! Oh dear! oh dear! The boys! They hit me—pulled my hair!"

"What boys?" But already he knew.

Recovering a little, she told him. She had not been in the field a moment, and was bending down, picking her first buttercups, when she felt herself violently seized from behind, her arms held, and, looking up, there were three boys standing there, all around her, terrible, fierce boys, looking ever so wicked. They tore her hat off her head, pulled her hair, and told her to leave the field at once, never to come into it again; that it was *their* field and she 'd better not forget it, and to tell all her beastly family that they 'd better not forget it either, and that they 'd be shot if they came in there.

"Then they took me to the gate and pushed me over. They were very rough. I 've got bruises." She began to cry as the full horror of the event broke upon her.

Jeremy's anger was terrible to witness. He took her by the arm.

"Come with me," he said.

He led her to the end of the road beyond the church.

"Now you go home," he said. "Don't breathe a word to any one till I get back."

"Very well," she sobbed; "but I 've lost my hat."

"I 'll get your hat," he answered. "And take Hamlet with you."

He watched her set off. No harm could come to her there, in the open. She had only to cross the beach and climb the hill. He watched her until she had jumped the stream, Hamlet running in front of her; then he turned back. He climbed the gate into the field. There was no one; only the golden sea of buttercups, and near the gate a straw hat. He picked it up and, back in the road again, stood hesitating. There was only one thing to do, and he knew it; but he hesitated. He

had been forbidden to enter the place, and there were four of them. And such a four! Then he shrugged his shoulders, a very characteristic action of his, and marched ahead.

The gate of the farm swung easily open, and then at once he was upon them, all four of them sitting in a row upon a stone wall at the far corner of the yard and staring at him. It was a dirty, messy place, and a fitting background for that company. The farm itself looked fierce, with its blind gray wall and its sullen windows, and the yard was in fearful confusion, oozing between the stones with shiny yellow streams and dank coagulating pools, piled high with heaps of stinking manure, pigs wandering in middle distance, hens and chickens, and a ruffian dog chained to his kennel.

The four looked at Jeremy without moving.

Jeremy came close to them and said: "You 're a lot of dirty cads." They made neither answer nor movement.

"Dirty cads to touch my sister, a girl who could n't touch you."

Still no answer, only one, the smallest, jumped off the wall and ran to the gate behind Jeremy.

"I 'm not afraid of you," said Jeremy (he was, terribly afraid). "I would n't be afraid of a lot of dirty sneaks like you are—to hit a girl!"

Still no answer; so he ended:

"And we 'll go wherever we like. It is n't your field, and we 've just as much right to it as you have."

He turned to go, and faced the boy at the gate. The other three had now climbed off the wall, and he was surrounded. He had never, since the night with the sea-captain, been in so perilous a situation. He thought that they would murder him, and then

hide his body under the manure. They looked quite capable of it, and in some strange way this farm was so completely shut off from the outside world, the house watched so silently, the wall was so high! And he was very small indeed compared with the biggest of the four. No, he did not feel happy.

Nothing could be more terrifying than their silence, but if they were silent, he could be silent, too; so he just stood there and said nothing.

"What are you going to do about it?" suddenly asked the biggest of the four.

"Do about what?" he replied, his voice trembling despite himself, simply, as it seemed to him, from the noisy beating of his heart.

"Our cheeking your sister."

"I can't do much," Jeremy said, "when there are four of you; but I'll fight the one my own size."

That hero, grinning, moved forward to Jeremy, but the one who had already spoken broke out:

"Let him out. We don't want him. And don't you come back again!" he suddenly shouted.

"I will," Jeremy shouted in return, "if I want to," and then, I regret to say, took to his heels and ran madly down the road.

#### § 4

Now, this was an open declaration of war and not lightly to be disregarded. Jeremy said not a word of it to any one, not even to the wide-eyed Mary, who had been waiting in a panic of terror under the oak-tree, like the lady in Carpaccio's picture of St. George and the dragon, longing for her true knight to return, all "bloody and tumbled," to quote Miss Jane Porter's "Thad-

deus of Warsaw." He was not bloody, nor was he tumbled, but he was serious-minded and preoccupied. This was all very nice, but it was pretty well going to spoil the holidays, these fellows hanging round and turning up just whenever they pleased, frightening everybody and perhaps—this sudden thought made, for a moment, his heart stand still—doing something really horrible to Hamlet.

He felt as though he had the whole burden of it on his shoulders, as though he were on guard for all the family. There was no one to whom he could speak, no one at all.

For several days he moved about as though in enemy country, looking closely at hedges, scanning hill horizons, keeping Hamlet as close to his side as possible. No sign of the ruffians, no word of them at home; they had faded into smoke and gone down with the wind.

Suddenly, one morning, when he was in a hollow of the downs, throwing pebbles at a tree, he heard a voice:

"Hands up or I fire!"

He turned round, and saw the eldest of the quartet close to him. Although he had spoken so fiercely, he was not looking fierce, but rather was smiling in a curious crooked kind of way. Jeremy could see him more clearly than before, and a strange enough object he was.

He was wearing a dirty old pair of flannel cricketing trousers and a grubby shirt open at the neck. One of his eyes was bruised, and he had a cut across his nose; but the thing in the main that struck Jeremy now was his appearance of immense physical strength. His muscles seemed simply to bulge under his shirt; he had the neck of a prize-fighter. He was a great

deal older than Jeremy, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age. His eyes, which were gray and clear, were his best feature; but he was no beauty, and in his dirty clothes, and with his bruises, he looked a most dangerous character. Jeremy called Hamlet to him and held him by the collar.

"All right," said the ruffian; "I 'm not going to touch your dog."

"I did n't think you were," said Jeremy, lying.

"Oh, yes, you did. I suppose you think we eat dog-flesh and murder babies. Lots of people do."

The sudden sense that other folk in the world also thought the quartet out-laws was new to Jeremy. He had envisaged the affair as a struggle in which the Cole family only were engaged.

"Eat babies!" Jeremy cried. "No; do you?"

"Of course not," said the boy. "That 's the sort of damned rot people talk. They think we 'd do anything."

He suddenly sat down on the turf, and Jeremy sat down, too, dramatically picturing to himself the kind of thing that would happen did his father turn the corner and find him there amicably in league with his enemy. There followed a queer in-and-out little conversation, bewildering in some strange way, so that they seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the thick velvet pile of the green downs, lost to all the world that was humming like a top beyond the barrier.

"I liked your coming into the yard about your sister. That was damned plucky of you."

For some reason hidden deep in the green down Jeremy had never before known praise that pleased him so deeply. He flushed, kicking the turf with the heels of his boots.

"You were cads to hit my sister," he said. He let Hamlet's collar go, and the dog went over and smelled the dirty trousers and sniffed at the rough, reddened hand.

"How old are you?"

"Ten and a half."

"I know. You 're called Cole. You 're the son of the parson at the rectory."

Jeremy nodded his head. The boy was now sprawling his length, his head resting on his arms, his thick legs stretched out.

"You 're awfully strong," Jeremy suddenly said.

The boy nodded his head.

"I am that. I can throw a cricket-ball from here to the church. I can wrestle any one. Box, too."

He did n't say this boastfully, but quite calmly, stating well known facts.

Jeremy opened his eyes wide.

"What are *you* called?" he asked.

"Humphrey Charles Ruthven."

"Where do you go to school?"

"I don't go. I was kicked out of Harrow. But it did n't matter, anyway, because my governor could n't pay the school-bills."

Expelled! This was exciting indeed.

"What did you do?" Jeremy asked breathlessly.

"Telling smutty stories."

"Telling what?" Jeremy repeated, not at all understanding.

"Telling dirty stories—about babies and all that."

"About babies?"

The boy looked at him, then sat up. "Don't you know about babies?" he asked.

"Babies?" Jeremy repeated. "What about them? We 've got one in our family, if that 's what you mean."

"No—but the way they come.

Has n't any one ever told you?"

"Oh, that!" said Jeremy, contemptuously. "Yes, of course. They're brought in the night. You have to write for them or something. I can't think, myself, why any one ever does. They're an awful nuisance."

The big boy whistled.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said.

"Where are you at school?"

"At Thompson's, Chudleigh, in Somerset."

"How long have you been there?"

"A year and a half."

"And you don't know about babies?"

"No. What about them?"

"Oh, never mind." The boy smiled.

"You're right; they're brought in the night by a postman." He chuckled.

"I say, you *are* a kid!"

"No, but what—" Jeremy paused, puzzled.

"Don't you worry," said the boy.

"I was only ragging. There's nothing funny about babies. You're quite right; it's strange any one writes for them. You'd think they'd be more sensible." He suddenly went on in another tone, "You know every one hates us, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jeremy. "Why is it?"

"Because we're bad," Humphrey said solemnly. "Our hand is against every one, and every one's hand is against us."

"But why?" asked Jeremy again.

"Well, for one thing, they don't like father. He's got, if you were speaking very politely, what you'd call a damned bad temper. By Jove! you should see him lose it! He's broken three chairs in the farm already! I don't suppose we shall be here very long. We're always moving about. Then another reason is that we never

have any money. Father makes a bit racing sometimes, and then we're flush for a week or two; but it never lasts long. Why," he went on, drawing himself up with an air of pride, "we owe money all over the country. That's why we came down to this rotten dull hole—because we had n't been down here before. And another reason they don't like us is because that woman who lives with us is n't father's wife, and she is n't our mother either. I should rather think not! She's a beast. I hate her," he added reflectively.

There was a great deal of all this that Jeremy did n't understand, but he got from it an immense impression of romance and adventure. And then, as he looked across at the boy opposite to him, a new feeling came to him—a feeling that he had never known before. It was an exciting, strange emotion, something that was suddenly almost adoration. He was aware, all in a second, that he would do anything in the world for this strange boy. He would like to be ordered by him to run down the shoulder of the down and race across the sands and plunge into the sea, and he would do it. Or to command him all the way to St. Mary's, ever so many miles, to fetch something for him. It was so new an experience that he felt exceedingly shy about it, and could only sit there, kicking at the turf and saying nothing.

Humphrey's brow was suddenly as black as thunder. He got up.

"I see what it is," he said, "you're like the rest. Now I've told you what we are, you don't want to have anything more to do with us. Well, you need n't. Nobody asked you. You can just go back to your old parson and say to him: 'Oh, Father, I met

such a *wicked* boy to-day. He *was* naughty, and I 'm never going to talk to him again.' All right, then. Go along."

The attack was so sudden that Jeremy was taken entirely by surprise. He had been completely absorbed by this new feeling; he had not known that he had been silent.

"Oh, no. I don't care what you are, or your father, or whether you have n't any money. I've got some money. I'll give it you if you like. And you shall have threepence more on Saturday; fourpence, if I know my collect. I say,"—he stammered over this request,—“I wish you 'd throw a stone from here and see how far you can.”

Humphrey was immensely gratified. He bent down and picked up a pebble, then, straining backward ever so slightly, flung it. It vanished into the blue sea. Jeremy sighed with admiration.

“You *can* throw!” he said. “Would you mind if I felt the muscle on your arm?” He felt it. He had never imagined such a muscle. “Do you think I could have more if I worked at it?” he asked, stretching out his own arm.

Humphrey graciously felt it.

“That 's not bad for a kid your size,” he said. “You ought to lift weights in the morning. That 's the way to bring it up.” Then he added: “You 're a sporting kid. I like you. I'll be here again same time to-morrow,” and, without another word, he was running off, with a strange jumping motion, across the down.

Jeremy went home, and could think of nothing at all but his adventure. How sad it was that always, without his in the least desiring it, he was running up against authority! He had

been forbidden to go near the farm or to have anything to do with the wild, outlawed tenants of it, and now here he was making close friends with one of the worst of them. He could not help it. He did not want to help it. When he looked round the family supper-table, how weak, colorless, and uninteresting they all seemed! No muscles, no outlawry, no running from place to place to escape the police! He saw Humphrey standing against the sky and slinging that stone. He could throw! There was no doubt of it. He could throw, perhaps, better than any one else in the world.

They met, then, every day, and for a glorious, wonderful week nobody knew. I am sorry to say that Jeremy was involved at once in a perfect mist of lies and false excuses. What a business it was, being always with the family! He had felt it now for a long time, the apparent impossibility of going anywhere or doing anything without everybody all round you asking multitudes of questions. “Where are you going to, Jeremy?” “Where have you been?” “What have you been doing?” “I have n't seen you for the last two hours, Jeremy. Mother 's been looking for you everywhere.”

So he lied and lied and lied; otherwise he got no harm from this wonderful week. One must do Humphrey that justice, that he completely respected Jeremy's innocence. He even, for perhaps the first time in his young life, tried to restrain his swearing. They found the wild moor at the back of the downs a splendid hunting-ground. Here, in the miles of gorse and shrub and pond and heather, they were safe from the world, their companions birds and rabbits. Humphrey knew more about animals than any

one else in England. He said so himself, so it must be true. The weather was glorious, hot, and gorse-scented. They bathed in the pools and ran about naked, Humphrey doing exercises, standing on his head, turning somersaults, lifting Jeremy with his hands as though he weighed nothing at all. Humphrey's body was brown all over, like an animal's. Humphrey talked, and Jeremy listened. He told Jeremy the most marvelous stories, and Jeremy believed every word of them. They sat on a little hummock, with a dark wood behind them, and watched the moon rise.

"You 're a decent kid," said Humphrey. "I like you better than my brothers. I suppose you 'll forget me as soon as I 'm gone."

"I 'll never forget you," said Jeremy. "Can't you leave your family and be somebody else? Then you can come and stay with us."

"Stay with a parson? Not much. You 'll see me again one day. I 'll send you a line from time to time and let you know where I am."

Finally they swore friendship. They exchanged gifts. Humphrey gave Jeremy a broken pocket-knife, and Jeremy gave Humphrey his silver watch-chain. They shook hands and swore to be friends forever.

And then the final and terrible tragedy occurred.

### § 5

It came just as suddenly as for a romantic climax it should have come. On the afternoon that followed the friendship-swearing Humphrey did not appear at the accustomed place. Jeremy waited for several hours and then went sadly home. At breakfast next morning there were those grown-up,

mysterious illusions that mean that some catastrophe too terrible for tender ears is occurring.

"I never heard anything so awful," said Aunt Amy.

"It 's so sad to me," said Jeremy's mother, sighing, "that people should want to do these things."

"It 's abominable," said Mr. Cole, "that they were ever allowed to come here at all. We should have been told before we came."

"But do you really think—" said Aunt Amy.

"I know, because Mrs.—"

"But just fancy if—"

"It 's quite possible, especially when—"

"What a dreadful thing that—"

Jeremy sat there, feeling as though every one was looking at him. What had happened to Humphrey? He must go at once and find out.

He slipped off after breakfast, and before he reached the bottom of the downs heard shouts and cries. He ran across the beach, and was soon involved in a crowd of farmers, women, boys, and animals, all shouting, crying out, and barking together. Being small, he was able to worry his way through without any attention being paid to him; indeed, every one was too deeply excited by what was happening in the yard of the farm to notice small boys. When at last he got to the gate and looked through, he beheld an extraordinary scene. Among the cobbles and the manure-heaps and the filth many things were scattered: articles of clothing, some chairs, and a table, some pictures, many torn papers. The yard was almost filled with men and women, all of them apparently shouting and screaming together. A big red-faced man next to Jeremy

was crying over and over again: "That 'll teach him to meddle with our women." "That 'll teach him to meddle with our women."

On the steps of the farm-house an extraordinary woman was standing quite alone, no one near her, standing there, contempt in her eyes, and a curious smile, almost of pleasure, on her lips. Even to Jeremy's young innocence she was over-colored. Her face was crimson: she wore a large hat of bright green, and a bright green dress with a flowing train. She did not move; she might have been painted into the stone. But Jeremy's gaze, seen dimly and, as it were, upward through a pair of high, widely extended farmer's legs, was soon withdrawn from this highly colored lady to the central figure of the scene. This was a man who seemed to Jeremy the biggest and blackest human he had ever seen. He had jet-black hair, a black beard, and, struggling now in the middle of the yard between three rough-looking countrymen, his clothes were almost torn from the upper part of his body. His face was bleeding, and even as Jeremy caught sight of him he snatched one arm free and caught one of his captors a blow that sent him reeling. For one instant he seemed to rise above the crowd, gathering himself together for a mighty effort. He seemed in that second to look toward Jeremy, his eyes staring out of his head, his great chest heaving, his legs straining. But at once four men were upon him, and began to drive him toward the gate, the crowd bending back and driving Jeremy into a confusion of thighs and legs behind

which he could see nothing. Then suddenly once more the scene cleared, and the boy saw a figure run from the house, crying something, his hand raised. Some one caught the figure and stayed it: for a second of time Jeremy saw Humphrey's face, flaming with anger. Then the crowd closed round.

At the same instant the black man seemed to be whirled toward them, there was a crushing, a screaming, a boot seemed to rise from the ground of its own volition and kick Jeremy violently in the face, and he fell down, down, down into a bottomless sea of black pitch.

#### § 6

For three days he was in bed, his head aching, one cheek swollen to twice its natural size, one eye closed. To his amazement, no one scolded him; no one asked him how he had been caught in that crowd. Every one was very kind to him.

Once he asked his mother:

"What has happened?" She told him that "They were very wicked people and had gone away."

When he was up and about again, he went to the farm and looked through the gate. Within there was absolute stillness. A pig was snuffing among the manure.

He went out to the moor. It was a perfect afternoon, only a little breeze blowing. The pools, slightly ruffled, were like blue lace. A rabbit, sitting in front of his hole, did not move. He threw himself face downward on the ground, and cried as though his heart would break.







# The Circus Theater

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

Drawings by ROBERT EDMOND JONES



PERHAPS the gladiators gave it a bad name. At any rate, for twenty centuries men have hesitated to put anything more serious than a clown or an athlete in the middle of an arena. The Romans could hardly be called a timorous, sensitive, or conventional people, yet even they never thought of presenting a play in an amphitheater.

So far as the feelings of the goddess of the drama can be learned, she did not approve of the way the Romans shoved her actors out of the Greek orchestra, and crammed them into a shallow little box that they called a stage. At the first chance she brought them close to the people again, where they played on the stone floor of the medieval churches. Even Shakspeare did not have the temerity to put them back on a shelf. There were rare times, as in some of the mysteries of the Middle Ages, when the pageant wagons carried the actors and their scenes into the squares of English towns, and you might have found them entirely surrounded by their auditors. But through the centuries some curious and perverse power seems to have schemed to seize a decadent time like the Roman days or like the last fifty years in modern Europe and clap the drama into a box. To-day it is striving to regain its place in the heart of the audience.

For something over a decade the

most active minds have been seeking a way toward some new or some very old type of theater. They have been abusing the picture-frame stage, stamping on the footlights, pulling out the front of the apron, pushing the actors into the *loges*, down into the orchestra pit, upon the prompter's box, out upon runways, or up the aisles. They have been going clear out of the playhouse and into open-air theaters, public parks, and even circuses, and all to set up a new mutual relationship between the actor and the audience.

You might almost say to set up any mutual relationship at all, for the actor of the peep-hole theater of realism, the picture-frame theater, the fourth-wall theater, can hardly be said to have anything resembling a relationship to the spectator. The thing peeped at cannot be aware of the peeper. A picture does not know that it has an audience. Walls may have ears, but the fourth wall has no eyes.

It is the essence of realism and of realistic acting that it has its justification in the thing it resembles, not the people who may or may not be able to recognize the resemblance. A perfect realistic performance is so close a thing to life that it cannot permit itself to be aware even of its own existence. Its perfection is so much more related to the thing it

imitates than to the audience which looks at it that it would be no less perfect if there were no one to look. The fourth wall is a fourth wall. It might just as well be as real as the other three. Alexander Bakshy wrote of Stanislavsky's company, "It would have made scarcely an atom of difference to the adequacy and completeness of the Art Theater's performance if the audience had been entirely removed."

The first attempts to escape from the realistic theater were Gargantuan. It seems as if there is something so essentially small about our theater that a huge thing becomes the natural alternative. Max Reinhardt and Percy MacKaye, the two men who began the break with the realistic theater and who carried their conceptions furthest, plunged immediately to the huge, the magnificent.

The dominating idea of Percy MacKaye was to create a dramatic form of and for the people. It was to celebrate works of humanity. "The Masque of St. Louis" commemorated the founding of the Western city, and "Caliban" the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. The MacKaye masque was to be acted and danced by the community, with the assistance of a few trained players, and it was to be seen by as many as possible.

Reinhardt found a tremendous fascination in the relationship of this sort of production to man in the mass. In the "theater of five thousand," as he called it, the audience was no longer the audience. It was the people. Its emotions were "simple and primitive, but great and powerful, as becomes the eternal human race." This followed from the nature of the theater and the relation of the actors to the

audience. Monumentality was the key-note of such great spaces. It was only the strongest and deepest feelings, the eternal elements, that could move these great gatherings. The small and petty disappeared.

Yet the emotion was direct and poignant, according to Reinhardt, because of a spiritual intimacy established by the new relations of actors and audience. In the Circus Schumann in Berlin Reinhardt revived the Greek orchestra. At one end of the building was the front of a temple. The actors came out in great mobs before the temple, upon an acting floor, surrounded on three sides by banks of spectators. In the theory and practice of Reinhardt there was no curtain to conceal the setting. When the spectator entered, he found himself "in the midst of great spaces, confronted by the whole scene, and himself a part of it." When he was seated, and the play began, he found that "the chorus rose and moved in the midst of the audience; the characters met each other amid the spectators; from all sides the hearer was being impressed, so that gradually he became part of the whole, and was rapidly absorbed in the action, a member of the chorus, so to speak." This is a point that Reinhardt has always stressed in his big productions. This desire to make the spectators feel themselves participants is the same that MacKaye has carried to the point of actually making them so.

Technically, the circus-theater made interesting demands. From the *ré-gisseur* and the scene-designer it required the utmost simplicity. Only the biggest and severest forms could be used. Light was the main source of decoration; it emphasized the im-

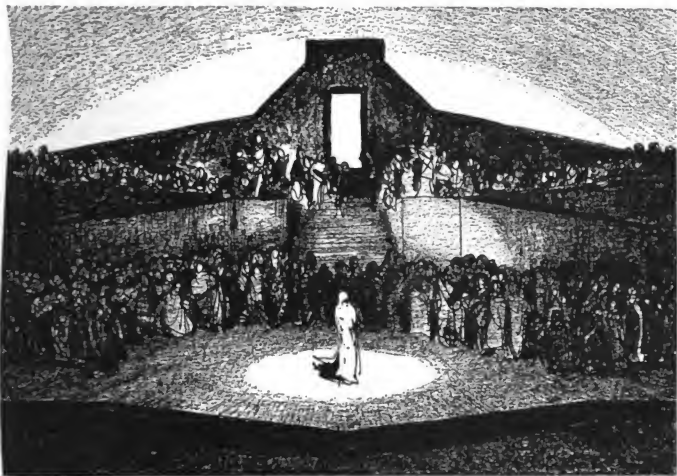
portant and hid the unessential. Acting, too, underwent the same test. The player had to develop a simple and tremendous power. He had to dominate by intensity and by dignity, by the vital and by the great. There had to be music in him, as there had to be music in the action itself.

The war prevented Reinhardt from continuing his experiments in mass production and bringing them to early fruition in a theater built specially for the purpose. With the coming of peace he was able to remodel and reopen the Circus Schumann as the Grosses Schauspielhaus. But in less than two years Reinhardt had left it in discouragement, his greatest dream shattered.

It is not easy to trace the cause of failure, but it seems to lie in the fact that here Reinhardt was both careless and too careful. Physically, the theater was wrong if the theory was right, and its physical mistakes can be traced to Reinhardt. He was too careful in planning it and not courageous enough. Because he evidently feared for its future as a financial undertaking, he seems to have compromised it in form; he arranged it so that it could be used as an ordinary, though huge, playhouse if it failed as a new kind of theater. He put in the Greek orchestra. He made the floor flexible in its levels, and led it up by adjustable platforms to a stage at one side of the house. This much was right enough; but then he made the thing a compromise between the Greek theater, a circus, and a modern playhouse by slapping a proscenium-arch into the side wall, and installing behind it a huge stage, with all the mechanical folderols of the day—great dome, cloud machine, revolving-stage. It

was beyond human nature to resist the temptation of playing with the whole gigantic toy. Neither Reinhardt nor the directors who succeeded him could be content, as they should have been, to lower the curtain across the proscenium, to plaster up the fourth wall. Perhaps there were not enough great dramas like "Oedipus" to draw for months the gigantic audiences needed to support the venture; but this only meant that such a theater must be maintained for festival performances, not that it must be filled with bastard productions requiring a picture stage and largely inaudible across the spaces of the Grosses Schauspielhaus.

The productions that Reinhardt made are no longer to be seen in the Grosses Schauspielhaus, for repertory vanished from his theater along with Reinhardt. You hear, however, of many interesting and beautiful things in "Danton," in "Oedipus," in "Hamlet," in "Julius Cæsar," in Hauptmann's "Florian Geyer." But you see no such things now, or at least I did not see them when I was in Berlin. I saw the orchestra filled with seats, perhaps to swell the meager seating capacity of three thousand, which was all Poelzig could include after he wasted front space on rows of boxes and wide-spaced chairs, and perhaps because the new directors feared to use that glorious and terrible playing-floor. I saw the fore-stage shrunk to a platform jutting out perhaps twenty feet. I saw a tedious performance of "Die Versunkene Glocke," with the action shoved into the realistic proscenium, with the scenic artist fooling about with sloppily expressionistic forms, and with the mountain spirit hopping down the hillside with a resounding wooden thump. I saw



The inner stage of the Grosses Schauspielhaus as set for the gates of Holofernes's palace in Hebbel's "Judith." In this sketch the artist has directly faced the players as in the usual theater, but it should be remembered that the audience is looking down from each side as well, as may be seen by the drawing on the following page. In this drawing only the figures of the players are indicated. Behind this fore-stage is the full deep stage flooded with light from its great dome

Hebbel's "Judith" done with much more effectiveness, though without real daring or vision.

"Judith," however, shows some of the possibilities of such a theater. The beginning strikes in on the imagination with the impact of the shaft of light that beats down on *Holofernes*, sitting like some idol on his throne. Though he is almost back to the curtain line, instead of out among the people, he drives home the effect of seeing life in the round which such a theater can give. Here is talking sculpture. The costumer, as well as the actor, is given a new problem—the problem of clothes upon a body, that, like a statue, must mean something from every angle, must have as much

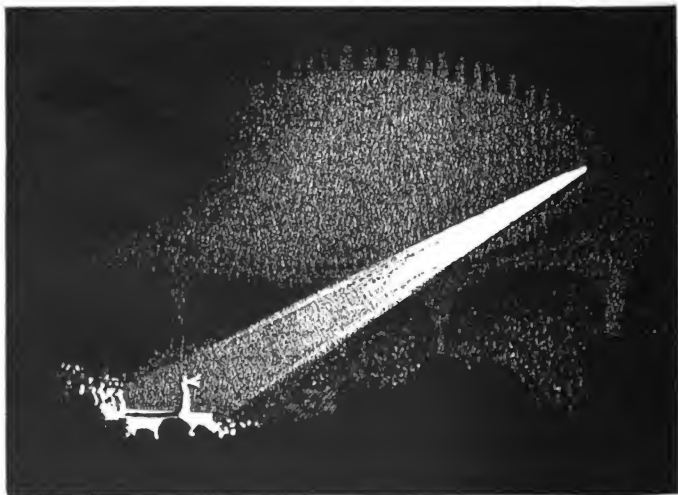
beauty and significance from the back as from the front. The costume of *Holofernes* at least achieved this. The actor has another problem, the problem of a different movement and a different speech—movement slower and grander, or else long and swift, speech that is more sonorous, more elaborately spaced.

There is one very beautiful thing in "Judith" and in this theater. It is the way a player can come forward to the fore-stage and stand there alone, stabbed at by a great white light, surrounded first by emptiness, and beyond that by crowds, a brave figure alone in a great dim space. Here is something you cannot feel in the chummy confines of a picture-frame.

The Grosses Schauspielhaus is a gigantic failure if you look at it with vision, and also a great portent. The place is ugly, and its purpose now debased, yet it hints at how beautiful a great formal theater could be, how moving, how inspiring its drama. Even in the wreckage the idea still lives.

The idea lives more vividly, however, in the ordinary peep-show playhouses of Germany. There, within the old proscenium-frame, you will find directors whose methods war with the whole realistic tradition, directors who endeavor to restore the old and intimate relationship of actors and audience, directors, in fact, who should

be working in the Grosses Schauspielhaus. Short as this playhouse falls of the ideal circus-theater, it is far better suited to imaginative and theatrical performances than the places in which these men now work. I think particularly of the two most radical of German directors, Leopold Jessner and Jürgen Fehling, of the State Schauspielhaus and the Volksbühne in Berlin. They and their work stand as the culminative expression of a tendency in direction that leads inevitably away from the picture-frame and toward the circus. Everywhere, from Stockholm, where German methods permeate the State Opera, to Prague and Vienna in the South and to Frankfurt



The interior of the Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin, made over by Max Reinhardt from the Circus Schumann, in which he presented the first of his gigantic productions, "Ædipus Tyrannus." The sketch is made from the point of view of a spectator at the extreme left of the slanting bank of seats which surrounds the fore-stage, or orchestra. In the center rises the great dome, dimly lit. A shaft of light from the dome strikes across the space to the figure of *Judith* in Hebbel's tragedy of that name. She is at the front of the fore-stage, surrounded on three sides by spectators

in the West, you will find this tendency. Directors, aided by designers, are formalizing the stage and its picture. They are pushing the actor forward as an artist instead of drawing him back into an illusion. They are driving at the essentials of a play and bringing these home to the audience in great simple gestures. They are working in the spirit of the circus.

Jessner, the outstanding figure in the German theater to-day, banishes the illusion of reality whenever he stages a play. For each production, he and his artist, Emil Pirchan, build a special arrangement of steps, platform, various levels. These stay throughout the performance, and permit the actors to be deployed upon them in all manner of interesting and dramatic ways. Movement on Jessner's stage is three dimensional. His actors are no longer bobbins shuttling from side to side in the stage loom. Upon the top of his steps Jessner erects very simple indications of place or mood. They are often no more than decorative shapes against the neutral background of a dim cyclorama. The director plays out the drama in color symbols as well as in words: the army of *Richard III* becomes eight soldiers in red, the army of *Richmond*, eight soldiers in white, and the battle is only their crossing of a flight of steps. Jessner's actors emphasize speech by remaining motionless when they are listening, his lights play out the drama of words with wilful, unnatural, but appropriate, changes. Jessner uses groups of players as scenic materials: when a man is murdered in "*Napoleon*," the red-clothed mob flings itself upon its body, and lies for a long minute like a bloody stain across the steps.

Fehling, director of the truly sensational drama of revolution, "*Masse-Mensch*," follows more or less such methods, uses light arbitrarily, utilizes steps and platforms, and throws realism clean overboard, all with more sense of the inner meaning of the drama than Jessner displays. But his aptness for the circus-theater does not lie alone in such large and expressive distortions of the natural. Fehling brings forth in "*Masse-Mensch*" a chorus of dramatic voices such as the theater has not known since the days of Greece. Here he sets thirty men and women speaking as one, clearly, expressively, vibrantly. Imagine a chorus like this in the *Grosses Schauspielhaus*!

Such a house as Max Reinhardt built, and such directors as Jessner and Fehling, could not, however, bring the circus-theater to perfection. One more development in the shape of the playhouse is necessary. The audience must completely surround the actors and the action. In the *Grosses Schauspielhaus* and in the imitation which Gémier launched as the *Cirque d'Hiver* in Paris, the audience and the drama at last met in the circus. But for some curious reason neither Reinhardt nor Gémier was courageous or far-seeing enough to use the circus as a circus. Neither dared put the players in the center and forget the old stage. At one side there has always lingered a palace or a proscenium.

Reinhardt might make the excuse that for such a scheme he needed a round circus, and that a round circus would be far too big for the drama. He would not be absurd enough to say that Moissi or Pallenburg could not act unless all the audience saw all his face all the time. There are round



The stage of the State Theater in Berlin as Leopold Jessner, Germany's most radical and most celebrated director, sets it for a scene in "Othello." Throughout the whole production the elliptical steps occupy the stage floor, and up and down them Jessner moves his actors in significant compositions. Upon the top of the steps he places for each scene some simple indication of mood or place, like these curved screens of salmon pink designed by Emil Pirchan for the castle at Cyprus. The background is the deep canvas cyclorama, lit by hardly more than the light reflected from the stage

circuses in Europe, however, and small round circuses, and if Reinhardt could not find one in Berlin, he could have built one for half the money he put into reconstructing the Circus Schumann into the Grosses Schauspielhaus.

Up on Montmartre, just under the last heights on which perches Sacré-Cœur, there is such a circus, an intimate circus, a little circus, just the place to begin the last experiment with the theater. Jacques Copeau could go straight there from the Vieux Colombier, and throw his "Scapin" into the ring without a moment's hesitation. It would conquer Paris and half the theatrical world.

The circus is a golden bowl. At the bottom no sawdust, but a carpet of

hemp, a great "welcome" door-mat without the lettering: we take the deed for the word. Outside the ring is a parapet nicely carpeted in yellow; one of the clowns finds it amusing to roll around this track on his shoulders. Above the parapet rise steep rows of seats, half of them in bright orange for the spectators with fifty or sixty cents to spend. Higher up the thin and graceful pillars which support the roof cut across the vision a little; here there are only benches and the *dévo-tées*. At opposite sides of the ring walled passages lead out to the green-room and public entrances, which circle underneath the seats. Exits for the audience pierce the rows at the four quarters. From the disk of the



In "Masse-Mensch," a drama of the social revolution of the twentieth century, written by Ernst Toller, the scene called for a gathering of munition-workers to decide between a general strike and a revolution. Director Fehling and his artist, Strobach, hung the stage in black curtains and grouped twenty-five or thirty men and women on a broad flight of steps rising steeply from the footlights. The curtain first rose on a darkness in which faces could only dimly be sensed. Out of gloom came the voice of the masses—the score of players speaking as one, rhythmically, clearly, most movingly. For the rest of the scene, during which the players stood motionless, facing the audience, sharp beams of light thrown from the top and sides illumined the group of workers

dome above, sixteen great lamps blaze down on the ring, and sometimes a spot-light punctuates the darkness.

If you like to take your pleasure sentimentally, a performance at the Cirque Medrano is like opening old, old letters, with a comic valentine now and then for a healthful tonic. *Huck Finn* saw a one-ringed circus; but Gentry's Dog and Pony Show is the farthest that the present generation can ever get from the three-ring-and-two-stage monstrosity which deafens our ears and dulls our eyes.

The Cirque Medrano is the proper place for artists and connoisseurs. The fifteen hundred people that it holds

can study, and do study, with the minute intensity of an anatomical clinic, M. Grossi and Coquette, as the horseman, quite as proud as his mare, puts her through five minutes of marching to music. They turn their eyes with just as much appreciation to watch the aerialists plunging into their dangerous pastimes under the lights. Here M. Lionel, *Roi du Vertige*, gets the sort of attention he could never get on the vaudeville stage; it must seem to him sometimes, as he manœuvres gingerly on a chair balanced by its right hind leg in the neck of a bottle, which is perched in turn on a ten-foot pole, that the towering



rows of seats are about to topple over on the strange career which he has made for himself.

There is no question, then, about the sight-lines of the theater which a modern director could make out of the Cirque Medrano. There never was such an auditorium for sheer visibility. The last rows are better than the first; they take in the whole audience as well as the show, while all you can say for the front seats is that they would show you half of the laughing or crying crowd of men and women hanging over the actors in far from mute adoration.

But their backs? How about the actors' backs?

That is a foolish question from any one who has ever seen Copeau's actors, who has watched Jouvet's back play the coarse, immense *Karamazov*, or seen his legs and buttocks send *Ague-cheek* shuffling across the stage, or caught the whole quick poise of Suzanne Bing's *Viola* in her shoulders and hips. It is nothing short of the ravings of a mad man if the questioner has been to the Cirque Medrano and looked upon the clowns. People have wondered how the actors of the Grosses Schauspielhaus could play to three audiences at once: the one in front, the one at the right, the one at the left; here are the clowns playing to four. It is not all slap-stick either. There is almost no whacking in the clowns' own turns. In these scenes there are worked out broad little comedy skits, such as Ray and Johnny Dooley, Leon Errol, and Walter Catlett, Eddie Cantor and George Le Maire, Willie and Eugene Howard, or Weber and Fields might offer in our revues. The difference at the Medrano is that the actors seem to have

consciously developed their gestures and their poses as supplementary expression to their faces. Also, they warily work round during their scenes, and give each part of the audience the benefit of both back and face. The comedy of the Medrano is far funnier than the comedy of "The Follies," and not because the turns are broader. It is funnier because it is so intimately alive, because it is made with all the actor's body, and because it is always directed at an audience.

Four audiences at once! It is a priceless advantage. The actor has always some one to press his art upon. In our theater half an actor's body is dead, or else vainly talking to the scenery. That is an understatement, if anything. The only way the actor can get directly at our audience, register upon it the impact of his art, his personality, his emotion, is to turn away from the scene and make his speech into a monologue. That is the chief difficulty which stands in the way of the sort of acting that deals directly and frankly with the audience, which admits that it is art and not reality, which says that the actor is an actor and that the audience is an actor, too; the kind of acting, in short, which is called presentational in contrast to the realistic method of representation which rules our theater. On any stage that is surrounded by its audience the player can speak to his audience and to his fellow-actor at the same time. In the Medrano it is no question of backs and faces. The whole man plays, and every inch of him has an audience.

There remains, however, the question of setting. Clowns need no atmosphere, but *Hamlet* must speak to a ghost. An acrobat is his own



The European stage-designer carries stark, dramatic simplicity even into opera. This is the mill scene in "Samson and Delilah," as Isaac Grünewald conceived it for the Royal Opera House in Stockholm. In black emptiness, bounded by curtains, one slanting shaft of light strikes the ancient and primitive millstone in a vivid crescent. As *Samson* pushes upon the post set in the face of the stone, it revolves slowly within an inch of the low wall upon which he walks, and the crescent widens until in a flash it becomes a disk of light against which the man is outlined as he sings his aria. As he ceases to sing, and grinds round once more upon his task, the inevitable procession of the phases of this dominating mill repeats itself over and over again

scenery, but *Juliet* needs a balcony. Can the Medrano manage such things?

The Medrano can do almost anything that our theater can do, and a great many things more, because it can use the three essentials of atmosphere: light, human bodies, and indications of place.

Light.—It is the fifth turn in the Cirque Medrano. Lydia *et* Henry, two pitiable little children who have been taught to do very bad imitations of their elders in the banal dances of

the revues. After they have hopped and shaken their way uncertainly through two or three fox trots and shimmies, the great lights in the roof go out. Blackness. Then a stain of amber in the center of the ring. The light brightens, and the stain lengthens. It might fall upon the stone of an old cistern if some one had thought to put it there. Then, when the figure of *Salome* crawls out along the stain, it would be many moments before we could see that it was the body of the

four-year-old, whom some one had togged out with breastplates. Again darkness, and slowly a blue-green light from on high, and in the midst of it an *apache* and a girl. It needs no curb, no lamp-post, no brick corner, to make the ring a moonlit street.

After light there comes the human body. The Medrano as a circus does nothing to show how the actors themselves can make a setting. Why should it? But I remember the project of Robert Edmond Jones, in 1914, to put "The Cenci" upon the stage of a prize-ring, and I remember how the sketches showed a chorus of human figures, in costumes and with staves, circling about the people of Shelley's play and forming a dozen frames to the drama within.

After light and a setting of bodies, comes just as much of the ordinary plastic scenery of the stage as you need, and just as little as you can get along with. If you care to dig a bit under the ring, and instal machinery that will lower the floor in sections, pile up hills in concentric circles, or even lift a throne or a well-curb or an altar into the middle of the circus while the lights are out—well, there is nothing to prevent you. But you do not have to have machinery. *Juliet's* balcony may hang over one of the entrances, or throughout the whole action of "Les Fourberies de Scapin" the *treteau*, or block, which Copeau makes the center of the action at the Vieux-Colombier, may stand in the middle of the stage. Scenically, the problem of the Medrano is the most fascinating problem of the stage artist, the creation of a single permanent structure, large or small, which can stand throughout a play and give significant aid to the various scenes.

It is no difficult task to imagine productions in the Medrano. Take "The Merchant of Venice." The four entrances for the public are entrances for the players as well. Below each gate is a double stair, railed at the top with Venetian iron. Between the stairs are benches. The railings become the copings of the Rialto. The casket scenes are played in the center of the arena, while *Portia* and *Nerissa* watch the proceedings from a bench; another bench serves as a seat for the judges in the court-room. *Jessica* leans out from an entrance to flirt with her lover, and the carnival mob chases *Shylock* up and down the stairs, over the benches, round about and out one of the two lower gates to the ring.

The ghost scene in "Hamlet"? Imagine the sentinels moonlit in the ring, imagine a high gallery behind the arches lighted with a dim and ghostly radiance, and imagine *Marcellus* suddenly and fearfully pointing to the figure of the dead man where it moves above the last row of spectators. No mixing of actors and audience, but what a thrill to see the ghost across a dark gulf of turned and straining faces, what a horror to see him over your own shoulder! Later *Hamlet* climbs, stone by stone, to speak with the ghost from a platform above one of the great entrances.

It would be foolish to deny that the Medrano is not a theater for every play. It could not hold the conversational realism of the last thirty years, but it could house all that the Grosses Schauspielhaus is fitted for—Greek tragedy and comedy, Shakspeare's greatest plays, dramas like "Florian Geyer," "The Weavers," and "Danton." Some of the scenes of such

pieces, the intimate episodes which Reinhardt's circus balks at, could be done excellently in the Medrano. The limitations of the Medrano are not those of size, emotion, or period. The plays that it could not do would be the plays least worth doing; at their best, they are plays which give to a reader almost all that they have to give.

The thing that impresses any one who studies the Medrano from the point of view of play production—it may even impress the reader who tries to understand and sympathize with

these attempts to suggest how plays might be produced there—is the great variety which such a theater offers, and always the sense of unity which it creates. From every angle relationships center upon the actor, or cut across one another as he moves about, makes entrances or exists, or appears in the back of the audience. All these relationships work to a fine natural unity. There is the actor in the center, with the audience about him; there is the actor on the rim, drawing the audience out and across to him.



The Cirque Medrano in Paris. A small one-ring circus on Montmartre where productions of vigorous or imaginative plays from "Hamlet" to "Masse-Mensch" could be given with all the fresh theatricalism of the big circus-theater, but with an intimacy that only our "little theaters" achieve. The audience of hardly fifteen hundred would be as privy to the nuances of the players as they now are to the subtleties of the clown-comedians of the Cirque Medrano surrounding the actors on all sides, they would achieve an extraordinary unity of emotion while destroying once for all that illusion of the merely realistic, which is the bane of the present-day picture-frame stage

There are three circles of action within one another in a single unity. And there is the quick sense of all this which the audience has as it looks down, Olympian, from its banks of seats.

Something of the vision of the *aéroplane* invades the Medrano. We see life new. We see it cut across on a fresh plane. Patterns appear of which we had no knowledge. Relationships become clear that were once confusion. We catch a sense of the roundness and rightness of life. And in the Medrano, while we win this vision in a new dimension, we do not lose the feel of the old. Such a theater establishes both for us. It gives us the three unities of space in all their fullness. They cut across one another like the planes of a cube. The deeper they cut, the deeper grows the unity.

The Medrano seems to solve two problems of the modern theater. These arise from two desires in the leading directors and artists. One is to throw out the actor into sharp relief, stripped of everything except the essential in setting. This motivates a production like "*Masse-Mensch*," with black curtains blotting out all but the center of the stage, and a theater like the *Vieux-Colombier*, with the actor placed amidst a formal background. The Medrano supplies a living background—the background of the audience itself. It is the background of life instead of death, a fullness of living things instead of the morbid emptiness of black curtains. It is a background more enveloping and animating than the *Vieux-Colombier*. It is a background that accords with every mood, and is itself a unity.

The other problem is a psychological and a physical problem—the problem of life principles in art. In the begin-

ning the theater was masculine. Its essence was a thrust. The phallus was borne in processional ritual at the opening of the theater of Dionysus every spring, and its presence was significant. The greatest and the healthiest of the theaters have always plunged their actors into the midst of the audience. It is only decadence, whether Roman or Victorian, that has withdrawn the actor into a sheath, a cave, a mouth, and has tried to drag the spirit of the spectator in with him. The peep-show is essentially evil. I will not say it is feminine, but I will say that the art of the theater is a masculine art, that it is assertive and not receptive. Its business is to imbue the audience. It is not too difficult to see in the proscenium-arch the reason for the barrenness of the realistic theater. Directors and artists who have felt this have tried to find a playhouse that lies nearer to the masculine vigor of *Æschylus* and *Shakspeare*. I think they can find it in the *Cirque Medrano*.

Of course many friends of the drama are genuinely and sincerely distressed at the inconstancy of the jade. Why should she desert the home that is properly hers to go galavanting in the circus? But what home, we may ask, was ever properly hers, and to what home has she long remained true? She adopted the altar in Attic Greece, and spoke her piece beside it. In the Middle Ages she turned to the chapels of the church. She took to the inn-yard in England and to the tennis-court in France. She has always been distressingly fond of the streets. It is just a little foolish to bid her stay in the proscenium of what was once an Italian opera-house if she prefers the circus ring.



# The Outlook for China

By BERTRAND RUSSELL



LAST month I tried to suggest the mood in which I approached the study of China. In this paper I purpose to take, as far as I am able, the point of view of a progressive and public-spirited Chinese, and consider what reforms, in what order, I should advocate in that case.

To begin with, it is clear that China must be saved by her own efforts and cannot rely upon outside help. In the international situation China has had both good and bad fortune. The Great War was unfortunate, because it gave Japan temporarily a free hand; the collapse of czarist Russia was fortunate, because it put an end to the secret alliance of Russians and Japanese; the Anglo-Japanese alliance was unfortunate, because it compelled us to abet Japanese aggression even against our own economic interests; the friction between Japan and America was fortunate, but the agreement arrived at by the Washington conference, though momentarily advantageous as regards Shan-tung, is likely, in the long run, to prove unfortunate, since it will make America less willing to oppose Japan. For reasons which I have often set forth, unless China becomes strong, either the collapse of Japan or her unquestioned ascendancy in the Far East is almost certain to prove disastrous to China, and one or other of these is very likely to come about. All the great powers, without exception, have interests

which are incompatible, in the long run, with China's welfare and with the best development of Chinese civilization. Therefore the Chinese must seek salvation in their own energy, not in the benevolence of any outside power.

The problem is not merely one of *political* independence; a certain cultural independence is at least as important. The Chinese are, I think, in certain ways superior to us, and it would not be good either for them or for us if in these ways they had to descend to our level in order to preserve their existence as a nation. In this matter, however, a compromise is necessary. Unless they adopt some of our vices to some extent, we shall not respect them, and they will be increasingly oppressed by foreign nations. The object must be to keep this process within the narrowest limits compatible with safety.

First of all, a patriotic spirit is necessary; not, of course, the bigoted anti-foreign spirit of the Boxers, but the enlightened attitude which is willing to learn from other nations while not willing to allow them to dominate. This attitude has been generated among educated Chinese, and to a great extent in the merchant class, by the brutal tuition of Japan. The danger of patriotism is that, as soon as it has proved strong enough for successful defense, it is apt to turn to foreign aggression. China, by her

resources and her population, is capable of being the greatest power in the world after the United States. It is much to be feared that, in the process of becoming strong enough to preserve their independence, the Chinese may become strong enough to embark upon a career of imperialism. It cannot be too strongly urged that patriotism should be only defensive, not aggressive. But, with this proviso, I think a spirit of patriotism is absolutely necessary to the regeneration of China. Independence is to be sought not as an end in itself, but as a means toward a new blend of Western skill with the traditional Chinese virtues.

The three chief requisites, I should say, are: first, the establishment of an orderly government; second, industrial development under Chinese control; and, third, the spread of education. All these aims will have to be pursued concurrently, but, on the whole, their urgency seems to me to come in the above order. The state will have to take a large part in building up industry, but this is impossible while the political anarchy continues. Funds for education on a large scale are also unobtainable until there is good government. Therefore good government is the prerequisite of all other reforms. Industrialism and education are closely connected, and it would be difficult to decide the priority between them; but I have put industrialism first, because, unless it is developed very soon by the Chinese, foreigners will have acquired such a strong hold that it will be very difficult indeed to oust them.

## § 2

1—*The establishment of an orderly government.* At the moment of writ-

ing the condition of China is as anarchic as it has ever been. So far as I can discover, Chinese Constitutionalists are doing the best thing that is possible at the moment; namely, concerting a joint program, involving the convoking of a parliament and the cessation of military usurpation. Union is essential, even if it involves sacrifice of cherished beliefs on the part of some. Given a program upon which all the Constitutionalists are united, they will acquire great weight in public opinion, which is very powerful in China. They may then be able, sooner or later, to offer a high constitutional position to some powerful general on condition of his ceasing to depend upon mere military force. By this means they may be able to turn the scales in favor of the man they select, as the student agitation turned the scales in July, 1920, in favor of Wu-pei-fu against the Arfu party. Such a policy can be successful only if it is combined with vigorous propaganda both among the civilian population and among the soldiers, and if, as soon as peace is restored, work is found for disbanded soldiers and pay for those who are not disbanded. This raises the financial problem, which is very difficult, because foreign powers will not lend except in return for some further sacrifice of the remnants of Chinese independence. I do not accept the statement by the American consortium bankers that a loan from them would not involve control over China's internal affairs. They may not mean control to be involved, but I am convinced that in fact it would be. The only way out of this difficulty that I can see is to raise an internal loan by appealing to the patriotism of Chinese merchants.

There is plenty of money in China, but, very naturally, rich Chinese will not lend to any of the brigands who at the moment of writing control the Government.

When the time comes to draft a permanent constitution, I have no doubt that it will have to be federal, allowing a very large measure of autonomy to the provinces, and reserving for the Central Government few things except customs, army and navy, foreign relations, and railways. Provincial feeling is strong, and it is now, I think, generally recognized that a mistake was made in 1912 in not allowing it more scope.

While a constitution is being drafted, and even after it has been agreed upon, it will not be possible to rely upon the inherent prestige of constitutionalism, or to leave public opinion without guidance. It will be necessary for the genuinely progressive people throughout the country to unite in a strongly disciplined society, arriving at collective decisions and enforcing support of those upon all its members. This society will have to win the confidence of public opinion by a very rigid avoidance of corruption and political profiteering; the slightest failure of a member in this respect must be visited by expulsion. The society must make itself obviously the champion of the national interests as against all self-seekers, speculators, and toadies to foreign powers. It will thus become able authoritatively to commend or condemn politicians and to wield great influence over opinion even in the army. There exists in Young China enough energy, patriotism, and honesty to create such a society and to make it strong through the respect which it will command.

Sooner or later, the encroachments of foreign powers upon the sovereign rights of China must be swept away. The Chinese must recover the treaty ports, control of the tariff, and so on; they must also free themselves from extraterritoriality. But all this can probably be done, as it was in Japan, without offending any foreign powers except, perhaps, the Japanese. It would be a mistake to complicate the early stages of Chinese recovery by measures which would antagonize foreign powers in general. Russia was in a stronger position for defense than China, yet Russia has suffered terribly from the general hostility provoked by the Bolsheviks. Given good government and a development of China's resources, it will be possible to obtain most of the needed concessions by purely diplomatic means; the rest can wait for a suitable opportunity.

### § 3

2—*Industrial development.* On this subject I have written elsewhere; it is certain general aspects of the subject that I wish to consider now. For reasons already given, I hold that all railways ought to be in the hands of the state, and that all successful mines ought to be purchased by the state at a fair valuation, even if they are not state-owned from the first. Contracts with foreigners for loans ought to be carefully drawn in order to leave the control to China. There would not be much difficulty about this if China had a stable and orderly government; in that case, many foreign capitalists would be willing to lend on good security without exacting any part in the management. Every possible diplomatic method should be employed to break



down such a monopoly as the consortium seeks to acquire in the matter of loans.

Given good government, a large amount of state enterprise would be desirable in Chinese industry. There are many arguments for state socialism, or, rather, what Lenine calls state capitalism, in any country which is economically, but not culturally, backward. In the first place, it is easier for the state to borrow than for a private person; in the second place, it is easier for the state to engage and employ the foreign experts who are likely to be needed for some time to come; in the third place, it is easier for the state to make sure that vital industries do not come under the control of foreign powers. What is perhaps more important than any of these considerations is that, by undertaking industrial enterprise from the first, the state can prevent the growth of many of the evils of private capitalism. If China can acquire a vigorous and honest state, it will be possible to develop Chinese industry without at the same time developing the overweening power of private capitalists by which the Western nations are now both oppressed and misled.

But if this is to be done successfully, it will require a great change in Chinese morals, a development of public spirit in place of the family ethic, a transference to the public service of that honesty which already exists in private business, and a degree of energy which is at present rare. I believe that Young China is capable of fulfilling these requisites, spurred on by patriotism; but it is important to realize that they are requisites, and that without them any system of state socialism must fail.

For industrial development it is important that the Chinese should learn to become technical experts and also to become skilled workers. I think more has been done toward the former of these needs than toward the latter. For the latter purpose it would probably be wise to import skilled workmen, say from Germany, and cause them to give instruction to Chinese workmen.

#### § 4

3—*Education.* If China is to become a democracy, as most progressive Chinese hope, universal education is imperative. Where the bulk of the population cannot read, true democracy is impossible. Education is a good in itself, but is also essential for developing political consciousness, of which at present there is almost none in rural China. The Chinese themselves are well aware of this, but in the present state of the finances it is impossible to establish universal elementary education. Until it has been established for some time, China must be, in fact, if not in form, an oligarchy, because the uneducated masses cannot have any effective political opinion. Even given good government, it is doubtful whether the immense expense of educating such a vast population could be borne by the nation without a considerable industrial development. Such industrial development as already exists is mainly in the hands of foreigners, and its profits provide war-ships for the Japanese or mansions and dinners for British and American millionaires. If its profits are to provide the funds for Chinese education, industry must be in Chinese hands. This is another reason why industrial development

must probably precede any complete scheme of education.

For the present, even if the funds existed, there would not be sufficient teachers to provide a schoolmaster in every village. There is, however, such an enthusiasm for education in China that teachers are being trained as fast as is possible with limited resources; indeed, a great deal of devotion and public spirit is being shown by Chinese educators, whose salaries are usually months in arrears.

Chinese control is, to my mind, as important in the matter of education as in the matter of industry. For the present it is still necessary to have foreign instructors in some subjects, though this necessity will soon cease. Foreign instructors, however, provided they are not too numerous, do no harm, any more than foreign experts in railways and mines. What does harm is foreign management. Chinese educated in mission schools, or in lay establishments controlled by foreigners, tend to become denationalized and to have a slavish attitude toward Western civilization. This unfits them for taking a useful part in the national life and tends to undermine their morals. Also, oddly enough, it makes them more conservative in purely Chinese matters than the young men and women who have had a modern education under Chinese auspices. Europeans in general are more conservative about China than the modern Chinese are, and they tend to convey their conservatism to their pupils. And of course their whole influence, unavoidably, if involuntarily, militates against national self-respect in those whom they teach.

Those who desire to do research

in some academic subject will for some time to come need a period of residence in some European or American university; but for the great majority of university students it is far better, if possible, to acquire their education in China. Returned students have to a remarkable extent the stamp of the country from which they have returned, particularly when that country is America. A society such as was foreshadowed earlier in this paper, in which all really progressive Chinese should combine, would encounter difficulties, as things stand, from the divergencies in national bias between students returned from, say, Japan, America, and Germany. Given time, this difficulty can be overcome by the increase in purely Chinese university education, but at present the difficulty would be serious.

To overcome this difficulty two things are needed: inspiring leadership, and a clear conception of the kind of civilization to be aimed at. Leadership will have to be both intellectual and practical. As regards intellectual leadership, China is a country where writers have enormous influence, and a vigorous reformer possessed of literary skill could carry with him the great majority of Young China. Men with the requisite gifts exist in China; I might mention, as an example personally known to me, Dr. Hu Suh. He has great learning, wide culture, remarkable energy, and a fearless passion for reform; his writings in the vernacular inspire enthusiasm among progressive Chinese. He is in favor of assimilating all that is good in Western culture, but is by no means a slavish admirer of our ways.

The practical political leadership of

such a society as I conceive to be needed would probably demand different gifts from those required in an intellectual leader. It is therefore likely that the two could not be combined in one man, but would need men as different as Lenine and Karl Marx.

The aim to be pursued is of importance not only to China, but to the world. Out of the renaissance spirit now existing in China it is possible, if foreign nations can be prevented from working havoc, to develop a new civilization better than any that the world has yet known. This is the aim which Young China should set before itself: the preservation of the urbanity and courtesy, the candor and the pacific temper, which are characteristic of the Chinese nation, together with a knowledge of Western science and an application of it to the practical problems of China. Of such practical problems there are two kinds, one due to the internal condition of China, and the other to its international situation. In the former class come education, democracy, the diminution of poverty, hygiene and sanitation, and the prevention of famines. In the latter class come the establishment of a strong government, the development of industrialism, the revision of treaties, and the recovery of the treaty ports (as to which Japan may serve as a model), and, finally, the creation of an army sufficiently strong to defend the country against Japan. Both classes of problems demand Western science, but they do not demand the adoption of the Western philosophy of life.

If the Chinese were to adopt the Western philosophy of life, they would,

as soon as they had made themselves safe against foreign aggression, embark upon aggression on their own account. They would repeat the campaigns of the Han and Tang dynasties in central Asia, and perhaps emulate Kublai by the invasion of Japan. They would exploit their material resources with a view to producing a few bloated plutocrats at home and millions dying of hunger abroad. Such are the results which the West achieves by the application of science. If China were led astray by the lure of brutal power, she might repel her enemies outwardly, but would have yielded to them inwardly. It is not unlikely that the great military nations of the modern world will bring about their own destruction by their inability to abstain from war, which will become, with every year that passes, more scientific and more devastating. If China joins in this madness, China will perish like the rest. But if Chinese reformers can have the moderation to stop when they have made China capable of self-defense and to abstain from the further step of foreign conquest; if, when they have become safe at home, they can turn aside from the materialistic activities imposed by the powers, and devote their freedom to science and art and the institution of a better economic system, then China will have played the part in the world for which she is fitted, and will have given to mankind as a whole new hope in the moment of greatest need. It is their hope that I wish to see inspiring Young China. This hope is realizable, and because it is realizable, China deserves a foremost place in the esteem of every lover of mankind.



# India and British Imperialism

By ALLEYNE IRELAND



THE reader of this article will seek in vain for any solid ground on which to base dissent or assent in respect to any view of the Indian problem whatever unless his mind is first clearly made up as to what he means when he employs the terms "inalienable rights" and "self-determination." Vague and conflicting interpretations of the former have intrigued the progress of society and the conduct of government over a great part of the globe; similar interpretations of the latter may well have the effect of driving mankind into a general war.

Inalienable rights, as the concern of political institutions, can occupy only one of two positions: their maintenance must be definitely accepted either as superior to or as inferior to the maintenance of any given system of government. The actuality of the former position is that it involves saving human liberty at the cost of political heresy; of the latter, that it involves sacrificing human liberty in the interest of political orthodoxy.

There can be no doubt as to which of these positions was taken by the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They not only defied the most powerful government in the world in order to secure inalienable rights, but also pledged themselves, with impressive solemnity, to the principle that any system of government which failed to safeguard these rights should be altered or abolished.

For any one who holds the opposite view, namely, that the form of a government is more important than the quality of its acts, no knowledge of Indian conditions is necessary to enable him to determine the issue of Indian self-rule. It would be, indeed, grossly unfair that he should make any appraisal of fact with reference to whether India is well or badly governed. If the facts showed that India was badly governed, on that ground he would condemn the Government of India; but if the facts showed that India was well governed, he would, nevertheless, condemn that Government on the ground that good government is no substitute for self-government.

Submitted to the test of this maxim, British rule in India stands condemned in advance of any investigation of its quality: it is wrong because it is British. With that point settled, it is superfluous to examine the hypothesis that although good government may be no substitute for self-government, it may be a very satisfactory substitute for national suicide.

The principle of political self-determination raises some further questions about which the reader must make up his mind if a discussion of Indian conditions is to have any value for him.

What does the right of self-determination mean? That a group of people are entitled to determine for themselves the form of their political

institutions, the soviet system or absolute monarchy, for instance, or does it mean that they have the right to determine this matter if they determine it the way we think they ought?

What is self-determination? Does the grant of autonomous local government by an imperial power to a dependency set up a state of self-determination in the dependency, or can self-determination only follow a revolution and the complete overthrow of all former authority?

If there are degrees of self-determination, what degree of it justifies acquiescence, what degree of its denial justifies revolution?

To whom does the principle of self-determination apply? To all the people living within a natural geographical area, or must such an area be split up into political divisions in order to give self-determination to several distinct racial groups?

If several violently antagonistic races are intermingled in any area in very unequal proportions, what constitutes self-determination for the population of that area?

Does any group, however defined, enjoy the right to self-determination, however defined, irrespective of all considerations in regard to the probable consequences for neighboring groups or for the world at large?

Each of these questions must be answered before any answer can be given to the specific question, Should India be self-ruled?

On the subject of an abstract right to self-rule I may say that, in my judgment, the people of India have a right to self-rule in no sense inferior to that enjoyed by the people of England or of any other territory, and that this right has the same operative force and

is subject to the same practical limitations as the right of every individual Indian and of each individual Englishman to play the violin as well as Fritz Kreisler and to swim as well as Annette Kellerman.

Whether any of these abstract rights are ever converted into actual realities depends wholly upon considerations having to do with the mental, moral, and physical make-up of those to whom the rights are attached. The translation from the realm of ideas to the realm of facts can never be effected by passing a resolution or by carrying out a revolution; all that either of these methods can of itself achieve is to make a declaration, which may be true or false, that the translation has been accomplished.

Now, if what the reader of this article wants is a picturesque and emotional survey of the Indian problem, condensed into a three-reel drama, he will turn elsewhere before reaching this point. If what he wants is to enlarge his understanding of a political situation which affects directly one person out of every six now living on this planet, and indirectly the whole population of the earth, he will find something of interest in the following brief outline of the broad elements of which the issue of Indian self-rule is composed.

## § 2

History shows that, as far back as the annals of mankind extend, most races have at one time or another embarked upon enterprises of conquest. To go no further back than the birth of Christ, the first century of the Christian era saw the Romans established in Great Britain, the tenth century saw the Hindus established in

Java, the twentieth century saw the Americans, the British, the French, the Italians, the Germans, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Danes, the Russians, the Japanese, the Belgians, and the Dutch established in various parts of the world, and administering government to "native" races. Whatever else may be said about the presence of the British in India, it cannot be described as a phenomenon due to some virtue or to some vice of which the British have a monopoly. So far as the mere existence of British rule in India is concerned, it is right or wrong in exactly the same degree as American rule in the Philippines, French rule in Madagascar, or Dutch rule in Sumatra is right or wrong.

When we turn to the practical matter of examining British rule in India for the purpose of determining its approximate place between the fanatical description of it as a corrupt and grasping tyranny, and the equally fanatical description of it as an institution from which the British demand only that it will make the Indian people prosperous, contented, and virtuous, we enter a field where standards of comparison are available, and where a vast body of objective evidence is at hand.

India is incomparably the most difficult country in the world for any body of men, native or foreign, to govern at all, let alone to govern well. Its area is about 1,800,000 square miles, equal to the combined area of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Japan, Egypt, Mexico, Palestine, Syria, New Zealand, and Chile; and its population is about 320 millions, or nearly three times that of the United States. If all the countries named above were combined to

form a single continent, the problem of governing it would be simple compared with the problem of governing India. Such a continent would contain fewer languages, fewer religious sects, fewer cultural stages, fewer social classes, and fewer illiterates.

The religious and social antagonisms of such a continent would appear feeble and unreal to any one familiar with the universality and violence which mark such antagonisms among the people of India. The feelings of a Puritan enforced to witness the elevation of the host were mild indeed compared with those with which a Hindu witnesses the slaughter of a cow by his Mohammedan neighbor. The use of cow fat to grease the cartridges of the native troops sufficed to plunge India into the horrors of the Mutiny.

The cow, as an object of the deepest religious veneration to two hundred million Hindus, is responsible for a state of tension between the Hindus and the Mohammedans, who are beef-eaters, that constitutes a perennial threat of riot and bloodshed in ten thousand communities.

The Hindu-Mohammedan reaction is, however, mildness itself compared with that which occurs between the various castes into which the Hindu population is itself divided.

Nobody knows how many Hindu castes there are, but the significance of the system is thus concisely stated by Sir Bampfylde Fuller:

"The population is heterogeneous to an extent that it needs actual experience to appreciate. It is no question of rich and poor, of town and country, of employer and employed: the differences lie far deeper. The population of a district or a town is a collection of

different nationalities—almost different species—of mankind that will not eat or drink or intermarry with one another, and that are governed in the more important affairs of life by committees of their own. It is hardly too much to say that by the caste system the inhabitants of India are differentiated into over two thousand species of mankind, which in the physical relations of life have as little in common as the inmates of a zoölogical garden.”

The caste system sets up in India conditions which place in the path of social and political progress obstacles of the most formidable character. Not only do the caste rules determine in advance of its birth the occupation which a child will have to follow all his life, not only do they forbid millions of the people from engaging in agriculture and other millions from engaging in manual labor of any kind, but also, by prescribing the kind of dress to be worn, the kind of food to be eaten, and the exact social status of each Hindu, they destroy almost every incentive which urges men to industry and thrift as the means of elevating their station in life.

It is a common assumption that, socially and politically, the difference between one Hindu caste and another can be expressed in terms of the difference between a Roman Catholic and a Presbyterian in the Western world. No one who cherishes this delusion can attain the slightest understanding of the Indian problem.

The divisions of caste are, broadly speaking, identical with differences of occupation. A conception of what the caste system does to a community may be gained by imagining the condition the United States would be in if

no carpenter could eat in the same restaurant as a farmer, if neither a carpenter nor a farmer could eat food which had not been prepared by a carpenter or by a farmer, if a carpenter was compelled to throw away, un-tasted, any food which had been approached by a farmer to within a distance of forty feet, if neither a carpenter nor a farmer were allowed to take water from the village pump, but had to leave a pail outside the village limits, to be filled at night by the driver of the village garbage-cart, if any carpenter or farmer who violated any of these rules, or any of a hundred similar rules, would be exiled from all association with his neighbors, would be denied food and water by every member of the community, and would be declared a source of contamination to any person of good standing upon whom even his shadow should fall.

Extend this to cover every difference of occupation in the United States, and then imagine what it would do to the problems of law and order, public health, education, and national unity.

The caste system is enforced by the Hindus with a rigor against which the efforts of the British Government, except in regard to the formerly prevalent custom by which widows were burned alive on the funeral pyres of their husbands, have proved utterly powerless.

Beneath the great mass of Moham-medans and the great mass of orthodox Hindus there exists a great mass of Indians who are regarded with the utmost horror and contempt by every native outside their own ranks. These unfortunate persons are those who have been expelled from the castes, and those who engage in what are regarded as degrading and polluting

occupations, such as street-sweeping and the skinning of cattle, and who do not observe the Hindu food taboos. They number not fewer than fifty millions (about the total population of South America), and such is the attitude of all other natives of India toward them that neither their social, their political, nor their economic condition could be appreciably improved even in a native-ruled India unless both Mohammedanism and Hinduism were first destroyed.

Finally, the vast population of India is divided by a line of cleavage which, throughout the whole of recorded Indian history up to the time when British rule was firmly established, made those on one side of it masters and those on the other side of it slaves. This is the line which absolutely divides the warlike races from the pacific races.

It may be said broadly that in India the vast majority of the Mohammedans are warlike and are physically suited for military service and that the vast majority of the Hindus have the opposite characteristics. The exceptions among the latter—honorable or dishonorable, according to the point of view, but, from any point of view, seriously to be reckoned with—are the members of a few races or sects, like the Rajputs, the Marathas, and the Sikhs, all of which possess excellent military material.

As between the warlike minority and the peaceful majority in India the realities of power were, before British rule put an end to interracial warfare and interracial oppressions, such as would have existed in a medieval state in which the population was made up of an Irish minority and an Armenian majority.

With the foregoing considerations before us, we may proceed to give some account of British rule in India down to the time when, toward the end of the nineteenth century, a policy of political liberalization was adopted.

### § 3

To the earlier phases of the British connection with India only the briefest of references can here be made. Originating at the beginning of the seventeenth century through the activities of the East India Company, which was granted its charter by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1600, the English operations in India for about two hundred years reflected those characteristics which during that period marked the over-sea enterprises of all nations.

Though the spirit of discovery and adventure determined to some extent what particular persons engaged in such undertakings, the same object was always pursued, that of foreign trade, and foreign trade in those days was a mixture, in varying proportions, of diplomacy, war, plunder, and legitimate commerce.

By the end of the eighteenth century England had driven out of India her French and Dutch rivals, and had, through conquests and alliances, become the most formidable single power from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from the delta of the Indus to the delta of the Ganges. By the middle of the nineteenth century she ruled, through the agency of the East India Company, an Indian Empire almost as large as that which she rules to-day.

Her position in the peninsula of Hindustan had been secured through much bloodshed, through much injustice, through the levy of an im-



mense tribute. If her course is to be weighed with anything approaching impartiality, there must be placed on one side of the scales the fact that she had inflicted no more bloodshed and no more injustice upon the people of India than their own rulers had inflicted on them from time immemorial, and the fact that the plunder she carried from the Ganges to the Thames was taken not from the people of India, but from those native kings and princes who had plundered the people of India in order to fill their treasure-houses.

On the heels of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 Parliament passed an "Act for the Better Government of India," which transferred the administration of British-ruled India from the East India Company to the Crown of England. If her principal motive remained a selfish one, that of creating a profitable trade with India, the method she employed was not that of exploitation, from which native races have everything to fear, but that of development, from which they have everything to hope.

This antithesis is not addressed to an absurd pretense that England's sole purpose in ruling a great part of the world is to improve the lot of the native races, but to England's sound judgment that she can conduct a more profitable trade with people who enjoy peace, justice, and good administration than she can with people who are the terrified victims of a senseless and brutal oppression. If, however, law, order, and political progress are not the immediate aims of British rule, modern history furnishes incontestable proof that they are almost invariably among its consequences.

From the day the British Govern-

ment took over the rule of India to this the history of British India has been one of marked progress, as well in the political as in the economic sphere. If the general social progress of the people of India has been, by comparison, very slow, the causes are to be sought not in the character of British rule, but in the rigid limitations which the native Indian civilization imposes, and always has imposed, upon itself. There have occurred, indeed, isolated events which lay the Government of India open to just criticism. Of these there is not one for which a parallel may not be found in the history of countries which enjoy the most advanced forms of popular self-rule. British Government in India can no more be condemned root and branch because several hundred unarmed natives were shot down at Amritsar, all question of justification being waived for the purpose of the argument, than the United States Government can be so condemned on account of lynchings, or American state government on account of the Colorado and West Virginia labor wars, or South African government on account of the Revolt on the Rand.

When the question is one of justifying revolution, the broad character and general effects of government must be considered, not merely an occasional instance of outrage or violence, even when such an instance discloses the utmost brutality.

#### § 4

The two general charges most commonly made by those who describe British rule in India as a thing so vile and oppressive that it is the moral obligation of the world to destroy it are that India is being rapidly ruined

by English rapacity and that the population of India is held in subjection by the armed might of England.

With reference to the charge that England is ruining India I must ask my readers to examine the following figures:

**TWENTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN  
BRITISH-RULED INDIA  
(1899 to 1918)**

Increase in population . . . . .	10%
Increase in value of imports . . . .	147%
Increase in value of exports . . . .	134%
Increase in area of land under crops . . . . .	26%
Increase of area under irrigation	43%
Increase in number male pupils in schools . . . . .	65%
Increase in number female pupils in schools . . . . .	197%
Increase in public expenditure . . .	51%
Increase in expenditure on military account . . . . .	50%
Increase in expenditure on education . . . . .	277%
Increase in number railroad passengers . . . . .	184%
Increase in number tons freight carried by railroads . . . . .	136%
Increase in mileage of railroads in operation . . . . .	111%
Increase in number depositors in savings banks . . . . .	117%
Increase in value of deposits in savings banks during a year	183%
Increase in number letters mailed . . . . .	106%
Increase in number newspapers mailed . . . . .	81%
Increase in number money orders	169%
Increase in value of money orders	144%
Increase in number of telegrams	325%
Increase in parcel-post business .	120%

It may be explained that the figures for imports and exports are based on the years from 1894 to 1913 in order

to avoid the abnormalities produced by the Great War.

There are, of course, a great many important elements in the life of the people of India upon which the foregoing figures have no bearing; but they suffice to prove beyond any question that India under British rule is enjoying a rate of progress which most other countries would envy. The figures are such as would delight the heart of any publicity agent hired to boost a State, a county, or a township in any part of the United States.

The claim frequently and vociferously advanced by the radical wing of the Indian Nationalists that the people of India are held in servitude by the armed might of England is absurd on its face.

There are in India about two hundred and fifty million people under British rule. The number of British troops in India varies slightly from year to year, but is never in excess of eighty thousand, and averages fewer than seventy-five thousand. This gives us fewer than one British soldier to three thousand of the general population, and about one British soldier to every thirteen square miles of British-ruled territory. For every British soldier there are three native soldiers.

In this connection it is important to remember that there are in India a large number of native-ruled states. Their combined area is more than seven hundred thousand square miles (about that of England, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Norway), and their combined population is seventy millions, equal to that of the whole of the Western hemisphere, leaving out the United States and Canada.

Thus, taking India as a single unit, there is in it one British soldier to

every four thousand of the population, or one to every twenty-four square miles of territory. If the British soldiers in India were distributed about the country, they could all be killed overnight, if in each district one native in every thousand was anxious to take part in the massacre. If the British soldiers were gathered together in any one of the Indian provinces, there would remain over an area five times the size of France without a single British soldier in it, and in that area the natives could set up self-rule without firing a shot.

To talk of the people of India, among whom there are many millions of excellent fighting men, as being held in subjection by the armed might of England is simply ludicrous.

There is, indeed, a very simple test in regard to the actual estimate of British rule held by the overwhelming mass of the Indian people. Since there are dotted here and there about India hundreds of native-ruled states, and since there is nothing whatever to prevent any British-ruled Indian from walking across the road and settling down in native-ruled territory, genuine discontent with British rule would, if it existed, lead to a great migration into native-ruled states. So far from there being any such movement, the balance of migration has been out of native-ruled states into British-ruled territory.

The fact is that the present agita-

tion for Indian self-rule is not based upon any considerations having to do with the alleged tyranny, inefficiency, extravagance, and greed of the English. Its force is derived from motives associated with the racial and religious animosities by which India has been deeply affected throughout the whole course of her recorded history, and to which an increased intensity has been imparted by the program of political liberalization which has been slowly, but steadily, pursued by England ever since the close of the Indian Mutiny.

One would suppose, after reading the propaganda of those who are agitating for immediate and complete self-rule for India, that the people of India had as little voice in the government of the country as they had under native rule prior to the advent of the British in the seventeenth century, or under British rule during the eighteenth century.

Nothing could be further from the truth. From 1861 to the present day the measure of participation in their government enjoyed by the people of India has been enlarged from time to time, and the rate of progress in political evolution has been more rapid in India during that period than it has been in almost any other country in the world.

The history of this evolution, and the extremely interesting and important problems which it has created, will be the subject of another article.

(A paper on "India and British Liberalism" will follow.)





# An American Looks at His World

*Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank*



## THE CHURCH AND THE COMING RENAISSANCE

Two things determine the choice of my subject for this month: a letter from Bishop William F. Anderson, distinguished prelate of the Methodist Episcopal communion, and Professor William Adams Brown's recently issued volume on "The Church in America," a volume that is encyclopedic in its information and refreshingly constructive in its discussion of the function of the church in modern life.

With the first as a cue and the second as a source book of data, I want to take advantage of this opportunity to answer some of the many queries raised in the minds of churchmen, here and in England, by the discussions I have been carrying on in these columns since last June—discussions of the spiritual outlook for Western civilization, of the relative probability of a new Dark Ages or a new Renaissance, and particularly of the direction in which we may look for signs of that moral renewal of the Western world which I have ventured to predict as possible, provided our leadership, both secular and ecclesiastical, uses wisely the spiritual raw materials that now lie about us in confusion and challenge.

I am sorry that Bishop Anderson's letter is not at hand as I write, so that I might quote from it verbatim. Its essence, however, lies clear in my

mind. After a singularly illuminating and wholly sympathetic critique of some of the issues raised in these discussions, Bishop Anderson wrote that, upon a first reading of these papers, he found himself asking whether I had given adequate consideration to the part organized religion should and can play in the realization of such a renaissance. He asserted that he was keenly aware of the doubts that a study of the past might raise in one's mind, but that he was convinced by his current daily experience that the church is in a better position than ever in its history to assume its rightful and imperative responsibility in the leadership of any such renewal of our common life.

If at any point in these discussions I have seemed to minimize the importance of religion in this needed renaissance of Western civilization, it has been due to my faulty statement rather than to my intention. I am convinced that any reformation, any revolution, any renewal, or any renaissance that is to mean more than a mere reestablishment of the old order of things under new names must be, in the deepest sense of the word, a religious movement. It must deal with the roots of life, not merely polish and pack in new and fancy containers the fruits of life. Anything less will be only an adventure in what Mazzini

called "the petty skirmishes for interests and rights." I am sure that Mazzini was right when he said that "there has never been a single great Revolution that has not had its source outside material interests. We know of riots, of popular insurrections, but of none that has been crowned with success, or transformed into a Revolution. Every Revolution is the work of a *principle* which has been accepted as a basis of faith. . . . If a Revolution did not imply a general reorganization by virtue of a social principle . . . if it did not secure a moral unity . . . we should believe it our duty to oppose the revolutionary movement with all our power. . . . The true instrument of the progress of the peoples is to be sought in the moral factor."

I have said that, in my judgment, the next great spiritual renewal would rest upon a bringing together into a new synthesis of all the new spiritual values that have been thrown up as by-products of modern thought and investigation in biology, psychology, sociology, economics, political science, and related quests of the modern mind. I do not believe that the impulse to this new synthesis is going to arise spontaneously out of our laboratories, our factories, or our political headquarters. We must look to some general leadership, animated by a genuinely religious passion for the unity and richness of life, to light the fires of this renaissance. Now, this may seem at first glance to be a coldly secular proposal, a substitution of the test-tubes of a laboratory for the stone tables of Mount Sinai, but it is at heart religious, just as Mazzini's political adventures were as truly adventures in religion as were

the ministries of the prophets of Israel.

The things I have suggested as sources of the projected renaissance are not things to take the place of religious leadership; they are the raw materials with which religious leadership must, as I see it, work. In every time of grand scale readjustment a lot of raw material for religious enrichment is unearthed. The tragedy frequently is that religious leadership fails to see it for what it is. The war was such a time. Never were there as many people fumbling for God, and in too many instances the chaplain was more "good fellow" than guide. In a little book called "Disenchantment," C. E. Montague, with rare insight and rare felicity of phrase, has painted a picture of the lost opportunity the war gave to religious leadership. He says:

"When you want to catch the Thames gudgeon you first comb the river's bed hard with a long rake. In the turbid water thus caused the creatures will be on the feed, and if you know how to fish you may get a great take. For our professional fishers of men in the army the war did the raking *gratis*. . . . Imagine the religious revival that there might have been if some man of apostolic genius had had the fishing in the troubled waters, the plowing and sowing of the broken soil."

He gives in detail typical conversations of men in trench and camp, and with the poignancy and hunger of them in the reader's mind, he goes on to say: "Thus would these inexpert people hang unconsciously about the uncrossed threshold of religion. With minds which had recovered in some degree the penetrative simplicity of a child's, they disinterred this or that

unidentified bone of the buried God from under the monumental piles of debris which the learned, the cunning, and the proud priests and kings, churches and chapels, had heaped up over the ideas of perfect love, of faith that would leave all to follow that love, and of the faithful spirit's release from mean fears of extinction. In talk they could bring each other up to the point of feeling that little rifts had opened here and there in the screens which are hung round the life of man on the earth, and that they had peeped through into some large outer world that was strange only because they were used to a small and dim one. They were prepared and expectant. If any official religion could ever refine the gold out of all that rich alluvial drift of 'obstinate questionings of sense and outward things,' now was its time. No figure of speech, among all these that I have mixed, can give the measure of the greatness of that opportunity."

Now, as Mr. Montague says, "the clumsy fumbings of uninstructed people among things of the spirit might, one imagines, be just such stuff as a skilled teacher and leader in this field might have delighted to come upon and to inspire and marshal." But the war was ended, and the opportunity, this particular opportunity, went begging, and the whole Western world was caught in the sweep of a vast crescendo of hatreds, victim of a resurgence of jungle ethics.

The point I have been trying to emphasize in these discussions is that the spiritual leadership of the world faces a similar opportunity to-day. There are raw materials, perhaps finer than those of war-time, lying all about, waiting to be utilized by the leadership

that knows religious values even when they are unlabeled. For the last fifty years especially our scientists and our scholars, as Mr. Montague says of the soldiers, have been digging out of themselves, not knowing what it was, the clay of which the bricks are made with which religions are built. Instead of the pathetic and irreligious bombardment of scholarship and scientific findings by certain groups in the churches, it is the duty of religious leadership to infuse scholarship and the findings of science with spiritual meaning. The conscious control of civilization is at last within our grasp if we can heal the age-old schism between the leaderships of our secular and our religious life.

I agree with Bishop Anderson that the church should and can assume its rightful and imperative share in the leadership of the new renaissance which we must realize unless we want to surrender our hopes and enter a new Dark Ages. I believe that opposition and blindness to the spiritual significance of modern thought and science are confined to a belligerent minority in religious leadership. And I do not think it is a question of the pulpit always lagging far behind the pew. For every minister who is failing to translate religion into terms of the modern adventure, we may be sure that in some church up the street we laymen are sitting, fat bodied and fat brained, in stubborn opposition to that Christianizing of Christianity which is the passion and program of the more prophetic type of ministers who are more and more coming to places of leadership in the various denominations.

The greatest religious advance will be brought about by the religious leadership which takes all of life for its

field, breaks down the artificial distinction between things sacred and things secular, and invests the whole round of human interests with spiritual significance, refusing to think of religion as a mere department of life or an alien something thrust into life. In short, genuine religious leadership plays for the enrichment, the increase, and the moral unity of life. The religious leader of the future must be less the critic and more the creative interpreter.

Every year there are more ministers of this sort entering our pulpits. I am pleading only that this emergence of the religious leader who sees life whole be speeded up. In earlier papers of this series I have suggested only that the men of the church become their own severest critics, subjecting their theology, their terminology, and their technic to a continuous moral analysis in order that they may detect the first signs of obsolescence. For, after all, there are few more immoral things in the world than an obsolete theology or an obsolete technic of religious leadership. Then, indeed, the worst enemies of religion are of its own household. Too much depends upon religious leadership for us to allow it to be ever other than finely adjusted to the tasks of the time it serves.

I should like to suggest a few of the things that seem to me—a layman standing on the side-lines—essential if the church is to play its full part in the needed renaissance of Western civilization. Most of these things, I am sure, have been hinted at in earlier papers, but I want to push their discussion a bit further.

For one thing, the church must wisely adjust itself to its new intellectual environment, facing sympa-

thetically what Professor Brown calls "that complex of new influences and ideas which we sum up under the name of modern science."

I realize, of course, that only a small minority of the masses ministered to by the church is directly or consciously concerned about the issues raised by modern science. Contrary to our glib assumption, it is the occasional man who is worrying about adjusting his religious beliefs to the findings of modern science. As Professor Brown says, "Those who move in the academic atmosphere of our colleges and our schools find it difficult to realize how slowly ideas move, and what vast sections of our population still live their lives and think their thoughts as if Galileo had never lived nor Darwin written." The average minister could go on for the next fifty years parroting obsolete phrases and juggling the unrealities of threadbare theologies without protest save from a minority of his congregation.

Now, it is against human nature, that blessed old jade who has had to take the blame for every failure since the emergence of man, to suppose that we shall see any very important change for better in religious leadership if the only argument for it is that the minister should adjust his thought and vocabulary to the high-browed and modern-minded minority in his church. There is enough of the politician in all of us to make us play with the majority unless there are compelling reasons for another course. But the wise adjustment of the church to its new intellectual environment, as I see it, is a far more urgent thing than this.

There is something vastly more urgent and more important than trying to adjust the first chapter of

Genesis to the latest scientific account of the world's evolution. The adult mind is not thrilled by the theatrical assertion, "I am more interested in the Rock of Ages than in the age of rocks." This and similar assertions made by Mr. Bryan in his quixotic attack on modern science are anachronisms. The problem that religious leadership faces to-day is not the reconciliation of modern science to ancient theologies, but the utilization of the results of science for spiritual purposes, for the enrichment, the increase, and the moral unity of life. Science has forever demolished many of the absurdities that mankind in its ignorance and its exuberant enthusiasm confused with religion, but science has brought added power to the appeal of every reality of religion. Science is the ally, not the enemy, of religion. This should be by now a settled issue. Science is not sniping our religious leadership; it is supplying religious leadership with some of its finest raw materials. It is the use of these raw materials for the purposes of life, and not any theoretical adjustment between science and theology, that I have in mind when I speak of the necessity of a wise adjustment of the church to its new intellectual environment.

It is worth going on a bit with this assertion that the primary duty of present-day religious leadership is to use science rather than to pass *ex cathedra* judgment upon its general friendliness or hostility to this or that theology. There is at the present moment, as Professor Brown suggests, a growing realization in all quarters that science alone is not a staff upon which we can afford to trust our weight. Science is power, but power may be

prostituted. A sharp knife may be a good tool in the hands of a good workman; it may be a dangerous weapon in the hands of a lunatic. It has been only a few months since we were using the results of modern science in a war that came near being the suicide of Western civilization.

Now, all this does not justify our thinking that science is essentially irreligious; it does not justify our turning away from scientific thinking to refuge in a tenuous mysticism. It only shows what Mr. Bryan and the party in the church which follows him seem never to have realized—that science is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral, waiting to be used for high ends or low at the will of the user. It is the business of the religious leadership of the future to see to it that the results of science in all fields are used for high ends. If I may resort again to the phrase that seems to be running like a refrain through this paper, it is the business of religious leadership to use the results of modern biology, psychology, sociology, economics, and the like, for the enrichment, the increase, and the moral unification of life.

As a corollary to this, the church must put more thought and more money into its schools of theology. I wish it were possible to stop the use of the name "school of theology" and substitute for it "school of religious leadership." It may seem to some of small importance what the schools that train our religious leaders are called. The name is, I admit, a trifle, but it is one of those "tremendous trifles" of which Mr. Chesterton has written so engagingly. There is no use in beating about the bush: the very word theology, important as



it is for a man to have a theology, has come to be associated with an obsolete type of religious leadership. The name "school of religious leadership" would, I think, give an air of modernity and reality to the adventure upon which the young man sets out when he enters one of our seminaries. It is leaders we want and leaders we must have. The mere jobholder is of little more value in the pulpit than in the factory. I suspect that we should find ourselves driven to a pretty complete overhauling of the curricula of our seminaries if we compelled every course to defend its right to a place by what it contributed to the fitting of a man to give spiritual significance to the environment and the every-day activities of the men and women who are to be in his parish.

I have said before in these columns that I think the minister should scrap about three fourths of the ancient vocabulary that hangs like a millstone about the neck of his profession. There is a real need of a vulgarization of the pulpit. I mean, of course, by such vulgarization a translation of the speech of the pulpit into the vernacular. There is no earthly reason why a man should use an essentially different vocabulary in the pulpit than he would use elsewhere. There is nothing sacred about the phrases of the fathers. Every word and every phrase that does not relate itself to the experience of the man in the pew is a handicap to the man in the pulpit.

Again, the church must, if it is to give leadership to the forces making for a renaissance of our civilization, accept responsibility for the regeneration of institutions as well as for the regeneration of individuals. It must

broaden its "scheme of redemption" to take in the social as well as the personal life. This does not mean that the church must work out a social and industrial program and tack it on to Christianity as a sort of postscript or afterthought. It must rest upon a real conviction that Christianity was in the beginning a social revolution as well as a personal message. And by "revolution" I do not mean a mere revolt in the interest of material rights alone, but a deep-reaching passion and program that was religious because it was social, not despite the fact that it was social.

I know the hundred and one arguments against the minister's dipping into politics and burning his fingers in industrial questions "about which he cannot possibly know anything practical." I know the insistent appeal that he preach "the old gospel." But I am convinced that the religious leader who does not boldly interpret the moral significance of social, political, and industrial policies becomes in time only a "seller of rhetoric." If we will stop trying to reconstruct theology and undertake to rediscover Christianity, we shall find that, far from asking the minister to preach a "new gospel," this is really an appeal to preach the "old gospel" which was for several centuries lost in the hands of men who were content to preach only half of the message of the Carpenter—the personal half. I do not suggest that the pulpit be transformed into a lecture-desk. There are men aplenty to lecture on this or that problem. The world is waiting, as some one puts it, for the religious leader who can talk economics so that men will feel in the presence of God.

# CENTURY

for DECEMBER 1922



*Beginning*

ZONA GALE'S NEW NO  
"FAINT PERFUMI

# Did You Know This?

That fragile bubbles spoil a shaving cream?

Here is the greatest mistake that chemists made in old-time shaving creams. They supposed that lather merely softened the beard. So they made no effort to have the lather substantial. But we found this: There are many ways to soften beards without the use of lather. But shaving is difficult. Too many hairs are missed. One must shave the same surface again and again.

We searched for the reason and found it. Bubbles are needed to hold the hair erect. So they must be small, abundant, durable and tough.

That's the greatest advantage in Palmolive Shaving Cream. It

forms rubber-like bubbles, small and substantial. It surrounds the hair and holds them up.

## *Where else it excels*

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Thus the lather is abundant. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

It sets quickly—within one minute the hair absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a tough beard wax-like.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. Thus it does not need reapplying.

It is soothing. The palm and olive blend makes the soap a lotion. The skin is left soft and tender. Irritation is prevented.

We will be glad to send you a ten-shave tube free. Please send your name and address.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA.

also makers of Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Creams



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*



VOL. 105

CONTENTS for DECEMBER, 1922

No. 2

Frontispiece, illustrating "The Thin Queen of Elfhame" . . .	REA IRVIN	
The Thin Queen of Elfhame. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	JAMES BRANCH CABELL	163
<i>Drawings by</i> REA IRVIN		
Cross-Examining Santa Claus . . . . .	CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN	169
An Arabian Anabasis . . . . .	E. ALEXANDER POWELL	175
<i>Drawings by</i> KERR EBY		
Faint Perfume. <i>A novel. I</i> . . . . .	ZONA GALE	189
<i>Woodcut by</i> BERNHARDT KLEBOE		
The Scandal Handkerchief . . . . .	GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY	203
<i>Drawings by</i> C. B. FALLS		
Testing the Mental Tests . . . . .	H. ADDINGTON BRUCE	214
Homesickness. <i>Verses</i> . . . . .	HENRY BELLAMANN	222
<i>Woodcut by</i> ERNEST HASKELL		
Maria Concepción. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	KATHERINE ANNE PORTER	224
<i>Drawings by</i> ROSS SANTEE		
The Stevenson Myth . . . . .	GEORGE S. HELLMAN	240
<i>Drawings by</i> PAUL ROCHÉ		
A Gift from the East. <i>A fable</i> . . . . .	LINCOLN STEFFENS	253
And after Lenine? . . . . .	ERNESTINE EVANS	256
<i>Drawings by</i> JO DAVIDSON		
Quarrel. <i>Verses</i> . . . . .	ELINOR WYLIE	270
Are the Artists Going Mad? . . . . .	GILBERT K. CHESTERTON	271
Some Old French Towns. <i>Sketches</i> . . . . .	SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN	279
The Last of the Vikings. <i>A novel. II</i> . . . . .	JOHAN BOJER	284
<i>Drawings by</i> SIGURD SKOU		
The Foreign Point of View . . . . .	MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN	308
An American Looks at His World . . . . .	THE EDITOR	317
<i>Some Renaissance Raw Materials</i>		
Among Our Contributors . . . . .		<i>Front advertising pages</i>
Investment and Banking . . . . .	JOHN K. BARNES.	<i>Front advertising pages</i>

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: Published monthly; 50 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year in the United States, \$5.60 in Canada, and \$6.00 in all other countries (postage included). Publication and circulation office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and advertising offices, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions may be forwarded to either of the above offices. Pacific Coast office, 327 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California. W. Morgan Shuster, President; Don M. Parker, Secretary; George L. Wheelock, Treasurer; James Abbott, Assistant Treasurer. Board of Trustees: George H. Hasen, Chairman; George Inness, Jr.; W. Morgan Shuster. The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. All material herein published under copyright, 1922, by The Century Co. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Entered as second-class matter August 18, 1920, at the U. S. post-office, Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered also at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Printed in U. S. A.

# In the JANUARY CENTURY



**EASTWARD HO!** *by Alfred E. Zimmern*

A brilliant discussion of the tendency of the small nations of east-central Europe to turn toward the East, with its profound and spiritual values, and away from the excessive industrialism of the West.

**THE TRUCE THAT CAME TOO LATE** *by Stephen McKenna*

A story located in Ireland, but staged in the human heart.

**OLD WISDOM IN A NEW TONGUE** *by Carl Van Doren*

An incisive study of George Ade, moralist in slang, the first of a series of papers examining the significance of American civilization, with American literature as a point of departure.

**CRIMINAL COMMUNICATIONS** *by Waldemar Kaempffert*

A fascinating glimpse into the romantic codes and communications of the criminal world.

**THE WINGED BABY** *by Edwina Stanton Babcock*

A fantastic short story which is at once the most amusing and the most illuminating thing yet written on the younger generation.

**FAINT PERFUME** *by Zona Gale*

The second instalment of a novel which compresses a world of drama in a little room.

**BOOKLESS PHILOSOPHERS** *by Maurice G. Hindus*

A truly human document, giving a verbatim report of conversations with Doukhobors.

**THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS** *by Joban Bojer*

The third part of an unforgettable Scandinavian novel that pictures life by steel-gray fiords and on the sea near the fishing-grounds of Lofoten.

*Other articles by E. Alexander Powell, Grace Thompson Seton. Stories by Fleta Campbell Springer, Stacy Aumonier.*

---

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

C. 12-22

I am enclosing \$5.00, for which please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one full year.

Name.....

Address.....

**THE  
CENTURY MAGAZINE**



**DECEMBER  
1922**



Now you must go your way as I go  
mine!



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 105

December, 1922

No. 2

## The Thin Queen of Elfhome

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

DRAWINGS BY REA IRVIN

How many silken ladies wept, well out of eyeshot of their husbands, when it was known that courteous Anavalt had left Count Emmerick's court, remains an indeterminable matter; but it is certain the number was large. There were, in addition, three women whose grieving for him was not ever to be ended: these did not weep. In the meanwhile, with all this furtive sorrowing some leagues behind him and with a dead horse at his feet, tall Anavalt stood at a sign-post and doubtfully considered a rather huge dragon.

"No," the dragon was saying comfortably; "no, for I have just had dinner, and exercise upon a full stomach is unwholesome. So I shall not fight you, and you are welcome, for all of me, to go your ways into the Woods of Elfhome."

"Yet what," says Anavalt, "if I were to be more observant than you of your duty and of your hellish origin? And what if I were to insist upon a fight to the death?"

When dragons shrug in sunlight, their bodies are one long, green, glittering ripple.

"I should be conquered. It is my business to be conquered in this world, where there are two sides to everything, and where one must look for reverses. I tell you frankly, tired man, that all we terrors who keep colorful the road to the Elle Maid are here for the purpose of being conquered. We make the way seem difficult, and that makes you who have souls in your bodies the more determined to travel on it. Our thin queen found out long ago that the most likely manner of alluring men to her striped windmill was to persuade men she is quite inaccessible."

Said Anavalt:

"That I can understand; but I need no such baits."

"Aha, so you have not been happy out yonder where people have souls? You probably are not eating enough; so long as one can keep on eating regularly, there is not much the matter. In fact, I see the hunger in your eyes, tired man."

Anavalt said:

"Let us not discuss anybody's eyes, for it is not hunger, or indigestion either, which drives me to the Wood of Elfhome. There is a woman yonder,



dragon, a woman whom ten years ago I married. We loved each other then, we shared a noble dream. To-day we sleep together and have no dreams. To-day I go in flame-colored satin, with heralds before me, into bright, long halls where kings await my counsel, and my advising becomes the law of cities that I have not seen. The lords of this world accredit me with wisdom, and say that nobody is more shrewd than Anavalt. But when at home, as if by accident, I tell my wife about these things, she smiles not very merrily. For my wife knows more of the truth as to me and my powers and my achievements than I myself would care to know, and I can no longer endure the gaze of her forgiving eyes and the puzzled hurt which is behind that forgiveness. So let us not discuss anybody's eyes."

"Well, well," the dragon returned, "if you come to that, I think it would be more becoming for you not to discuss your married life with strangers, especially when I have just had dinner and am just going to have a nap."

With that the evil worm turned round three times, his whiskers drooped, and he coiled up snugly about the sign-post which said, "Keep Out Of These Woods." He was a time-worn and tarnished dragon, as you could see now, with no employment in the world since men had forgotten the myth in which he used to live appallingly; so he had come, in homeless decrepitude, to guard the Wood of Elfame.

Anavalt thus left this inefficient and out-moded monster. Anavalt went into the wood. He did not think of the tilled meadows or the chests of new-minted coin or the high estate

which belonged to Anavalt in the world where people have souls. He thought of quite other matters as he walked in a dubious place. Here to the right of Anavalt's pathway were seen twelve in red tunics; they had head-dresses of green, and upon their wrists were silver rings. These twelve were alike in shape and age and loveliness; there was no flaw in the appearance of any, there was no manner of telling one from another. All these made a lament with small, sweet voices that followed the course of a thin and tinkling melody. They sang of how much better were the old times than the new, and none could know more thoroughly than did Anavalt the reason of their grieving; but since they did not molest him, he had no need to meddle with these women's secrets any more. So he went on, and nothing as yet opposed him; at most, a grasshopper started from the path, sometimes a tiny frog made way for him.

He came to a blue bull that lay in the road, blocking it. This beast appeared more lusty and more terrible than other bulls; all his appurtenances were larger and seemed more prodigally ready to give life and death. Courteous Anavalt cried out:

"O Nandi, now be gracious and permit me to pass unhindered toward the striped windmill."

"To think," said the bull, "that you should mistake me for Nandi! No, tired man, the Bull of the Gods is white, and nothing of that serene color may ever come into these woods." And the bull nodded very gravely, shaking the blue curls that were between his cruel horns.

"Ah, then, sir, I must entreat your forgiveness for the not unnatural



error into which I was betrayed by the majesty of your appearance."

While Anavalt was speaking, he wondered why he should be at pains to humor an illusion so trivial as he knew this bull to be. For this, of course, was just the ruler of the Kittle cattle which everywhere feed upon the dew pools. The Queen of Elfhome, in that low estate to which the world's redemption had brought her, could employ only the most inexpensive of retainers; the gods served her no longer.

"So you consider my appearance majestic! To think of that, now!" observed the flattered bull, and he luxuriously exhaled blue flames. "Well, certainly you have a mighty civil way with you, to be coming from that overbearing world of souls. Still, my duty is, as they say, my duty; fine words are less filling than moonbeams; and, in short, I do not know of any good reason why I should let you pass toward Queen Vae."

Anavalt answered:

"I must go to your thin mistress because among the women yonder

whose bodies were not denied to me there is one woman whom I cannot forget. We loved each other once; we had, as I recall that radiant time, a quaint and callow faith in our shared insanity. Then somehow I stopped caring for these things; I turned to matters of more sensible worth. She took no second lover; she lives alone. Her beauty and her quick laughter are put away, she is old, and the home of no man is glad because of her, who should have been the tenderest of wives and the most merry of mothers. When I see her, there is no hatred in the brown eyes which once were bright and roguish, but only forgiveness and a puzzled grieving. Now there is in my mind no reason why I should think about this woman differently from some dozens of other women who were maids when I first knew them, but there is in my mind an unreason that will not put away the memory of this woman's notions about me."

"Well," said the bull, yawning, "for my part, I find one heifer as good as another; and I find, too, that in seek-

ing Queen Vae one pretext is as good as another pretext, especially from the mouth of such a civil gentleman. So do you climb over my back, and go your way to where there are no longer two sides to everything."

Thus Anavalt passed the king of the Kittle cattle. Anavalt journeyed deeper into the Wood of Elfhome. No trumpets sounded before him as they sounded when the Anavalt who was a great lord went about the world where people have souls; and the wonders which Anavalt saw to this side and to that side did not disturb him, nor he them. He came to a house of rough-hewn timber, where a black man, clothed in a goat-skin, barked like a dog and made old gestures. This, as Anavalt knew, was the Rago; within the house sat cross-legged at that very moment the Forest Mother, whose living is innocent of every normal vice, and whose food is the red she goat and men. Yet upon the farther side of the home of perversity were to be seen a rusty nail in the pathway and bits of broken glass, prosaic relics which

seemed to show that men had passed this place.

So Anavalt made no reply to the obscene enticements of the Rago. Anavalt went sturdily on to a tree which in the stead of leaves was overgrown with human hands; these hands had no longer any warmth in them as they caught at and tentatively fingered Anavalt, and presently released him.

Now the path descended amid undergrowth that bore small purple flowers with five petals. Anavalt came here upon wolves that went along with him a little way. Running, they could not be seen, but as each wolf leaped in his running, his gray body would show momentarily among the green bushes that instantly swallowed it; and these wolves cried hoarsely, "Airon is dead!" But for none of these things did Anavalt care any longer, and none of the peculiarities of Elfhome stayed him until his path had led farther downward and the roadway had become dark and moist. Here were sentinels with dragged yellow plumes, a pair of sentinels at



whom Anavalt looked only once; then with averted head he passed them, in what could not seem a merry place to Anavalt, for in the world where people have souls he was used to mirth and soft ease and to all such delights as men clutch desperately in the shadow of death's clutching hand. In this place Anavalt found also a naked boy whose body was horrible with leprosy. This malady had eaten away his fingers, so that they could retain nothing, but his face was not much changed.

The leper stood knee-deep in a pile of ashes, and he demanded what Anavalt was called nowadays.

When courteous Anavalt had answered, the leper said then:

"You are not rightly called Anavalt. But my name is still Owner of the World."

Said Anavalt, very sadly:

"Even though you bar my way, ruined boy, I must go forward to the Elle Maid."

"And for what reason must you be creeping to this last woman? For she will be the last, as I forewarn you, tired man, who still pretend to be Anavalt—she will be the last of all, and of how many!"

Anavalt answered:

"I must go to this last love because of my first love. Once I lay under her girdle, I was a part of the young body of my first love. She bore me to her anguish, even then to her anguish. I cannot forget the love that was between us. But I outgrew my childhood and all childishness; I became, they say, the chief of Manuel's barons, and my living has got me fine food and garments and tall servants and two castles and a known name, and all which any reasonable mother could

hope for her son. Yet I cannot forget the love that was between us or our shared faith in what was to be. Today I visit this ancient woman now and then, and we make friendly talk together about everything except my wife, and our lips touch, and I go away. That is all. And it seems strange that I was once a part of this woman, I who have never won to or desired real intimacy with any one; and it seems strange to hear people applauding my wisdom and high deeds of statecraft and in all matters acclaiming the success of Anavalt. I think that this old woman also finds it strange. I do not know, for we can understand each other no longer. I only know that, viewing me, there is in this old woman's filmed eyes a sort of fondness even now, and a puzzled grieving. I only know that her eyes also I wish never to see any more."

"Still, still, you must be talking *Ædipean* riddles," the leper answered. "I prefer simplicity; I incline to the complex no longer. So, very frankly, I warn you, who were Anavalt, that you are going, spent and infatuate, toward your last illusion."

Anavalt replied:

"Rather do I flee from the illusions of others. Behind me I am leaving the bright swords of adversaries and the more deadly malice of outrivalled friends and the fury of some husbands, but not because I fear these things. Behind me I am leaving the puzzled eyes of women that put faith in me, because I fear these unendurably."

"You should have feared them earlier, tired man, in a sunlit time when I, who am Owner of the World, would wonderfully have helped you. Now you must go your way, as I go mine. There is one who may, perhaps, yet

bring us together once again; but now we are parted, and you need look for no more reverses."

As he said this, the ruined boy sank slowly into the ash-heap and so disappeared, and Anavalt went on through trampled ashes into the quiet midst of the wood. Among the bones about the striped windmill that is supported by four pillars the witless Elle Maid was waiting.

She rose and cried:

"You are very welcome, Sir Anavalt. But what will you give Maid Vae?"

Anavalt answered:

"All."

"Then we shall be happy together, dear Anavalt, and for your sake I am well content to throw my bonnet over the windmill."

She took the red bonnet from her head and turned. She flung her bonnet fair and high. So was courteous Anavalt assured that the Queen of Elfhome was as he had hoped. For when seen thus, from behind, the witless queen was hollow and shadow-colored, because Maid Vae is just the bright, thin mask of a woman, and, if looked at from behind, she is like any other mask. So when she faced

him now and smiled, and, as if in embarrassment, looked down and pushed aside a thigh-bone with her little foot, then Anavalt could see that the Elle Maid was, when properly regarded, a lovely and most dear illusion.

He kissed her. He was content. Here was the woman he desired, the woman who did not exist in the world where people have souls. The Elle Maid had no mortal body that time would parody and ruin, she had no brain to fashion dreams of which he would fall short, she had no heart that he would hurt. There was an abiding peace in this quiet Wood of Elfhome wherein no love could enter, and nobody could, in consequence, hurt anybody else very deeply. At court the silken ladies wept for Anavalt, and three women were not ever to be healed of their memories; but in the Wood of Elfhome, where all were soulless masks, there were no memories and no weeping, there were no longer two sides to everything, and a man need look for no reverses.

"I think we shall do very well here," said courteous Anavalt as yet again he kissed Maid Vae.





## Cross-Examining Santa Claus

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN



ARE you a Christian—of any sort? Do you see Christmas (the Christ Mass) as a celebration of the birthday of Jesus? Are you interested in the pre-Christian origins of that celebration, in the long and swelling stream of pagan legend and primitive custom which had poured into that mid-winter festival before the Christian church adopted it?

Do you care for children not with shallow sentiment as something expected of every one, but with real affection? Do you love humanity, or perhaps wish to, and feel the beauty of trying even once a year to show that love? And what do you think of Santa Claus?

If your mind works clearly, you may well ask what the last question has to do with the others. And truly it has very little of a genuine nature. The invention of this bearded secular saint is only one tiny twisted twig on an enormous tree, if I may so mix my figures of speech. It is a comparatively recent growth, extremely local, in all ways negligible.

The beginning of the celebration is old indeed. It marks "the turn of the year," the winter solstice by the Julian calendar. The sun, visible fountain of life and comfort, health and pleasure, had been going farther and farther away, but paused for a little, and came back again. The day of that turning was a promise of joy, of spring and summer, of blossom and harvest.

Successive religions, each with its swirling cloud of myth and mystery, added continually to ancient habits, and the mid-winter festival spread far and wide, with varying attendant customs.

Through Rome, where the twenty-fifth of December was celebrated as the birthday of the unconquered sun, we trace back to the Syrian sun-god Baal; from Greece we get the worship of the child Dionysus, born of a maiden, near the same date; and in Mithraism, which ran neck and neck with Christianity for a time, sun-day was a holy day, dedicated to the sun.

It was natural enough that the early Christian fathers, struggling against the tide of pagan customs, should claim the day for the birth of their sun of righteousness.

If you are interested in the rich world of Christmas legend and custom, delve into "Christmas in Ritual and Tradition" by C. A. Miles. He shows how the Roman Saturnalia, just before Christmas, and the calends beginning on New Year's day, were times of joyous celebration, with kindness to the poor and to slaves, riotous jollification, banqueting, and drinking to excess; and how the early church, intensely ascetic, associating beauty, joy, and license with the heathenism they fought against, strove its best to turn the feast-day to a fast-day.

"The conflict was keen at first. The Church authorities fight tooth

and nail against these relics of heathenism, these devilish rites; but mankind's instinctive paganism is insuppressible, the practices continue as ritual, though losing much of their meaning, and the Church, weary of denouncing, comes to wink at them, while the pagan joy in earthly life begins to colour her own festival."

So followed the natural growth of Christian myth and custom, song and story, varying with race, country, and time; some still known to us, some left in the dark ages where they belonged, but under all is the beautiful truth taught by Him whose birth is commemorated.

## § 2

In no other religion has there been so lovely a vision as this, divine love coming on earth as a baby, a little child, that child growing up to teach of human unity, of God in man, of worship in love and service. It is more than fitting that such a birthday should come to be "the children's festival."

Every age has its preferred forms of expression, its specific customs, and Christmas, in social evolution, reflects the characteristics of every race and nation, every period, with its tastes and feelings. Throughout medieval Europe there survived many of the barbaric performances, dressing in skins and heads of beasts, or men in women's clothes; and much of the horrible remained also in hobgoblin, Ruprecht, and Klapperbock.

This Knecht Ruprecht, Klas, or Joseph went about with the procession of maskers, clad in skins in some regions, and gave the children nuts and apples if they could say their prayers perfectly; if not, he punished

them. As Mr. Miles puts it, "In Protestant north Germany the Episcopal St. Nicholas and his Eve have been replaced by Christmas Eve and the Christ Child, while the name Klas has become attached to various unsaintly forms appearing at or shortly before Christmas."

St. Nicholas gradually became known as the children's patron saint, and "in the early seventeenth century a Protestant pastor is found complaining that parents put presents in their children's beds and tell them that St. Nicholas has brought them." This he said was "a bad custom, because it points children to the saint, whereas we know that not St. Nicholas but the holy Christ Child gives us all things for body and soul, and it is he alone whom we ought to call upon."

In this far-reaching work of Mr. Miles from which these quotations are taken, with its full bibliography, careful index, wealth of research, we find only one scant notice of our own predominant "Saint": "As Santa Klaus St. Nicholas is of course known to every English child, but rather as a sort of incarnation of Christmas than as a saint with a day of his own. Santa Klaus probably has come to us *via* the United States, whither the Dutch took him, and where he still has immense popularity." In Dawson's "Christmas and Its Associations" he is mentioned only twice, giving the same origin.

This popularity, this supercession of all deeper, holier ideas and beliefs by a single fantastic superstition, is probably due to one misguided piece of verse.

"Let me make the songs of a people,  
and who will may make their laws,"  
cried the wise man, or as Whitman

said of the poet, "In war he is the best backer of the war — he fetches artillery as good as the engineer's — he can make every word he speaks draw blood."

Dante showed us heaven and hell in vivid picture, Milton presented Satan as a tremendous personality, and the author of "The Night before Christmas" has given us Santa Claus, even to the names of his reindeers, with every detail of physical grossness, soot-soiled furs and stump of a pipe.

### § 3

Christmas has changed as we have changed, until to-day the prevalent idea of its celebration in our country, is roast turkey and a Christmas-tree, a banquet and the giving and receiving of presents. With most Protestant Christians it is not so much a church festival as a family one, though even Unitarians sing "It came upon a midnight clear" and "O little town of Bethlehem" on the nearest Sunday.

The "Christmas spirit," however, is still urged, and we vaguely feel that this is something beyond the family circle. Special appeals for charity are made. Dinners are given to newsboys and other hungry persons. There is something pathetic, if not absurd, in the scant periodicity of our social affection, this loving one another in an annual spasm.

But for the most part Christmas is a domestic affair, and, as the children's festival, is in their minds almost wholly a matter of getting something good. Long before they are big enough to make their little gifts they have acquired the habit of receiving them. The most advanced illustration of this "Christmas spirit" is seen among crafty little boys who go to

Sunday school assiduously in December, perhaps to more than one, with an eye single to the profits.

To what do we owe so sad and strange a collapse of our idealism? How has the birthday of the Child Jesus come to be an occasion for hypocrisy and greed in children, an opportunity for ingenious plans for self-aggrandizement?

Is it not visibly because of our substitution for the gracious and loving Teacher, the lover of all humanity, of this chimney-climbing distributor of presents, Santa Claus?

To what weakness in ourselves, what surrender to primitive relationships and minor gratifications, do we owe his looming so large as almost to obliterate the loveliest truth we know?

"St. Nicholas" is a dignified figure enough, but this most undignified "Santa"! It is one of the saddest descents in the history of mythology—Jesus, St. Nicholas, Santa Claus!

Look at the long story: first the legitimate celebration of a genuine god; then the wavering veils of custom covering the old beginnings; then the great new-seen truth set up on the old foundation, a nobler story than the sun-myths; then, gradually, new tales and customs obscuring the new truth, the saint instead of the deity; and at last, instead of the saint, this cheap fairy-tale of a red-nosed, pot-bellied, benevolent old kobold, who lies dormant up in the arctic regions somewhere from year's end to year's end, save for this one night's activity, this reindeer-and-sleigh affair, this bulging bundle, and chimney-sweep descent to distribute his benefactions.

A purely local legend, having no appeal in warm countries, with no element of beauty to make up for its lack



of truth, the Santa Claus myth seems the poorest of all that have grown up in modern times around this ancient festival.

As first promulgated, we seem to find the coming of the saint as much of a threat as a promise, a sort of a parent's assistant; for the "good" child a present, for the "bad" one a birch rod, merely a part of the vain lying with which ignorant and incompetent parents have always tried to coerce their children.

There may be "truth" in fiction, "truth" even in fairy-tales,—many a wise myth or lovely legend has helped the human mind,—but there is also possible sheer degradation for old or young in unworthy fiction.

Then comes the outcry of sentiment, that superficial sentiment which attaches itself easily to whatever happens to be current, forgetting better things behind.

"Children love Santa Claus," we are told. To this we may answer that children above a certain age do not, for they know there is n't any such person; that children below a certain age do not, because they are too little for even fairy-tales, and that those in between will soon outgrow their delusion. Then if no more of them are told the tale, they will miss nothing, for there are better ones.

But is it not a pity that we have roused that ineffably sweet and tender thing, the love of a child, and artificially attached it to this unworthy image?

Here is an annual rejoicing, represented to childish minds by glittering symbols and delightful toys and sweetmeats, a day kept because of the coming of the sun, and then of divine love in human form, and this golden opportunity to teach that divine love, to

rouse returning love for human beings, which we deliberately divert to teach love for an empty fabrication.

Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and we have driven them to Santa Claus instead!

His is an interested, even a sordid, affection. The real love making the gifts, the love of parents, brothers, sisters, friends, is not conditional. The mother often loves the "bad" child best, and the divine love we talk about was expressly directed to sinners rather than to the righteous.

Have we no foresight, no glimmer of knowledge of child psychology, that we dwell on the child's pleasure in believing the poor legend we teach him and forget his pain when he finds it false, that we have deliberately deceived him?

"I believed it long after the other children gave it up," says one. "I believed it because my mother told me it was so, and my mother never lied." What of her feelings when she found that her mother did?

Not all children suffer equally at this first great disillusionment; it depends on the intensity of their faith and love. Has not life enough of disappointment and loss that we should choose the first fresh years, the unquestioning faith of babyhood, to set up this cheap idol, which must so soon come down?

The child has no words to express a pain like this, the bitter, cureless grief of finding that what one loved is not, and never was. The shock of learning that the parents, the elders, those whom we wholly trusted, are not to be trusted; not merely that they may be mistaken, but that they tell what they know is false, this we prepare for our children. This we have given them

in place of what we might have told, the historic legends which we may learn, the story of the religion which we believe, and our own real love, which we know.

We give them neither noble facts nor noble fancy. It is the ignobility of this petty myth which makes it undesirable even as a fairy-tale. The world is only slowly outgrowing its ancient weakness of superstition. There are still plenty of Christians who "knock on wood" without the faintest idea of why they do it, or any shame at doing a thing for which they have no reason.

One of our high race duties is to keep the minds of the new generations clear and strong in order that they may face the problems of their time more intelligently than we do ours. This does not cut them off from fairy-tale and legend, poetry and fiction. Imagination is one of our highest qualities, and needs more cultivation than it gets.

But the distinction between clear, beautiful, dependable truth and all the lovely play of fancy should be early learned. Life is full of pleasant and interesting truths of all kinds and sizes; a child may be led among them in wonderment and joy. They are eager for truth. To your best efforts they say, "Is it a *true* story?" The human soul, however young, wants truth. You can enjoy your "detective story" without believing it, and so can the child his fairy-tale, especially if his mind is enriched by early knowledge of strange things that are true.

"I pity the child who has no fairy-tales," says one. Yes, but I pity the child to whom has not been opened the most marvelous, fascinating, and endless of fairy-tales—the book of life on earth. It is the poverty of our own knowledge, the sterile, mechanical

education we have had, and our almost universal ignorance of child culture, which makes us capable of giving our children chaff instead of bread.

There are other results to consider besides the effect on the child mind. Because our thought of Jesus has been overlaid by the story of Santa Claus, our whole celebration has changed. Festivals of rejoicing, with dance and song, rich decoration and proud processional, may be overdone, deteriorate, and cheapen; but one, the main features of which are banqueting and exchanging presents, has an easy descent.

Because of this degradation of a once noble festival, we have fallen to such poor pretense that the humorist prays "Forgive us our Christmases as we forgive them who have Christmased against us!" Christmas means to us presents—presents rising in competitive expense; presents sinking in useless absurdity; presents the labor of selling which has made the blessed season a cumulative misery to those behind the counter, and such a tax and burden on those who buy that we see at last a healthy reaction in "The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving"—the "Spug."

This giving of presents has small resemblance to the reverent tribute of the three kings of the East. It derives from pre-Christian sources, and, though ennobled by the giving love of Jesus, has been suffered to lapse again through letting that large love become obscured by intra-family exchange alone, and in the child's mind is based on a poor myth.

However based, it has grown, with our numerical and industrial development, into an annual economic frenzy—"the Christmas trade." To those

who make and distribute things to sell not for any essential need, use, or beauty, but merely for sale, and to those who do the selling, who store, display, advertise, and hand over the counter, this ancient festival, joyous and holy, means that one thing, the Christmas trade.

Fancy celebrating the birth of Jesus by an orgy of commercialism!

It is this commercial Christmas which is now eagerly adopted by quite un-Christian peoples, of any faith or no faith, with no mention or thought of Christ. It is no Christian occasion they are appropriating; it is merely a jollification, a gay holiday, a time for exchanging gifts.

There are some tender souls who cling to Santa Claus as something beautiful, and who talk of "the Christmas spirit" as if it emanated from that amiable hobgoblin. Yet Santa Claus has no basis but St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas none save in the Christian church, and the Christian church none save in Christ, from whom that Christmas spirit comes.

If we wish to keep up an ancient and legitimate festival of annual rejoicing merely as a race habit, there is no harm in that,—that would, of course, be open to any race, any religion,—but we should be honest about it and not call it "Christ mass."

If we are Christians, and keep the festival in honor of the founder of our religion, we assuredly should teach our children whose birthday we are celebrating, and why we try to show more love for one another on that day than is ordinarily convenient.

But neither an honest pagan nor an honest Christian need clog the growing

mind with petty myths which they do not believe.

No one writer has done so much to deepen and widen the spirit of Christmas as Charles Dickens, humanitarian and child-lover that he was. But his well known and well loved collection of Christmas stories has no word about Santa Claus. The tree was there,—“that pretty German toy,” he calls it,—and the last story in the book, “The Christmas Tree,” has enough in it of shining beauty and pleasant gifts to satisfy any child’s heart.

He goes back in memory to the Christmases of his own childhood, reproducing those early impressions with a vividness which ought to teach the dullest of us to be careful what we give or allow to be given our children. The description of his baby terror at the Jack-in-the-box and other disagreeable objects, in especial the mask, a dreadful “false face,” which haunted him in nightmares, ought to be an illumination to those who make and those who buy. Then, with “The Waits,” he gives in lovely imagery the background of it all, the stories of the Holy Child of long ago.

Instead of memories of a misplaced love, a shattered faith, he looks back to this: “Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged. In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested on roof be the star to all the Christian world. . . . This in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This in remembrance of me.”

Is n't that better than Santa Claus?



## An Arabian Anabasis

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

DRAWINGS BY KERR EBY



WHEN I told the British chief of staff in Constantinople that we purposed crossing Arabia from Damascus to Bagdad, he was not encouraging.

"Of course you *may* get across all right," he said pessimistically, "but we can't guarantee your safety. All we can promise is that, if the Bedouins do capture you, we'll send out some planes and jolly well bomb the beggars until they let you go."

That was his way of dissuading, without actually forbidding, us; but it had precisely the opposite effect to that intended, for to us there was something distinctly attractive and romantic in the prospect of being carried off by desert raiders and of being released by British bombing-planes, like the hero and heroine in "The Green Goddess."

"If you are trying to discourage us," I told the chief of staff, "that is the wrong way to go about it. Excitement is what we are looking for. If we had heeded all the warnings we have received, we should never have got beyond Paris. Besides," I added,

"I have found that one rarely catches up with trouble. It is always in the next county."

"Well," said he, "I don't blame you. It's a jolly good sporting proposition, and hanged if I don't wish I were going along, too."

He came to the door of G. H. Q. to see us off.

"I'll wire to Bagdad and Amman to instruct our outposts to be on the lookout for you," he told us. "If you do get into trouble, we'll do our best to get you out of it. Good-by and good luck!"

Thus it came about that the following afternoon saw us leaning on the rail of the *Lamartine* as she steamed slowly out of the Golden Horn, swung around Seraglio Point, and headed out across the placid waters of the Sea of Marmora. We were off for Syria and the desert. There were four of us, including Ladew's servant, Sherin. Ladew and I had motored down from Paris to Constantinople, where we had been joined by DeWitt Hutchings, whom Princeton men of two decades

ago will remember as the greatest second baseman that ever wore the orange P on his sweater.

There are two overland routes to Bagdad. One starts at Aleppo, strikes across northern Syria to the Euphrates, follows that historic river in a southeasterly direction to Deir-es-Zor, and thence crosses the Mesopotamian waste to Mosul, which is only seventy-five miles from the railhead of the line that runs down to Bagdad. Before the war threw western Asia into turmoil, this was the route followed by those who had the hardihood to undertake the overland journey, the Turkish despatch-riders, on their fleet racing camels, carrying the mails from Aleppo to Bagdad in eleven days. The other route, which starts at Damascus and leads straight eastward across the Syrian Desert as the airplane flies, though occasionally used by caravans, has been traversed by only a handful of Europeans, mainly British officers on surveying expeditions or political missions. Moreover, the hot season was at hand, and, whereas there would be plenty of water along the Euphrates, most of the wells along the direct route would already be dry. So the plan that offered the best chances of success, we agreed, was to go via Aleppo, provided the French, who hold the mandate for this region, would give us permission. When, in Beirut, we had outlined our plans to General Gouraud, the French high commissioner in Syria, he had replied cryptically, "But why not?" which we had taken for assent; but when we called upon Colonel Catroux, the officer of *chasseurs d'Afrique* who was military governor of Damascus, we were met by excuses and evasions. The tribes were making trouble along

the Euphrates, we were told; there had been heavy fighting in the neighborhood of Deir-es-Zor, and for the time being at least the route was distinctly unsafe for Europeans. To emphasize the un wisdom of our plan, the colonel told us in gruesome detail of the exceedingly unpleasant things that the Arabs had done to the French soldiers who had fallen into their hands. But even if Colonel Catroux had given us permission, we could not have obtained transportation, for, in view of the activity of Bedouin raiding bands, it was obviously out of the question to descend the Euphrates on rafts, the customary method of making the trip in ante-bellum days, nor could we find a motor-car owner in Damascus who was willing to take the risk, notwithstanding that we promised as much as two thousand dollars to any one who would undertake the journey.

"But it's a small fortune that we are offering you," I said to one Levantine who was the proud possessor of a ramshackle car. "You could n't make as much money as that in a year here in Damascus."

"What good will money do me," he demanded, "if I have my throat cut? I would rather be poor and alive in Damascus than rich and dead in the desert."

"But you are taking no more chances than we are," I persisted.

"That is quite true," he admitted, "but the difference is that you are willing to take them and I am not."

Nor was it practicable to organize a caravan of sufficient strength to undertake the journey by the direct route, where the danger of Bedouin attack was equally great and where we could not count on any protection from the French. In most frontier countries,

such as East Africa for example, it is a comparatively simple matter to arrange for expeditions into the hinterland. Indeed, there are men in Mombasa and Nairobi who make this their profession. All you have to do is to cable to one of these professional guides, stating where you wish to go, the number in your party, and whether you want to travel light or *en prince*, with caviar and champagne, and, when you arrive at the starting-place, everything is arranged down to the minutest detail. But not so in Arabia. There the traveler finds himself

confronted by precisely the same conditions that prevailed two thousand years ago. There professional guides and outfitters are unknown, and the difficulties of travel are enormously increased by the complexities of the political situation.

So it looked as though we should be compelled to abandon our cherished dream of an overland journey and accept the offer of Sir Wyndham Deedes, the British acting high commissioner in Palestine, who had wired us that, if we could wait three weeks and were prepared to pay six hundred pounds for our passage, the War Office would send us from Jerusalem to Bagdad by airplane. The prospect of flying across Arabia to the city of "The Thousand and One Nights" on a modern magic carpet was peculiarly alluring, but we hesitated about accepting because of the fact that summer was already at hand, and three

weeks' delay would mean that we would reach Mesopotamia at the beginning of the hot season, to say nothing of disarranging our plans for continuing into Persia.



While we were debating the matter over the coffee and cigars in the garden of our hotel one evening, Palmer, the efficient and energetic young Englishman who is his Britannic Majesty's consul in Damascus, dropped in upon us.

"I say," he began as I offered him a cigar, and Hutchings clapped his hands for the waiter to bring a whisky and soda, "I've

just heard of something that may solve your troubles for you. There's an old Arab camel merchant here in Damascus named Mohammed Bassam,—made himself a millionaire during the war supplying Allenby with horses and camels,—absolutely reliable and all that sort of thing. My dragoman has just told me that Mohammed Bassam has a caravan starting for Bagdad tomorrow. It's only a small outfit, I understand, not over fifty camels; but it will travel fast and, by avoiding the more frequented wells, it may get through without being troubled by the Beddoes. And here's another thing. Mohammed Bassam has some sort of a working arrangement with the sheiks of the tribes you are likely to run into,—pays them a regular subsidy to leave his caravans alone, I imagine,—so he should be able to put you across if any one can."

"Fine!" we all exclaimed in chorus.

"Lead us to Mohammed Bassam!"

The following morning, taking the Meshaka British dragoman to do the interpreting, we found Mohammed Bassam in his place of business in the bazaars, a warehouse piled high with bales of merchandise, in a dim and narrow alley leading from the "street which is called Straight." He was a white-bearded, dignified Arab whose patriarchal appearance and somewhat taciturn manner masked a razor-keen mind. Yes, he had a caravan starting for Bagdad that very afternoon. But, we explained, we could not possibly leave on such short notice. We must have at least forty-eight hours in which to get our camp equipment and provisions. One could n't start across Arabia with a pair of pajamas and a tooth-brush. After pondering for a moment, Mohammed Bassam said that he thought it could be arranged. The caravan would start as planned, and he would send us out two days later in motor-cars to overtake it. He would instruct the caravan leader to await us at the Tulul-es-Safa. But the bulk of our impedimenta must be ready by nightfall, in order that it could go forward with the caravan. To this we agreed.

Now came the important question of the cost. The old Arab appraised us shrewdly. Camels were very dear, he explained; water was scarce; there was the ever-present danger of encountering Bedouin raiding parties; we would have much more luggage than a native; we would need at least six baggage animals; and the cost of the cars to take us out to the Tulul-es-Safa must be taken into account. Finally he named his figure: one hundred and eighty Egyptian pounds or about nine hundred dollars. I glanced at Hutchings and Ladew, and they nodded their assent. The price was exorbitant, but, to put it inelegantly, Hadji Mohammed had us by the short hair, and he knew it. Instead of Bagdad or bust, it looked as though it would be Bagdad and busted.

Being familiar with the Arab character, I stipulated that Mohammed Bassam should accompany us to the British consulate, where we would put the agreement into writing. Acting on Palmer's advice, we insisted on the insertion of a clause stipulating that, should the caravan be held up by Bedouins, Mohammed Bassam would himself pay all tolls or ransoms. To this he reluctantly assented, qualify-



ing his assent, however, by announcing that he declined to accept any responsibility for the acts of Allah.

"Just what do you mean by 'acts of Allah?'" I inquired.

"If, for example, you should be shot or have your throats cut," he answered dryly, which had the effect of momentarily dampening our enthusiasm.

In the Bedouin country a passport is of about as much use as a certificate of membership in a high-school debating society, but in order that we might be able to establish our nationality in case of need, Allen, the American consul, obligingly gave us a letter in Arabic, made impressive by a large gilt seal and a bow of scarlet ribbon, addressed to Ibn Sa'ud, the most powerful and the most feared of the great native chieftains. Should we fall into the hands of his followers, we hoped that this document would serve as a sort of stay of execution. I don't know what Allen said in the letter, but he must have made it fairly strong, for when I showed it to an Arab he salaamed three times. From an Arab politician of somewhat doubtful repute named Oseimé Pasha, who, it was rumored, acted as a secret intermediary between the French authorities and the Bedouins, I obtained letters of recommendation to the sheiks of cer-

tain other tribes that we were likely to encounter en route. We were warned, however, that these letters might have a dangerous kick to them, for it seemed that Oseimé Pasha, though *persona grata* with some of the tribes, was correspondingly distrusted and detested by others, so that, should I make a mistake and present his letters to the wrong parties, we might find ourselves in an extremely delicate, not to say dangerous, situation.

In outfitting the expedition we were confronted by the fact that we did not know how long it would take to make the journey and, consequently, how much food and water would be required. If everything went smoothly, Mohammed Bassam told us, we should sight the Euphrates in about eleven days; but if the camels should fall sick, or if we were compelled to make considerable detours in order to avoid raiding parties, it might conceivably take double that time. And time, I might add, is the cheapest thing there is in the desert. In fact, it has no value whatsoever.

And then there was the very important question of water. Northern Arabia, it should be remembered, is a land virtually destitute of lakes and streams, and during the dry season even the infrequent wells cannot be de-





pended upon; so that the provision of a sufficient supply of drinking water is a primary consideration. The Arabs carry their own drinking supply in large goatskins, two of which are usually slung under the belly of each camel, but the water in these, usually of doubtful origin, quickly acquires a taste which makes it almost undrinkable for Europeans. When the supply in the goatskins runs low, it is replenished at the desert wells with water so inconceivably foul that no one but an Arab could drink it and live to tell about it. I imagine, however, that every Arab susceptible to zymotic diseases died thousands of years ago, and that, by the law of the survival of the fittest, all Arabs born now are immune from filth diseases. This is the only explanation of why they can drink sewage water with impunity, go for months at a time without bathing, wear garments which are caked with dirt and crawl with vermin, and thrive under conditions which would kill a white man in a week.

The chief essential for desert travel is water. It affects everything. If it is plentiful, the men are good-tempered and the beasts are willing. But if it is scarce, men and beasts alike become irritable and quarrelsome. I have seen men who at home are the personification of generosity quarrel bitterly over who had had the most drinks from a canteen. You never know what water means until you are where none is to be had, particularly if the mercury stands at 130 and the air is like a blast from an open furnace-door. The lips crack, the mouth becomes as dry as a blotter, the tongue feels like a dry sponge. The quantity of water which one drinks in the desert is perfectly incredible. We figured

on a gallon per day per person, which seemed a ridiculously liberal allowance, but the ten cases of Evian and Vittel which we took with us would have been exhausted long before the journey was over had we not realized the danger in time and cut our daily consumption almost in half. The water drawn from the desert wells, filthy as it is, can, of course, be purified by boiling, but in taste, color, and smell it is so revolting that one washes in it, much less drinks it, only as a last resort. Speaking of water, there are three commandments which should be rigidly observed by every desert traveler. Never, in any circumstances, drink unbottled water that has not been boiled. Never put all your water on one camel, for there is always the chance that the beast may stray or roll. And always keep your water *in front of you*.

For the guidance of those who contemplate a desert journey, I shall interrupt my narrative long enough to enumerate the principal items of our outfit, which in certain respects could have been improved upon had we had more time and a greater variety from which to choose.

There are certain hardy souls who start on an expedition with the announcement that they believe in "roughing it," which means that they disdain the comfort of a bed and insist on sleeping on the ground. Now, a quarter of a century of travel has taught me that the man who avails himself of comforts when they are available invariably suffers the least from exposure, fatigue, and sickness, and, consequently, makes the best companion. So, wherever conditions permit it, I insist upon sleeping on a bed. Our beds were folding canvas

cots which had been left in Damascus by the Germans upon their evacuation. A metal folding-table did service for the four of us, and we each had a folding-chair, an air pillow, and two heavy blankets, for the nights in the desert are bitterly cold. As it is next to impossible to keep one's blankets clean in desert travel, and as I have a constitutional aversion to sleeping in soiled bedding, I purchased in the bazaars four yards of ordinary cotton sheeting, which I had sewn up so as to form a sleeping-bag. Once within that, it did not matter so much about the condition of the blankets, and I was, moreover, safe from the attacks of vermin. Each of us also provided himself with two yards of mosquito netting, for though there are no mosquitos in those parts of the desert that are waterless, they are almost unendurable in the neighborhood of the wells. Sherin did the cooking on two small "Primus" stoves, for which we had to carry a supply of petrol. For light we depended upon cheap native candle lanterns of tin and isinglass, supplemented by a very serviceable type of electric torch, which, by working a lever, generates its own power and has no battery to give out. Our cups and plates were of agate-ware, which, because of lack of water, had to be cleaned with sand. Each of us carried a two-quart *bidon*, or water-bottle, of the French army pattern, which, when the felt covering had been soaked in water, would keep the contents surprisingly cool for several hours at a time. As rubber ground-cloths were unobtainable in Damascus, I purchased four short strips of straw matting, which, placed beside the beds, obviated the necessity of dressing while standing on the bare ground.

Our arms consisted of Colt service automatics, .45 caliber, for experience has taught me that when you need a weapon at all, you need one with sufficient shocking power to drop an enemy before he can get to close quarters. In addition we carried four Mauser rifles, loaned us for the journey by the French military authorities. Minor items comprised a supply of cold cream for sunburn; eau de Cologne, which is wonderfully refreshing after an arduous day in the saddle, particularly when there is no water to wash in; a bottle of iodine for disinfecting wounds, and a bottle of quinine for fever; a dozen tins of lime-drops, which, by assuaging thirst, enabled us to economize in the use of water; and a plentiful supply of cheap cigarettes for gifts, for a Bedouin will do more for a cigarette than for a gold piece.

Speaking of gold pieces reminds me that there is no need for money in the desert save for the payment of ransom in case of capture, and the less you have with you the better. One hundred dollars per person is ample, and should be carried in Turkish liras and medjidies, the only currency with which the Bedouin is familiar. A small stock of cheap field-glasses, jack-knives, *keffiehs*, and silk handkerchiefs in bright colors should be taken along as presents for the native chieftains. Powerful field-glasses are extremely useful; those I carried were of German manufacture, twelve magnifications. Though we carried a supply of spirits, we used them sparingly, usually only at night, after a hard day's journey. The best drink for the desert, or, indeed, for any frontier country, is hot tea, perhaps with a dash of rum in it. Though the finest coffee in the world is grown in Arabia, the Arabs prepare

it with a seed which gives it a peculiar aromatic taste, and serve it in cups the size of thimbles. If you are accustomed to use coffee as a drink and not as a liqueur, a condensed coffee, which only requires the addition of hot water, should be taken from the United States, as it is not procurable in the East. The juice of tinned tomatoes quenches the thirst better than anything I know, but it is not always procurable. We tried the experiment of substituting chewing-gum, but this is a producer of heat and is not satisfactory save in cold countries. Curiously enough, we were unable to obtain in Damascus any of the familiar American stand-bys, such as bully beef, corned beef hash, and hardtack; but at the French military canteen we found luxuries in endless variety: pâtés de foie gras, tuna fish, anchovies, Camembert cheese, Bar-le-Duc jellies, tinned artichokes, asparagus, and hearts of palm, so that we might have been eating at *Ciro's* or *Voisin's* so far as our food was concerned.

Proper clothing is of the utmost importance in a region subject to such extreme variations of temperature as Arabia. To illustrate the suddenness of these variations, it is recorded that in the desert north of Hail, in the month of February, the thermometer fell from seventy-eight degrees a little before sunset to eighteen degrees a quarter of an hour after. That was exceptional, of course, but variations of from thirty to forty degrees in an

hour are by no means unusual. Hence, though garments of tropical weight are necessary for wear during the day, when the thermometer frequently registers 130°, it is necessary

to have clothing suitable for an American winter ready to put on at sunset. The jacket should be of the so-called "tropico" cloth, which protects the wearer from the actinic rays of the sun, and is now generally used by British officers in India and Mesopotamia. And the more pockets it has the better, for there is no end to the articles which



one has to carry on the person. *Jodhpores*, or breeches, which can be made by any Indian tailor, are more satisfactory for camel-riding than breeches and leggings, but if the latter are worn, they should be made of canvas instead of leather, with buttons, in the Newmarket pattern. For hot countries I have my shirts made with elbow sleeves, and in lieu of a necktie I wear a large silk handkerchief, which leaves the throat free and protects the back of the neck. The British troops in Mesopotamia are required to wear spine-pads, triangular pieces of quilted cotton which button on the back of the shirt and protect the spine from the rays of the sun; but I doubt if these are necessary except in the height of the hot season. For long journeys on camelback, Europeans, whose muscles are not developed like those of the Arabs, should bind themselves tightly with the long *cummerbunds*, or sashes, worn by France's

African soldiery, thus providing a support for the back and abdomen. The most satisfactory over-garment is a regulation officer's trench-coat, with detachable fleece lining, which provides ample protection against both cold and rain, and at night can be used as an extra covering. Tinted goggles are a necessity not alone as a protection from the blinding sun-glare, but because science has discovered that the eyes provide a ready medium for sunstroke. Perhaps the most important single item is the helmet, which, in order to afford real security, must be heavy to the point of discomfort, with a brim which effectually shields the back of the neck from the sun. The white, mushroom-shaped

affairs, with a length of green veiling festooned about the crown and hanging down behind, went out with the Victorian era. I have never seen one save in the pages of a novel or on the motion-picture screen. If water can be spared, wet handkerchiefs should be kept inside the helmet, or, better still, a wet bath-towel, thereby reducing the temperature around the wearer's head several degrees. After a long day in the saddle nothing is more comforting than to exchange one's *jodhpores* for shorts, woolen golf stockings,

and native slippers. Boots and shoes should be large enough to allow for the swelling of the feet from the heat and should have exceptionally stout soles, for great stretches of the

desert are strewn with flint-like fragments of volcanic rock, which will cut an ordinary pair of boots to pieces in a few hours of walking. At night a woolen cholera band will prevent an abdominal chill, with its frequently fatal consequences. That, I think, will be about all as regards equipment.

To overtake the caravan we started from Damascus at daybreak, three decrepit Fords, piloted by the most villainous-looking trio of town Arabs that I have ever set eyes upon, being required for the transportation of ourselves and such of our impedimenta as had not preceded us. Outside the city we were joined by a fourth car, carrying two fellow-travelers, a handsome young Syrian Arab named Fuad, who, it seemed, had been an officer of the Hedjaz forces during the war, and was now going to Bagdad to accept a commission under King

Feisal, and a slender, dark-skinned native girl. The latter we assumed to be his wife until Fuad naively remarked that, instead of addressing her as "Madame," we should call her "Mademoiselle." But in Arabia, where the moral law is as easy as an old shoe, the absence of a wedding certificate does not even provoke comment. The party was completed by an elderly Bagdad Arab, as

tough as rawhide, and tanned to the color of a much-used saddle, who was to guide us to the rendezvous in the Tulul-es-Safa.

Now, the Tulul-es-Safa, instead of



being a definite spot, as we had supposed, is the name applied to a great shallow valley, or rather a series of small valleys, formed by ranges of low, volcanic hills. In area it is as large as an English county. The floor of the valley, if so uneven a surface can be termed a floor, is gridironed by countless low ridges tufted with bunch-grass, and in places covered with a low acacia jungle which looks not unlike the sage-brush of our own Southwest.

We topped the range which hems in the Tulul-es-Safa at sunset, prepared to look down upon a cluster of black tents, the smoke of dung-fed camp-fires, and a line of hobbled camels. But, to our dismay and to the evident astonishment of our Arab guide, not a sign of the caravan was to be seen. Night was falling fast, and the going had now become so rough that it was obviously impossible for the cars to proceed farther in the darkness; so there was nothing left for us to do but to halt where we were and to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted until morning. As ill luck would have it, however, our camp equipment and the bulk of our provisions had gone forward with the caravan, so that we found ourselves in the desert at nightfall without tents or blankets and with only a small supply of food and water. To make matters worse, we were now in dangerous country, far beyond the protection of the French outposts and an easy prey for any Bedouin raiders who might happen along.

That the danger of a night attack was by no means imaginary was sharply brought home to us when our Arab guide ordered the cars to be drawn up in a hollow square, thus affording us some measure of protec-

tion against bullets, and sternly forbade the building of a fire, or even the striking of matches, because, as he explained, the sight of a light would bring down on us any Bedouins who might be in the neighborhood, but who otherwise might not detect our presence. I can recall having spent few more anxious or uncomfortable nights. I don't know whether you have ever attempted to sleep in a flivver, but if you have, you will agree with me that Mr. Ford's ideas of what constitutes comfort are radically different from those of the late Mr. Pullman. There may be some position in which one can sleep with a degree of comfort in a Ford, but if there is, I have never found it. And, probably because we had no blankets with us, the night was exceptionally cold.

We agreed to stand watch in turn, two hours at a stretch, for Fuad and his mademoiselle were already fast asleep in the tonneau of their car, apparently oblivious to the lurking dangers, while our drivers, who were town Arabs and wholly unaccustomed to the desert, were too terrified to be depended upon. As for the guide, he disappeared in the darkness immediately after we halted, slipping back into camp after midnight to report that he had scoured the surrounding hills without finding a trace of the caravan. Standing watch at night in the desert is trying on the nerves. A rustle in the underbrush, a prowling hyena or a jackal perhaps, becomes the stealthy footsteps of approaching enemies; the near-by darkness seems to be peopled by suspicious shadows, which keeps one's finger constantly on the rifle-trigger. About midnight I was awakened from sleep by Ladew, who was unstrapping his luggage-roll.

"What are you doing?" I grumbled irritably.

"I'm getting out my dinner-coat," he replied between chattering teeth. "I'm almost frozen."

The idea of putting on a dinner-coat in a Ford car in the Arabian desert struck me as being distinctly humorous.

"Don't you want me to put the studs in your shirt?" I inquired with mock solicitousness. "And find your pumps for you?"

"Oh, go to the devil!" he responded rudely.

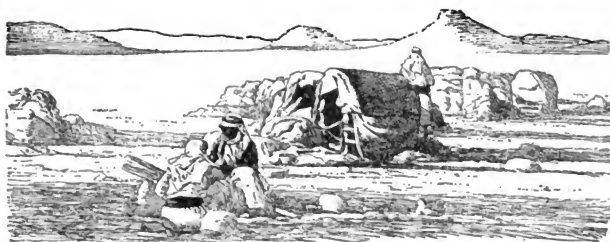
The desert, as I was to discover long before the journey was over, is no place for humor, no matter how well intended.

It was not until the following day—a day during which we forced the now openly mutinous drivers, who were terrified lest they should not have enough petrol to make the return journey to Damascus, to push on almost at the point of the pistol—before we caught up with the caravan. We had known since dawn that we were on its track, however, for every mile or so our Arab guide would leap from the car to examine signs that were invisible to our untrained eyes—camel spoor, faint footprints on the banks of a dried-up water-hole, tufts of hair adhering to the thorny acacia scrub, bits of food, and the like. Never, not even in Africa, have I seen such an extraordinary display of the tracker's skill. After one of these scrutinies he straightened up, as though satisfied at last, and with an air of finality announced, "We will overtake the caravan at four o'clock this afternoon." I confess that at the time I thought he was bluffing, but, sure enough, as the hands of my wrist watch showed the

hour, he pointed to the eastward and we descried, far off across the tawny waste, a moving cloud of yellow dust, which resolved itself, as we drew nearer, into a long line of camels, half a hundred or more, headed straight for the setting sun. At their head, a few hundred yards in advance, rode the caravan leader, perched high on a white *hejin*.

I have never seen a more completely satisfying figure than Sheik Ghazi Mansour. He was almost too picturesque to be real, a tall, slender, hawk-nosed, black-bearded Arab of the Hauran. As he sat on his high red saddle, with its swinging tassels, swaying easily to the motion of his racing camel, his keen, Semitic face peering out from beneath his red-and-white *keffieh*, his voluminous black *abayeh* floating out behind, one hand resting on his hip, the other grasping his camel-stick as though it were a baton, he looked for all the world like the Arabs of fiction and the motion-picture screen.

Ghazi Mansour—he is a *hadji* three times over, having thrice made the pilgrimage to the holy places—earns a modest and precarious livelihood by conducting caravans across the Hamad, as the natives call the Syrian Desert. Precarious, because there is always the danger of his being held up by a marauding band, and his camels, which are his only source of income, stolen. Being himself the head of a small tribe of the Hauran, he is immune, however, from spoliation by those tribes with whose sheiks he is on friendly terms or with whom he or his employer, Mohammed Bassam, has a financial arrangement. We rode with him for many days, during which time we grew to like and admire him. He can



neither read nor write, the only home he has ever known is a black tent in the desert, and, as we were to discover later on, one did not have to scratch very deeply to reveal the barbarian; but it is seldom that I have encountered a finer gentleman.

The caravan, we found, consisted of threescore camels and about half that number of natives, five or six of whom were women, traveling with their menfolk to Bagdad. As you will journey with us for some hundreds of miles, permit me to introduce to you some of our fellow-travelers. To begin with, there was Rahat Effendi, an elderly Turk who was returning with his family, after a visit in Constantinople, to his home in Mosul. He had been an officer of the Turkish Army for more than a quarter of a century, it seems, and around the camp-fire at night, with Fuad acting as interpreter, he would tell us of those strange and mysterious cities of Arabia—Nejd, Hail, Riyadh—where he had been stationed. He was accompanied by his wife and his daughter and his daughter's husband and their child, a wee morsel of humanity a few months old. They were nice people, were the Rahat family, simple, generous, considerate, what we in America sometimes describe as "home folks." More than

once during the earlier stages of the journey, when I was reeling in my saddle from exhaustion and the sun, Rahat Effendi would insist that I should exchange places with his son-in-law, who shared a camel litter with him, and, taking his own cushions, would wedge them about me to ease my aching back, and for hours at a time would hold his umbrella over my throbbing head to shield it from the pitiless sun.

Then there was Abbas Effendi, formerly a captain in the Turkish Army, but who, being an Arab, had deserted the Turks to join his compatriots who were fighting for the independence of Arabia under Feisal. Now he was on his way to Bagdad to rejoin his former chief, become king of Irak, who had offered him a commission in the army he was organizing. Accompanying him were two other former Shereefian officers, Bagdad-bound for the same reason. Captain Abbas, who spoke French with tolerable fluency, spent the entire journey in his covered litter devoting his waking hours to reading somewhat *risqué* French novels and studying the Koran. And finally there was the little Arab, Achmet, whom Ghazi Mansour had designated as our personal servant. His face was wreathed in a perpetual

smile, and he was the most faithful, cheerful, willing fellow that I have ever seen. His duties began when he awakened us at three o'clock in the morning, and he was still at work when we fell asleep at night. I once saw him walk thirty miles, under a terrifying sun, in elastic-sided shoes of patent leather, his proudest possession; yet he was apparently as fresh at the end of the day as when he started. His connection with us ended somewhat abruptly, however, when Ladew caught him smoking the last of his treasured Jockey Club cigarettes, which he had brought from Constantinople.

All of the passengers save only ourselves made the journey in camel litters, than which no more uncomfortable means of transport could possibly be devised. A litter consists of a pair of shallow wooden boxes, slung one on each side of the camel, like panniers, and held in place by a network of stout cords. On each pannier are a thick mattress and a number of bolsters and cushions, on which you half sit, half recline, hanging on for dear life to the cord network or anything else that offers. When the camel kneels or rises, unless you have tight hold of something, the chances are that you will be thrown violently to the ground. The litters used by the women are covered, with slatted sides, and look like chicken-coops. These litters necessitate a very cramped position on the part of their occupants, whose legs, incased in gaudily striped stockings held up by pink

or yellow garters, frequently protrude unblushingly; for the only part of her person that a Moslem woman is particular about concealing is her face. She would never understand the attitude of the Venus of Melos.

We found that the reason the caravan had pressed on so rapidly was because of the danger, if it had waited for us, of running short of water. Though in hot weather a camel can go for four days without drinking, and in cold weather from eight to ten, its rider is not equipped by nature to practise that form of domestic economy. During the winter and early spring there is always a certain amount of water in the Hamad, but by May the pools and water-holes have dried up, and the only chance of replenishing the drinking supply is at certain wells, and even these are not always to be depended upon. The first of these wells was at El Garah, five days' journey from Damascus. Now, the very fact that there was known to be water at El Garah made it unsafe for a small caravan like ours, for the chances were at least even that we would find there a band of Bedouins, whose attitude we could only conjecture. They

*might* permit us to water our beasts and fill our goatskins and continue unmolested, and then again they might not. But our water was running low, and



there was nothing for it but to take the risk. In the desert there are no hospitable farm-houses, with well-sweeps and old oaken buckets, where the parched traveler can quench his thirst.



So we approached El Garah with anxiety and caution. The wells are situated at the base of a precipitous plateau of limestone, which rises abruptly from the surrounding plain. But before debouching upon this plain, the road which we were following had to pass through a long and winding valley formed by ranges of low hills. For a surprise attack no better spot could be selected. As we approached this danger-point Ghazi Mansour borrowed my field-glasses and, ascending a near-by hill, scanned the level waste which lay beyond, being careful, however, not to show himself against the sky-line. What he saw was evidently alarming, for he shouted a curt order, whereupon the cry "*Biddu! Biddu!*" ran down the line. Then much the same sort of scene was enacted that must have been a commonplace to the pioneers who crossed the Indian country by wagon-train half a century ago. The straggling caravan hastily closed up, the camels bearing the women being placed in the center. Though the French authorities permit only one rifle to every ten men of a caravan, from their places of concealment in the bales of merchandise Mausers and Osmanlis appeared by magic, followed by a rattle of breech-blocks as the cartridges were driven home. Half a dozen Arabs raced forward in skirmish order, buckling on their bandoleers as they ran, while others took position well out on each flank. As I was riding a camel at the time, Achmet leaped on my pony and, waving a rifle over his head, went

tearing forward at a gallop to act as a point. The whole manœuver was faultlessly executed, and could not have been improved upon by any soldiers in the world.

As we emerged from the defile we discovered the cause of the alarm, for, coming toward us at a brisk trot across the desert, was a group of camel-riders, whose mounts we recognized, even at that distance, as of the Bedouin racing breed. Through the glasses I could see that each man carried his rifle upright, with the butt resting on his hip, like a cavalryman. But our anxiety abruptly evaporated when we saw that they had been joined by Achmet, who appeared to be conversing with them as though they were old friends. They proved to be a patrol of French *méharistes* in pursuit of Arab gun-runners, for, nowadays, not even in the depths of the desert can the fugitive from justice escape the long arm of the French law. Their leader informed us that our alarm had been by no means without foundation, for a Bedouin war party, several hundred strong, had left El Garah that very morning. We had missed them by only about six hours. At the time we felt as though we had been cheated out of an adventure which would have provided us with dinner-table conversation for the rest of our lives. But, upon thinking the matter over, I have decided that perhaps it was just as well those Bedouins departed before we arrived. For their sheik, you see, was not one of those to whom we bore letters of introduction.





## Faint Perfume

*A Novel in Four Parts—Part I*

BY ZONA GALE, AUTHOR OF "MISS LULU BETT," *etc.*

WOODCUT BY BERNHARDT KLEBOE

**A** WET autumn night, a low, lighted house, wheels on the soaked gravel, the open door, and Leda Perrin in her father's arms.

He was surprised to have her telegram? No; for it had seemed to him every day that she would come back. Then he *had* been lonesome! No; only often thinking that she might walk in at the gate.

"And now you wonder why I came, don't you, dear? You think it's to tell you that I'm going to be married?"

"Married!" said John Perrin. "Why, you're only twenty-four—twenty-six. Well, yes, twenty-seven."

"But it's not that," said Leda, and demanded supper lest he should ask her what it was, though for days she had been schooling herself to tell him.

While she supped and sat with him she bore without sign the pain cursing her right arm, her right shoulder, and now driving her home for a year of rest. She could not tell him on this first night.

Instead, she told him about New York, her year of work in the magazine office, the after hours when she had been shut in her room writing.

"A novel; I could n't bear to write scraps. A novel about wicked folk who are good."

"She's young yet," John Perrin thought. "It takes longer to write about good folk who are wicked." Aloud he asked, "What's wicked?"

"Something you ministers teach us about," his daughter said.

When the pain became intolerable,

she rose, and wandered about the room: shelves of tooled leather; old silhouettes of her father's Cornish family; bits of faience gathered by her dead London mother; embroidery and copper brought by a grandfather in the Indian consular service before the Mutiny; the world. How was she to spend a year here in Prospect parsonage, forbidden to touch her pen?

She said to her father:

"You look happy."

"You're here."

"No, another sort."

Perrin had imagined himself to be veiling his small triumph. Not that the triumph was certain, but he had made an investment represented to him as both sound and moral. He and Leda might be at the avenue of that year of theirs in Greece, with a bit of excavating.

He said:

"We'll save what I have to tell you. Now what have you to tell me?"

"We'll save that, too."

At breakfast she asked:

"How are the Crumbs?"

Her father looked guilty.

"I don't know when I've seen them."

"Cousins make one such a hypothesis! Why can't we have a row with the Crumbs and never recover?"

"Are n't you any farther on than that?"

"Yes. No, I'm not, really; but I know how to pretend to be."

"Are n't you any farther on than that?"

"Oh, a little."

"Suppose"—severely—"we have the Crumbs for dinner to-night."

"Our first night!"

"To discipline our souls."

Her eyes livened.

"Are n't you any farther on than

that? Let's ask them, by all means; but we're both hypocrites."

He sighed.

"I suppose so."

After breakfast he confessed to his investment. His bright slant look betrayed his attempt to carry it off casually. Thirty thousand, it might be; any day now, they said. Copper.

"Men whom you know?"

"Not intimately; but enough." He looked at her sweetly. "I thought we might sail before Christmas." Fire sparkled through the fine white ash of his face. He showed her his maps. She looked and asked:

"Copper where?"

"Montana. And Crete—would you like to swing down through Crete?"

"Crete, by all means. You feel it's an investment that—"

"Quite gilt-edged. They say—"

He told her what they said. "Sicily is an old dream of mine." He talked of his old dream. He added: "Don't say anything of this to the Crumbs, of course—if they come to-night. Orrin would want to advise me."

"You did n't have anybody's advice, dear, did you?"

"No more than you do on what you should put in your stories." His delicacy veiled his mild triumph.

## § 2

The Crumbs were dining at the Perrins. The Crumbs were cousins less by the grace of God than by casualty; double cousins, since a Crumb had married a Crumb. The mellow room received them.

"Well," said Mrs. Truman Crumb, and kissed Leda, one might say, verbally.

"Well, Cousin!" cried Tweet Crumb. Verbal, too.

"Here 's the city girl!" burst from Orrin, husband of Tweet. He did not kiss Leda. He looked as if he thought of it and refrained from ethical considerations.

Leda and her father were standing. Berta would return in a moment to announce dinner, but the Crumbs sat down, oblivious. They could initiate anything.

"Thin," said Orrin; "she 's thin."

They inspected Leda; but Tweet was not able, really, to inspect anything out of relation to herself. Perhaps to such an extent did she feel the solidarity of the race that she considered every problem of others by referring it to her own.

"I wish you 'd tell me how you do it," she said, and dipped her glance to her own excessive endowments.

"Is n't Pearl coming?" Leda asked.

"Pearl overdid," said Mrs. Truman Crumb. This seemed to require no elaborating. Pearl dissolved.

"And Grandfather Crumb?"

"You did n't expect *him*?"

"Why not?"

"We never thought to mention it to him. Did anybody?" Nobody had mentioned it to him.

Berta came, said, "Dinner," with enormous distinctness, and withdrew, running. Leda's apology was her low laughter, but this laughter the Crumbs did not even note. Did not hostesses always laugh, especially in leading the way to the dining-room?

The parsonage dining-room the Perrins had paneled to the ceiling in dark oak. The light was from table candles and a mound of flowers.

Orrin Crumb demanded, "Are n't we citified?" He entered upon the occasion as if he were physically stepping into something. As the clean,

smiling fellow approached his chair, you no less than saw that he was a traveling salesman filled with *esprit de corps*. It would not matter what the *corps* was; the *esprit* would be there.

Tweet cried:

"Mama, I do wish we could make our table look elegant like Cousin Leda's."

Orrin said:

"You do when we have company." But she perceived no misstep, and continued to regard the linen.

"I always thought our table looked good enough for anybody," said Mrs. Truman Crumb. "And Mr. Crumb always thought so, too." Beneath her thin, dying hair, with its lively wave, her heavy-arched eyebrows pensively lifted. You understood that Mr. Crumb was gone.

Orrin Crumb said to his host:

"Well, and how are spiritual affairs progressing?" His bright-eyed alertness, his moist, parted lips, his faint, sweet odor of soap—all became invested with his desire to be at home on his host's own plane. It was, "How 's the market?" and no more than that.

A light candle appeared to flicker in the shell of John Perrin's face.

"Not very steady," he gravely replied. "The bulls eating the lambs alive—oh, it 's bears, is n't it?"

The vibrations of Orrin Crumb's laughter were petty convulsions. He said inarticulate things.

"And the Gideonites?" Mr. Perrin asked. He asked it with the playful intonation of established church good-naturedly countenancing the little ethical excursions of a lay world.

Orrin's convolutions flattened; his eyes grew round with the recollection of his spiritual life. He began to talk of the convention to be held in Pros-

pect in March by that religious order of traveling salesmen, the Gideonites. Orrin was a Gideonite. And now as he talked his face was beautifully lighted. You saw his bright inmost point of light.

When they were served, a certain table tension relaxed. Leda said:

"Now you must post me up on the news at your house," and the hour, that tight bud, unfolded.

"What do you think," Tweet demanded, "we're going to do, Orrin and I?"

So delicately did Leda reflect Tweet's animation that one momentarily captured the exquisiteness of abstract human response.

"To adopt," said Tweet, "a little girl."

Tweet said that she was so much alone, and if anything should happen to mama— The tone was lowered; a tenderness came to Tweet's eyes. Mama, perfect in her *savoir-faire* when death was delicately referred to as a personal matter—mama, with lowered eyes, plied her fork. The moment hung there black, but it went on like any moment. And Tweet said she must have somebody to make clothes for.

"Every time I see a fashion plate I feel restless." She wanted a child old enough to have curls. "And then we both want a little one." At this, momentarily, her face was that of a Madonna: conscious; unconscious, too.

"But she has none in view yet," mama ventured. You saw mama's bright hope that maybe none would come into view.

"Every woman ought to have a child," Orrin uttered, and Tweet lifted her look to them all. Suffering was in her face. She was acknowledging her-

self to have failed intolerably. This fair, thick being was divined to have her agonies. But she said:

"There's the sweetest dimity for a little girl of eight in Split and Ponder's window. I wish I could find a little girl of eight. It's such a cute age."

"Little girls of eight," said the Gideonite, his voice swelling down his period, "do not grow on every bush." The elderly figure pleased him and he smiled about.

Mrs. Crumb now said without resilience:

"We're going to have a little boy of eight in the house all winter. I should think that's enough that's eight."

"Richmiel is coming," Tweet announced. "We had a cable."

At this news, so casually delivered, that Tweet's younger sister was returning from Europe, Leda felt a shock of pleasure. She had not forgotten that day of Richmiel's wedding, nine years before, or could forget the stranger, Barnaby Powers, the groom, prowling about the rooms and devouring Richmiel with his eyes.

Tweet twitched aside the curtain from that romance. "Nine years—but nine years with Barnaby must have seemed like fifty."

John Perrin spoke warmly:

"Powers is one of the most charming men I've ever met. Distinguished, delightful."

"Oh," said Tweet, tolerantly, "I know his name's in print lots; but goodness!"

"Tweet!" her mother protested four tones down.

"It's all in the family," Tweet defended, rich in intonation. In Tweet's air of assumption stood, it might be, the tribal myth, a naked myth.

"I'd like to know what it's done to

Reesha," Tweet went on, "living like that—he at his eternal lecturing, never going a place with her." Tweet's lip made a deprecatory indrawn sound at the corner. "Reesha 's had a funny life." She rehearsed the funny life: "No better than a widow. No better than a maiden lady."

"But he is handsome," mama conceded. "Not as handsome as your father." Again the eyebrow's pensive arch upon the sainted Crumb.

"Perhaps you can make something of Barnaby, Cousin Leda," said Tweet. "You like funny folks."

"Not always," Leda told her, dryly, and chided herself for her secret interpretation; hugged it, too. She had been listening as if listening were the positive, the vital; and it was as if the talk of the Crumbs were the negative, the inert, the dead.

They all went into the study, mama hunched, as if she had recently been cut from crumpled paper, Tweet with rhythmic thigh and breast, her pompadour poised like a parrakeet's.

The mellow room received them among the paler colors of fire, the wine, the maroon, the blue.

Tweet roamed there.

"Mama," she said, "is n't this a refined room?"

### § 3

Leda smelled the odor of home, an odor like clean woolen. The hall clock, with incredible solemnity, uttered a wrong hour. Her father in his study below tapped the fender with the tongs. The memory of the Crumbs was in the room like a gas. She thought, "Every day and night for a year," and in the dark she divined in her home a kind of dying. "Every day and night for a year"; yet within

the month nothing of all this remained.

A dropping away of her father after a fortnight of illness, a comfortable illness during which he had continued to plan; then the head-lines said that he was no more. "John Perrin Is No More." The words carried nothing of the essence of the event. He *was no more*.

Three days before his death a letter came concerning the sweeping away of all in his preposterous, unadvised risk. Leda said nothing, laid the letter aside, sat with him in his high-ceiled room.

"Crete—we must see Crete by moonlight, Leda."

"Crete. By moonlight—"

"There 'll be something to feel such as we 've felt only in books. Something very jolly."

"Oh, yes—jolly."

"And Thessaly. Driving round in something, driving slowly,—it must be slowly,—with a volume of Theocritus. Leda, look out my red Theocritus and put it with my things."

"Your things?"

"I 've some shirts ready in the window-seat."

She found a pile of under-things and a dozen volumes, ready. She brought the Theocritus.

He died with the perfection of his dream unimpaired; he died believing her well and able and that he had cleverly provided for her. There was an instant when he knew that he was dying. His murmured "You 'll be all right" lifted that last banner.

A brother clergyman said, "Lean hard—lean hard on the Saviour, Perrin." And Perrin answered proudly, "My daughter will never want," and died. Thirty years of spiritual leadership, and he clean and strong; but his

period had done this for him that he crossed the valley or the river or whatever the topographical unit may be paternally telling ghostly guineas for Leda.

Her grief was intolerably sharpened by her hurt at his thwarting. Three parts of the dark of death seemed to her to be frustration. Besides her grief and the torturing pain in her arm, that which she most clearly remembered of the time was the smell of the badly cured leather of the funeral taxi and the sickening swinging of its window tassel.

When all had been discharged, it was found that Perrin had left his daughter, Prospect told it, without a penny. Without a penny and unable to work for a year. Leda said this over; it sounded like a representation by one who is trying to make matters out worse than they are.

She packed her belongings. She had no plan. There were Cornish kinsmen, but she remembered them as intent, throaty folk who did not understand her idioms and who confused her with their vowels. In any case, it was impossible to appeal to them. To appeal to friends was unimaginable. Leda stored the manse furniture, said that she was not certain what she should do.

From the first Prospect had assumed a solution which to her had not presented itself: her cousins, the Crumbs.

The Crumbs did not count themselves with the Starrets or the Lanes of Prospect. That is to say, either a Starret or a Lane might have been pallbearer to a Crumb, but a Crumb pallbearer to a Starret or a Lane, never.

At noon dinner in the fortnight following the death of John Perrin,

Tweet was late. It was assumed that she was at the parsonage, and Mrs. Truman Crumb hoped that Berta would have a good dinner. Tweet had n't eaten much breakfast. Had n't Orrin noticed that? That was funny, but, then, men never noticed anything. Had n't Orrin noticed that men never notice anything?

"I 've noticed it," said Grandfather Crumb. He was eating at the end of the table, and he now lifted his head and looked about at everybody, but nobody looked at him.

"Don't forget your dried corn, Grandfather," said Mrs. Crumb and looked at the corn.

"Tweet 's a busy little bee," said Orrin. "She 'll swoop down presently to browse," untroubled by the image of a browsing bee.

"Tweet eats too much, anyhow. She 's fat," said Pearl. Pearl was there, overripe sweetness, a lovely, listless sister, a too mellow fruit.

"Fat!" Mrs. Crumb indignantly turned upon her youngest. "How can you say so? Her figure is very much what mine was her age."

Pearl's lips repeated "Too fat" without a sound.

"Let 's not get to jangling over that," Orrin cried. He was so pinkly shaved, looked out with such evident pupils, that you simply could not shatter his expectation.

"Jangling!" Mrs. Crumb did quote the word, reproachfully. "What a word, Orrin!"

"Is n't it!" said Pearl, resentfully.

"Danged fine word!" said Grandfather Crumb, loudly, and laughed at his plate.

"Eat up your dried corn, Grandfather," said Mrs. Crumb.

Tweet came in.

"There 's my little woman!" cried Orrin, as in I-spy.

By obscure processes Mrs. Truman Crumb's welcome to her daughter was blemished by indignation. She said:

"Well! Where have you been staying till after it came time for them to get their dinner?"

Tweet was hurried, hungry, and began:

"I can't say that I was conscious—" She was of those who in irritation resort to Latin derivatives. Also, at such times she gave to her vowels their full breadth.

"Upon my word, jangling the first thing!" cried Orrin. Waiting for the maid Nettie to bring in dessert, he sang a loud bar. It was so that he took the situation by the throat and throttled it to decorum.

Shortly Tweet became more affable; digestion augmenting her breeding, she said:

"I 've something to tell you," and let them guess, her lips close pressed, one dimple stationary, and she saying, "No, no, no," inflected up. At last it came: "I think I 've found her." She told them about an orphan of Prospect, seven, homeless, curls. "Can't you see her going ahead of us up the aisle, Orrin? Orrin, what do you think?"

Her eyes went to the eyes of Orrin. What did they think?

"Ah," said the Gideonite, "I 'm afraid—" Tweet's eyebrows confessed a like fear.

"That I sympathize with this to an unwise extent." Tweet relaxed, and lifted bright reassured eyes.

"But," Orrin went on, and once more his wife dangled her reaction, "we shall have to see," he judicially concluded.

His Tweet leaned back in her chair, as pretty a piece of thoughtfulness as ever was poised by a word. They should have to see.

At supper Orrin came home with the news that Leda had n't a penny. Prospect said so, and Prospect knew about her right arm. "They say—"

Grandfather Crumb was polishing a quarter on his knee. His iron-gray hair curled about his neck; his splendid nose stooped to his task. He spoke out in his loud voice, without looking up:

"Instead of that orphing, why don't you ask the girl to come and bide here?"

Out of the depths of the heart of Mrs. Truman Crumb her voice spoke: "Ho! Leda would n't come here. We 're not good enough for her."

"Mama! the idea!" Tweet's pride was trampled. "I 'd like to know if we don't go with the nicest folks in Prospect."

There it was.

The Gideonite spoke out:

"Don't jangle. And it is n't a question of the orphan, I should hope. If the girl has n't got a home, that settles it, does n't it? We 'll ask her to come here." He was unaware of the faintest nobility, as if his words were the casual secretion of a certain racial nobility of which the good fellow unconsciously partook. He added, "But for Lord's sakes! stop your jangling!" and left the room. This prejudice against "jangling" seemed more consciously noble, a recent and a Gideonitish thing.

The three women stared at one another: Leda *there!*

"It always seems as if she saw right straight through you," Tweet said feebly. "I declare, I don't know—"



Grandfather Crumb looked up from his quarter.

"She 's a good girl," he said positively. "She 's better than our tribe." He rose with difficulty and precision, balanced, walked. "She looks like—"

"Like grandma did," Mrs. Crumb affirmed.

"No," said Grandfather Crumb.

It was to be seen that there had been a tremendous life going on in him, too.

#### § 4

Leda had accepted, had arrived, her aversion to using the Crumbs absorbed by her aversion to borrowing with no plan to repay. She slept as one dead, awakened to bewilderment, found herself still assailed by the events of the previous evening: her arrival, the articulateness of the Crumbs, who had even seized upon her bodily in authentic impulses of tenderness which had assumed her responsive tear, had been blankly taken aback when it did not flow. Cry, Cousin Leda! cry your heart out! *We 'll* understand.

She was, on this first morning, the first to reach the dining-room save for the maid Nettie, who smiled as if she knew that she ought not, being the maid, and vanished.

"They 're mostly late," she did volunteer, speaking with the extreme fervor peculiar to apprentices. It was not a parenthetical impulse in her. She had no faculty for murmurs.

A gigantic red poinsettia was hung as a shade against the central lamp. This monstrous blossom stared at Leda an unrestrained expression of the inexpressible. It was like the eye of the house.

The Crumbs entered, relaxed, as if in them the night were not yet spent, the three women first, in little sacks.

And of the meeting they made no ceremony, but entered intimately upon talk.

"Well," said Tweet, "going down-town early are you, Cousin Leda?"

Leda said no, that she was not going down-town.

"Please don't feel you have to put on all that for us!" Tweet cried at Leda's trim skirt and blouse.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Truman Crumb, "you 'll find us very easy-going. We wear and let wear in the mornings."

"That makes me think," said Tweet. "I dreamed—"

It was a longish dream and ramified. It was interrupted by the arrival of the Gideonite. He, too, gave no good morning, but the sheer breeziness of his manner made of his entrance a little ceremony.

"My stars!" he said as he took his place. He was all animal well-being, attacked Pearl, accused her of having by her plate a love-letter, winked, demanded: "Who is he this time? Duke Envers again?" And was a happy boy.

Tweet said:

"Honey, do you really have to go in the morning?" And he told her fondly that she always asked that every time he started on his trip. And their eyes clung in a vital tenderness that left an observer shaken.

Now he felt that something was due the cousin, so he turned upon her, dropped his voice, his manner, dipped his head. Was she making herself at home? Well, she just must.

They all joined him. Cousin Leda, you will feel you 're one of us? And blood is thicker than water.

Leda sat there, her look going from one to another. She felt shorn of all

her tentacles. Horns—horns were required.

"You must n't think of me," she said earnestly, and they said, well, they should hope they would think of her. The scarlet eye of the poinsettia was like a fifth Crumb, insisting.

The latch of the porch-door clicked, and there was Grandfather Crumb. No one gave him attention, and he leaned in the doorway, fumbling in his pockets. He was clean, collarless, shaven; his gray hair rolled thickly about his ears. He came down the room and laid by Leda's plate an apple. With her thanks she smiled up at him, but he did not look at her. No one else said anything to him. He went to the kitchen, still fumbling in his pocket. You knew that nothing was there, that this was his way of preserving his dignity—the dignity of having preoccupations of his own.

"He never eats breakfast," Mrs. Truman Crumb explained before the door closed; "he keeps apples in his room."

"He won't like giving up his room," Tweet observed. She gave a bright look, as if she had touched a button and something might whirl. Something did whirl.

"Why should he give up his room?" Orrin demanded.

"For Barnaby. Grandfather can go in the trunk-room."

"My grandfather," said Orrin, "shall do nothing of the sort."

"But you know when they were coming that other time when they did n't come that Reesha wrote particularly for Barnaby to have the attic room, where it's quiet, with a fireplace."

"If your sister's husband thinks he's going to upset our whole household so he can have quiet, he's fooled."

"But, Orrin—" Tweet began feebly. "Enough!" shouted the Gideonite.

Leda found herself trembling; said: "Please! Let some one have the room you've given me. I should do quite well in the trunk-room—"

"You'll stay where you are," said Orrin. "I'm not going to have things turned upside down for that man."

"I don't know what Barnaby will say." Tweet feebly kept it up.

"Since when are you more tender of him than of me?"

"Orrin, how absurd! They're our guests—"

"They invited themselves."

"Orrin! It's my sister." Now a note of tears.

"It's my grandfather, that old man. Grandfather," he called, and went toward the pantry-door.

Grandfather reappeared. He was eating an apple, which he continued to examine.

"Grandfather," said the Gideonite, "you'll keep your room, understand? Nobody is to put you out of it."

Grandfather Crumb chewed leisurely and swallowed.

"I brought m' things down when the despatch come. I brought 'em down to the trunk-room."

"You'll take them back to-day."

"No."

"You move back to your own room to-day."

Grandfather Crumb took an enormous bite from his apple, breaking the bite with a cracking sound.

"I'll stay where I am," he said mildly. "You try to boss me, and I'll have you across my knee," and left the room.

Pearl laughed abominably. Tweet's lip moved, but her eyes were anxious. All depended on the Gideonite. If he,

too, would laugh! No; he drew down his brow and gave his tight lips a lifted line, said:

"Grandfather 's in his second childhood."

Pearl giggled.

"Second fatherhood."

"I," said the Gideonite, "will discuss this with him alone."

He departed. Some one mentioned cleaning the silver. Covertly, Leda, still trembling, looked at them. They were preparing to go about their day as if nothing had happened.

Now the cousins laid upon her warm, straying hands, twined arms about her arms, and with her left the room.

### § 5

The Crumbs' living-room was the home of articles preserved out of sentiment for a sentiment no longer enduring. On the evening of Leda's first day in that house the Gideonite lay in that room upon the "davenport." His air of extravagant ease confessed that this was his last night at home. Next morning he would take to the road again, a gipsy-sounding occupation, but with no gipsying.

"Take me with you this time!" Tweet entreated from a basket chair, cradling her baby plumpness.

"My mouse must stay at home like a good mouse."

She sighed.

"Orrin, you really think we won't take that little girl this time?"

"Best wait a bit. There 'll always be orphans," he soothed her. So he had safely soothed her by a procession of them. Children he liked, but he liked, too, his comfortable home routine.

"But I do miss you, and if I had somebody to make dresses for—"

He knew that something was the matter with this, but all that he could achieve was a general attack.

"What a ridiculous charity!"

"But I 'd like that, just the way you like Bible classes."

"Yours is vanity."

"So is yours—partly."

"Since when is religion vanity?"

She said that he was proud of being known as a "first-rate Bible scholar" in the towns which he "made" for the "Sabbath."

He said: "If that 's your idea when a man tries to serve his Master!" She said that she would like to know who it was that was as proud as a peacock of having given a hundred Bibles, personally, to be put into hotel rooms. He looked away with an air of suffering. She threw herself on his breast with:

"Darling! Could n't his mouse joke?"

Mrs. Crumb and Pearl who had been calling and had been prevailed on to stay somewhere for supper, now came in, clothed in apparel of such an air of best that they seemed to be wearing not clothes, but merchandise. They detailed news. They discussed the falling out of two presumably joined of God, the irregular doings of a daughter of a best family, and the ending of a life. And their prevailing emotion was: "What 'd he hang himself in the cellar for, with that trap-door for her to lift him up through?"

In the midst of this came a telegram. New York. Richmiel had landed, was staying over briefly, would wire when to expect her.

"Would n't you think Barnaby would do the telegraphing?" Tweet demanded. "Orrin would."

"My part," mama observed, "I

think Barnaby is a cross, and we might as well bear him for ours."

Pearl said:

"Reesha 'll have clothes that 'll make ours look like gunny-sacks."

"Better take care of what we have got, then," said mama, and went away to remove the merchandise, and, as her custom was, reappeared in "something else" to spend the evening.

Meanwhile Leda had entered, and Orrin said:

"Oh, by the way, Cousin Leda, don't you go off walking by yourself the way you did this morning. You take Pearl."

On a road of alien beauty—snow-fields webbed with shadow, horizons banked with blue—Leda had that morning marveled that even the imagined company of a Crumb could cut off the splendor. Now she replied:

"Pearl might rebel." And in terror superadded, "I like going alone."

"Oh, now, Cousin Leda!" Tweet cried. "Surely that 's an affectation."

"Why should I affect that?"

"Oh, people do, without meaning to. I know I do."

"What," inquired the Gideonite, "do you affect, Mouse?"

She cried:

"To love you!" And he seized her.

"Seriously, Cousin Leda," he resumed, "you must get about more—as soon as appearances permit. Ever skate?"

"Why, years ago."

"Dance?"

"Years ago."

"See? We must get you out of that. We 'll have you active as a cricket. Active as a cricket."

She had imagined that he amused

her. She was mortified at her mounting irritation.

"Why on earth should I be as active as a cricket?"

At the absurdity of such a doubt he laughed indulgently.

"You and Tweet and Pearl must get up some romps here. My sisters used to chase one another all over the house."

"I 'm not much good, I 'm afraid."

"Nonsense! You just have n't had anybody to liven you up, and you must—" He remembered, and dipped his forehead, brows raised. "When the mourning is over. As a family, you 'll find us fairly lively."

She murmured:

"I 'll try not to fail you too often."

She thought that, if she could have sat there silent, they would have understood her distaste; but the temptation to be courteous overcame her.

Pearl passed. To illustrate his pretty boast, the Gideonite rose, hurled a pillow at her, ran. She was after him. Tweet followed. They might all be heard in the next room.

Leda slipped up-stairs. In the upper passage the gas was lighted, a high burner which left the place raw and whitish. Grandfather Crumb was traversing the passage. He did not look up, but she heard him saying something. It was:

"Don't they raise the hell! hell! hell!"

She turned out her lamp, so that no one would enter. Their method of entering her room, she had that day found, was informally to follow up a perfunctory tap. If the door was locked, they called anxiously and tenderly to know if she was ill. Well, then, let me in, Cousin Leda. It 's only me. Now she sat quiet in the

darkness with an animal sense of covert. She expected their voices: What you in there all by yourself for, Exclusive?

On the wall of her room here at the Crumbs she had set that day the portrait of her father, who looked like Dante; the Cornish silhouettes, delicate profiles, slender throats; and about her sounded familiar rumors of the distant and the past. These she had seen sink into the wall-paper, be devoured by the air of that room. Now she opened a window to the odor of snow, the thin wash of starlight, the stillness of the village street. But there entered no shy besieging sense of reality, like the surge of love, in which she was accustomed to meet the open air not as watcher, but as participant. It was as if this, too, were devoured by the air of that room. She sat there, empty. She became sharply aware of the pressure of pain in shoulder and arm.

Outside her door there was a scuffling sound, a knock, and the latch was tried. It came:

"What you in there for in the dark, Exclusive?"

She lied.

"I have gone to bed," and thought, "Already there is my first sin."

### § 6

The Powers seemed in no haste to arrive. Friends made in Europe were, by her brief accounts, besieging Richmiel in New York. Besides being brief, she was vague. But it was confidently expected that they would reach Prospect for the holidays, and about them centered the Crumbs' Christmas preparations: gifts for Richmiel commensurate with the importance of her European experience, gifts for the little Oliver, whom they

had never seen, not a difficult matter. Boys of eight were boys of eight, they seemed to say. For Barnaby they decided on a book—an expensive book. Pearl said that it ought to be something really deep, like those papa used to read. Pressed to know what papa used to read, they remembered books on bugs. But did Barnaby care for bugs? With a rare flash of self-consciousness they laughed at themselves. All the same, they were in earnest.

Two days before Christmas the Gideonite returned, entered the house at evening, his arms encompassing bundles, and he in the combined *esprit* of a home-coming and of the imminence of Christmas. He and Tweet clung together in the passage, she unmindful of the snowy coat which she clasped; and inner nature for an instant manifest, arcs of silver may have played about them. Also mama went about with a light shining inside, and it was as if some secret umbilical cord drew her to the telephone every time that it rang, and as if much of her existence went on outside her body, in Richmiel's body. The whole house was pulsing on its basement, and in the hope of concentrating on the feast which should be Richmiel's welcome, the kitchen ran in ripples. On Christmas eve the message came. Richmiel telegraphed that she had intended to surprise them, but an invitation "important for Oliver" would delay them over New Year's. She sent, she said, a million kisses.

At midnight the Gideonite stood in his purple bathrobe outside his door and chanted the great middle-class lyric:

"'T was the night before Christ-

mas when all through the house—" chanted it from beginning to end. For was it not Christmas eve?

When he had ceased there came from down the passage a rough, thin singing:

"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht—"

It was interrupted by mama's cry of: "Mercy on us! Grandfather 'll take his death!" And Orrin's hearty: "Yes. Well, better go back to bed now, Grandfather."

Leda heard the trunk-room door close on Grandfather Crumb and his carol.

Yet the time brought its own air. At the dining-room table on Christmas morning this was determinate. It was felt to be Christmas. Friction diminished, frankness suffered some holiday inhibition. With many a loud "My stars!" the Gideonite distributed the gifts, objects manifesting the travail of manufacturers. The women were gentle, open to jests, resented nothing, even showed happy tears at one another's delight. "O Cousin Leda, how good that you have a family of your very own to be with this Christmas, is n't it?" The red eye of the poinsettia presided over all.

Toward noon Leda found mama crying in the kitchen. She was basting the turkey and crying for Richmiel. And when Leda, whose way of comfort was to be casual, to give the grieving one an excuse to leave her turmoil and become spectator—when Leda, instead of saying, "Cousin, don't!" did say merely, "What a fine turkey!" it was not that mama could not have rebounded. Merely, mama did not wish to be interrupted in her relaxation. As she basted, she wept the more.

Grandfather Crumb sat whittling shavings for the range, and he said:

"They 'll be here soon, lass," and the years which had run together so lightly took back their own rank.

"It is n't Reesha's fault, Mama. You can be sure of that," Tweet said from the dining-room; "it 's Barnaby. He wants to stay in New York for something; that 's all it is." She came into view in a saffron blouse. "He 's a selfish thing," said she. "Reesha 's always written us that."

"You mean when he left her alone in the Alps all last summer?" mama inquired, basting, unaware that her inflections were painting upon the room her child, Richmiel, seated solitary in snows. "You know she wrote me Barnaby was n't giving her enough money to dress on," she cried, and banged the oven-door. "I shall go crazy!"

"Little more, you mean," muttered Grandfather Crumb and whittled.

Pearl came down the back stairs and entered with:

"What 's the use of getting Cousin Leda all prejudiced before he gets here? That 's what I say."

And Tweet spoke nakedly:

"I guess Cousin Leda knows none of us here have much time for Barnaby. Anyway, that 's the truth."

"She might as well know," said mama, "that he wanted Reesha to come home and stay awhile. That was five years ago. Reesha would n't do it. She said her place was with him. And it was."

"Why was it?" demanded Grandfather Crumb, loudly.

There was a moment's silence.

"Why was it?" he repeated; and added, "I bet it was n't, if the murder was out."

"Whittle your shavings, Grandfather," said mama.

Leda was escaping when the Gideonite came booming:

"Where 's everybody?" Heard the subject of the orgy, he said, "Leave the poor foreign cuss alone, can't you?" And added that Barnaby was a high-brow and knew it, too, which seemed to double the defection.

They fell on Barnaby and tore him, the Gideonite protesting feebly. They sat in the comfortable kitchen, with its odor of roast turkey and its litter of the Christmas dinner preparation, and they tore Barnaby. But to one another they continued in a holiday gentleness.

In her room, nursing arm and shoulder, Leda brought back Barnaby Powers as she had seen him in that house that day of snow: banked windows, laden boughs, chilly rooms, the high emphasis of the wedding guests, and the man burning among them. She saw him intent, silent, a hand covering his mouth and he watching for Richmiel. Through the ceremony he had stood looking down at her as if the guests were not; afterward had stared at them as if he wondered how they came there. Into the carriage his arms had swung Richmiel. Leda had never forgotten him, that exquisite being, caught unaware, there before them all, like any yokel with his Joan. In the nine years he had remained to her a presence. She had found his papers in the English reviews, had looked deeply at his face on the magazine page, his large, fine hand shadowing his eyes, and in those eyes a great fire. He and Richmiel! Richmiel whose body had seemed nine

tenths of her being. What by now had been his tortures? The finer of the two, he was the one who would have been harmed. Leda tried to image him here among the Crumbs, the grave, smoldering presence. What would they say to him?

Now she heard the voices of the Crumbs. Tweet had been taking her tonic, and mama demanded:

"What spoon did you use, Tweet?"

"One of the good ones."

"Why did you take one of the good ones?"

"Why not?"

"Yes, and when company comes, what have I to give them? Old rusty spoons, poorhouse spoons. I should think you might—"

"I think that's pretty small, Mama."

In mama's mutter Leda knew that there had come back, veritable and glowing, her early days when silver spoons were few and prized. That it was, in fact, those early days themselves which Tweet might have shared. But Tweet said only that it was pretty small. And Leda saw that she herself might become unable to revalue mama's mutters and Tweet's shrill cries and Orrin's outbursts. That the Crumbs were upon her, like facts.

"Very well, very well. If I can't have a spoon to take my tonic, Orrin 'll buy me half a dozen. I really do think, Mama—"

From head to foot Leda burned with a great fire, as if her body became a blazing signal for help.

"Somebody come! Barnaby Powers! Barnaby Powers!"

(The end of the first part of "Faint Perfume")





## The Scandal Handkerchief

BY GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

DRAWINGS BY C. B. FALLS



"MEVROUW! The evil eye!" With horror in her tone 'Gusta, the comely, saddle-colored chambermaid, protested.

She stood before me in all the voluminous splendor of the remarkable cotter and kerchief, the dress and bandana, of Surinam. Even as she spoke she crammed into her bosom a little parcel made up of articles which Yoo-pie, the black cook, had hastily procured for her: a bit of bread, some salt sprinkled upon it, a burned match laid on top, the whole wrapped in a scrap of paper.

Mystified, I defended myself.

"But I only said you were the handsomest thing in town."

"Yes, *Mevrouw*." Her English gave out, and the little white woman, act-

ing as interpreter, translated: "You frightened her by your extravagant praise. If she looks too well, an enemy is likely to cast the evil eye upon her. So she had to make a charm to wear against obeah—to prevent witchcraft."

I started to inquire what virtue to defeat this form of ancient voodoo lay in the combination of burned match, the staff of life, salt, and wood-pulp, but I was silenced by a warning glance. In this land of Dutch Guiana superstition holds the reins. Excite distrust, and you won't be able to find even a laundress. Full of much more important questions, I forbore.

Ensnared in a tiny inn, I was promoting a private inquiry in Paramaribo. Lest your geography may have act-





gone a bit lame, a crutch for your assistance! Paramaribo is capital, and in fact the only city, of Holland's large colony on the mainland of South America, on the map the central of the three patches which have the deceptive appearance of having been bitten out of Brazil by European powers.

It has been generally forgotten that by the treaty of Westminster in 1674 England swapped the southern half of her great undeveloped province of British Guiana with the Netherlands in friendly exchange for clear title to Dutch settlements in what is now the United States. If the Dutch had retained control of Nieuw Amsterdam, or New York, there would have been in Surinam no costume of fascinating colors and distinctive character more than two hundred years old and quite comparable with the peasant costumes of Europe. Neither would there have been head-kerchiefs steeped in the folk-lore of generations. The Anglo-Saxon's pace of living seems to kill out the quaint customs maintained among more leisurely folk.

Of course England's bargain was a bad one, since she soon lost New York, while Holland still retains her possessions. Minded, however, to see what the canny Dutch had acquired, I voyaged to Surinam. Measuring by the marvelous natural resources, I concluded that Holland made a much better deal than she even yet appreciates, for she still knows this great territory so little that it remains a wild frontier, the mere government of which until recently drained her exchequer annually of about half a million dollars. Yet when I remarked the mountainous negroes in the blaz-

ing glory of every variety of cotter and kerchief, a host of gaunt Hindus with much beturbaned heads and naked legs, many stunted Japanese in white *cabayas* (jackets), and colorful sarongs used as skirts, straight-haired, nearly red Indians, and barbaric wild negroes of the bush, I knew that the human resources of Surinam exceed in interest its treasures of land and water.

Most commanding of all at first glance were the *cottermesses*, wearers of the cotter. You remember ancient illustrations of hoop-skirted, much bepetticoated Dutch *vrouws*? When the Hollanders first came to Surinam in the seventeenth century, great ladies dressed in this fashion. Their slaves envied deeply. Unable to afford hoops and rich fabrics, they achieved a somewhat similar effect by using great quantities of cotton cloth of the loudest colors and patterns, upholstery designs in every raw, striking tone.

To walk under the great mahogany-trees behind a *cottermisse* and watch her voluminously puffed-out, stiffly starched figure bob lightly along like a cork on a stream is a peculiarly beguiling pastime. No matter how thin the face, arms, and ankles, her body appears to be monstrously fat. 'Gusta, as amiable as she was pretty, became my walking primer in *taki-taki*, common speech of negroes and Indians. It is made up of degenerated, but often recognizable, English, Dutch, Portuguese, and French words, with a smaller number of Indian and African origin. She promised to show me her collection of handkerchiefs and to demonstrate how the cotter was put on.

In her negligée she slipped into my room one afternoon. With confident



African grace and sureness she balanced on her head a wide basket-tray upon which were piled a great number of stiffly starched bandanas, each a yard square when unfolded. Those kerchiefs were merely a few from 'Gusta's hope chest. She had three hundred accumulated for her trousseau, which contains little but such millinery. Cotters are expensive; one is satisfied with two or three at a time. Bandanas cost only half a guilder or so. When one has a job, one buys a new head-scarf every week. Besides, old ones are never discarded. "All the girls," 'Gusta said, "have kerchiefs their grandmothers embroidered."

Yoopie brought in what appeared to be an enormous pile of cardboard-stiff clothing: three white petticoats, two cotter skirts, two cotter jackets, and three flattish bolsters about four by thirty inches, stuffed with straw. Each skirt was four yards around and no less than six feet long, built for the stature, it would seem, of females of Brobdingnag. One cotter was merely to be shown, and the other to be put on.

Negligeé discarded, 'Gusta first placed one of the bolsters—a "rat" for the body similar to that which white women wore not long ago under the hair—on top of her chemise, just above the hips. Over this was fastened one of the white petticoats. Its extra length settled about her feet. Yoopie handed her a tape, and 'Gusta tied it tightly just below the rat. Then she pulled the slack up above this tape until she had a great puff around her middle, and the bottom of the skirt hung free from the ground. Placing a second rat above the puff,

she arranged the second petticoat over it in similar full panner. The third bolster came far up under her arms like a life-preserver—a life-destroyer in that tropical, humid climate.

Over the third petticoat, also puffed, went the cotter-skirt, treated in the same way. Naturally, her elbows angled sharply, uncomfortably out from her body. Yet she would have been infuriated by pity; Dutch Guiana styles dictate the silhouette of a hog-head for the fashionable. No torture from padding is worth notice. Slack females occasionally trust the shadow-proof starchiness of the cotter to conceal the absence of some of these petticoats, but real quality *cottermis*ses would not be caught alive without every one.

Donning a marvelous short-sleeved butterfly jacket of perfect circular cut, from the back of which, like misplaced antennæ, dangled two long, useless cotton tapes for decoration, 'Gusta put on a crisp head-kerchief, and was about to finish off the toilet of a black beauty by adorning herself with *moy-moys* (pretty knickknacks of jewelry) when I almost ruined the afternoon by my well intended compliment.

Reassured that the charm in her bosom would avert the evil eye, she adjusted immense gold loops in her ears, stuck a set of garnet pins and matching brooch in sundry locations, fastened several strings of beads about her plump throat, and slipped eight or ten bracelets over her hands. Tinkling like a sleigh at every movement, with a liberality which proved that she had never paid for my brand, she happily doused herself with the toilet water I offered.



#### THE RUBBER KING SCANDAL HANDKERCHIEF

A bandana worn in Dutch Guiana in memory of a certain bit of local scandal. The crown denotes the rubber king; of the two hearts, the white stands for the unsuspecting husband, the black for the unfaithful wife; the key indicates the door the rubber king locked when he visited the wife during the husband's absence. The inverted V and dot represent the evil eye, the padlock denotes the door to which the husband, unexpectedly returning, had a key, and through which he entered and discovered the guilty pair; the sailboat tells how the pair left the town.



For this occasion she had chosen a kerchief of no relation whatever to the brilliant color and prominent pattern of her cotter. I inquired if the bandana was not supposed to match, and thereby tapped an unsuspected reservoir of folk-lore.

Town topics, you will admit, are not worn as millinery in the United States or Europe, yet in Surinam the head-gear of black and near-black females is decorated profusely with symbols of situations or scandals of Paramaribo past and present. Striking bits of spicy colonial history walk about on the heads of mummies, maids, and piccanninies. News still runs largely from tongue to tongue in Dutch Guiana. Paramaribo has no newspaper worthy of the name; in this land of rumor and tradition formal events, jokes, and backstairs gossip have been crudely recorded in the kerchief.

'Gusta was going later to see her grandmother, and the head-rag she selected had to do with the recent birth of her grandmother's sixth grandchild. It was known as the family kerchief, and its design consists of an embroidered circle surrounded by a number of little offspring dots. In the old days when her grandmother was a slave—human bondage supposedly ended in Surinam about the same time as ours—all kerchiefs were decorated by needlework. Now many of them are printed, storekeepers transmitting old and new designs to manufacturers in Holland. The circle in the *family* kerchief is primarily the symbol of marriage. For a wedding there is a simple head-scarf with a design of a plain gold ring on a white ground. On another, appropriate to

a second marriage, the brilliant new ring is superimposed upon a faded gray one. For further family events, the proper number of matching spots cluster about the circle.

'Gusta explained through the interpreter:

"We 'make *prudho*' [literally, 'make ourselves proud'] by wearing a kerchief to match the occasion, not the cotter. I will show you now how we make our hats; we call it 'tying.'"

Taking a new kerchief, she began deft manipulations. A thousand pins went into it to secure a fold or a twist here, a twirky end there, a rabbit's ear behind, with not a knot or stitch in the whole creation. She was less than five minutes completing it. Others followed, boat-shaped, square, round, petal-like, and triangular, one being peaked like Fuji-yama. An etiquette has grown up about the styles of "tying." Sixteen ways appropriate to church, funeral, party, or wedding are in common use. She even showed me, fearfully, the *Aspasia* tie, a wild-looking, deeply significant affair. Yoopie hid her face while 'Gusta arranged it.

"A woman wears this only when she is determined to be revenged," 'Gusta almost whispered. "When she has vowed to work obeah on her enemy, she goes to the obeah-doctor and gets instructions. As soon as she makes ready, she ties her kerchief *Aspasia* fashion. If she goes into the market, the place will be stark empty in no time. Everybody is afraid she will cast the evil eye on them and awful misfortune will follow. My aunt is in trouble now. The obeah-man is with her."

"What is he like?" I asked.



"He's bright-colored and thin and walks with a limp." I found later that most of the smart yellow confidence-men who make a lucrative profession of witch-doctoring are cripples, answering this description. "He's been treating my aunt for three days. First he got a spider out of her head, then a toad. He showed them to her. Now he is conjuring to get the viper. When he gets the snake out, she will be well again."

To dismiss this gruesome subject and the terrors it obviously invoked, she quickly unpinned the Aspasia and launched forth on stories of the significance of various kerchiefs. Often the idea for a scarf comes from a harmless superstition. The *Marabonta* kerchief, for example, found its motive in a saying of the country, "Wasps [called *marabonta*] nest about the house of a sweet girl." A decidedly inferior suitor was accepted by a particularly desirable girl. No doubt the old saw was jocularly quoted. Promptly a kerchief with a crude wasp design appeared. It has been brought out by no means infrequently ever since to celebrate engagements.

She displayed the traditional lover's-knot, which fits any sentimental situation. For a broken heart there is a design locally connected with the story of Metje, daughter of a rich planter. She was engaged to the son of the man who owned 'Gusta's grandmother. Metje jilted the young man and married some one else. In sympathy for the young master's grief, the negroes wore for a time a bandana called by her name, coupled with the accusation "false *lobi*" (false love). Jilts have ever since been reproached

by the sudden appearance of this kerchief. On the modern reproduction the words themselves are printed across the corner in condemning black.

The sound of tramping feet took us to the window. A ghostly, white-garbed funeral procession was passing, all on foot, as is customary, even the minister and the pall-bearers who carry the curious fit-the-form coffin all the way to the cemetery. Pointing out that white, not black, is the mourning of the country, 'Gusta selected from her tray samples of the kerchiefs suitable to the whole period.

The widow, or chief mourner, wears a pure white kerchief for the first week only. The second week a tiny black or blue-and-white pin check is in order, sometimes varied by a dark hair-line on a white ground. A conservative, but larger, check is customary the third week; the fourth, a still larger check of other colors; and a plaid of soft shades the fifth. On the sixth a pronounced plaid is permitted. The seventh week mourning is definitely put aside, and the late bereaved bursts forth resplendent in purple, chrome, emerald, or whatever taste dictates.

With qualmish risibles, I remarked the brevity of mourning.

'Gusta retorted sensibly enough.

"We wear the same head-cloths for Lent. We mourn only forty days for Jesus Christ. Why should we show more respect to any other? At the time of His arising all is gladness and color. So we wear our gayest kerchiefs the seventh week as an omen of salvation."

I should like to compare Fifth Avenue's Easter parade with Para-



maribo's. I know in advance that I should prefer Surinam's bonnets. And equally gay is the birthday of the queen, heavily celebrated in the colony. The popular bandana for the occasion is that designed in honor of Wilhelmina's marriage. In the national colors, on a white ground, are reared a white heart, a crown, a key, and a padlock. The white heart represents Wilhelmina herself, the crown her position, the key the understanding which unlocks the heart. The padlock stands for matrimony!

I picked up another bold-patterned kerchief covered with dashing, graduated, circular gold loops exactly like those 'Gusta now had in her ears.

"The *Kino* [movie] kerchief," she explained. "Everybody wears earrings to the pictures." These showy gold loops are most generally affected, and therefore became the motive to mark the nine-days' wonder of the coming of the films to Surinam.

For the arrival of a ship, particularly a war-ship, there is a scarf which commemorates a visit of the Dutch navy perhaps fifteen years ago. Its border is of sailor's-knots in simulated rope. The center is divided into small spaces by curved lines like waves. In each wave-bordered square appears one of the following: a ship with conning-towers, an anchor, a sword, a winged wheel, a cannon, a submarine. Let a ship put into port, and a thousand head-cloths gaily greet the sailor who ventures ashore.

Old sayings of a leisurely isolated people touch off with satire situations common to all humankind. Financial failure and success are depicted in two designs in which coins are used.

When one is "broke," one may wear a scarf upon which small leaden pieces of money appear. With it goes the proverb, "Nobody can change half a cent."

If, on the other hand, one is prosperous or feels rich, there is a flamboyant pattern of bright coins, accompanied by the following arrogant lines:

"I am gold money.  
You may be anything, little or much;  
I am always the same in value."

'Gusta strutted as she recited them.

A cynical saying general in its application is printed upon another:

"*All si hanoë* ["When one marries"],  
*Anno* friendship." ("Friendship is nothing.")

The real memorial to a famous local card-player is really not his tombstone, but a kerchief called by his name upon which a whole deck of cards seems to have been spilled.

"We wear this to bring luck," said 'Gusta, "and repeat what he used to say, 'If you shuffle the cards properly, *Father Christmas will treat you well.*'"

A beautiful floral square carries with it the famous warning which a well known girl sent to her philandering lover: "I am tied, but I am not buttoned." This sally brought him back to her side. Lovers in the same case know that when that kerchief is worn by a sweetheart, it betokens open jealousy.

Another lover's quarrel verging on scandal is recorded by a head-cloth known as "Sweet on Bonita." Two men were in love with Bonita. In a fury the larger attacked his rival. Sympathy settled Bonita's choice, and



she married the wounded suitor. This kerchief is now used as a warning against force during amorous competition.

The scandal kerchiefs are exceedingly interesting. One called "Seven Girls Beat the Old Lady" evidently defied the pictorial powers of female African artists. At least to North-American eyes the connection between so lively a name and an innocent bunch of flowers on a blue field is obscure. 'Gusta had lost the story of this one. Yet no wonder, attached to anything, that the name itself lived.

A famous gossip is represented by the "Fan" kerchief. If the gossip could only be told behind a fan, she could fan it into scandal.

Another telltale of Paramaribo was remarkably clever about distributing news of her neighbors, but cheating them of items regarding her own affairs. She is pilloried in the "Calabash" kerchief. Calabashes are like gourds. In every house they are used as bowls, and take the place of our "old china tea-cup on the top shelf" as a handy place in which to hide things. When at last scandal involved this woman, her neighbors sarcastically remarked, "She always hid her own news in the calabash." They straightway designed a kerchief, using the calabash as a satirical symbol and wore it with relish.

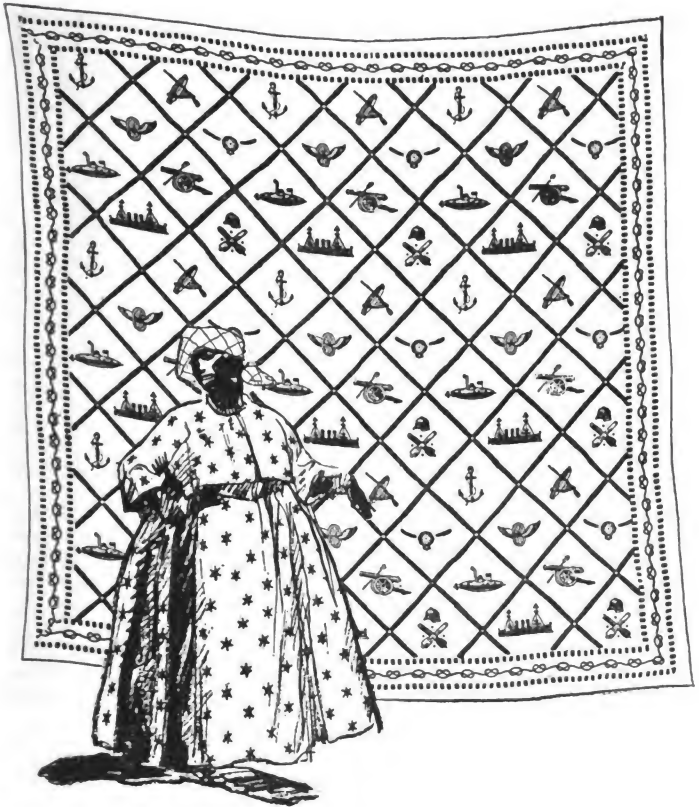
One of the kerchiefs tells its story almost as eloquently as if it could talk. A black heart shot with an arrow represents a man struck by Cupid's dart. He did not walk the narrow path of charity. The only other symbols are two keys, one more than he ought to have.

How the mighty fall is ever a theme of surpassing interest, and of all the scandal scarfs none is more detailed than that named for S—, monopolist in a certain staple export, who may be called the commodity king. The graphic symbols are a crown, a black heart linked with a white one, a key, a padlock, the evil eye, and a sailboat. The black heart and the crown stand for the commodity king. He loved the innocent wife (white heart) of another man. The padlock indicates her marriage, but, as 'Gusta reported the story, also plays a second rôle in this kerchief. Knowing that the husband was away, the black-hearted villain obtained an extra key to her house. He let himself in that night, bolting the door on the inside behind him. The evil eye shone on him, however. The husband returned unexpectedly. Finding entrance in the usual way impossible, he let himself in by using his key to a padlocked back door, ejected the villain, and publicly denounced him. The commodity king fled into the jungle on one of the many sailboats used in his bush business, for there are no roads except for a radius of a few miles about Paramaribo. The rivers are the highways.

Telling the story, 'Gusta's eyes flashed malice.

"By the time S— returned, months later, we had this kerchief to remind us of his dishonor. And as we often do, we made a point of putting it on and walking up and down in front of his house."

Imagine the parade, each fuzzy head adorned by "his" kerchief! And although race distinction then obliged



#### THE WAR-SHIP HANDKERCHIEF

For the arrival of a ship, particularly a war-ship, in Dutch Guiana, there is worn a scarf which was originally designed to commemorate the visit of the Dutch navy a number of years ago. Its border is a pattern of sailor's knots in rope. The center is divided by curved lines suggesting waves. In each wave-bordered square appears one of the following: a ship with conning-towers, an anchor, a sword, a winged wheel, a cannon, and a submarine. Let a ship put into port, and a thousand head-cloths like this gaily greet the sailor who ventures a shore.





them to salute him obsequiously as usual with "Tag, Mynheer," what an interesting punishment they administered! An impromptu hat is a curious weapon for ostracism.

Rarest of all her kerchiefs was one truly ancient which she called the "Wild Coast." The mere name made me jump, for that was one of the designations applied to this territory at the foot of the Spanish Main by its earliest explorers. Of this kerchief all 'Gusta knew was that it had been embroidered by a great-grandmother, and that it had to do with the time when a French admiral held up Paramaribo for tribute.

Shades of Commodore Cassard! It could be no other than the rough folk-record, made perhaps a century later, of the great siege of Paramaribo in the seventeenth century by that doughty sea-dog. With his fleet he sailed up the Surinam River, without provocation trained his superior guns on tiny Fort Zelandia,—even to-day it poses as protection for the town much as a Pomeranian poses as the defender of its mistress,—and sent word that he would blow the place off the map unless he received a preposterous sum, said to be half a million guilders. Paramaribo believed him. All the gold and silver in the colony was assembled, but to complete the sum, the planters had to throw in their crops of sugar and tobacco and an even number of slaves before Cassard would depart.

On this most precious kerchief a solid border of overlapping yellow spots obviously represented coins; an outline stitchery of barques resembling caravels or galleons depicted

Cassard's fleet; a few wavy lines suggested the sea; a sword stood for the force of arms. One could only conjecture how this came to be painstakingly made into a kerchief. Some story-telling master, perhaps, related the tale so often that 'Gusta's slave ancestor reduced it to these simple, but eloquent, motives. I did not see another in Surinam. I broke that commandment about coveting, but 'Gusta would not let me have it, although she parted with a few of the others for a consideration.

Modern history as well is told by this topical millinery. A lovely cream-and-blue square covered with birds, butterflies, and flowers, commercially reproduced from the batik from the East, is symbolic of the advent of the Javanese.

Under indenture—twentieth-century slavery on a five-year renewable contract—Holland has imported tens of thousands of men and women from Java, from India, and at one time from China, to work the soil. Certain beautiful turban cloths of the Dutch East have been adopted by 'Gusta's generation of the Dutch West, a sign of the melting-pot.

There is not, I dare say, a place nearer paradise for the ethnologist than Paramaribo. The cross breeds are amazing. Dutch-Japanese-Africans are numerous. I knew personally one Chinese-negro-Jew. Built strongly, like the Surinam negro, with high cheek-bones, eyes slightly Mongolian, a straight, somewhat heavy nose, darker in color than a Chinaman, and with scarcely crinkly hair, he was what is called a "good" cross. This queerly Burbanked specimen of



mixed tribes of men had the astuteness of his Portuguese Hebrew ancestor, a mixture of superstitions, and the honesty of a Chinaman. Hero of many a deal, yet a reputed smuggler, that Chinese-negro-Jew will doubtless one day take a well deserved place in the bonnets of Surinam unless the fine cottons of the East kill the negroes' interest in their own symbolic head-dress.

When I reluctantly let Augusta go, it was near sunset. I had been irretrievably bitten by the ineradicable folk-lore bug. Collectors inoculated with germs which send them searching for stamps, porcelains, antiques may

believe their diseases serious, but let them beware of folk-lore infection.

Wandering to the window, I saw the evening flight of parrots, winging high and heedfully above the town, commuting home from the feeding-grounds in the not far distant bush. They came two by two, in a symmetrical procession, chattering with human cheerfulness. Even at that distance their brilliancy of plumage was remarkable. I glanced at the people on the avenue of mahoganies before our hostelry. For sheer glory of color and fine feathers the parrots were outdone by the cotters and kerchiefs of Surinam.





# Testing the Mental Tests

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE



ARE we becoming a nation of defectives and semi-defectives? Is the blight of feeble-mindedness spreading among our people at an increasingly rapid rate? Does it already number among its victims a large proportion of the population—a proportion so large that, if national well-being is to be maintained, drastic legislation looking to a checking of the birth of the unfit must be promptly enacted?

Confident affirmatives in answer to questions such as these are voiced by not a few observers of men and events, and of late those who answer them affirmatively have been more insistent and exhortative in their utterances, as a result of the findings of the psychologists who during the World War busied themselves applying so-called intelligence tests to soldiers in the American Army. In all more than 1,700,000 officers and men had their mental powers measured by these tests, with the unexpected outcome that the great majority failed to rate up to the standards set for fifteen-year-old boys. Thousands upon thousands, indeed, revealed a mental capacity, according to the tests, inferior to that of normal ten-year-old children. On the assumption that the tests do correctly measure the innate intelligence of those to whom they were applied, it follows that the nation is staggering under a terrible burden of feeble-mindedness.

Such pronouncement, in line with similar statements made by many ad-

vocates of the eugenic gospel, according to which social stability and progress can be insured only through the application of stock-breeding principles to the human race, obviously loses in force if the mental tests on which it depends are lacking in reliability as measures of intelligence. The fact is that this has been seriously called into question even by psychologists themselves, and the tests have been pretty sharply criticized from more than one point of view.

For one thing, there are psychologists who hold that, as Dr. Morton Prince expressed it to me in the course of a recent conversation, "It is doubtful whether any set of tests has yet been devised really suitable for measuring the intelligence of adults." Mental testing, it is important to recall, was originally devised and utilized as a means of ascertaining the intelligence of children. Necessarily, the various tests had to fall within the range of the experience of children. This meant that they had to be mainly problems—in memorization, calculation, sentence completion or correction, etc.—dealing with matters of school work. To retain such problems as measures of the intelligence of adults is to require the tested adult to shift from his present range of experience back to that of childhood; and he must do the shifting quickly, a premium being put on speed in the solving of the problems set. But with reference more particularly

to testing the ability of an adult to reproduce figures from memory, Sidney L. Pressey and Luella W. Cole declare:

"The problem presented is so utterly foreign to his experience that he does not know what to make of it, how to 'take hold' of it. It is wholly different from the varieties of problem by which, in his environment, his intelligence is tested, and his failure here has very little significance. A school child finds such a task not unnatural. For an adult the test is next to valueless as a test of intelligence."

And with reference to certain other mental tests when applied not to children, but to adults, they add:

"A day laborer, fairly intelligent in his reaction to his own limited environment, is bewildered and irritated by many of the problems set him. . . . When asked to give disconnected words for three minutes, to draw designs from memory, or to make a sentence containing Boston, money, and river, he does poorly. The reason is not so much lack of intelligence as unfamiliarity and awkwardness with the type of problem. . . . The measurement of the intelligence of adults is a problem altogether different from the measurement of the mentality of children. We need special methods, and, to a large extent, special tests for this problem."

Then, again, the reliability of the tests has been questioned on the ground of the well established variability of intelligence according to changing moods and physical conditions. To quote one critic of the tests, writing in the "Journal of Philosophy, Psychology, and Scientific Methods":

"We know pretty definitely that our 'general mental adaptability to new problems' varies markedly from time

to time and place to place. It varies with what we have eaten and how we have slept, with time of day and character of our immediate associates. For some people this variability is probably greater than others. But an assumption of a static intelligence level is necessary to mental test work, as it is now conceived."

Other difficulties have been pointed out. Dr. F. N. Freeman of the University of Chicago rightly insists that one should distinguish between mere brightness and intelligence (behavior often leaves no doubt that a person may be bright, yet not very intelligent), and holds that it is brightness rather than intelligence that the tests chiefly measure. Certainly, too, they do not afford any illuminating revelation of the extent to which the mentally tested adult possesses such qualities as energy, initiative, sincerity, perseverance, and other traits that count for much in determining success in life. Finally, I might perhaps note that in the recently published "Twenty-first Year-Book of the National Society for the Study of Education" Professor S. S. Colvin of Brown University puts his finger on an exceedingly weak spot in mental testing, whether applied to children or to grown men and women, when he observes:

"Little or no value can be attached to the results of tests in which the individuals tested vary in any marked degree as to their opportunity and desire to become familiar with the materials of the test employed. Hence children of different social and economic status may score quite differently in such tests, not because of any real difference in native intelligence but because of such differences in home sur-

roundings that some are favored while others are handicapped, particularly so far as the use of the English language is concerned. Also boys and girls, because of their different interests in the world about them, may make quite different average scores in tests as a whole or in various elements included in tests, without differing essentially in native capacities."

Professor Colvin adds, "Administered in a mechanical way and not supplemented by the personal touch, they [mental tests] are often of little value and may be positively harmful." Moreover, even conceding for the sake of argument that the tests are as reliable as the over-enthusiastic deem them, and that they unflinchingly rate inferior persons at their true mental age, it by no means follows that the tests, taken by themselves, account for the inferiority discovered. As hinted in the first passage quoted from Professor Colvin, they merely reveal the mental status; they do not explain it. They classify, but do not solve.

## § 2

This is something I would strongly urge upon the consideration of all who would base on the findings of the intelligence tests a plea for placing most stringent restrictions on the activities of the mentally inferior, even to the extent of denying them the right to marriage. Because a man when tested exhibits the mentality of a mere boy, it would be rash indeed to affirm that his mental immaturity is of necessity due to inborn mental defect. Even in the cases of children shown by the intelligence tests to be several years under age mentally, a cruel injustice might be done by forthwith

labeling them feeble-minded, a procedure to which some mental testers seem strangely inclined. For the intellectual backwardness might be due to any one of a number of remediable causes. By ascertaining which cause is actually responsible for the retardation, and by removing that cause, it might well be possible to raise the intellectual level of the retarded child to normal for his age, and in some cases so to stimulate him that he becomes intellectually superior to most children of his age. In fact, this is being done all the while.

Experience has shown that even comparatively slight abnormalities may have a curiously deadening influence on the mind. Only recently a most impressive illustration of this chanced to come to my attention in a report of observations made in the course of a school survey in Vermont by an investigator for the United States Public Health Service.

In one school sixteen children of various ages were found doing their school work in a room specially set apart for them. It was explained that they were children of such weak mentality as to be incapable of keeping up with the studies of their grades. For their own good and in order not to hold back brighter children, they had been segregated into a special class. Physical examination by the health-service worker disclosed that every child in this little group of dullards was afflicted with some uncorrected physical defect. Some had defective vision, others ear troubles, others enlarged tonsils or adenoid growths, etc. On the theory that these defects might be enough to account for the mental weakness known to exist, the health-service worker urged their correction.

Parental consent being obtained, the necessary medical and surgical work was at once begun.

This was in the autumn of 1919. In December, 1920, an inquiry from the Public Health Service brought the response that all of the sixteen had "caught up with their proper grades and were keeping up in them with their classmates." An inquiry was again made a year later, and the answer returned was even more favorable. Not only were the whilom "lame ducks," without exception, acquitting themselves creditably in their studies, but some of them were now among "the mental and physical leaders in their grades."

And there are many other remediable causes for seeming feeble-mindedness. One cause, which recent research indicates may turn out to be far more frequently responsible for mental dulling than has hitherto been suspected, is irregularity in the functioning of some endocrine gland, more particularly the thyroid. Some students of gland action even include thyroid insufficiency among the causes of true feeble-mindedness. As Dr. Louis Berman puts it:

"Feeble-mindedness, ranging from stupidity to imbecility, may also be a direct effect of insufficient endocrine supply to the brain cells. When there is not enough of the thyroid secretion in the blood, the tissue between the cells in the brain becomes clogged and thickened, so that a gross barrier to the passage of the nerve impulses is created. We have here an illustration of internal secretion lack actually producing gross changes in the brain."

Malnutrition likewise may act as a check on mental growth. And malnutrition, it is important to appreciate,

may result from much besides failure to obtain an adequate and suitable supply of food. Children may receive the most nourishing food in the world, yet suffer from malnutrition, with mental dulling as a possible sequel, if they are improperly reared in other respects. Lack of sufficient fresh air in the home, lack of sufficient outdoor exercise, absence of sunlight from the home, the keeping of late hours, prolonged emotional stress from parental fault-finding or bickering, may all affect the nutrition unfavorably and thereby affect unfavorably the growth of the mind. So, too, as has been demonstrated in a number of cases, mental deadening may be traceable to the rearing of a child in a home where the psychic atmosphere is quite devoid of mental stimulus. And considerations such as these have led Professor Lightner Witmer, pioneer in the great work of reclaiming the seeming feeble-minded, to enunciate as part of his psycho-clinical creed:

"I believe that a child may be feeble-minded in one environment, for example in his home, and may cease to exhibit feeble-mindedness when placed in a different environment. . . . I contend that because a child of sixteen or twenty presents a hopeless case of feeble-mindedness, this is no evidence that proper treatment, instituted at an earlier age, might not have determined an entirely different course of development."

Clinical psychologists of the type of Professor Witmer make use of mental measuring tests, to be sure, but only as accessories to medical and other means of mental diagnosis. Rightly, they insist that before placing upon any child or adult the stigma of feeble-mindedness, a most thorough personality

study should be made. When such a study is made, it happens time and again that the seemingly incurable is found to be the curable. So often does this hold true, so constantly are additions being made to the list of known causes other than an inborn brain deficiency which may lead to a profound mental dulling, that there is indeed warrant for holding that the proportion of true feeble-mindedness in the population is exceedingly small. For the benefit of those misguided social reconstructionists who are persuaded and would persuade others that the proportion is large, and that it presents a problem which can be solved only through an autocratic negation of the rights of the individual, it should be added that even among the truly feeble-minded there are many for whom training can do much, to the extent of enabling not a few unfortunates to become respected and self-sustaining.

No more impressive proof of this could be adduced than is revealed in a special report by Dr. Walter E. Fernald, superintendent of the Massachusetts School for the Feeble Minded. This report summarizes the findings of a census of men and women discharged from the school during a period of twenty-five years. Many of these had been discharged by court order, against Doctor Fernald's protest that they were not fit persons to be at large in the community. In fact, the report specifically states that "the majority were dismissed under protest," and in some cases after-events justified the protest. But again and again, even in the case of ex-inmates of whom the worst had been expected, astonishing success in the way of social adaptation was achieved.

The notion widely held in lay circles, held, too, by a good many criminologists, that feeble-mindedness *per se* is a cause of vice and crime, is hardly borne out by the Massachusetts findings. Nor is the companion notion, that feeble-minded parents can have only feeble-minded children. I have room for only a few brief extracts from Doctor Fernald's most suggestive report.

"Eleven married women were leading useful and blameless lives; had neat and attractive homes, bore good reputations in their community, went to church, and apparently were making good in every way. All but one of the married women were morons [mentally from eight to twelve years old]. One was an imbecile, and her marriage had, of course, turned out badly. These eleven women had thirty-four children, all of whom seemed normal. Of the eleven successfully married home-makers, three had been discharged without protest, at the request of responsible relatives; eight of the group seemed so unpromising that they were not allowed to go from the school until their discharge was ordered by the supreme court on a writ of habeas corpus; all of the group of eleven were apparently definitely feeble-minded. All had been immoral before admission, and at first, after their admission to the school, were troublesome on account of their active sex interest. After their discharge, and previous to their marriages, they had apparently behaved themselves and earned their own living. . . .

"Twenty-eight males were earning a good living, without supervision. All of these were morons. Their stay in the school had varied from one month to twenty years. They had

been away from the school from two to twenty-three years. Eight ran away from the school. Others went on trial because they seemed useful and harmless, and were very desirous of their liberty. Few seemed capable of self-support while at the school. Their weekly wages ran from \$8 to \$36. They were working as teamster, elevator man, city laborer, factory worker, farm laborer, etc. One is in business for himself as a sign-painter, a trade he had learned at the school. Many, in fact, are following occupations they learned at the school. One had saved \$2,000; another had bought a house. . . . These twenty-eight men seemed to have a blameless record in their community. . . . Thirteen men in all had married. There were twelve children altogether. The investigator saw all the children, and none of them seemed abnormal. The children were clean and well-behaved, and the homes were neat and well-kept."

And, in conclusion, Doctor Fernald comments:

"As a rule, the most promising cases are allowed to go home. They have received careful training. The parents have been properly instructed. Still, many unpromising cases did well. There was a surprisingly small amount of immorality and sex offense, and especially illegitimacy. . . . The survey shows that there are bad defectives and good defectives. It also shows that even some apparently bad do 'settle down.' And it shows much justice in the plea of the well-behaved adult defective to be given a 'trial outside.'"

### § 3

This report I commend to the consideration of those who would deny to

all feeble-minded the possibility of development and self-management, who regard all feeble-minded as viciously or criminally inclined, who would protect society from them regardless of the consequences to the feeble-minded themselves, and who would be content to rate as feeble-minded all unable to show that they have attained a certain mental age when measured by the intelligence tests in vogue to-day. To the segregators and the sterilizers I would also commend a more recent report by Dr. Herman M. Adler of Chicago, reviewing the results of intelligence tests applied by him to inmates of the Illinois penitentiaries and to soldiers in training in Illinois. Just as high a percentage of soldiers as of penitentiary inmates had to be rated markedly mentally inferior, leaving little doubt that some factor other than mental deficiency was responsible for the offenses of the penitentiary inmates, and suggesting that something other than segregation or sterilization of the mentally unfit will be required if the incidence of crime is ever to be appreciably lessened.

That something other, it is my own firm belief, is improvement in early training, improvement in safeguarding the physique, and improvement in the general environment. This also I believe to be what is most needed to lessen the deplorable incidence of mental dulling and immaturity, which, however overestimated by the mental measuring tests, must be conceded as dangerously rife. If the training is poor, if the physique is below par, and if the environment is unfavorable, the best constituted mentality may be deadened and may be so distorted that criminal misbehavior will follow as a matter of course. Can it be argued



that the general environment of today, particularly in our ever-growing cities, is predominately such as to make for vigorous minds and exemplary behavior?

Common sense answers, "No." But to this answer of common sense our eugenist friends seem singularly deaf. If they would only pause to consider the changes that have come into the world with the progress of civilization, and in especial the changes that have come during the last century and a half, they would surely find reason to acknowledge at least the possibility that environmental betterment may be the greatest prerequisite to insuring the social "fitness" they rightly wish to insure.

More specifically, were I asked to name the one factor which in my opinion has counted for more than any other single factor in creating the present-day problems raised not merely by wide-spread mental retardation, but also by wide-spread delinquency, mental ill health, and nervous disease, I should unhesitatingly respond, "The application to industrial purposes of the steam-engine and subsequent mechanical inventions." Contrast the human environment before the age of machinery was ushered in and the human environment of the comparatively short period that has since elapsed. Up to the opening of the nineteenth century, which we may fairly identify with the beginning of the age of machinery, man was essentially an out-of-doors being.

Under the principle of division and specialization of labor, life became for myriads a dull routine of drudgery. Underpaid, they were forced into slum districts. Only now are we discovering that the mentality does not thrive

when the organism is denied a due amount of sunlight and fresh air. Do slum-dwellers receive that due amount? Nay, do city-dwellers in general receive it? In few homes is the supply of light and air what it ought to be. In addition, city-dwellers are too often subjected in their working-places to unfavorable conditions as to light, heat, and ventilation. Even in going to and from work they often suffer as regards the air they breathe.

To the advent of machinery, moreover, must be attributed a stressful speeding-up of human activities, together with an unhealthy overdevelopment of the acquisitive and the pleasure-seeking instincts. This has made, on the one hand, for an increasing materialism; on the other, for a nervous fatigue that is in itself seriously detrimental to vigorous thinking. And this holds true of all social grades from the very rich to the very poor. There is a general craving for material luxuries and pleasures, a general disinclination to think, because of a general weariness that makes it a troublesome effort to think. All the while mechanical inventions are multiplied, the cities continue to grow, the dangerous herding-in and speeding-up process becomes more and more intensified. Nor are the evils incidental to a materialistic attitude of life confined to-day to the cities.

Necessarily, the influence on the mental growth of each succeeding generation has been increasingly malign. Parents who have themselves lost sight of the finer realities, who are themselves averse to thinking, who are semi-exhausted by an alternation of effort in money-making and pleasure-seeking, can hardly succeed in stimulating and directing aright the

mental activities of their children. When the additional handicap of an unfavorable city and home environment is imposed, one can no longer wonder that the psychologists find multitudes of children whose mental age is far from being in agreement with their chronological age. Yet those same children may have normal, even uncommon, native intelligence. It is simply that, like plants deprived of proper care, a favorable soil, or suitable conditions in point of air, light, and heat, their capacity for growth has been unable to assert itself.

Suppose, then, that the eugenic program were actually adopted, that the markedly inferior as revealed by intelligence tests were accounted feeble-minded and unfit to reproduce, would there not have to be a perpetual weeding-out, generation after generation, as long as the environment were what it is? And would not this perpetual weeding-out ultimately decrease the population to such an extent that in time few would be left except the autocratic eugenist depopulators themselves?

If, on the other hand, environmental improvement were effected, is it not conceivable, in the light of the known facts as to remediable causes of mental weakness and maldevelopment, that the eugenicists would have less and less reason to assail authorities with their brutal and undemocratic demands? And, it might be added, the necessary improvement of the environment is not so herculean a task as it may seem.

Already noteworthy beginnings have been made, with special emphasis on the abolition of the slums, the stamping out of this and that disease, improvement in the nutrition of children, the correction of physical defects of

mind-stunting potency, etc. All this, if continued and extended as it should be, is certain in time to have far-reaching effects for good. Still more necessary is it, however, to institute a systematic and tireless campaign having as end an awakening of parents in general to their responsibilities as parents, and a reestablishing in the general population of the old ideals of service, unselfishness, and noble aspiration. To such a campaign every educational agency, from the church to the periodical and newspaper press, ought to consecrate itself.

Remember, too, that it is not a matter only of quickening the mental powers of the people. It is a problem also of quickening the social consciousness and the social conscience in order to abolish so far as is humanly possible conditions making for unrest and for mental weakening. As everybody must by this time be aware, a strange, dangerous restlessness pervades all nations. It finds its most menacing expression in the spread of so-called Bolshevik sentiment, which, to-day dominant in Russia, is active or latent everywhere. The more I ponder it, the more I am impressed with the almost uncanny prescience of Tennyson when he wrote in his poem of prophecy, "Locksley Hall":

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire."

Civilization is the sleeper. Greed, vice, crime, inefficiency, egotism, despotism, and anarchy are the forces that threaten civilization. Eugenics cannot revive the fire, to their discomfiture. But euthenics, the right kind of euthenics, can.



## Homesickness

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

WOODCUT BY ERNEST HASKELL

There is a land so far away,  
Almost it seems never to have been.  
There are dull rocks  
And the brown flanks of barren hills.  
There a listless stream  
Waits in the shallows,  
Nor desires the sea.

Old walls are rooted deep,  
And gaunt houses sit upon their haunches  
Like starved animals;  
Sometimes their hollow windows  
Show a wolfish gleam  
In the heavy dark.

But I am kin to it.  
The old-wife hills,  
I am close kin to them.

Here the cloudy light  
Circles on crystalline peaks,  
And the soft fall of satin petals  
Stirs wide eddies of perfume  
In the emerald pools  
Of walled gardens.  
Here the delicate accent  
Of bright waters  
And the cadenced music  
Of a gentle tongue  
Float upon the air  
And curl themselves in silence  
As late sunlight  
Fades in deep rivers.

The grapes have purpled many times  
Against that wall.  
I know the fountain's legend now  
By heart;  
The story of this gracious land  
Is told.

Those harsh, time-eaten hills,  
Like peasant women, stooped and shawled,  
They crouch as though to warm themselves together;  
They wait, as peasant women wait,  
For their own sons.

I must go back to them;  
I must go back.



# Maria Concepción

BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

DRAWINGS BY ROSS SANTEE



MARIA CONCEPCIÓN walked carefully, keeping to the middle of the white, dusty road, where the maguey thorns and the treacherous curved spines of organa cactus had not gathered so profusely. She would have enjoyed resting for a moment in the dark shade by the roadside, but she had no time to waste drawing cactus needles from her feet. Juan and his *jefe* would be waiting for their food in the damp trenches of the buried city.

She carried about a dozen living fowls slung over her right shoulder, their feet fastened together. Half of them fell upon the flat of her back, the balance dangled uneasily over her breast. They wriggled their benumbed and swollen legs against her neck, they twisted their stupefied, half-blind eyes upward, seeming to peer into her face inquiringly. She did not see them or think of them. Her left arm was a trifle tired with the weight of the food basket, and she was hungry after her long morning's work.

Under her clean bright-blue cotton rebozo her straight back outlined itself strongly. Instinctive serenity softened her black eyes, shaped like almonds set far apart, and tilted a bit endwise. She walked with the free, natural, yet guarded, ease of the primitive woman carrying an unborn child. The shape of her body was easy, the

swelling life was not a distortion, but the right, inevitable proportions of a woman. She was entirely contented, calmly filled with a sense of the goodness of life.

Her small house was half-way up a shallow hill, under a clump of perutrees, a wall of organa cactus inclosing it on the side nearest the road. Now she came down into the valley, divided by the narrow spring, and crossed a bridge of loose stones near the hut where Maria Rosa the bee-keeper lived with her old godmother, Lupe, the medicine-woman. Maria Concepción had no faith in the charred owl bones, the singed rabbit fur, the messes and ointments sold by Lupe to the ailing of the village. She was a good Christian, and bought her remedies, bottled, with printed directions that she could not read, at the drug-store near the city market, where she went almost daily with her fowls. But she often purchased a jar of honey from young Maria Rosa, a pretty, shy child only fifteen years old.

Maria Concepción and her husband, Juan Villegas, were each a little past their eighteenth year. She had a good reputation with the neighbors as an energetic, religious woman. It was commonly known that if she wished to buy a new rebozo for herself or a shirt for Juan, she could bring out a sack of hard silver pesos for the purpose.

She had paid for the license, nearly a year ago, the potent bit of stamped paper which permits people to be married in the church. She had given money to the priest before she and Juan walked together up to the altar the Monday after Holy Week. It had been the adventure of the villagers to go, three Sundays one after another, to hear the banns called by the priest for Juan de Dios Villegas and Maria Concepción Guitierrez. After the wedding she had called herself Maria Concepción Guitierrez de Villegas, as though she owned a whole hacienda.

She paused on the bridge and dabbled her feet in the water, her eyes resting themselves from the sun-rays in a fixed, dreaming gaze to the far-off mountains, deeply blue under their hanging drift of clouds. It came to her that she would like a fresh crust of honey. The delicious aroma of bees, their slow, thrilling hum poured upon her, awakening a pleasant desire for a crisp flake of sweetness in her mouth.

"If I do not eat it now, I shall mark my child," she thought, peering through the crevices in the thick hedge of cactus that sheered up nakedly, like prodigious bared knife-blades cast protectingly around the small clearing. The place was so silent that she doubted if Maria Rosa and Lupe were at home.

The leaning *jacal* of dried rush-wives and corn-sheaves, bound to tall saplings thrust into the earth, roofed with yellowed maguey-leaves flattened and overlapping like shingles, sat drowsy and fragrant in the warmth of noonday. The hives, similarly constructed, were scattered toward the back of the clearing, like small mounds of clean vegetable refuse. Over each

mound there hung a dusty golden shimmer of bees.

A light, gay scream of laughter rose from behind the hut; a man's short laugh joined in. "Ah, Maria Rosa has a *novio!*" Maria Concepción stopped short, smiling, shifted her burden slightly, bending forward to see more clearly through the hedge spaces, shading her eyes.

Maria Rosa ran, dodging between beehives, parting two stunted jasmine-bushes as she came, lifting her knees in swift leaps, looking over her shoulder and laughing in a quivering, excited way. A heavy jar, swung by the handle to her wrist, knocked against her thighs as she ran. Her toes pushed up sudden spurts of dust, her half-unbraided hair showered around her shoulders in long crinkled wisps.

Juan Villegas ran after her, also laughing strangely, his teeth set, both rows gleaming behind the small, soft black beard growing sparsely on his lips, his chin, leaving his brown cheeks girl-smooth. When he seized her, he clenched so hard that her chemise gave way and slipped off her shoulder. Frightened, she stopped laughing, pushed him away, and stood silent, trying to pull up the ripped sleeve with one hand. Her pointed chin and dark-red mouth moved in an uncertain way, as if she wished to laugh again; her long black lashes flickered with the tiny quick-moving lights in her half-hidden eyes.

Maria Concepción realized that she had not stirred or breathed for some seconds. Her forehead was cold, and yet boiling water seemed to be pouring slowly along her spine. An unaccountable pain was in her knees, as though pieces of ice had got into them. She was afraid Juan and Maria Rosa

would feel her eyes fixed upon them, and find her there, unable to move. But they did not pass beyond the inclosure, or even glance toward the gap in the wall opening upon the road.

Juan lifted one of Maria Rosa's half-bound braids and slapped her neck with it, playfully. She smiled with soft, expectant shyness. Together they moved back through the hives of honey-comb. Juan flourished his wide hat back and forth, walking very proudly. Maria Rosa balanced her jar on one hip, and swung her long, full petticoats with every step.

Maria Concepción came out of the heavy darkness which seemed to enwrap her head and bind her at the throat, and found herself walking onward, keeping the road by instinct, feeling her way delicately, her ears strumming as if all Maria Rosa's bees had hived in them. Her careful sense of duty kept her moving toward the buried city where Juan's chief, the American archaeologist, was taking his midday rest, waiting for his dinner.

Juan and Maria Rosa! She burned all over now, as if a layer of those tiny fig-cactus bristles, as insidious and petty-cruel as spun glass, had crawled under her skin. She wished to sit down quietly and wait for her death without finishing what she had set out to do, remembering no more those two strange people, Juan and Maria Rosa, laughing and kissing in the sweet-smelling sunshine. Once, years before, when she was a young girl, she had returned from market to find her *jacal* burned to a pile of ash and her few pesos gone. An incredibly lost and empty feeling had possessed her; she had kept moving about the place, unbelieving, somehow expecting it all to take shape again before her eyes,

restored unchanged. But it was all gone. And now here was a worse thing. This was something that could not happen. But it was true. Maria Rosa, that sinful girl, shameless!

She heard herself saying a harsh, true word about Maria Rosa, saying it aloud as if she expected some one to answer, "Yes, you are right." At this moment the gray, untidy head of Givens appeared over the edges of the newest trench he had caused to be dug in his field of excavations. The long, deep crevasses, in which a man might stand without being seen, lay criss-crossed like orderly gashes of a giant scalpel. Nearly all the men of the small community were employed by Givens in this work of uncovering the lost city of their ancestors. They worked all the year through and prospered, digging all day for those small clay heads and bits of pottery for which there was no use on earth, they being all broken and covered with earth. They themselves could make better ones, perfectly stout and new. But the unearthly delight of the *jefe* in finding these things was an endless puzzle. He would fairly roar for joy at times, waving a shattered pot or a human rib-bone above his head, shouting for his photographer to come and make a picture of this!

Now he emerged, and his young enthusiast's eyes welcomed Maria Concepción from his old-man face, covered with hard wrinkles, burned to the color of red earth under the countless suns of his explorer's life.

"I hope you 've brought me a nice fat one." He selected a fowl from the bunch dangling nearest him as Maria Concepción, wordless, leaned over the trench. "Dress it for me, there 's a good girl. I 'll broil it."



**Maria Concepción**



Maria Concepción took the fowl by the head, and silently, swiftly drew the knife across the throat, twisting off the head with the casual firmness one might use with the top of a beet.

"*Dios*, woman, but you have valor!" said Givens, watching her. "I can't do that. It makes me creep."

"My home country is Guadalajara," answered Maria Concepción, without bravado. "There we have valor for everything."

She stood and regarded Givens condescendingly, that diverting white man who had no woman to cook for him, and, moreover, appeared not to feel any loss of dignity in preparing his own food. He knelt now, eyes squinted tightly, nose wrinkled, trying to avoid the smoke, turning the roasting fowl busily on a stick. Juan's *jefe*, therefore to be humored, to be placated.

"The tortillas are fresh and hot, Señor," she murmured. "By permission, I will now go to market."

"Yes, yes, run along; bring me another to-morrow." Givens turned his head to look at her again. Her grand manner reminded him of royalty in exile. He noticed her unnatural paleness. "The sun is too hot, eh?" he asked.

"*Si*, Señor. Pardon me, but Juan will be here soon?"

"He should be, the scamp. Leave his food. The others will eat it."

She moved away; the blue of her rebozo became a dancing spot in the heat vibrations that appeared to rise from the gray-red soil. Givens considered her exceptionally intelligent. He liked to tell stories of Juan's escapades also, of how often he had saved him, within the last five years, from going to jail, or even from being

shot, for his varied and highly imaginative misdemeanors.

"I am never a minute too soon," he would say indulgently. "Well, why not? He is a good worker. He never intentionally did harm in his life."

After Juan was married, he used to twit him, with exactly the right shade of condescension, on his many infidelities to Maria Concepción. He was fond of saying, "She 'll discover you yet, young demon!" which would please Juan immensely.

Maria Concepción did not think of telling Juan she had found him out, but she kept saying to herself, "If I had been a young girl like Maria Rosa, and a man had caught hold of me so, I would have broken my jar over his head." Her anger was all against Maria Rosa because she had not done this.

Less than a week after this the two culprits went away to war, Juan as a common soldier, Maria Rosa as his *soldadera*. She bowed her neck under a heavy and onerous yoke of duties: she carried the blankets and the cooking-pots, she slept on stones or dry branches, she marched ahead of the troops, with the battalion of experienced women of war, in search of provisions. She ate with them what was left after the men had eaten. After battles she went out on the field with the others to salvage clothing and guns and ammunition from the slain before they should begin to spoil in the heat.

This was the life the little bee-keeper found at the end of her runaway journey. There was no particular scandal in the village. People shrugged. It was far better for every one that they were gone. There was a popular belief among her neighbors that Maria

Concepción was not so mild as she seemed.

When she learned about her man and that shameless girl she did not weep. Later, when the baby was born, and died within four days, she did not weep. "She is mere stone," said old Lupe, who had offered all her charms for the preservation of the little life, and had been rebuffed with a ferocity that appalled her.

If Maria Concepción had not gone so regularly to church, lighting candles before the saints and receiving holy communion at the altar every month, there might have been talk of her being devil-possessed, her face was so changed and blind-looking. But this was impossible when, after all, she had been married by the priest. It must be, they reasoned, that she was being punished for her pride. They decided this was the true reason: she was altogether too proud.

During the two years that Juan and Maria Rosa were gone Maria Concepción sold her fowls and looked after her house, and her sack of hard pesos grew. Lupe had no talent for bees, and the hives did not prosper. She used to see Maria Concepción in the market or at church, and afterward she always said that no one could tell by looking that she was a woman who had such a heavy grief.

"I pray God everything goes well with Maria Concepción from this out," she would say, "for she has had her share of trouble."

When some idle person repeated this to the deserted woman, she went down to Lupe's house and stood within the clearing, and called to the medicine-woman, who sat in her doorway stirring a jar of fresh snake's grease and rabbit blood, a cure for sores:

"Keep your prayers to yourself, Lupe, or offer them for others who need them. I will ask God for what I want in this world."

"And will you get it, you think, Maria Concepción?" asked Lupe, tittering cruelly, and smelling the mixture clinging to the wooden spoon. "Did you pray for what you have now?"

Afterward every one noticed that Maria Concepción went more often to church, and less to the village to talk with the other women as they sat along the curb, eating fruit and nursing their infants, at the end of the market-day.

"After all, she is wrong to take us for her enemies," said grave old Soledad, who always thought such things out. "All women have these troubles. Well, we should suffer together."

But Maria Concepción lived alone. She was thin, as if something was gnawing her away inside, her eyes were sunken, and she spoke no more than was necessary. She worked harder than ever, and her butchering knife was scarcely ever out of her hand.

Juan and Maria Rosa, tired of military life, came home one day without asking permission of any authority whatever. The field of war had unrolled itself, a long scroll of vexations, until the end had frayed out within twenty miles of Juan's village. So he and his *soldadera*, now as lean as a wolf, and burdened with a child daily expected, set out with no ostentation and walked home.

They arrived one morning about daybreak. Juan was picked up on sight by a group of military police from the small *cuartel* on the edge of town, who told him with impersonal cheerfulness that he would add one to

a group of ten waiting to be shot next morning as deserters.

Maria Rosa, screaming, and falling on her face in the road, was taken under the armpits by two guards and helped briskly to her own *jacal*, now sadly run down. She was received with professional calm by Lupe, who hastily set about the business obviously in hand.

Limping with foot weariness, a layer of dust concealing his fine new clothes, got mysteriously from somewhere, Juan appeared before the captain of the *cuartel*. The captain recognized him as the chief digger for his good friend Givens. He despatched a note in haste to that kindly and eccentric person.

Shortly afterward, Givens showed up at the *cuartel*, and Juan was delivered to him, with the urgent request that nothing be made public about so humane and sensible an operation on the part of military authority.

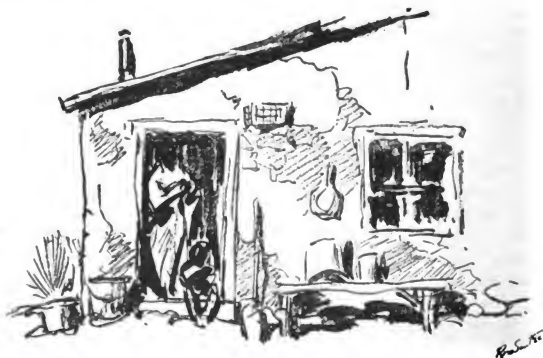
Juan walked out of the rather stifling atmosphere of the drumhead court, a definite air of swagger about him. His hat, incredibly huge and

embroidered with silver thread, hung over one eyebrow, secured at the back by a cord of silver dripping with cobalt-blue tassels. His shirt was of a checkerboard pattern in green and black, his white cotton trousers were bound by a belt of yellow leather tooled in red. His feet were bare, the beautifully arched and muscled feet of the Indian, with long, flexible toes.

He removed his cigarette from the corner of his full-lipped, wide mouth. He removed the splendid hat. His black hair, pressed damply to his forehead, sprang up suddenly in a cloudy thatch on his crown.

"You young devil," said Givens, a trifle shaken, "some day I shall be five minutes too late!"

Juan bowed to the officer, who appeared to be gazing at a vacuum. He swung his arm wide in a free circle upsoaring toward the prison window, where forlorn heads poked over the window-sill, hot eyes following the lucky departing one. Two or three of them flipped a hand in response, with a gallant effort to imitate his own casual and heady manner.



He kept up this insufferable pantomime until they rounded the first sheltering clump of fig-cactus. Then he seized Givens's hand, and his eyes blazed adoration and gratitude.

"With all my life, all my life, I thank thee!" he said. "It is nothing to be shot, *mi jefe*,—certainly you know I was not afraid,—but to be shot in a drove of deserters, against a cold wall, by order of that—"

Glittering epithets tumbled over one another like explosions of a rocket. All the scandalous analogies from the animal and vegetable worlds were applied in a vivid, unique, and personal way to the life, loves, and family history of the harmless young officer who had just set him free. But Juan cared nothing for this; his gratitude to his *jefe* excluded all other possible obligations.

"What will Maria Concepción say to all this?" asked Givens. "You are very informal, Juan, for a man who was married in the church."

Juan put on his hat.

"Oh, Maria Concepción! That 's nothing! Look you, *mi jefe*, to be married in the church is a great misfortune to a man. After that he is not himself any more. How can that woman complain when I do not drink, not even on days of fiesta, more than a glass of pulque? I do not beat her; never, never. We were always at peace. I say to her, 'Come here,' and she comes straight. I say, 'Go there,' and she goes quickly. Yet sometimes I looked at her and thought, 'Now I am married to that woman in the church,' and I felt a sinking inside, as if something were lying heavy on my stomach. With Maria Rosa it is all different. She is not silent; she talks. When she talks too much, I slap her

and say, 'Silence, thou simpleton!' and she weeps. She is just a girl with whom I do as I please. You know how she used to keep those clean little bees in their hives? She always smelt of their honey. I swear it. I would not harm Maria Concepción because I am married to her in the church; but also, *mi jefe*, I will not leave Maria Rosa, because she pleases me more than any other woman."

"Let me tell you, Juan, Maria Concepción will some day take your head off with that sharp knife she uses on the fowls. Then you will remember what I have said."

Juan's expression was the proper blend of sentimental triumph and melancholy. It was pleasant to think of himself in the rôle of romantic hero to two such desirable women. His present situation was ineffably perfect. He had just escaped from the threat of a disagreeable end. His clothes were new and handsome. He was on his way to work and civilian life with his patient *jefe*. He was little more than twenty years old. Life tasted good, for a certainty. He fairly smacked his lips on its savor.

The early sunshine, the light, clear air, full of the good smell of ripening cactus-figs, peaches, and melons, of pungent pepper-berries dangling in bright red clusters on the peru-trees, the very smell of his cigarette, shook him with a merry ecstasy of good-will for all life, whatever it was.

"Señor,"—he addressed his friend handsomely, as one man to another,— "women are good things, but not at this moment. By your permission, I will now go to the village and eat. To-morrow morning very early I will come to the buried city and work. Let us forget Maria Concepción and

Maria Rosa. Each one in her place. I will manage them when the time comes."

News of Juan's adventure soon got abroad, and Juan found many friends about him during the morning. They frankly commended his leaving the army. *Por Dios!* a man could do no better thing than that! The new hero ate a great deal and drank a little, the occasion being better than a feast-day. It was almost noon before he returned to visit Maria Rosa.

He found her sitting on a straw mat, rubbing oil on her three-hour-old son. Before this felicitous vision Juan's emotions so twisted him that he returned to the village and invited every man in the "Death and Resurrection" *pulqueria* to drink with him.

Having thus taken leave of his balance, he found himself unaccountably back in his own house after his long absence, attempting to beat Maria Concepción by way of re-establishing himself in his legal household.

Maria Concepción, knowing what had happened in the withe hut of her enemy, knowing all the events of that unhappy day, refused to be beaten by Juan drunk when Juan sober had never thought of such a thing. She did not scream; she stood her ground and resisted; she even struck at him.

Juan, amazed, only half comprehending his own actions, stepped back and gazed at her questioningly through a leisurely whirling film which seemed to have lodged behind his eyes. Certainly here was a strange thing. He had not intended to touch her. Oh, well, no harm done. He gave up, turned away. Sleep was better. He lay down amiably in a shadowed corner and floated away dreamlessly.

Maria Concepción, seeing that Juan was quiet, began automatically to bind the legs of her fowls. It was market-day, and she would be late.

Her movements were quick and rigid, like a doll jerked about on strings. She fumbled and tangled the bits of cord in her haste, and set off across the plowed, heavy fields instead of taking the accustomed road. She ran grotesquely, in uneven, jolting leaps between furrows, a crazy panic in her head, in her stumbling legs. She seemed not to know her directions. Now and then she would stop and look about, trying to place herself, then proceed a few steps.

At once, with an inner quivering, she came to her senses completely, recognized the thing that troubled her so terribly, was certain of what she wanted. She sat down quietly under a sheltering thorny bush and gave herself over to her long and devouring sorrow; flinched and shuddered away for the first time from that pain in the heart that pressed and pressed intolerably, until she wished to tear out the heart with her hands to be eased of it. The thing which had for so long squeezed her whole body into a tight, dumb knot of suffering suddenly broke with painful and shocking violence. She jerked with the involuntary recoil of one who receives a blow, and the tears poured from her eyes as if the wounds of her whole life were shedding their salt ichor. Drawing her rebozo over her head, she bowed her forehead on her arms, folded upon her updrawn knees, and wept.

After a great while she sat up, throwing the rebozo off her face, and leaned against the clustered saplings of the bush, arms relaxed at her sides, her face still, her eyes swollen, the lids

closed and heavy. She sat there in deadly silence and immobility, the tears still forming steadily under the lashes, as if poured from an inexhaustible, secret, slow-moving river. She seemed to be crying in her sleep. From time to time she would lift the corner of her rebozo to wipe her face dry; and silently the tears would run again, streaking her face, drenching the front of her chemise. She had that complete and horrifying realization of calamity which is not a thing of the mind, but a physical experience as sharp and certain as the bite of thorns. All her being was a dark, confused memory of an endless loss, of grief burning in the heart by night, of deadly baffled anger eating at her by day, until her feet were as heavy as if she were mired in the muddy roads during the time of rains.

Juan awakened slowly, with long yawns and grumblings, alternated with short relapses into sleep full of visions and clamorous noises. A blur of orange light seared his eyeballs when he tried to unseal his lids. There came from somewhere a rapid confusion of words, a low voice weeping without tears, speaking awful meaningless phrases over and over. He began to listen. He strained and tugged at the leash of his stupor, he sweated to grasp those words which should have fearful meanings, yet somehow he could not comprehend them. Then he came awake with frightening suddenness, sitting up, eyes straining at the long, lashing streak of gilded light piercing the corn-husk walls from the level, disappearing sun.

Maria Concepción stood in the doorway, looming colossally tall to his shocked eyes. She was talking quick-

ly, calling to him. Then he saw her clearly.

"*Por Dios!*" thought Juan, frozen with amazement, "here I am facing my death!" for the long knife she wore habitually at her belt was in her hand. But instead, she threw it away, clear from her, and got down on her knees, crawling toward him as he had seen her crawl toward the shrine at Guadalupe many times. Never had she knelt before him! He watched her approach with superstitious horror. Falling forward upon her face, she kissed his feet. She huddled upon his knees, lips moving urgently in a thrilling whisper. Her words became clear, and Juan understood them all.

For a second he could not speak. He sat immovable. Then he took her head between both his hands, and supported her somewhat in this way, saying swiftly, anxiously reassuring, almost in a babble:

"Oh, thou poor creature! Oh, thou dear woman! Oh, my Maria Concepción, unfortunate! Listen! do not fear! Hear me! I will hide thee away, I, thy own man, will protect thee! Quiet! Not a sound!"

Trying to collect himself, he held and soothed her as they sat together in the new darkness. Maria Concepción bent over, face almost upon his knees, her feet folded under her, seeking security of him. For the first time in his careless, utterly unafraid existence Juan was aware of danger. This was danger. Maria Concepción would be dragged away between two gendarmes, with him helpless and unarmed, to spend her days in Belem Prison, maybe. Danger! The night was peopled with tangible menaces. He stood up, dragging the woman to her feet with him. She was silent now,

perfectly rigid, holding to him with resistless strength, her hands frozen on his arms.

"Get me the knife," he told her in a whisper. She obeyed, her feet slipping along the hard earth floor, her shoulders straight, her arms stiffened downward. He lighted a candle. Maria Concepción held the knife out to him. It was stained and dark even to the end of the handle, a thick stain with a viscous gleam.

He frowned at her harshly, noting the same stains on her chemise and hands.

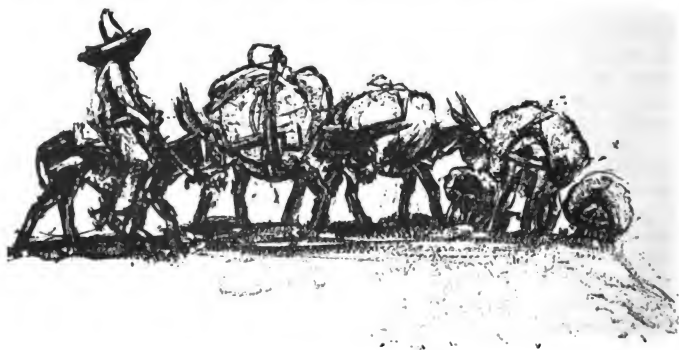
"Take off thy clothes and wash thy hands," he ordered. He washed the knife carefully, and threw the water wide of the doorway. She watched him, and did likewise with the bowl where she had bathed.

"Light thy brasero and cook food for me," he told her in the same per-

legged near her, he stared at her as at a creature unknown to him, who bewildered him utterly, for whom there was no possible explanation. She did not turn her head, but kept an oblivious silence and stillness, save for the movement of her strong hands fanning the blaze which cast sparks and small jets of white smoke, flaring and dying rhythmically with the motion of the fan, lighting her face and leaving it in darkness by turns.

"*Tu mujer*,"—Juan's voice barely disturbed the silence,—"*listen now to me carefully, and answer my questions as I ask them, and later, when the gendarmes come here for us, thou shalt have nothing to fear. But there will be something to settle between us afterward.*"

She turned her head slowly at this. The light from the fire cast small red sparks into the corners of her eyes; a



empty tone. He took her garments and went out. When he returned, she was wearing an old soiled dress, and was fanning the fire in the charcoal-burner. Seating himself cross-

yellow phosphorescence glimmered behind the dark iris.

"For me it is all settled, *Juanito mio*," she answered, without fear, in a tone so tender, so grave, so heavy

with sorrow, that Juan felt his vitals contract. He wished to weep openly not as a man, but as a very small child. He could not fathom this woman, or the mysterious fortunes of life grown so instantly tangled where all had seemed so gay and simple. He felt, too, that she had become unique and invaluable, a woman without an equal in a million women, and he could not tell why. He drew an enormous sigh that rattled in his chest.

"*Si, si*, it is all settled. I shall not go away again. We shall stay here together, you and I, forever."

In whispers he questioned her, and she answered whispering, and he instructed her over and over until she had her lesson by heart. The profound blackness of the night encroached upon them, flowing over the narrow threshold, invading their hearts. It brought with it sighs and murmurs, the pad of ghostly feet in the near-by road, the sharp staccato whimper of wind through the cactus-leaves. All these familiar cadences were now invested with sinister terrors; a dread, formless and uncontrollable, possessed them both.

"Light another candle," said Juan, aloud, suddenly, in too resolute, in too hard a tone. "Let us eat now."

They sat facing each other and ate from the same dish, after their old habit. Neither tasted what they ate. With food half-way to his mouth, Juan listened. The sound of voices grew, spread, widened at the turn of the road, along the organa wall. A spray of lantern-light filtered through the hedge, a single voice slashed the blackness, literally ripped the fragile layer of stillness which hovered above the hut.

"Juan Villegas!"

"Pass, friends!" Juan cried cheerfully.

They stood in the doorway, simple, cautious gendarmes from the village, partly Indian themselves, personally known to all the inhabitants. They flashed their lanterns almost apologetically upon the pleasant, harmless scene of a man eating supper with his wife.

"Pardon, Brother," said the leader. "Some one has killed the woman Maria Rosa, and we must ask questions of all her neighbors and friends." He paused, and added with an attempt at severity, "Naturally!"

"Naturally," agreed Juan. "I was a good friend of Maria Rosa. I regret her bad fortune."

They all went away together, the men walking in a group, Maria Concepción following a trifle to one side, a few steps in the rear, but near Juan. This was the custom. There was no thought of changing it even for such an important occasion.

The two points of candle-light at Maria Rosa's head fluttered uneasily; the shadows shifted and dodged on the stained, darkened walls. To Maria Concepción everything in the smothering, inclosing room shared an evil restlessness. The watchful faces of those called as witnesses, those familiar faces of old friends, were made alien by that look of speculation in the eyes. The ridges of the rose-colored silk rebozo thrown over the body varied continually, as though the thing it covered was not perfectly in repose. Her eyes swerved over the body from the candle-tips at the head to the feet, jutting up thinly, the small, scarred soles protruding, freshly washed, a mass of crooked, half-healed wounds, thorn-pricks and cuts of sharp stones. Her gaze went back to the candle-



flare, to Juan's eyes warning her, to the gendarmes talking among themselves. Her eyes would not be controlled.

With a leap that shook her her gaze settled upon the face of Maria Rosa. Instantly, her blood ran smoothly again: there was nothing to fear. Even the restless light could not give a look of life to that fixed countenance. She was dead. Maria Concepción felt her muscles give way softly; her heart began beating without effort. She knew no more rancor against that pitiable thing, lying indifferently on its new mat under the fine silk rebozo. The mouth drooped sharply at the corners in a grimace of weeping arrested half-way. The brows were strangely distressed; the dead could not cast off some dark, final obsession of terror. It was all finished. Maria Rosa had eaten too much honey and had had too much love. Now she must sit in hell, crying over her sins and her hard death forever and ever.

Old Lupe's cackling voice arose. She had spent the morning helping Maria Rosa. The child had spat blood the moment it was born, a bad sign. She thought then that bad luck would come to the house. Well, about sunset she was in the yard at the back of the house grinding tomatoes and pepper. She had left mother and babe asleep. She heard a strange noise in the house, a choking and smothered calling, like some one in the nightmare. Well, such a thing is only natural. But there followed a light, quick, thudding sound —

"Like the blows of a fist?" interrupted the officer.

"No, not at all like such a thing."

"How do you know?"

"I am acquainted with that sound,

Señor," retorted Lupe. "This noise was something else."

But she was at a loss to describe it exactly. Immediately, there was a slight rattle of pebbles rolling and slipping under feet; then she knew some one had been there and was running away.

"Why did you wait so long before going to see?"

"I am old and hard in the joints," said Lupe; "I cannot run after people. I walked as fast as I could to the organa hedge, for it is only by this way that any one can enter. There was no one in the road, Señor, no one. Three cows, with a dog driving them; nothing else. When I got to Maria Rosa, she was lying all tangled up, and from her neck to her middle she was full of knife-holes. It was a sight to move the Blessed Image Himself! Her mouth and eyes were—"

"Never mind. Who came oftenest to her house? Who were her enemies?"

The old face congealed, closed. Her spongy skin drew into a network of secretive wrinkles. She turned withdrawn and expressionless eyes upon the gendarmes.

"I am an old woman; I do not see well; I cannot hurry on my feet. I did not see any one leave the clearing."

"You did not hear splashing in the spring near the bridge?"

"No, Señor."

"Why, then, do our dogs follow a scent there and lose it?"

"Solo Dios sabe, Señor. I am an old wo—"

"How did the footfalls sound?" broke in the officer, hastily.

"Like the tread of an evil spirit!" intoned Lupe in a swelling oracular tone startling to the listeners. The



Rosa Santos

Indians stirred among themselves, watchfully. To them the medicine-woman was an incalculable force. They half expected her to pronounce a charm that would produce the evil spirit among them at once.

The gendarme's politeness began to wear thin.

"No, poor fool; I mean, were they heavy or light? The footsteps of a man or of a woman? Was the person shod or barefoot?"

A glance at the listening circle assured Lupe of their thrilled attention. She enjoyed the prominence, the menacing importance, of her situation. What she had not seen she could not describe, thank God! No one could harm her because her knees were stiff and she could not run even to seize a murderer. As for knowing the difference between footfalls, shod or bare, man or woman, nay, even as between devil and human, who ever heard of such madness?

"My ears are not eyes, Señor," she ended grandly; "but upon my heart I swear those footsteps fell as the tread of the spirit of evil!"

"Loca!" yapped the gendarme in a shrill voice. "Take her away somebody! Juan Villegas, tell me—"

Juan told him everything he knew, patiently, several times over. He had returned to his wife that day. She had gone to market as usual. He had helped her prepare her fowls. She had returned about mid-afternoon, they had talked, she had cooked, they had eaten. Nothing was amiss. Then the gendarmes came. That was all. Yes, Maria Rosa had gone away with him, but there had been no bad blood on this account between him and his wife or Maria Rosa. Everybody knew that his wife was a quiet woman.

Maria Concepción heard her own voice answering without a break. It was true at first she was troubled when her husband went away, but after that she had not cared. It was the way of men, she believed. Well, he had come home, thank God! She had gone to market, but had returned early, because now she had her man to cook for. That was all.

Other voices followed. A toothless

old man said, "But she is a woman of good repute among us, and Maria Rosa was not." A smiling young mother, Anita, baby at breast, said: "But if no one thinks so, how can you accuse her? Should not a woman's own husband know best where she was at all times?" Another: "Maria Rosa had a strange life, apart from us. How do we know who may have wished her evil?"

Maria Concepción suddenly felt herself guarded, surrounded, upborne by her faithful friends. They were all about her, speaking for her, defending her, refusing to admit ill of her. The forces of life were ranged invincibly with her against the vanquished dead. Maria Rosa had forfeited her share in their loyalty. What did they really believe? How much had old Lupe seen? She looked from one to the other of the circling faces. Their eyes gave back reassurance, understanding, a secret and mighty sympathy.

The gendarmes were at a loss. They, too, felt that sheltering wall cast impenetrably around the woman they had meant to accuse of murder. They watched her closely. They questioned several people over again. There was no prying open the locked doors of their defenses.

A small bundle lying against the wall at the head of the body squirmed like an eel. A wail, a mere sliver of sound, issued. Maria Concepción took the almost forgotten son of Maria Rosa in her arms.

"He is mine," she said clearly; "I will take him with me."

No one assented in words, but she felt an approving nod, a bare breath of friendly agreement, run around the tight, hot room.

The gendarmes gave up. Nobody could be accused; there was not a shred of true evidence. Well, then, good night to everybody. Many pardons for having intruded. Good health!

Maria Concepción, carrying the child, followed Juan from the clearing. The hut was left with its lighted candles and a group of old women who would sit up all night, drinking coffee and smoking and relating pious tales of horror.

Juan's exaltation had burned down. There was not an ember of excitement left in him. He was tired; the high sense of adventure was faded. Maria Rosa was vanished, to come no more forever. Their days of marching, of eating, of fighting, of making love, were all over. To-morrow he would go back to dull and endless labor, he would descend into the trenches of the buried city as Maria Rosa would go into her grave. He felt his veins fill up with bitterness, with black and unendurable melancholy. *O Dios!* what strange fortunes overtake a man!

Well, there was no way out of it. For the moment he craved to forget in sleep. He found himself so drowsy he could hardly guide his feet. The occasional light touch of the woman at his elbow was unreal, as ghostly as the brushing of a leaf against his face. Having secured her safety, compelled by an instinct he could not in the least comprehend, he forgot her. There survived in him only a vast blind hurt like a covered wound.

He entered the *jacal*, and, without waiting to light a candle, threw off his clothing, sitting just within the door. He moved with lagging, half-awake hands, seeking to strip his outworn

body of its heavy finery. With a long groaning sigh of relief he fell straight back on the floor, almost instantly asleep, his arms flung up and out in the simple attitude of exhaustion.

Maria Concepción, a small clay jar in her hand, approached the gentle little mother goat tethered to a sapling, which gave and yielded as she pulled at the rope's-end after the farthest reaches of grass about her. The kid, tied up a few yards away, rose bleating, its feathery fleece shivering in the fresh wind. Sitting on her heels, holding his tether, she allowed him to suckle a few moments. Afterward—all her movements very deliberate and even—she drew a supply of milk for the child.

She sat against the wall of her house, near the doorway. The child, fed and asleep, was cradled in the hollow of her crossed legs. The silence overfilled the world, the skies flowed down evenly to the rim of the valley, the

stealthy moon crept slantwise to the shelter of the mountains. She felt soft and warm all over; she dreamed that the newly born child was her own, and she was resting deliciously.

Maria Concepción could hear Juan's breathing. The sound vaped from the low doorway, calmly; the house seemed to be resting after a burdensome day. She breathed, too, very slowly and quietly, each inspiration saturating her with repose. The child's light, faint breath was a mere shadowy moth of sound flitting in the silver air. The night, the earth under her, seemed to swell and recede together with a vast, unhurried, benign breathing. She drooped and closed her eyes, feeling the slow rise and fall within her own body. She did not know what it was, but it eased her all through. Even as she was falling asleep, head bowed over the child, she was still aware of a strange, wakeful happiness.





# The Stevenson Myth

BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

DRAWINGS BY PAUL ROCHE



THE zest of discovery and the enjoyment of research in the field of unknown writings of great authors are delights familiar to the lover and student of such papers. Let them imagine the thrill I experienced when, in looking over the Stevenson material offered a few years ago at auction sale in New York, there came the realization that score after score of the manuscripts therein included had never been printed. To acquire these without having the dealers recognize the astounding nature of many insufficiently described items led me, after having marked the catalogs, to refrain from attending the various sessions of the auction; adopting, instead, the policy of doing my buying the next morning. I would then make a round of the booksellers and offer a fifty per cent. advance over the prices fetched the preceding day, on the condition that I should be left alone with their Stevenson purchases to make my own selections. In this way, save for those items which were bought on order and which private collectors would not relinquish, almost all of the unpublished Stevenson material was corralled without having aroused competitive bidding by various dealers who knew my special predilections in the field of unpublished material. In this collection were family letters, unpublished essays, stories, portions of plays and

novels, and, most important of all, well over one hundred poems.

Professor W. P. Trent of Columbia University had been asked by that ardent Stevensonian, the late F. S. Peabody of Chicago, for his opinion concerning some unpublished material that formed a part of Mr. Peabody's notable Stevenson collection. Professor Trent and I were at that time associated on the publication committee of the Authors Club, and at one of our meetings there was occasion to mention the Stevenson papers that I had acquired. Professor Trent became greatly interested, and asked me whether I would study Mr. Peabody's manuscripts in connection with the others. The upshot of the entire matter was that at the invitation of the Bibliophile Society, whereof Professor Trent was vice-president, Mr. Peabody one of the most interested members, and H. H. Harper of Boston the directing spirit, the editing of all this unpublished material was undertaken by me. It led to the issue of two volumes of Stevenson's poetry in 1916, and later two more volumes of hitherto unknown Stevenson material were brought forth by the Bibliophile Society under the joint editorship of Professor Trent, Mr. Harper, and myself.

Thus these four Stevenson volumes came to make their appearance in print. But when the first two vol-

umes appeared, there was to come a surprise almost greater than that of their original discovery. The American publishers of Stevenson were Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, but as the Bibliophile Society issues its publications for its members alone, the executive council had, in accordance with its accustomed interpretation of the copyright law, acted on its own initiative without consulting any one outside of the society in publishing the Stevenson material. The heir or heirs of the Stevenson manuscripts had elected to get what they possibly considered full commercial results through the channels of the auction-room, and there was no suggestion that there was in their case or in the case of the American publishers any obstructive element in evidence. To few firms does the American public owe a greater debt of gratitude for the issuing of enjoyable and scholarly literature than to the house of Scribner, and when Mr. Charles Scribner asked to have a talk with me concerning the publication of the Stevenson poems, it was manifestly and solely to consider the rights of his firm and his clients.

After I had suggested to him that the technical side affecting copyright could be more advisably discussed with the publishers than with the editor, Mr. Scribner made a remark that startled me.

"I know, Mr. Hellman," he said, "where these manuscripts came from. They came from enemies of the Stevenson family in London."

"You are mistaken," I answered. "They came from the Stevenson family."

Great was the surprise of Mr. Scribner, and after I had explained to him

how these manuscripts, sold at the order of Stevenson's stepdaughter, Isobel Strong, later Mrs. Salisbury Field, had been gathered together, he asked:

"Are you willing to tell this to Lloyd Osbourne and show him the books and discuss the matter with him?"

"Gladly," I replied.

The next day Mr. Osbourne called at my office. After looking over the volumes, which he had not previously seen, it was with charming courtesy that he said:

"Before we discuss any other aspect, let me tell you that I am glad this work was done and that I hardly think it could have been done better."

Realization of various errors that crept into the work of editing was later to convince me that Mr. Osbourne's praise was too high and that Sir Sidney Colvin, for one, could have done the work much better; but the generous comment of Stevenson's stepson was gratifying.

However, for me the main significance of these conversations with Mr. Osbourne and Mr. Scribner lay in their establishing the fact that neither of these gentlemen, Stevenson's publisher and Stevenson's stepson and collaborator, had in the twenty years since the famous author's death been aware of the existence of all this important unpublished material. As I pondered this curious state of affairs, and realized that Mrs. Stevenson, the owner and custodian of these documents, had thus, up to the time of her death in 1914, not divulged their contents to persons so directly interested and so well qualified to consider the importance of this lyric output, the consciousness was borne in upon me that the myth-making, which I had

hitherto somewhat vaguely suspected, was more than a matter of literary rumor, and that Mrs. Stevenson was disingenuously ingenious when, in the preface to a posthumous edition of her husband's poetry, she stated that verse had with Stevenson always been pre-eminently a pastime. It had, she surely must have known, been the channel for the expression of many of his most violent emotions, his deepest thoughts and feelings. But the good lady was more interested in the gentle and genteel art of myth-making.

The Stevenson myth is far and away the most remarkable thing of its kind in modern literature. Here was a writer whose works were avidly read by a world-wide contemporary public, and whose character and personality were familiar, through long acquaintance, to various men of letters among his friends; but after Stevenson died, it was not Sir Sidney Colvin by whom was completed the official biography, despite the fact that Stevenson himself had expressed the hope that this dearest of his friends would be his editor and biographer. Sir Sidney Colvin, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang—how thoroughly well could any of these three have done this labor of love! But it was a member of the Stevenson family, Mr. Graham Balfour, who proved at the last to be Mrs. Stevenson's choice.

Was not this final decision dictated by her desire to continue and consolidate the Stevenson myth initiated ten years before Stevenson passed away at Samoa? To create and perpetuate a myth of this kind necessitates suppression of important facts, and we have no doubt that Sir Sidney Colvin and the others were averse to this procedure, and thus ineligible from Mrs.

Stevenson's point of view. Not that Mr. Balfour's "Life" is other than, within its limits, a painstaking and able biography. Its limitations, imposed from without, keep it from being the wholly genuine record which Stevenson himself would surely have preferred.

We had hoped that in his chapter on Stevenson in the latest, though, we hope, not the last of his books, Sir Sidney Colvin would have seen fit to be revelatory of the matter we have in mind. But he still adheres, for reasons one may well respect, to the silence that he has maintained ever since the no doubt disappointing time when he, the logical person above all others, found himself unable to undertake Stevenson's biography.

The author who for one brief moment came nearest to interfering seriously with the Stevenson myth was W. E. Henley. In the earliest years of their acquaintance a real sympathy had existed between these two greatly different men. But misunderstandings arose, and as the Stevenson myth developed, Henley, the unsuccessful, became more and more estranged from the popular R. L. S., who was now the far-famed and highly regarded leader in a large Samoan household. The review that Henley wrote of the Stevenson biography was thus tinged with the spirit of resentment, and coming shortly after the death of a man who had long been his friend, the paper justly incurred the criticism of being in bad taste. But all this does not do away with the fact that Henley bared some truths concerning Stevenson that no one else has since ventured to say with so authoritative a voice.

What is the Stevenson myth? Briefly, that Robert Louis Stevenson

Thou shew'st late yoned from the self-same mare  
Thy fate and mine, with care and sight I trace.

I know, O heart of mine, O every heart,  
~~That thou art not unlearned in earthly things.~~

That on the fatal tenor of thy days  
Much thou hast learned in many ways  
Much strong restraint and patience, under  
    smile

Much learning in the many ways of art  
To tell red Kermel from vain displays;  
And out of life's dishonours and dishonours  
~~Learningly learned the road on some time chart.~~

I'm not thou form, O my heart, to probe  
The secret issues of each other years,  
But willing will lay aside <sup>all</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>reason</sup>  
That sackcloth and uncomfortable be  
In which the seat of pain and grief oft lies,  
Our Lord did <sup>up</sup> <sup>lift</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>arms</sup>  
    of life below.

Facsimile of verses by Robert Louis Stevenson, hitherto unpublished, inscribed  
by him in one of his class note-books while a student of law in Edinburgh.  
A transcript of this appears on the reverse page



*Twin streams late issued from the self-same mere  
Thy fate and mine, with curious sight I trace.*

*I know, O heart of mine, O weary heart,  
~~That thou art not unlearned in earthly grief~~  
That in the fatal tenor of thy days  
Much thou hast learned in many evil ways  
Much strong restraint and patience under smart  
Much learning in the many ways of art  
To tell red kernel from vain displays,  
And out of life's dishonour and dismays  
~~Gunningly learned the road in some sure chart.~~  
For thou art fain, O my heart, to probe  
The secret issue of sad after years,  
But willingly will lay aside I know  
That sackcloth and uncomfortable robe  
In which, the seat of pain and fruit of tears,  
Our Lord did penance all his life below.*

Transcript of the facsimile of the Robert Louis Stevenson poem on the reverse page. The second canceled line was altered on another page of the notebook to read "reaped full experience from a perfect chart"

was the type of man possessing all those virtues which are generally held up for the emulation of youth. Of course this myth has not been accepted by the careful student of Stevenson's letters, where frequent sidelights, frankly thrown by the author, suggest a less doctored interpretation of his character. Of course, also, Stevenson himself, certainly prior to the last few years of his life, did not care to contribute, and never directly contributed of his own accord, to this picture of the virtues. He was far too aware of the weaknesses in his armor to pose as a perfect knight, too far aware that the idealism which made his life a fine one was not the idealism of the moralist. Stevenson's letters, finely revelatory as they are of the adult man and of the craftsman, do not wholly get away from that self-consciousness almost inevitably inherent in epistolary compositions meant for the eyes of others. It is different with poems. There, especially in the lyrics of tempestuous youth, the poet speaks to, as well as out of, his own heart. Of the unpublished poems carefully guarded by Mrs. Stevenson a few were the original drafts, but the great majority of these verses were second or later versions, or transcripts from the original versions, written by Stevenson in a number of copy-books. The author had obviously not only decided that these poems were worthy of preservation by him, but also left clear evidence of his desire to have them, or selections from them, published. Stevenson went so far as to compose the introductory poem for the volume he had in mind; and now, printed at last in the Bibliophile edition, it would seem to give to that publication the sanction of Stevenson himself.

Apart from "A Child's Garden of Verses," a little over one hundred poems—one hundred and five to be exact—are included in those which, previous to the Bibliophile edition, comprised the "Complete Edition" of Stevenson's poems. How then, we ask again, are we to regard the suppression of even a larger number,—one hundred and twenty in all,—which, if the present writer's hobby had not led him in the direction of Stevenson in the field of unpublished manuscripts, might have remained unavailable for future biographers? Let us grant that to a few poems, but only a few, applies the argument of comparative inferiority, and that others, addressed to Mrs. Stevenson, may have, through motive of delicate sentiment, been prevented from appearing during her lifetime, although we are not sure that there is much cause for the latter theory, as Mrs. Stevenson was willing, and justifiably willing, to see printed in 1895 the dedication to "Weir of Hermiston," and other verses where Stevenson praises his wife both as fine companion and helpful critic. Assuredly it is because so many of the poems have to do with the amatory experiences of Stevenson in his young unmarried days that his wife did not see to their publication.

Happily, Mrs. Stevenson did not go to the extent of destroying these illuminating poems. Just what selection Stevenson himself might have made, after having prepared his careful transcripts, one cannot say; one wonders to what poems he refers in his letter to Edmund Clarence Stedman of August 11, 1894, shortly before his death, where he writes of poems that are "under way," and adds, "I shall ask Sidney Colvin to let you have a sight of

the proofs as soon as they are ready." In any case, it is certain that Stevenson did not desire to have posterity kept ignorant forever of those verses which express the emotional and intellectual crises of his youth, or the many poems of later friendship and conjugal love which made their first appearance, more than a score of years after his death, in the *Bibliophile* volumes. Here, too, were included variations and unpublished portions of previously printed poems. Why, one must ask, was there omitted from that lovely poem, "The Canoe Speaks," the picture of the bathing maidens:

"And stepping free, each breathing  
lass,

From her discarded ring of clothes,  
Into the crystal coolness goes."

And why was left out that entire portion of the same poem beginning:

"Now bare to the beholder's eye  
Your late denuded bindings lie  
Subsiding slowly where they fell,  
A disinvested citadel."

Is there not in all this the conscious motive to minimize public recognition of that streak of sensuousness in Stevenson which was as much a part of his character as were his virtues, and which in these writings is artistically revealed? Only the motive of prudence, which we do not ascribe, or of practical or sentimental motives of myth-making, might, it seems, offer the explanation.

The Washington myth, concerning his inability to tell a lie, has been kept up for the supposed edification of American children, although the historian knows, for instance, that Washington, during the Revolutionary War, instructed General James Clinton to spread misleading information con-

cerning the size of the American forces, a perfectly justifiable strategic lie. The Washington Irving myth regarding the intensity of his life-long passion for the memory of Matilda Hoffman, who had died during the days of their engagement,—an intensity which, so the world was led to believe, prevented Irving from ever again falling in love with a woman,—is an instance of a myth made possible only by the deliberate act of a biographer. In this case Pierre M. Irving attempted to delete an entry in Washington Irving's journals which indicated the exact day whereon, many years after the sweet Matilda Hoffman's death, Irving had unsuccessfully proposed marriage to an English girl, Emily Foster, in Dresden. But how futile to confer on human beings abnormal or superhuman qualities! All of us, whether as individuals, or grouped as nations, have our vices and our virtues, our weak and our strong points. To emphasize the greater qualities that are characteristic of a man or a nation affords the value of fine example to contemporaries and successors; but to distort, or to suppress, involves, in the end, the destructive element which inheres in all insincerity. Especially in the case of Stevenson, the man's life offers universal sustaining elements whose force is vitiated by glossing over his weaknesses.

Let us briefly consider the Stevenson of student days, and determine what the poems that have only lately come to light can add to that chapter of the official biography wherein this period, 1867-73, is treated. Mr. Balfour's only reference to Stevenson's problems or experiences in the field of sex is contained in the following lines: "He was 'young in youth,' and travel-

ling at the fiery pace of his age and temperament; his senses were importunate; his intellect inquiring, and he must either find his own way, or, as he well might have done, lose it altogether." The biographer virtually dismisses a subject of intense importance in understanding the true Stevenson. Stevenson became of age in 1871, but before he had reached manhood he had entered upon one of the greatest experiences of his life: he had met his first love, and to her, and for her, beginning with the year 1870, he wrote some of his sincerest lyrics. We shall probably never know who this girl was. A marginal annotation by Stevenson, made many years later on the copy of one of his early lyrics to her, shows her name to have been Claire. She was of the lower class in life, and presumably one of the girls that Stevenson met when, owing to the small allowance made to him by his father in his student days, he frequented cheap taverns and went about with socially questionable people. He had a liaison with Claire, which reached its climax probably in 1870, and his devotion for her was so genuine and so manly that in his poem entitled "God Gave to Me a Child in Part" his regret that their child was never to be born is expressed in the poem whereof these are the first and last stanzas:

"God gave to me a child in part  
Yet wholly gave the father's heart:—  
Child of my soul, O whither now,  
Unborn, unmothered, goest thou?

"Alas! alone he sits, who then  
Immortal among mortal men,  
Sat hand in hand with love, and all  
day through  
With your dear mother, wondered  
over you."

Stevenson's attitude as here shown is decidedly high-minded. It would strongly seem to imply his desire to marry the girl, and other verses of the same period suggest that marriage was promised. But Stevenson was not of age and was entirely dependent upon his father. We can easily imagine how the elder Stevenson would have regarded a daughter-in-law of this type. He had opposed his son's romance with the intelligent and socially eligible divorcée, Mrs. Osbourne, relenting only after Stevenson had found himself on the verge of starvation in far-away San Francisco.

But Claire was not the only girl who engaged the affections of Robert Louis Stevenson during his student days, and though his passion for her was deeper and more lasting than that for any of the others, his poem entitled "I Dreamed of Forest Alleys Fair" shows him in close endearment with "Jenny." We find it not easy, therefore, to give full credence to Mr. Balfour's statement that "of all Stevenson's difficulties, those concerned with religion were the most important, if for no other reason than that they alone affected his relations with his father." Were the full story of Stevenson's youth to be written, his amorous experiences, especially those wherein Claire was involved, would assuredly seem to explain *at least* some part of the disturbances in the Stevenson household; and we are strongly inclined to surmise that his departure for the Continent was not wholly due to religious altercations with his father, or solely to questions of health.

The year 1873 marks the climax of those struggles that had made Stevenson's heart and mind a battleground for the previous three years.

It was then that he became fairly free from romantic youthful entanglements, and free, also, from the fear that he might be overborne by any narrow tenets of dogmatic religion.

The sex element that preponderates in the early poetry, and which no biographer has yet dwelt upon, is largely absent from the years 1873-76. All the early, lighter loves may be said to have ended with the poem of 1874, beginning, "Let Love go, if go she will"; and though the wretch was not without pain, as the interjected quotation, "Ah! God!", reveals on the margin of the manuscript, love in

any potent way did not again enter Stevenson's life until he met Mrs. Osbourne at the little town of Grez, in France.

The poems that Stevenson addressed to the woman who was for many years his loyal wife form a series that establish the fine and ever ripening quality of his devotion to her, and he would be a churlish critic who would question Mrs. Stevenson's title to the love and gratitude of her husband. We are far more interested in considering how and why so loyal a companion, who was at the same time so intelligent a woman, undertook to create what we have called the Stevenson myth. The years 1876-79, covered by Mr. Balfour in the chapter entitled "Transition," give us no word of any moment concerning the inception of that passion which led Stevenson, in August, 1879, to reject the advice of friends, defy the parental wrath, and set forth, an emigrant, on his long journey to California, whither

Mrs. Osbourne had preceded him to obtain her divorce. So, too, in the succeeding chapter, wherein the marriage takes place, the approach is statistical, lacking color and warmth. We understand, of course, that Mrs. Stevenson herself was advising with the biographer, if, indeed, not supervising him.

There may have been, or, let us say, there assuredly was, modesty in her self-elimination. But she was, after all, too much the *dea ex machina* in the epic of Stevenson's life forever to escape the full attention that is her due. She was a woman of force, will, self-confidence. The



Stevenson when  
a law student

year that she took Stevenson as her husband marked physically and financially the nadir of his career. He had come to counting his pennies before he bought a cup of coffee and a roll of bread. It was to an almost starving man that there came a message from his father that he might henceforth count upon twelve hundred dollars or more a year. There is no indication, however, that at any time did Mrs. Osbourne regret that she was being wooed by a poor, sick, and little-known writer, and as soon as the marriage was practical, she became his wife.

Yet one must come to the conclusion that, however sturdy her qualities from the point of view of generous comradeship, domestic economy, and questions relating to Stevenson's health, she was not the perfect wife for such a man as Robert Louis Stevenson. Her traits of character and temperament soon made her a welcome daughter-in-law, especially to the stern and practical

father to whom, in many ways, she bore resemblance; but it is an open secret that she disturbed some of Stevenson's earlier friendships, and especially did her régime do much to alienate the affection of Henley. Of all this there is no mention in those pages of the official biography which follow the pilgrimage of Stevenson and his wife to Davos and the Highlands, and to the Riviera during the years 1880-84. Sir Sidney Colvin, in his latest essay on Stevenson, does indeed touch upon the disciplinarian quality in Mrs. Stevenson, but he gives no details, and unless he may still choose to verify or to lay at rest a rumor long credited in the inner Stevensonian circles, we shall probably never be able to know whether this strong-willed, self-confident woman did not push her prerogatives too far along the most regrettable channels that an author's wife can follow in a spirit of kindly meant autocracy. For the story goes that, during a period of special physical distress, when Stevenson was so weakened by hemorrhages that his conversations were conducted by means of a note-book and pencil, Mrs. Stevenson, over-riding the objections, of R. L. S., took it upon herself to throw into the fire the manuscript of a novel by her husband. The early eighties has been given as the date, Hyères the place, and the subject of the manuscript the life of a street-walker. We need not accept the statement that Stevenson considered this his masterpiece, although it well might have

been, for his early experiences and his wide sympathies qualified him to approach the subject with rare humanity, while his studies in French literature, a phase of his literary development that has not been sufficiently studied, contributed to make him the one British writer of his time who might have handled the subject in an un-English way. Stevenson's treatment of the enforced victim of an elemental fact could easily have been a fine masterpiece of his style, and the even finer masterpiece of his philosophy toward life. Why, then, assuming its destruction,



Stevenson in later life

did Mrs. Stevenson consign this work to the flames? We offer the following theories as explanations consonant with circumstances.

"An Inland Voyage," published in 1878, and "Travels with a Donkey," in 1879, had created a circle of admirers of Stevenson, but in both these volumes the author appears as the lover of wanderings, and not as a stable member of society. The serious side of Stevenson as an essayist whose writings might advisedly furnish instruction to youth was first appreciated on a wide scale with the appearance, in 1881, of "Virginibus Puerisque." The next year saw the publication of "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," a volume that further established Stevenson as a mentor of youth. Then, in 1883, came "Treasure Island," one of the finest and most exciting of romances, and appealing more strongly to the young reader than any other book of

its day from the pen of a notable stylist. Stevenson at last was financially successful as an author. He was, moreover, in the field of verse busy with the poems that were to be published, in 1885, under the title of "A Child's Garden of Verses." How would this public have been affected if the life-story of a harlot had then appeared? One can readily imagine the reaction of teachers and preachers and the consternation of the publishers. Art is all very well in its way, but royalties have to be considered. Or we may ascribe to Mrs. Stevenson a finer motive than the merely financial one, and consider, from her point of view, the pity of destroying by one too daring an act the position to which her husband had attained as an entertainer and instructor of youth. She saw him on a pedestal, and she made it her business to keep him there. This, we surmise, accounts for the obliteration of his reputed masterpiece, if, it seems again safer to add, this writing of his was, as we believe, destroyed.

It is significant that Henley divides the life of Stevenson into two parts, and that the period immediately following his marriage marks the division-line. There was the younger Stevenson, brave, capricious, buoyant, vain, impatient of dogma, hating Mrs. Grundy, fascinating, and unconventional. This was the Stevenson whom Henley had loved despite his manifest faults. The second Stevenson was never quite comprehensible to Henley. The lighter posing of early days seemed now to have developed into a conscious pose before the world, not of the artist, but of the moralist. Here, I think, Henley was not quite fair to Stevenson, and though no doubt the author of "Virginibus Puerisque," and

of the many letters written sometimes in a rather fatherly spirit, enjoyed the unexpected position that he had won, Stevenson never fell into any vital insincerity or hypocrisy. The Covenanter strain was his by inheritance, but his early conviction that one must not fear to pluck the rose on account of the thorn, and that life was much more than a matter of ethics, he never abandoned. The influence of his wife, the modifications that differentiate eager youth from respected middle age, played their parts in his attitude and in his writings.

Only in two instances, as far as I know, did Stevenson's courage not rise to the heights of his opportunity, and in both of these one surmises he would, if left to himself, have carried out his own intrepid ideas. I have in mind his protest on behalf of Boer independence embodied in the draft, written in 1881, found in a note-book among his unpublished papers, and printed for the first time by the Bibliophile Society forty years later. The proclamation of the South African Republic in December, 1880, with Kruger, Pretorius, and Joubert as its executive triumvirate, led in the following February to the battle of Majuba Hill, which culminated in the rout of the British. While this defeat enraged the greater part of England, there were many Englishmen who felt it folly to seek to deprive the freeborn Dutch of independence in their internal affairs. In March a truce was concluded, and a status involving internal self-government was arranged for, which lasted until the Second Boer War eighteen years later. It was during the weeks preceding the conclusion of the terms of peace that Stevenson drafted a letter wherein he wrote:

"We are in the wrong or all that we profess is false; blood has been lost, and, I fear, honour also. But if any honour yet remains, or any chivalry, that is certainly the only chivalrous or honourable course, for the strong to accept his buffet and do justice, already tardy, to the weak whom he has misused and who has so crushingly retorted. As if there were any prestige like the prestige of being just; or any generosity like that of owning and repairing injustice; as if in this troubled time, and with all our fair and plucky history, there were any course left to this nation but to hold back the sword of vengeance and bare the head to that state, possibly enough misguided, whom we have tried ineffectually to brutalize!"

Unless this letter has been lost in the files of some newspaper, we must regretfully resort to the conclusion that it was never sent, and we cannot free ourselves from the thought that Stevenson refrained on the practical advice of a wife who felt that political affairs were not her husband's *métier*, and that to accuse Englishmen of deficiency in chivalry and honor would eliminate a great body of the author's admirers. The point can indeed be well taken that a man who gives up his life to belles-lettres can be of widest value in sticking to his art; but the regret is still there that Stevenson's fearless words advocating the granting of independence to the Boers remained unspoken.

The second instance had to do with the Home Rule uprising in Ireland in 1886, when Stevenson evolved the scheme of going to live on a poor Irish farm and of braving in person the dangers exemplified by the imprisonment of the Curtin women. The de-

tails of his mental debate are outlined in his letter of April 15 to Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin. The crux of the matter was that "here was a wrong founded on crime; crime that the Government cannot prevent; crime that it occurs to no man to defy." But the crime is defied in Stevenson's mind, and his personal example can, he hopes, cause people to take more drastic notice of the terrible conditions then obtaining. He is willing to lose "friends, all comforts, and society." He is filled with the spirit of the Crusader. But though his wife does not refuse, "she hates the idea." We do not blame her in the least, and it is most doubtful that Stevenson could have accomplished much worth while for the cause of England in Ireland or for Home Rule by the Irish. At any rate, the plan went by the board, and Stevenson abandoned this opportunity to engage in an act of outstanding, even if quixotic, courage.

The philosophy of conduct which Stevenson exemplified in his life and illustrated in his writings was preponderantly a code based on the master words of simple courage and forbearance. Even if we consider the final period at Vailima, when he conducted the religious services, and when the family meal was preceded by a prayer composed by the head of the household, we need not regard Stevenson's attitude as colored by sanctimoniousness or the least insincerity. It is a far cry from the year 1873, when in "A Valentine Song" Stevenson attacked the "white neck-cloth'd bigot" with the cry:

"Back, minister of Christ and source  
of fear,

We cherish freedom—back with thee  
and thine!"



But as early as 1869, when Stevenson was yet a boy, in another mood he wrote a poem entitled "Prayer," ending with the stanza:

"O let my thoughts abide in Thee  
Lest I should fall;  
Show me Thyself in all I see,  
Thou Lord of all."

Moreover, Stevenson of the Samoan days was, according to the custom of the South Sea Islands, "father" of a household in which children of the native chieftains were inmates, there to acquire such spiritual and intellectual education and other civilizing influences as, so runs the general supposition, the enlightened Occidental can confer. He was thus charged with responsibilities quite apart from the desire to give pleasure to his religiously inclined mother, then living with him, that made these prayers somewhat more, or, if you will, somewhat less, than the expression of individual inclination. Even so, the dominant note in these invocations is that of the weakness of human nature and of the value of kindness and courage.

Excerpts from these prayers, which were among Stevenson's unpublished manuscripts, are in consonance with what we believe was Stevenson's lifelong aversion to regarding himself as in any way an exemplar.

Despite the duality of his nature, the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a work dramatically revealing the gleaming and the black sides of the spiritual shield, is deserving of the high admiration of his fellows for two basic reasons. As a man he fought despondency of mind, suffering of body, and other harassments along the road of life with consistent valor and with wide

generosity. In an entirely unpublished note-book belonging to the year 1872, when Stevenson was studying law at Edinburgh University, and when, through the medium of verse, and not, as some editors have thought, first through prose, he was preparing himself for his life career, we find on the initial page:

"O deeply fallen,  
In glens of black despair I sit  
And still forgotten of the crowd,  
Wounded, alone,  
At every pain I sing aloud  
To hide a groan. . . .  
I see and envy not. I hear  
The song of general mankind."

And thereupon he goes on with verses that offer his solution of despair, the easing of "individual pain, in others' joy."

In maintaining this attitude and injecting its support into his writings, Stevenson made his permanent contribution to the general stock of courage on which mankind must draw whether or not the analyst of human actions finds in an inscrutable fate the predestinating agent negating the power of the individual will. Add to this that he was a devoted craftsman ever arduously and delightfully successfully engaged in the difficult field of stylistic achievement, and there need be no reluctance in seeing him step down from a pedestal of too elevated righteousness and take the place where he himself, we feel assured, would best like to have it, a man among other men—a man of many faults and weaknesses more than counterbalanced by his charm, by the tenacity of his courage, by the breadth of his generous vision.



## A Gift from the East

*A FABLE*

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

My very good friend, the traveler, who was coming slowly around the world, wrote to me from Japan that he had picked up a gift for me, a rare and curious gift. I tried to imagine what it might be. A vase? A print or a dainty painting? Some bit of sculptured beauty? I knew my friend, and I knew that he loved lovely things; but—

“No,” he said when he got home, “it is not a work of art. It’s a story, an idea, a truth, perhaps. I don’t know.”

And he gave it to me, as I give it to you for all it is worth.

“One quiet night in Tokio,” he began, “I passed the whole evening and the dark part of the morning with an elder statesman of Japan. And he talked; they do sometimes. And I listened, as I can, you know. So I heard things. I heard many things that shine like tiny lights for me now in the darkness of the East, stars in the

canopy of the ages. I guided the old man. I asked him questions. When I found him willing to answer, I put to him, one by one, all the questions that all my journeyings in Asia had left bleaching on my mind.

"They know some answers in the East. They know in their bones some things that we of the West have n't even got into our heads—not yet. It's experience, race wisdom. They are ahead, not behind, us, and I for one could not learn by mere hearing all the lessons my wise old man of the East was ready to teach me that night.

"And one of these, one of the ideas he offered me in vain, the most curious of the thoughts he dug up out of the graves of his ancestors, is this that I am passing on to you.

"Toward dawn, when the world was gone to sleep and he and I were alone together in the dimness, I asked him why the Chinese were so honest and the Japanese so dishonest. I put it more politely.

"Why is it," I said, "that the Chinese are such gentlemen? Even their business men are men of honor. Their word is good, so good that they write no contracts, and no one asks them for a bond. Why is it that the Chinese are thus, and why is it that the Japanese are—not thus?"

"The elder statesman looked at me long and wondering.

"Don't you understand that?" he asked. "Don't you, really? It's simple, you know. It is very simple.

"The Chinese have no government. They are an old people, very, very old, and they have relics of the past. They have the forms of government, but the substance is gone. It is rotted away. The corruption which you see the beginnings of in our younger governments has wormed away the ancient government of China. The officials are corrupt, the ruling class, the judges, too.

"There are no courts in China; not in your sense, not in our sense. No one in China would think of going to a judge for justice. Everybody knows that the highest bidder wins the verdict. A contract is therefore no use. No written contract has been of effect in

China for centuries, for so long that—you see, do you not?

“‘No? Well, but you see, don’t you, that business had to go on? Men must trade. Agreements have to be made and met. The Chinese had to find some way to exchange goods now and in the future, to promise and to deliver. Therefore, since there was no government, no fair umpire, to pass upon and enforce agreements, since there were no courts to trust, the Chinese had to trust one another. So they did. But this meant that they had to become trustworthy. So they did. They developed a virtue—honesty—to meet the case. With no force to back a promise, they had to have honor.’”

“‘And the Japanese?’ I prompted gently.

“‘Oh, the Japanese.’ The elder statesmen smiled. ‘We modern peoples have up to now what you might call pretty good government. We, too, are old, we Japanese, but we are not so old as the Chinese. We are behind them, just as some other peoples are behind us. Our courts are, humanly speaking, honest. Our business men feel they can trust them; therefore they do. They leave honor to the courts. They draw contracts carefully, with the intention of appealing against them to—his honor, the judge.’”





Krassin



## And after Lenine?

BY ERNESTINE EVANS

DRAWINGS BY JO DAVIDSON

Some morning we shall open our newspapers to learn that Lenine is dead. Aside from Trotzky, Krassin, Chicherin, and a few others, we know surprisingly little of the men who might, singly or in a group, carry on the leadership of Soviet Russia. This paper affords a more intimate glimpse into the Bolshevik family album. We were fortunate to have Jo Davidson, the eminent sculptor, at Genoa to sketch some of these Russians.—THE EDITOR.

THE pity is, Beletsky is dead: the Bolsheviks killed him in the winter of 1918. The little old man sat out his last days in the damp cellar of the Fortress of Peter and Paul, and then they wasted him who above all others could have served posterity as assistant historian of the Russian Revolution. He had the facts. Beletsky was head of the Okhrana, the czar's special political police, the ablest head it ever had. He was the enemy of the Revolution. He was also its most dispassionate student, the calmest judge of its servants. If they had let him live, he could have answered many questions which vex men to-day in Russia and without. I would rather have his answer than any other's to that most repeated question, "Whose hand will guide Russia when Lenine is dead?"

Beletsky knew and judged men. There were revolutionists he laughed at, those he despised, and those he feared and respected, though his life-work was to whip and hound them all, study their speeches and books, unseal their intimate letters, and watch their actions as Fabre watched the bees. He often knew them better than they knew one another, these revolutionists,

Bolsheviks, Mensheviks, Social Revolutionists, anarchists. His archives held their records; there the "comrades" were accounted, the false, the backsliders, the neurotic, the weak, as well as the adamantine ones, incorruptible rebels. From among all these he knew where to choose his spies and *agents-provocateurs*. Some he respected and never thought of choosing.

My friend Alexander Semyonovich saw him in his cell one night not long after his arrest. Beletsky had sent hundreds of men to that very cell in the years before he himself stood on its puddly floor. He had a quiet scholarly demeanor, interrupted by little spurts of gusty enthusiasm; not enthusiasm either, but conviction. My friend talked with him about the hurly-burly at Smolny and chanced to speak of Kamenev, who was then prominent in party councils. Kamenev's real name is Lev Borisovich Rosenfeld, and at that time rumor was about Petrograd that one Rosenfeld had been discovered to be among the czar's agents. Beletsky spoke up, described that Rosenfeld, another man altogether, described him with scorn. Even a Beletsky could feel that the spy's trade leaves a snail's filthy trail

behind. Then he went on to talk of the Kamenev who has been the president of the Moscow Soviet and head of the famine relief. "An absolutely faithful and courageous revolutionist," the old man-hunter called him. Beletsky had studied Kamenev for sixteen years, ever since his first arrest at the age of nineteen for participation in student riots at Moscow. The police had kept him that time for a month and a half. After all, he was an hereditary honorable citizen, of one of those Jewish families allowed to live without the pale. There had been no question of flogging one who might be persuaded to settle back on the family fleshpots and make no further trouble. But Lev Borisovich was of different stuff. He was arrested twice afterward. Once the evidence was not good. Once he gave bail of a thousand golden rubles and slipped away abroad. The police watched him, and Beletsky reached his own conclusion. For Kamenev, Beletsky knew, there would be no turning back. Moreover, his wife, Trotzky's sister, was a "comrade," too. Long ago the police had observed that where the wives were in the movement backsliding was rare. Loyalty to the revolution was not challenged in the home.

But it is unlikely that Kamenev will wear the Lenine shoes. The proportions of those shoes have of course been mythically exaggerated out of all human dimensions. The gigantic figure of the Lenine that the world thinks it knows, devil to some, hero to others, has been compounded of fears and wishes. It has been easier to grasp a war made by "the kaiser" and a revolution set afire by Lenine than to picture the complex play of social forces. "In tragic life . . . no villain

need be." And in social life no hero need be. No hero would be, except that simple people need him for reassurance. But if no second legendary figure, as single-minded and with as



Rakovsky

terrific a will, appears upon Lenine's departure, it is certain that a score of Russians, obscurely functioning all the while, will become better known to the world, and public attention the world over will be centered more upon the principles and procedure of the Revolution, and less upon personalities.

It was an absorbing game for long winter evenings in Moscow, when Lenine was first ill, for the foreign journalists to "dope" out his successor. In this pursuit the best guide to revolutionary "past performances" was Beletsky's archives. The Moscow police records had already been published, and the Government was bringing out instalments of the imperial files at

Petrograd. From the Okhrana records I learned to know the old party members from the upstarts. Russian communists lay an emphasis upon party seniority exasperating to foreign onlookers, impatient for efficiency. Except those youngsters who enlisted for the front trenches when Yudenich was at the gates of Petrograd and Denikin was shooting prisoners, all new-comers are under suspicion of being *radishes*, red outside, but white within. Even non-communists have adopted this standard. My friend Dora Elishna, who works for the Soviet Government, but refuses to join the party and submit to discipline, divides all communists into those who were Bolshevik before the war and those who scrambled on the bandwagon when the road ran more smoothly.

New men, young men, able men, will spring up. Russia is now a young man's country, a pioneer country not unlike the United States of the seventies and eighties. But for some years the power in the Communist party (and no close observer predicts that any other party will be in control in Russia under ten years) will remain in the hands of the older Bolsheviks. The first test of any candidate will be not his native ability or his vote-getting personality, but his party record and his proved loyalty to the Revolution and the old revolutionary group.

Unquestioned loyalty is adjudged by the Bolsheviks to be the first of revolutionary virtues. Let the breath of suspicion touch the ablest man in Russia, and he becomes useless. There was one man, without question the one man in the Communist party who understood America, who could interpret America realistically and not in

the fantastic terms of visiting American communists. The Soviet Government sorely needed just his insight into American political psychology. Yet they put this man away on suspicion, kept him in jail for nearly a year, suffered from the loss of his talents. In the end he was completely cleared, restored to the party, and sent to do a job. I saw him when he came out of jail, sick and almost broken. What he said to me that afternoon, when he might have complained of a terrible injustice, gave me insight into the source of Russia's strength.

"In spite of powerful friends who believed me innocent, the Revolution held me fast. No single man counts," he said. "To the Soviet Government nothing counts but certain loyalty. And me they doubted. Yet I could have died there happy, knowing that I was innocent, and knowing that outside the force that made the Revolution was still working."

I doubt that this man will ever again play any part in Russian service abroad, having once come under even false suspicion. Those who have represented the soviets in London, Warsaw, Rome, Berlin, and elsewhere have been the most trusted of the party. These posts were not plums for deserving Bolsheviks; they were the outposts where the crucial fight for peace and trade was waged. They had to be filled by men who would know what Moscow wanted them to do, even when their communications were cut, as often enough happened. Krassin, whom many believe will fill the breach when Lenine goes, brought Russia the first respite from foreign intervention when he negotiated the trade agreement with England and committed the British to the side-lines,



isolating France and Poland in the battle against Bolshevism.

I first met Krassin in the Bond Street office of the Russian trade delegation in London. He had just returned from Russia with news that the Volga crops were failing. The Bolsheviks did not yet know that the famine was to be another like the fearful and terrible one of 1891, but Krassin knew that the feeding of the hungry would absorb much of the strength and talent of his Government. He knew that the revolutionary tide in Russia was receding, that European revolution was not coming to communist aid. He took a piece of paper and a pencil and drew me diagrams of the changing political tactics his Government must employ to meet the new time in Russia. When discoursing of political strategy, Leonid Borisovich Krassin manages somehow to speak with tenderness. I might have been a child or a lover, he was so patient, so kind. His pale blue eyes were now sad, now kindling, as he drew his diagrams. I should have guessed, even if I had not known, that he was an engineer. Krassin's engineering record has been an odd little feather in the Bolshevik cap. Even under the czar's government Krassin the engineer had been known all over Europe. Year by year he did more important technical work, and year by year he became more a confirmed revolutionist. He was expelled from the St. Petersburg Technological Institute, thrown out of the army for making revolutionary propaganda. Exiled back again to Siberia, where he had been born of prosperous parents in Tobolsk, he went to work as a master mechanic under a mechanical engineer. His ability was so marked that the local authorities got him permis-

sion to finish his education at the Khar-koff Technical Institute, from which he was duly expelled in 1898. He went to work at once on the Transbaikal Railway. Krassin's life stands out from other revolutionary lives in that he has always been able to do his work. Hardly any period of his life seems to have been thwarted or pinioned. Last winter, when Lenine used savagely to attack the lesser party members for their ineptness in managing affairs, and the fumbler cried out, "But, Ilya Ilytch, we did not learn to govern, we did not learn to trade, we did not become engineers in prison," one always wondered what genius for life, what special loveliness made Krassin favored of the old order as well as the new and had left him so free to achieve his technic. From 1900 to 1904 he was supervising constructor of the big power plant at Baku, and during the same period he organized illegal printing plants for revolutionary publications. He took part in the abortive 1905 revolution and had to flee Russia, but he came back when the hue and cry had died down, and was made superintendent of the Petrograd cable system. After office hours he assumed much of the responsibility for the technical and financial organization of the Bolshevik party. Forced to leave Russia, he found a position with the celebrated German engineering firm of Siemens, Schukert and presently went back to Russia as their Moscow chief. When the war broke out in 1914, and the Germans withdrew, Krassin was left in charge by the czar's government of all the Siemens, Schukert establishments in the country, a post that was at the time one of the best paid and most responsible in the realm. And all

the time Krassin and Lenine were building their dream of a new Russia—a Russia built to be engineered with oil and electricity, Russia electrified, unhindered by gas franchises and other less up-to-date vested interests.

Since the revolution Krassin has participated in the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, and was successively appointed president of the Supreme Council of National Economy, people's *commissar* of commerce, and likewise people's *commissar* of means of communication.

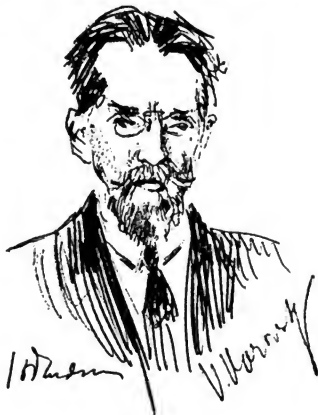
Krassin co-founded the Englishmen who met him in London by being so precisely the opposite of the funny-paper Bolshevik. He is the sort of man who cannot be cartooned. His smile disarms. He never slips into the technical revolutionary lingo. He expresses the most inflexible revolutionary ideas in a mild and urbane French. London bankers said he negotiated like a suave director of big business. It is whispered here and there that of course Krassin is not a real communist. Yet communism is at once his religion and his personal scientific notion of better social engineering.

Krezinsky, Russian ambassador at Berlin, and former *commissar* of finance, and Rakovsky, the president

of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, who furnished the correspondents at Genoa with much sensational copy, are both mentioned as possible leaders.

Christian Georgyevich Rakovsky was born in 1873 in the little Bulgarian town of Kotel of an ancient family famous in Balkan revolutionary history. While still a boy in the gymnasium Rakovsky was expelled for organizing revolutionary circles. The rest of his life was spent under constant police surveillance, wandering through Europe and Russia, studying, organizing, writing,

lecturing. Between arrests and deportations, he snatched education from universities in Switzerland, Germany, and France. Not the least of the reasons why he is so well thought of among the chiefs in the Bolshevik party machine is that his reputation is European. The illiterate Ukrainians follow him because of his legendary prowess in ridding the Ukraine of robber bands; the more educated German socialists admire his daring, appreciate his dialectics; the Russians find him always ready, always witty, and know just how much cleverness it took to get the nationalist Ukrainians to stand even restively in soviet harness. He has a curious personality, whose broad outlines somehow grip



Vorovsky

the popular imagination, and yet whose intellect makes him a leader among the intelligensia as well. The story of his arrest in Rumania in 1907 is pure revolutionary melodrama. The Rumanian Government wanted to deport him. All the border countries refused to receive him. The Rumanians thought to get out of their dilemma by shooting him. Popular riots were precipitated in Bukharest in which upward of fifty gendarmes and workers lost their lives. The officials next tried to remove him from Bukharest to some remote fortress. Workingmen went out and tore up the railway tracks in front of his train. Nonplussed, the officials begged Rakovsky himself to go free and pacify the rioters.

The 1917 revolution found him in a Rumanian prison in Jassy, from which he was released by the rebellious Russian garrison in that city as part of their May-day celebration. After that he became active in the Ukraine, and in January, 1919, was elected president of the Ukrainian Republic. One of Rakovsky's hobbies has been to get the Russian peasants to plant Indian corn as well as wheat and rye. He wants Russia to copy the farmer of the Mississippi Valley.

Vorovsky, who has represented the soviets at Rome, is an elderly man whose ill health will keep him from Lenine's strenuous post; but he has served his state in the significant negotiation of a trade agreement with Italy and a special treaty with the Vatican. The Vatican agreement permits the Jesuits to enter Russia after one hundred years of exile from that vast field of souls. The obvious intent is to weaken the anti-Bolshevik Russian Orthodox Church through competition and to put Catholic

Christendom in a more amiable mood toward Soviet Russia.

Unlike these men, Stalin, who is Lenine's closest friend, has never lived in western Europe. A peasant from Tiflis, his real name Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, born in the village of Didi-Lolo of Greek Orthodox parents. It is interesting that from this pious Christian stock came the Bolshevik who is to-day the most powerful and the most popular among the Mohammedans of southern and eastern Russia. Stalin began his working life as a bookkeeper. Shortly after 1905 the police picked up his trail, and the young Georgian was exiled to Vologda Province, in the far North. Like a Russian friend of mine, he could exclaim: "The czar's police gave me my education. Thanks to them, I knew all parts of Russia, and found misery everywhere." He disappeared from Vologda in 1908, and was exiled under another name to Siberia, escaped, was exiled again in midsummer two years before the war, and by September was back in European Russia, where "his work" lay.

What time Stalin has spent outside Russia has been in the Near East. He looks like a Kurd chief, but for all his fierceness is a shy man. No foreign journalist has ever interviewed him. He is seldom seen even by his colleagues in the Commissariat of Nationalities, of which he is chief. Most of his time is spent at the deliberations of the Council of Labor and Defense, the highest organ of the Soviet Government. When the Denikin advance wrought chaos in southern Russia, Stalin was appointed president of the Revolutionary Military Soviet of the southern front. With no army experience, he developed a remarkable



Chicherin

talent for military tactics. The White press called him their most dangerous enemy.

Not all Russians admire Stalin. "A savage man," a devoted Bolshevik said of him to me, "a bloody man. You have to have swords like him in a revolution, but I don't like that fact, nor like him."

Ruthless though he is reputed to be, Stalin directs one of the least coercive and most successful Bolshevik policies, the liberal treatment of small nationalities within the Soviet Federation. With Lenin, he believes that nationalist revolutionary movements must be encouraged and utilized, and he carries this idea to its application even within the borders of the old Russian Empire, where the aspirations of a score of small peoples, suddenly released from czarist tyranny, clash with the communist plans of the more dogmatic Bolsheviks.

The Stalin policy is one of adroit coalition of the communist nuclei within the small nations with the party in Russia for the building of a friendly federation along the southern and eastern borders of Russia. He thus manœvered politics in Georgia and Azerbaijan and saved to the Federated Soviet Republics their greatest prize in international bargaining, the gushing oil of the Caucasus, coveted by the fleets of the world. Within the Communist party Stalin's personality gives him special influence. His way of life, his sobriety, and his intense industry, in which his wife, who was formerly his secretary, joins him, have attracted to him an almost religious adherence from the faithful, a kind of following which the merrier Karahan, for example, with his pretty and frivolous actress wife, need never expect.

It is vain, of course, to talk of any of these men as possible future leaders without taking Trotzky into account. His race will bar Trotzky from ever succeeding to Lenin's post, yet Trotzky's influence will not wane, and Trotzky will have a veto on any candidate. He has himself the very qualities of executive efficiency which Russia needs, though they say he is still more interested in creating a new world than in putting the Russian house in order. To-day, however, there is no doubt that Trotzky satisfies more kinds of persons, and has bewitched more of his enemies, than any other Bolshevik.

"Ah," sighed one of the czarist generals who frequent the Sunday afternoon teas at the British Trade Mission in Moscow, "the man Trotzky, were he not a Jew, I should want as dictator of all Russia, myself." "If only Trotzky did not have to run the Red Army!" exclaimed a Bulgarian I. W. W. who sits on the executive committee of the Communist International, and is not invited to tea at the British Trade Mission, "what a leader he would make for the Comintern! Every disillusioned, disheartened revolutionist in Europe would feel born again in the faith if Trotzky should succeed Zinoviev." "If one must work in a commissariat, give me the general staff office," said a young Menshevik professor who does research on war indemnities. "I tell you, mademoiselle, it is the most peaceful place in Moscow." The professor was thinking of the tidy details of administration rather than of the spotless stairs which lead up to Trotzky's office. Those stairs, though, gave me a view of Trotzky.

"Tell me, Comrade Trotzky, why

are your stairs the cleanest in Russia?" asked a visitor.

"I 'll tell you, Comrade," said Trotzky. "Because for four months I myself picked up every scrap I found



Litvinov

there and handed it to the Red soldier whose job it was to clean them." This is the same Trotzky who makes thunder and lightning crackle down the spines of peasant soldiers when he speaks in the Red Square; the same Trotzky who scolds the Red Army week in and week out about "sewing on the Revolution's buttons" and "shining the Revolution's boots"; the same Trotzky who can address a congress of soviets, with the boxes full of statistic-loving foreign experts, and hold them tense in their seats for three hours, his voice easy, musical, convincing, though his text is no more than army reports and his only gesture

the schoolmaster's as his nine-foot pointer moves over the map and traces the depredations of Machno, the bandit, in the South or marks other perils in the East and the North.

There is something of the great actor about Trotzky; one need be no believer in his doctrine to take esthetic pleasure in watching his performances. The best I ever saw was the formal interview he gave the foreign journalists in Moscow shortly after the Genoa conference was announced. A few of us had met him before. Some remembered the slightly stoop-shouldered student and zealot of 1918. We filed in, most of us with chips on our shoulders and hostility in our eyes. British, Italian, Chinese, and American journalists took their seats in a semicircle about the polished desk. The vast room behind us had the dignity of an emperor's council-chamber.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, what are your questions?"

There was nothing commanding in this simple lead, but the man, as a spectacle, was magnificent, superb in his assurance, a complete man of the world, a general in his study, his smile mellow and somehow directed to all of us and yet to each of us in that peculiar embrace effect that we thought belonged only to Lloyd George. The questions flew, some piped, some smartly growled, some decently asked; and always answered swiftly, lucidly, resonantly, every answer packed with meaning. It was like Capablanca playing twenty men at chess. Lloyd George is as quick on the trigger, though not as fine in repartee.

Trotzky was born November 7, 1879, his birthday coinciding with the date of the victory of the Bolshevik Revolution. "A nut for mystics to

crack," he says. His father was a Jewish colonized farmer named Bronstein in the village of Yanovka, Kherston Province. When Trotzky was nine he was sent to school in Odessa, where he played with colored pencils and dreamed of being an artist. He wrote little pieces in a composition-book. He read Nekrassov and Lermontov. He translated Krylov's fables into Ukrainian. He was expelled from the second form for organizing a protest against his French teacher, whom he considered an enemy of humanity.

"I remember," he says, "how this Bernard had ax-shaped marks on his forehead and how he went into a hysterical rage when he discovered our conspiracy and shouted, 'The first pupil in the second class is a moral monster.'" Next the outrageous Bronstein boy was complaining of his Russian teacher for failing to give his compositions the careful criticism and correction desired by an ambitious young writer. Despite his teacher's neglect, however, Bernard Shaw is witness that Trotzky has become the ablest of modern pamphleteers.

In 1897 the South Russian Labor Alliance, with 250 members, was sniffed down the wind by the Okhrana. Trotzky was arrested. Not since medieval monks in their cells had the leisure and the will to preserve an ancient civilization have

so many men and women educated themselves in studious solitude as those whom the czar imprisoned for political offenses. Trotzky spent two years in jail, reading Beltov and Labriola and Marx. He was exiled to Siberia, and began to write under the name of "Antid Otto" for "The Eastern Review" in Irkutsk. In 1902 he escaped from Siberia with a false passport on which he wrote for the first time the name "Trotzky." It had been the name of his prison warden. He joined the Social Democratic party, Lenine's party, and went to live in Austria, Switzerland, Paris, and London, writing and lecturing. When the Social Democrats split into Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, Lenine leading the Bolsheviks, Trotzky was Menshevik and remained so until his group became too moderate for his

taste. Then he quit, for the time being partyless. Many of the stories of the splits between Lenine and Trotzky spring from that old schism, or, like the frequent death of Lenine, from the overcredulous desires of the counter-revolutionists. There have been disagreements, but no split, between Lenine and Trotzky since the Revolution. Throughout Russia their combined names are a

shibboleth. The peasants, friendly and unfriendly, always speak of them together, "Leninantrotzky," making one "mighty man" out of the two.



*Portrait of  
Lenin  
1902*

Joffe

The railroads go wrong. "Give us Trotsky!" every one cries. He is wanted for every job. If some of the lesser *commissars* are jealous of him, not one seems to doubt his superiority in the grand gestures of leadership or in the meticulous details of administration. Yet, though he towers over most of his colleagues and though his name has more magic than any other in Russia, he is not booked for Lenine's place. He is a Jew, and except for a few Jewish communists, giddy with new freedom, no one in the party thinks it politically safe to risk exalting a Jew to the supreme leadership.

Despite the number of talented Jewish revolutionists, the most important Russian Bolsheviks have been Slavs. The charge that the Soviet Government is a "Jewish conspiracy" is easily met by pointing to Lenine, Chicherin, Lunacharsky, and the other purely Slavic leaders. The case would be prejudiced, however, if either Trotsky, Litvinov, or Kamenev were made chief of the Council of People's *commissars*.

Not the least of the Soviet Government's problems is to prevent any resurgence of the anti-Semitism carefully inculcated by the czarist régime. Even in these last two years pogroms have always been in the offing. Not pogroms against Jewish communists, but against Jewish speculators, against Jews in general. Times have been hard, and the Russian peasant has had to find a devil to account for them.

Ironically enough, those foreign Jewish relief committees which sent millions of dollars worth of food into Russia stimulated much of the resentment against the Jews in Russia today. It was a starving country, rationed on communist principles. The

peasant could not understand why food from abroad came only to Jews. That of course was before the A. R. A. began to operate. And now the scorn of both communists and non-communists for the "new bourgeoisie," the mushroom traders that have sprung up under the new economic policy, often begins by being anti-speculator and ends by being anti-Jew. The worst profiteers I met in Moscow were Slavs; the very worst a Russian princess loudly devoted to the Orthodox Church. Yet it is true that Jewish traders seem to be in the majority.

The strongest organization in Russia outside the Communist party is the Russian Orthodox Church. Though the Communist credo is distinctly anti-church, many of the younger priests, led by the Archbishop of Nijni-Novgorod, have supported the Government against the irreconcilable and actively plotting clergy and against those churches and monasteries which resisted the famine levy on church treasures not needed in the ritual. But the church as a whole cannot be anything but anti-communist. It is natural, therefore, that every defeated political party in Russia secretly hopes to use the church for propaganda against the Government. A propaganda that the church could and would undoubtedly make, if the Government were headed by a Jew, would be to insinuate that Jews had usurped a Christian country. The Bolsheviks, as revolutionists, defied the world; as governors of Russia they are not likely to furnish their opposition with any unnecessary advantage. Certain Jews will continue to be among their ablest lieutenants, but the captain of the ship will be a Slav.

The new captain will lean on Lit-



vinov, as Lenine has. Litvinov—Valakh Meer, according to the Okhrana record—was born in Bielostok. He was imprisoned for selling socialist literature, escaped, and went abroad. In 1908 he was arrested in Paris on charges brought by the Russian authorities, and was deported. He went to England, where he worked in a bank and married Ivy Low, the young novelist, niece of Sir Maurice Low. When the Revolution came, he served as soviet representative in England until he was deported.

I like Litvinov, though in our chance meetings he always snubbed me. He is what they call in the army "hard-boiled," and has served his Government well by just that quality. Those who saw him at Brest-Litovsk report that he did the snarling while Joffe, who now heads the delegation negotiating with the Japanese, did the soothing. Even those Russians who dislike Litvinov, and they are not a few, seem pleased that the lean and mild Chicherin has this burly alternate, whom no one can exhibit as an aristocrat among Bolsheviks. He works tremendously hard, though I always resented it when Gai, his assistant, took up the Moscow chant about his chief's eighteen hours a day. It is true that most Russian *commissars* are the hardest working men I have ever seen, but it is also true that the country would fare better if they got more rest and would delegate power to loyal secretaries. I should have thought Litvinov would be popular in the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, for he is a witty and experienced man. But he is not popular, and he knows it. He has said too many sharp things about the follies of some of his colleagues. Litvinov knows this, and

he knows that he is charged with "ambition," and he watches his step accordingly. It is reported that the copy of Arthur Ransome's "Russia in 1919" in the Foreign Office library is burned on one page as though by an inadvertent cigarette. An inquisitive reader who sought another copy of the book found that the deleted passage contained Litvinov's reference to certain of his fellow-workers as "those idiots." Such a frank expression of honest opinion might make an uncomfortable moment if read at a party meeting.

Karl Radek is not destined to be a "boss," but always a cross between a search-light and a glow-worm, lighting the way of some big chief. More laughter can be heard in the little office on the Mockavia where Radek studies newspapers in nine languages than in any other spot in Moscow. He is a Polish Jew, whose real name is Sobelson, much of whose revolutionary training was got in the editorial room of the "Leipziger Volks-Zeitung." When he wears side-burns, these and his heavy glasses make him look like a Galician war refugee. When he is clean shaved, as he was in honor of being sent by Lenine to help manœuver the Rapallo treaty in Berlin last spring, he has the engaging appearance of an Arthur Rackham gnome. Nobody of any consequence, from the farthest ends of Russia, ever comes to Moscow without stopping in to swap yarns with Radek. Before he discovered that I understood German, he used to let me read the Literary Review of the New York "Evening Post," which was always on his desk, while he dictated letters to his friends abroad. What a list of friends! Personal, political, extreme left, biggest

business, journalists, clergymen. What letters! Ribald, gay, politically searching.

The Germans with whom Radek has most to do know him thoroughly, ad-



"Barbarossa"

mire him, and distrust him. They used to arrest him when he slipped into Germany during the early days of the Revolution; now they negotiate with him and invite him to dinner. "Those dinners!" he complained to me. "The poor devils in the German Foreign Office get so little to eat that any Bolshevik is good enough excuse for an official banquet on the state expense account." He is a genius, but with a mind two-graded, one grade brilliant, one grade trite. He is an expert politician, conspires capably, lies freely,

analyses with profound perception, and works incessantly. His job in Moscow is to make an objective survey of world politics. He has many personal agents outside Russia who post him on inside stuff. His general opinions have great weight both with Lenine, who makes the foreign policy, and with Chicherin, who conducts its diplomacy.

One could go on thus for days, turning the pages of the Bolshevik family album. There is Kraznicheckov, a lawyer from Chicago, who invented a sort of Graustark realm, the Far Eastern Republic, patterned to woo recognition from President Wilson. They were all for pleasing America in those days. The whole of Kamchatka, the Transsiberian railroad—no one will ever know what prizes the United States could not have had for "recognition." Then there is Bucharin, the brilliant editor of "Pravda," with his gay face. He is a sort of beloved little brother to Lenine, the only one who dares to be seriously saucy to the old man at party conferences. And poor dear Lunacharsky, *commissar* of education, who can't give half an hour's speech under two eloquent hours and who has to soothe the Bolshoi Theater ballet when they threaten to mob Isadora Duncan; dear Lunacharsky, who has n't any executive ability and is the most sympathetic man in Moscow, finding homes for poets from the provinces, trying to get slates and books for children, and a Red Army ration for his school-teachers. And Zinoviev, who keeps his native bailiwick of Petrograd still a revolutionary city where the factory workers enjoy free theaters and remain stiff-necked toward the old middle classes, long after Moscow has

lost its red flare and the speculators crowd the proletariat out of the boxes. Krylenko, who nearly lost his party ticket last year because he took his hunting dogs out in a government automobile, which was said to be unworthy a "communist and gentleman."

Hunting the face of the next leader is only a game. It is not the outstanding fact to be studied in Moscow today. "What gets you," as one of the American correspondents kept repeating, "is the Communist party machine." In the country that was the most feudal in Europe, where the age of mechanics has only just dawned, the Bolsheviks have made a governing machine that *runs*, though it bumps and rattles and may some day break. What the leaders lead is an aggregate of party members held together by a cohesive formula that keeps the Communist party a unit. In action the party is a giant not divided against itself, though in conference its leaders and members may have wrangled for weeks over clashing views of tactics

and administration. The machine is forever being looked over, the mud washed off, the motor oiled. Last year two hundred thousand members were thrown out of the party because of graft, abuse of power, bureaucracy, passivity, careerism, counter-revolutionary aims, and other deadly sins that kept the machine from moving on its patrol of the peasant nation.

Now that the revolutionary movement has subsided, and the coöperative commonwealth has not sprung full-sheathed from the Revolution's head, but seems nearly as far away as ever, communists will tend to be more and more like the politicians and civil servants bred elsewhere. But as long as their periodic cleansings manage to keep the membership above the Russian average in honesty and energy, and party discipline keeps the communists united, the leader of the Russian state will be one of the old Bolshevik group, schooled as Krassin, Chicherin, and Stalin have been in the revolutionary movement.

## Quarrel

By ELINOR WYLIE

Let us quarrel for these reasons:  
 You detest the salt which seasons  
 My speech; and all my lights go out  
 In the cold poison of your doubt.  
 I love Shelley, you love Keats;  
 Something parts and something meets.  
 I love salads, you love chops;  
 Something starts and something stops;  
 Something hides its face and cries;  
 Something shivers; something dies.  
 I love blue ribbons brought from fairs;  
 You love sitting splitting hairs.  
 I love truth, and so do you.  
 Tell me, is it truly true?



## Are the Artists Going Mad?

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON



IT is curious that while the word "camouflage" is incessantly used in numberless and needless applications, the thing itself finds no further use and is hardly applied at all. The term is a tag of journalese; some social or scientific movement is called camouflage, as if our noble language needed to search for a French word for humbug; or some great statesman is called a master of camouflage, when it would satisfy all our simple human needs to call him a liar. In this, perhaps, there is something of a national note, despite all the talk about the practicality of the British nation. In fact, no people is so easily fed with words instead of things, and with a sort of poetical justice instead of practical justice. For no people is satire so much a substitute for reform, instead of a spur to reform. Bumbledom has passed into a proverb without by any means passing out of a practice. And we gave Kaiser Bill, that noisy war-dog, a bad name instead of hanging him.

But in the lighter aspects, at least,

it is obvious that camouflage was one of the newest and most curious of the arts of war; and it seems odd that it has not been adopted as one of the arts of peace. To paint things with invisibility would seem to be a military miracle almost as suggestive as the miracles of the latest surgery. It would be almost as humane an act to remove certain features in a landscape as to restore certain features in a face. Many of our large buildings, our public monuments, and even the statues of our great men might often with advantage be made to melt into a confused twilight of distance, so that their lines were indistinguishable. For that matter, whole cities in the wealthiest, most bustling, and businesslike districts of the British Empire seem to call for the subtle brush that would make them look like something else; that would enable the traveler to walk through a commercial high street with the illusion of one walking through a wild woodland glade; and to wander in Sheffield as if it were Sherwood.

Nor, indeed, is there any reason why the new kind of painting should not be applied to the old kind of painting. The entire exhibition of the Royal Academy might be painted in so subtle a manner that the pictures themselves were invisible. Outside landscape-painting and portrait-painting, there are forms of the pictorial art in which such an intervention would be highly interesting. The one school of painting in which the modern world certainly excels, at any rate in enthusiasm and energy, is the painting of the female face. It would be disrespectful to suggest that we often desire the face to be camouflaged, in the sense of completely conjured away and evaporated. But there are composed and even complacent human countenances, of gentlemen and even of ladies, which would be more soothing if they appeared to fade into a pattern like a portion of the wall-paper; or if they could be mistaken at the first glance for a bed-post or a sofa-cushion.

These are, perhaps, ideals too high and remote to be realized; but they serve to introduce a real question about the technical condition of such arts to-day. It does appear strange that the galleries of advanced art have not shown us a camouflaged school along with the Cubist school or the Futurist or Vorticist schools. The conception of the next step in esthetic progress being an invisible art is very much in line with the others, or even with the very names of the others. A vortex is in its nature the empty center of something tending to vanish; and if, as humanity in its simplicity has hitherto supposed, the future is hidden from us, the thing after the future is presumably more invisible still. And as for Cubism, there is nothing beyond

the cube unless there be a fourth dimension; and pictures in the fourth dimension would be happily beyond our vision. Well, let us suppose that this fact smooths a path for the fashionable triumph of the camouflage school of art. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that some practical joker has left the walls of Burlington House entirely bare, and then invited all society to the private view. Suppose he explains that the pictures of the new school are painted with such superb skill that they mix themselves with the atmosphere, that they are absorbed into the air and the environment, that they dissolve by their very sympathy with daylight, or, in short, that they create the delicate illusion of not being there at all. I wonder how many people in such a society crowd would submit to the new situation, and profess an understanding of the new metaphysic and the new technic.

I wonder if any would have the moral courage to say of the academy walls what the child alone had courage to say about the emperor. For the first thing to face about the progress of the arts at present is that, whatever the rights and wrongs of it otherwise, it is supported by masses of social hypocrisy.

Of the artists themselves, of those of them that can really be called artists, of such motives and meanings as can really be traced to a true artistic source, I shall try to take account in all fairness later on. But even if it be in originality and courage that they are admirable, it is in servility and cowardice that they are admired. Merely to wish for advanced art is not anarchism; it is simply snobbishness, and snobbishness more vulgar than

the vulgarest worship of rank and wealth. For, after all, there is at least a low sort of sincerity in that sort of snobbery. Rich people can give their sycophants solid pleasure of a sort, for which they can be thanked without falsehood; and it is a shade more honest for men to praise a patron for the champagne and cigars they do enjoy than for the pictures and statues they only pretend to enjoy. But as these great revolutions in art are never patronized by anybody except the very rich, we shall all be relieved to hear that the two different types of snobbishness can generally be practised at the same dinner-table. Anyhow, the fashion in these things is almost always some form or other of intellectual cowardice, and many eminent persons say to one another, "A very interesting experiment," or, "An attempt to approach life from a new angle," when, if they were moved suddenly to candor, they would look at one another and say, "Are all the artists going mad?"

## § 2

In one respect at least the artists are really to blame. The artists, in the narrower sense of the painters, are in one sense very narrow indeed. They are progressive: that is, they deal in terms of time and not of eternity. It is odd to notice how the very titles given to the new schools have often referred only to the sequence of time; just as if one controversialist were called a Thursdayite, and the other completely eclipsed him by being a Fridayite. We see this in the very name of Post-Impressionist and in the very name of Futurist. It is equally idle for a man to boast of coming after something he does not like, and of coming before

something he cannot know. In the latter case a man is merely fleeing to the future as to a sort of refuge. In the former case it is clear that a Post-Impressionist style cannot score by being after Impressionism, any more than Preraphaelite style can by being before Raphael. The value must be in some intrinsic qualities apart from order or sequence, and in that sense the names of Cubist and Vorticist are more rational, even if the things themselves do not convince every one of their rationality.

But touching this matter of time, there does seem to be a rather peculiar quality about modern painters. I have never understood why painters are so much more terrified than poets or prose writers of the notion of being behind the times. It seems probable, at present, that they will really find themselves behind the times. They will find themselves the last people left alive, to believe in this silly nineteenth-century notion of being in advance of the times. All the thinkers who really think, and all the theorists whose theories seriously count, are growing more and more skeptical about the very existence of progress, and certainly about the desirability of this sort of self-swallowing and suicidal kind of progress. The notion that every generation proves worthless the last generation, and is in its turn proved worthless by the next generation, is an everlasting vista and vision of worthlessness which is fortunately itself worthless.

Curiously enough, there is scarcely any group left that really thinks it worth worrying about except this particular group of the painters of pictures. When Mr. Hugh Walpole first showed his fine talent as a young nov-

elist, he did not think it necessary to maintain that Mr. Thomas Hardy was an old fool. Recognizing that Mr. W. B. Yeats was a good poet did not involve regarding Swinburne as a bad poet. But Whistler and the Impressionists were wildly anxious to show that they were in revolt against the Preraphaelites, and Post-Impressionists were equally crazy about having cut themselves clear of the Impressionists. In their case indeed, as I have suggested, the very name given to them seemed to denote a monomania of rivalry. Impressionism, at least, meant something, if it meant something like skepticism.

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind," said the barrister to *Mr. Winkle*, "which, I fear, would be of little service to honest, straightforward men." Still, the Impressionist obviously had received an impression; even if the honest, straightforward men of the Philistine world, gazing at his misty river or cloudy woodland, felt that it had made rather a faint impression. It is human to receive an impression of something, but it is doubtful if anybody ever received a post-impression of anything. The new schools soon learned to secure less progressive, and therefore more logical, names; but that first accident of nomenclature revealed the strange theory of revolutionary succession on which esthetic thought was running at the time. For this preliminary progressive pose the painters themselves are largely responsible; nevertheless the first step toward justice to their originality must be to ignore their novelty. The only way of judging the schools that call themselves new is to imagine what we should think of them if they were old.

Before attempting to set these new studies in these ancient lights, there is a parenthesis here. In the philosophy of art, certainly, there has recently been an abrupt revolution, and in my view a most beneficent revolution. But by being revolutionary it proves it is not progressive. Revolution is always the reverse of progress; for revolution is reversal of direction. By no possibility can the Impressionist's progress in optics be continued in the Cubist's contempt for optics; but the division is even deeper. It was the whole point of Whistler and his school that they produced the picture without troubling about the meaning. We may say it is the point of Picasso and the rest that they paint the meaning without troubling to paint the picture. With them the inmost idea is everything, and the impression is nothing. A scoffer might be content to say that the Impressionist called a woman an arrangement, and the Futurist calls an arrangement a woman. At the one extreme was "A Portrait of a Lady" in which the face was actually left out lest it should look intelligent, and so rival the tones of dress and background. At the other is the "Portrait of an Englishwoman" in the little brochure called "Blast," which consisted wholly of rods and squares mathematically symbolizing merely the mystery of her soul. One may fancy that her soul escaped even this analysis; but it is something that men are now searching for the soul. It is something that the materialism of the "technical" time has given place to such shameless mysticism.

Now, I am well aware that there is a mass of new literature devoted to the exposition of the new art, and that in this all sorts of metaphysical and

psychological explanations can be found for each of the different schools in turn. Thus, to take the simplest example, I have seen a picture by an eminent painter representing the dazzle and vivacity of a café, in which a lady, possibly the barmaid, had one eye in one corner of the picture while her teeth smiled in a similar isolation in another corner. I have also seen a printed philosophical explanation of this picture, which appeared to be pointing out that the impression of rush and rapid gesture could be conveyed only by distributing the lady in this way. It was dynamic art, as distinct from the static art to which humanity has hitherto been harshly limited. In the same way I have seen an explanation of Cubism, as giving to painting the dimensions hitherto confined to sculpture, just as the scattered features described above were supposed to give to painting the dynamics hitherto confined to drama. To all of which I am quite content to answer that they do not give it. I venture to put aside all these metaphysical and psychological arguments, because in such a case they are arguments in a circle. These men may be justified in using an eccentricity for the sake of an effect; but they cannot go back and prove the effect from the eccentricity. It cannot be logical to excuse a method because it makes a point so plain, and then to explain that the point must remain obscure until we understand the method.

Rush and rapidity of movement are very vivid things, and if there is a way of producing them, even an unscrupulous or unbalanced way of producing them, we shall know when they are produced. But when I meet with a human eye in my travels round one

corner of a canvass, and later on encounter a smile, all by itself, like the Cheshire cat, in another corner, I do not receive any sense of rush or rapidity. It has no suggestion of dynamics, though to some humorists it might suggest dynamite. To me it does not suggest even that, but merely a sort of meaningless and untidy pattern. I leave out the question of whether in any case a picture ought to be dynamic, when it is obviously destined to be static. I can imagine that the most sympathetic critic, when he had sat opposite that striking picture for ten or twelve years, where it hung in the place of honor in his dining-room, would at last begin to think that the crisis of the scattered lady might well be passed; and that she might possibly, so to speak, pull herself together. But I willingly admit that this applies in a lesser degree to any picture of action, as action is expressed in sloping limbs or flying drapery. The point here is that the philosophers certainly have not proved, either in theory or practice, that lost teeth and lonely eyeballs are a better image of motion than the limbs or drapery in the sense of a more immediate or informing image. I think they mean at best that it is a fresher image for those who are tired of the limbs and drapery, having had them in the dining-room for ten years. And that brings us back to the point reached before the beginning of this parenthesis.

### § 3

The only sense in which any art has any business to be new is that in which the most ancient, even the most antiquated, art is new. If a young artist can really assure us it has all



the novelty of the Pyramids, or that it is as fresh and up to date as the Parthenon, we may really look forward to his doing something unexpected. For it is the definition of the old masterpieces that we cannot expect them even when we have seen them. About all great work there lingers a white light as of morning, which is the original wonder at their being done at all. The mystical way of putting it is to say that any act of creation has in it something which shows man as the image of his Creator. The practical way of putting it is that another man can often see the thing depicted more clearly in the copy than in the original. And it is perfectly true, as the modern artists say more excitedly, but all artists say more or less moderately, that in order to waken this spirit of wonder, the copy must never be quite a correct copy. There must always be something in it to show that it has passed through the wondering mind of man; that man has deliberately set it in a new light, sometimes by selection and omission, sometimes by the wildest exaggeration.

These are the truisms of the topic, but, like other truisms, they tend to be hidden much more deeply than heresies. It is not a condemnation of a work of art to say that it is not realistic; but it is a condemnation of it to say it is not idealistic, in the sense of pointing toward this ancient ideal of art, the awakening of the mood of wonder. Whether the more ungainly modern tricks do awaken it we will discuss in a moment; but the distinction between the idealistic criticism of them and the merely realistic criticism which many would offer, must first be made clear.

It can be made clear enough for

convenience by an old and familiar anecdote of the arts. It has often been recalled, in reply to realistic complaints, that Turner answered a critic who complained that he had never seen such clouds by saying, "Don't you wish you could?" It is not so often realized that the phrase does actually provide a very practical test for a distinction between some artistic falsifications and others. It really is true that any man of moderate imaginative culture does wish he could see some of Turner's sunset clouds, too scarlet to be mortal blood and too bright to be earthly fire. But it is not equally self-evident, to say the least of it, that any man wishes he could see one of Mr. Epstein's statues walking about the street in the monstrous function of a man. I am not here denying that the Epstein monster may touch the nerve of wonder in another way; I am only pointing out that Turner's saying, so often quoted and so seldom applied, does subject these things to another test, which is perfectly rational, but not in the least realistic. There is a real difference between the exaggeration of which we can effectively ask, "Don't you wish you could?" and the other exaggeration of which we can promptly reply, "No; I thank God I can't."

There is another point about Turner's appeal to the imagination of the spectator himself, and even of the carping critic himself. The tragedy of humanity has been the separation of art from the people. Indeed, it is a queer fact that the same progressives who insist that government shall be democratic often insist that art must be oligarchical, and "the public," which is a god when they are talking about votes and statues, becomes a

brute when they are talking about books and pictures. But there are wiser men of genius, such as Tolstoy and William Morris, who have clearly perceived the inhumanity and perilous pride of merely aristocratic art. They have sought to bridge the abyss between the sense of beauty and the sentiment of humanity, and those who have most studied it have agreed with Morris that it was most nearly bridged in the Middle Ages. The medievals knew that a normal man does wish he could see a cloud of scarlet and gold, and therefore they were not sparing of scarlet and gold in their illuminated manuscripts or their church windows. If any one had complained that he had never *seen* St. Michael in golden armor with crimson wings, they would certainly have answered, with the most orthodox propriety, "Don't you wish you could?" They also knew that the normal man likes monsters, grotesque and fantastic forms as strange as any in the studio of a modern sculptor. Only from motives of lucidity, they labeled them dragons and demons instead of admirals and society ladies. In other words, they did it in such a way that, while the angel was quite free to soar and the devil to dance far out of the reach of the realist, the meaning of these things was not missed by a class more numerous than realists, and that is, real men and women. They united all men in the spirit of wonder, from the most cunning craftsman who wondered at the thing being carved beautifully, to the most ignorant rustic who wondered at it being carved at all. And this was sound philosophy; for, properly considered, the wonder of the rustic is even more reasonable than the wonder of the craftsman. It is really in that

sense a miracle that it should be carved at all. A monkey cannot do it; and when a man does it, he is exercising a divine attribute. This is what gives their strange poetry to the primitives, that the people were in a certain simple, but very sane, mood in which they could wonder at the most primitive work. In that sense they could wonder even at bad work. And we may fairly say that the moderns are now trying to do bad work in order to have something to wonder at.

#### § 4

I do not make it as a point against them; on the contrary, I think it is the only real case for them. The wisest among them saw that the power of the primitives consisted in being primitive, in awakening the primal wonder; they saw that their very crudity somehow records the great creative birth or transition. It amounted in practice to the experiment of making ugly things, that they might recover an astonishment no longer accorded to beautiful things. One of those few great Frenchmen who founded all that was sincere in the movement said to somebody, "I am trying to surprise myself." When we have understood that sentence, we have understood everything that can rightly and sympathetically be urged for the eccentricities of the new art. All the rest of it, and by far the greater part of it, is vulgar quackery and brazen incompetence. The average artist of the sort is a man who paints an unconventional picture because he has not enough originality to paint a conventional one. But the few men of genius who began the dance had an idea in their heads; and it is only by understanding it that we can understand the answer to it.

The real weakness of the best of the new Primitives is that their quaintness does not arise out of a universal world of wonder, but rather out of a world without wonder; it comes not from simplicity, but from satiety. The shepherds who watched the first sketches of Giotto were surprised that he could draw a face, and therefore still more surprised that he could draw a beautiful face. But the modern Giotto is tired of beautiful faces, and feels that there might yet be a surprise in the drawing of ugly faces. The modern painter, in the phrase I have already quoted, is trying to surprise himself. To judge by some of the society beauties he paints, we might say that he is trying to frighten himself. And there would be this degree of serious truth in it, that this typical sort of modern artist, whatever else he is, is primarily a self-tormentor. At the best he is pinching himself to see if he is awake, not having about him the real white daylight of wonder to keep him wide-awake. At the worst he is sticking pins all over himself to find the one live spot, as the witchfinders of a livelier age did it to find the one dead spot. I am not sure that even the old picture of the live people brought to death is more horrible than the new picture of such dead people brought to life. Anyhow, it is surely obvious that there is no permanent progress that way; that we cannot really be rejuvenated by becoming more and more jaded, or making mere insensibility a spur to sensations. Still less, of course, do we so come any nearer to our problem of the revival of popular art. If the mob does not always enter into the feelings of gen-

iuses, at least it cannot be asked to enter into all the feelings of lunatics, or men whose methods are as individual and isolated as the maniacs of an asylum. The real solution does not lie that way, but exactly the opposite way. It does not lie in increasing the number of artists who can startle us with complex things, but by increasing the number of people who can be startled by common things. It lies in restoring relish and receptivity to human society; and that is another question and a more important one.

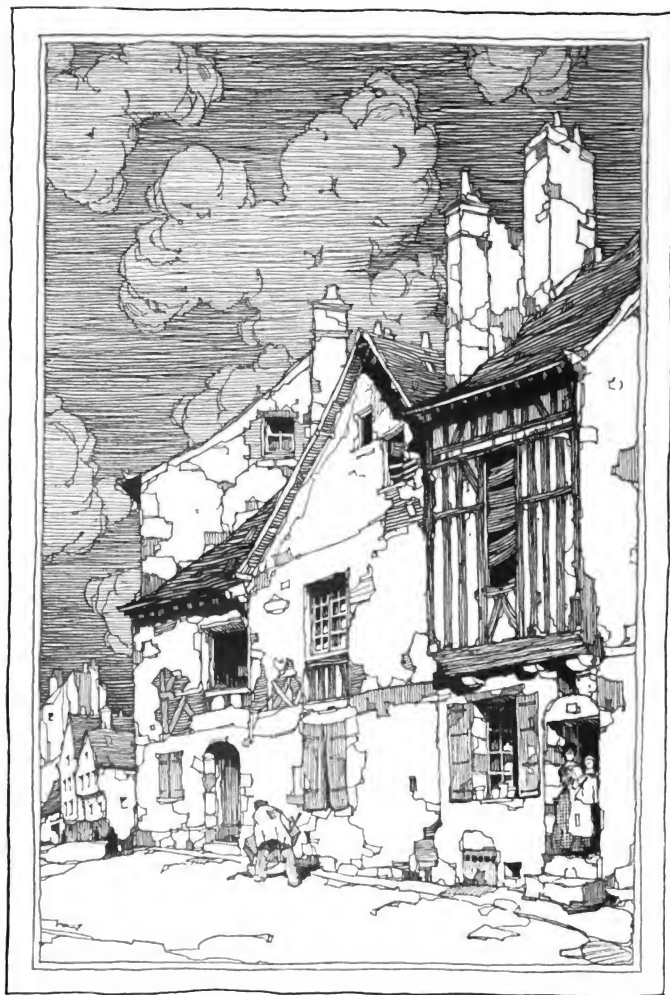
It is enough to say here that it not only means making more Giotto's, but also making more shepherds. It might be put defiantly by saying that the great modern need is to uneducate the people. I do not mean merely uneducate the populace; I mean more especially uneducate the educated. It might be put much more truly by saying, as we have to say at the end of so many entirely rationalistic inquiries, that what the modern world wants is religion or something that will create a certain ultimate spirit of humility, of enthusiasm, and of thanks. It is not even to be done merely by educating the people in the artistic virtues of insight and selection. It is to be done much more by educating the artists in the popular virtues of astonishment and enjoyment. It is not to be achieved by the artist leaving the crowd further and further behind in his wild-goose chase, nor even by the crowd running hard enough to keep up with the artist; but rather by the artist turning round and looking at the crowd, and realizing that it is rather more interesting than a whole flock of wild geese.



THE TOWN SQUARE  
VENDÔME.

SOME OLD  
FRENCH TOWNS

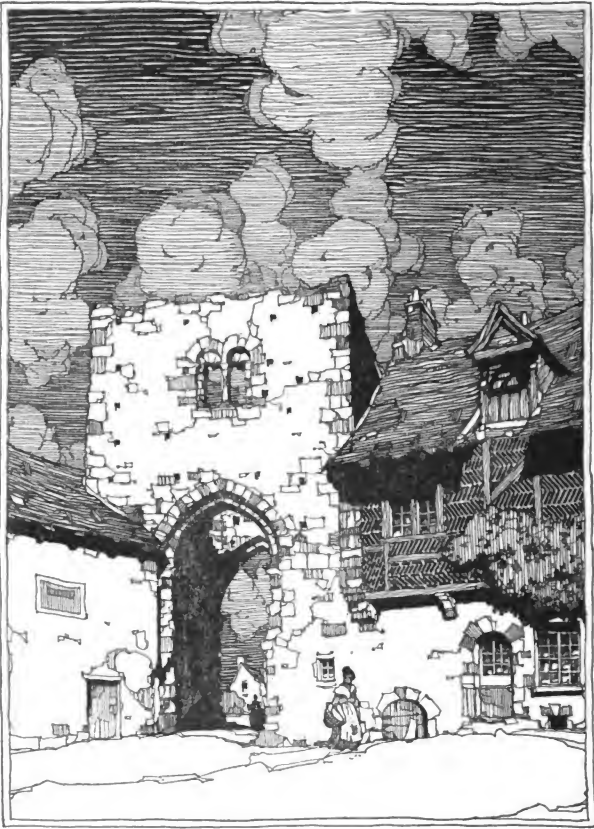
— — —  
A PORTFOLIO OF  
SKETCHES BY  
SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN



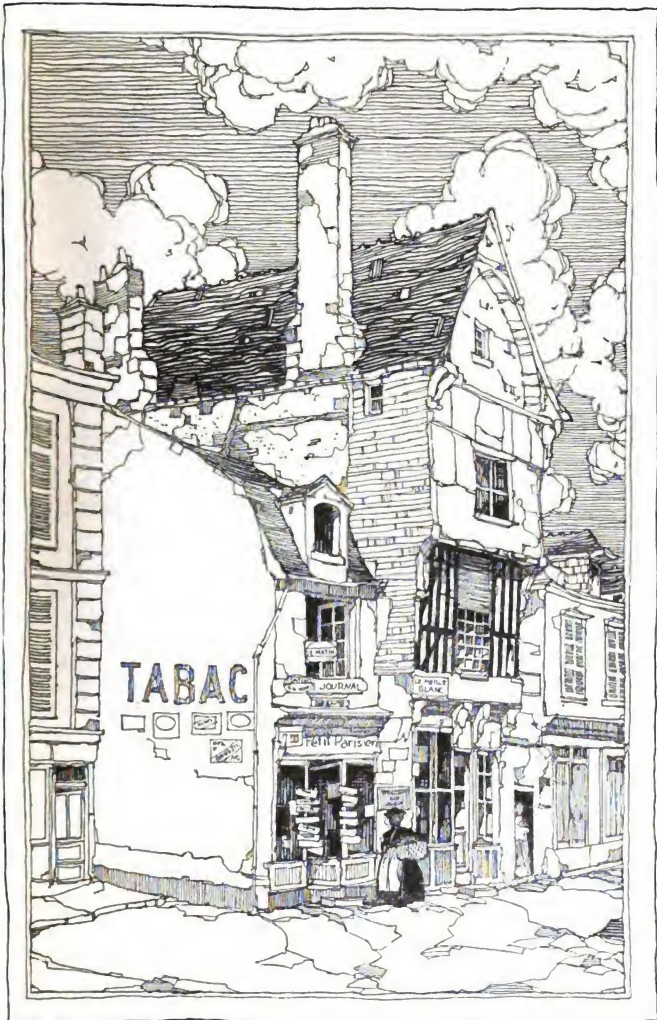
A STREET IN ROMORANTIN



IN THE MARKET PLACE  
POITIERS -



THE GATEWAY - LES TROIS MOUTIERS



THE NEWS STAND - VENDÔME





# The Last of the Vikings<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel in Seven Parts—Part II*

BY JOHAN BOJER

NORWEGIAN DRAWINGS BY SIGURD SKOU



KANELES GOMON was less fortunate than the others, for he could not possibly get up to the little mountain farm and back again in time; so he wandered about alone where every one else was asleep and the lights were out. He had a few drams in his head, and he whistled or sang as he walked. The frosty road was beneath his feet, and the starry sky above his head, and why should he not sing? He might, of course, go and visit some girl in an attic, but he thought of his half-blind father at home and of his little sister. God alone knew whether they would have food enough for the whole winter. And then, too, there was a girl at a large farm away in the North who thought he was sincere in his intentions and that he was the son of a rich man. Well, well, there was plenty to think about on a night like this before you start on a voyage and are out singing and trying to make the time pass.

At Myran, where Kriståver and Mårya slept in the bed against the south wall, Kriståver woke in the middle of the night, and a little while after said softly:

"Are you crying, Mårya?"

"Oh, no!"

"You must n't be so unhappy about it."

He was just dropping asleep again when he felt her arms about his neck.

"It 'll be so sad for me when you 're gone!"

"Oh, well, but you 're so clever, you will get on all right."

"And you 're taking them with you! Now it 's Lars, and next it 'll be Oluf, one after the other. You 're taking them away! You 're taking them away!"

What could Kriståver say to this? They disagreed on this point, but in all else Mårya was the best of wives, and toiled from morning till night, only sometimes with a look of fear in her eyes. Her arms were round his neck now, and she did not quite agree with him again; but it would all come right, for Mårya was the best of wives.

Toward morning heavy steps were heard going down to the beach, and the lanterns appeared again, for now the men were off. It was much earlier than people generally rose, but the wives had wrapped themselves up well in woolen shawls, and went down with their husbands. There was a black frost, and the wind was easterly, and the falling snow was hard like hail.

The sea-fire flashed in blue phosphorus-flames beneath the iron heels of the men walking down the beach.

<sup>1</sup> Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

The little boats rowed out, and "Good-by!" and "A prosperous voyage!" were said over and over again; but at the last moment a head-man would recollect something for which he must row ashore.

Mårya was standing with other wives upon the beach. Berit Hylla was there, too, for it was too dark for any one to see the bruises on her face. The wind was icy, but they would not go in quite yet, and wrapped their shawls closer and stamped their feet to keep warm. It was just light enough for Mårya to see Lars, in his seaman's outfit, busying himself with something in the bow of the boat. Then Kriståver climbed back over the roof of the aft cabin to put on the steerage, and then crept forward again, and dropped into the head-man's place on the seat, turning his face to the land and to her, but without saying anything.

"Let go!"

There was a sound of wet rope against an iron ring as the grapnel was hauled in; a block screeched, and the broad, heavy square sail was hoisted up the mast, and, filling with wind, was fastened obliquely across the boat; and the *Seal* moved, and began to glide slowly out into the bay.

"Good-by, Kriståver! Good-by, Lars!" And "Good-by!" cried many wives on the beach as they took off the kerchiefs that covered their heads and waved them in farewell.

Kriståver was now a head-man, who swung the tiller above his head and looked after everything on board, but he nevertheless waved his sou'wester vigorously and shouted, "Good-by!" A gust of wind flung dark streaks across the bay; the *Seal* heeled over, and the water foamed at her bow and

in her wake, and the red pennon fluttered at the masthead. Mårya looked at it, and her face brightened. She had made it out of material that was to have been a petticoat for herself, and she had embroidered Kriståver's initials upon it with blue thread.

Those who stood on the shore began to run along the beach as if trying to keep up with the boats, and the last thing that Mårya saw, as the *Seal* disappeared in the frosty haze, was a sou'wester waved from the stern as the topsail was hoisted.

## § 2

So they sailed away. The familiar shore on which their cottages stood disappeared, and in the fresh land wind the boats cut easily through the choppy sea that foamed about their bows. Far up the fiord could be seen other square sails and topsails coming out from the inland districts, and outside new Lofoten boats emerged from bays and inlets and turned out toward the open sea. They were setting out on the familiar voyage northward, those hundreds of miles in wind and cold and blinding snow, the same voyage that their forefathers had made through long past ages.

On board the *Seal* Elezeus Hylla and Henry Rabben were in the stern with the head-man, the one to mind the sheet, and the other the bailer in stormy weather; and Kaneles Gomon stood forward by the tack, for he had his wits about him in case of need and, moreover, was unequaled as a lookout in the dark. The wind howled and whistled as they sped along.

There was a sixth man in the forward part of the boat with Lars, and this was the first time he had set foot in a Lofoten boat. He was a pale

fellow, with a tuft of rusty-red beard beneath his chin, and gold ear-rings in his ears, and his name was Arnt Awsan. He was from up the valley, and had married and moved down to the shore, and now he was going to take to the sea and go out as a Lofoten man. "Well," people had said to him, "if you're going with Kriståver, you'll find life a little different from what you're accustomed to."

There was a helpless look about him as he now stood in his big sea-clothes without an idea as to what he had to do on board a boat.

"What do you call that?" he asked Lars, pointing to a line running from one edge of the sail through a block in the bow and back again to the other edge.

"That's the bow-line," replied Lars. "And that?"

It was the line from both ends of the yard that the men in the after part held.

"That's the brace," said Lars, feeling no little pride in being able to teach a man who was much older than he.

"And that?" said Arnt, pointing now to a triple rope in the middle of the lower edge of the sail, which was made fast to the mast.

"That's the 'priar.'"<sup>1</sup>

Arnt pressed his lips together. He already knew more than he had known before, and he must consider it seriously and thoroughly.

The other men stood with legs apart, chewing tobacco and enjoying life. The boat rocked beneath them, and the wind sang in the rigging; they were out of the reach of tradesmen and banks, they were on the sea once more, they were free men. As yet,

however, while they were in the fiord, the big Lofoten boat seemed too large; it would be different when the land fell away on both sides, and waves from the ocean itself dashed against her. She would wake up then, as it were, and heel over with the weight of the bulging sail. She pitched slowly up and down, and a wave beat against the bow and sent a shower of water into the fore part of the boat; both hull and rigging trembled, but the *Seal* went on her way. The men looked at one another, wiped the water from their beards, and laughed.

"Do you think there's going to be a storm?" asked Arnt, turning to Kaneles with a face that had become still paler.

Kaneles kept a serious countenance as he answered:

"Well, it does look rather bad."

"Can't you ask Kriståver to put in to land?"

"You'd better ask him yourself," said Kaneles, with the same serious expression.

The blue light of a winter day was over land and sea. On the east stood the mountains like an irregular, misty-gray wall, rising into the sky, cleft by ravines and passes, and with here and there streaks of snow, and gray clouds drifting over the higher peaks. Bays and fiords ran up into the land, and outstanding promontories were washed by the never-ending billows. Flocks of dark and pied sea-birds sat rocking on the waves in the cold wind, and screamed in delight over the glorious weather. On the west rolled the gray ocean, and tossed its white spray high into the air above an island or a solitary, upstanding rock. Two or three blue-white gulls sailed over the

<sup>1</sup> The rigging of these boats, as also the type of the boats themselves, is similar to that used in the time of the vikings.

*Seal*, and cried through the wind: "Ah-o-ah-o! where are you going? We 'll go with you northward, northward."

Three of the boats kept in touch with one another, but the fourth, the *Storm-Bird*, belonging to Andreas Ekra, had stolen ahead some time during the night, as was her custom. A few boat-lengths to windward was the *Sea-Fire*, with her striped sail, and Peter Suzansa at the helm, at one moment inclined toward the other boats, so that all the yellow oilskins and bearded faces on board were visible, at the next swung over by a wave, and nothing to be seen but sail, white sheer-strake, and brown bow.

A little to leeward was the *Sea-Flower*, with her tall, tanned sail. Jacob "with the limp" held the tiller. His black hair was covered with a red woolen cap instead of a sou'wester. When the spray dashed over him, he would take off the cap and beat the water out of it against the side of the boat; he was blessed with such an abundant crop of hair that the cold did not easily penetrate to his skull. He was in the best of tempers to-day, for he had a home in Lofoten as well as in the south, and in fact was at home in any place to which it was possible to sail.

The wind increased, and the sea grew rougher; gusts of wind beat down from the mountains and made the boats heel over so that they flew along on their side and showed their keel.

"What 's the matter forward now?" shouted Kriståver, bending down to look under the sail.

"Arnt Awsan wants to go ashore!" answered Lars through the wind.

It was Kriståver's first real sailing day with the *Seal*, and he stood with

every sense alert, trying to make acquaintance with his boat. He swung the tiller backward and forward above his head, watched the waves and the rigging, felt with his feet how the boat yielded to a steady wind, to sudden gusts, and to waves. He felt there was something wrong; the boat did not go well, and there was not the right accord between the rigging and the boat. Women and horses have their caprices, and so has a boat, and he meant to tame her. The *Seal* was quick to answer the helm, and with every wave and gust of wind he knew more about the boat than before. He turned his quid between his front teeth, and grew more and more alert; he forced the *Seal* up against a light wind, and slackened down in a heavy one. He had to learn to know her, and it was like tuning a violin.

"How do you like your new boat?" Jacob shouted to him as the *Sea-Flower* ran up alongside.

"Oh, it 's too early to say anything about her yet."

But the two companion boats began slowly to pass the *Seal*. At first it looked as if they were lying still, one on each side, only riding the waves and foaming at the bow; but by degrees they crept on and on, until they were well ahead. Kriståver's face darkened, and he leaned forward as though to drag the *Seal* with him.

"You must give our best respects to Lofoten!" shouted Kaneles over to the others.

"Hold your tongue, you idiot!" cried the head-man, stamping on the thwart.

They had still some way to go in open sea, and the water was dashing over the water-board, so that the men had to bail.

"What 's the matter forward *now*?" cried the head-man, and Lars's voice answered through the wind:

"Arnt Awsan 's ill."

The *Sea-Fire* and the *Sea-Flower* were now some way in advance, but Kriståver began gradually to gain upon them. He could see, however, that they were sorry for him and would not leave him behind; and that was even worse, and he choked with rage. No greater humiliation could befall a head-man.

They sailed in among rocks, they had to pass through channels where the trading-stations came out into the water on piles. Goodness only knew where the people lived who came there to buy. Then open water again, and on the wind-swept shore of a bay in the gray mountain-wall stood a few houses, with smoke rising from their chimneys.

"If mother lived there," thought Lars, "she would go quite out of her mind. Poor mother! If only Oluf will do all he can to help her this winter!"

In through more sounds where the wind was so dead against them that they had to tack. Many boats had collected here, and to tack in a channel that was only a few boat-lengths in width required incessant going about. Arnt Awsan, ill as he was, was put to help with this, but he always seized the wrong rope, and was continually getting in the way. "Go forward, Henry!" cried Kriståver. "Those fellows need a nursemaid." And Henry Rabben ran forward, stooped under the sail, and helped to put it over when they tacked again. Elezeus was quite equal to managing the sheet and braces by himself in the stern.

The wind went round to the east

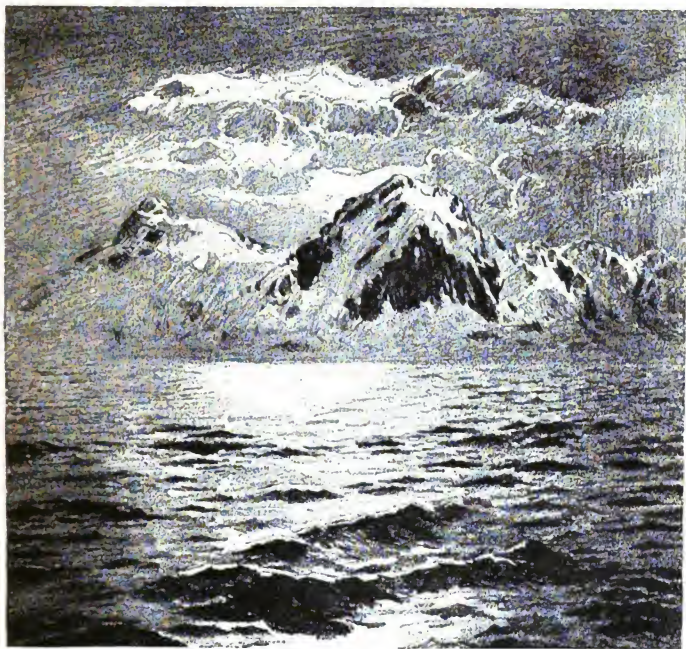
when the fairway became broader, and Henry had to go aft again, and Lars forward, for Kaneles had to take the lookout. The daylight was dying, and it was an easy matter to run aground in the channel.

Lars now began to understand that a Lofoten sailor is a little more than an ordinary human being. He has eyes and ears such as no other man has, and various other senses. The dusk deepened, and a lighthouse in the west shot out ray upon ray across the water, making the darkness appear all the deeper where the rays did not reach. They saw hardly anything but the white breakers on rocks in front of them and on both sides; but they sailed on safely, Kaneles peering out over the edge of the boat, and making signs with his hand in its white woolen glove, and Kriståver at the helm, forcing the *Seal* to fly along with all sail set.

The phosphorescence flashed its green light in the foam beneath the bow, and the spray that dashed up from islands and rocks was like green flames in the darkness. To the east the mountains now formed a black wall, and the sea could be heard dashing against it; while on the west the voice of the ocean was borne on heavy billows farther and farther out into the night. And they sailed on and on, northward, ever northward.

Rounding a promontory, they entered a bay where houses stood at the foot of the mountain, with lights in their windows, and yellow lanterns gleaming from ships and boats that had anchored in the harbor for the night.

The sails were lowered, the grapnel was dropped overboard, and the coffee-kettle set over the fire in the cabin.



Lofoten Islands

It was close quarters for six men on the bunk, although they had divested themselves of their oilskins; but the bread and butter and the hot coffee were good. They could cook food only when a suitable opportunity presented itself.

"You 're the deuce of a fine seaman, Arnt," said Kaneles, and though the little lamp that hung from the roof gave only a feeble light, they could all see that Arnt Awsan turned crimson.

Lars laughed, Elezeus chuckled, and Kriståver smiled as he buttered his bread and cut the slice with his sheath-knife. Arnt was not happy, and he had wished himself at home long ago. But then Henry Rabben turned to him and said:

"Never mind, Arnt. A master has to start as an apprentice." It was a much needed encouragement.

There was a trading-station with a spirit bar on shore, and they could hear already shouts and cries of men who had had too much. Kaneles wanted to go there, but Kriståver said, "No," and burrowing into the straw in the bunk, he produced a bottle and poured out a dram for each man, and then said it was time to go to bed.

A little boat rowed past them, and they recognized Jacob's voice. He, of course, had to go ashore where there was any prospect of a fight.

The men on board the *Seal* drew off their wet sea-boots, put out the lamp, and with their clothes on crept under the skin coverlets, the six men side by side, with Lars, as the shortest, nearest the stern. It was his first night on the Lofoten voyage, and he was to sleep in a drafty cabin, with the wind and the cold coming in at all the cracks. He wondered whether he had behaved like a real seaman that day. His new

woolen gloves had become terribly wet in the course of the day, so he now lay upon them to warm them for the next morning.

The weary fishermen were soon snoring to the accompaniment of the wind in the rigging and the deep organ-tones of the sea. They may have felt in their sleep that their faces and hands were red and swollen after the long day in the cold and wet, but they slept on, rocked by the waves that incessantly beat against the boat.

They may, perhaps, also have felt something that drew them, both mind and body. They had set out, they were going farther, far, far northward, for many miles.

On land there were rows between drunken fishermen and the sailors from the large vessels in the harbor, and now and then a little boat meandered over the bay filled with shouting men.

### § 3

It is possible to sleep and think at the same time. A somnambulist can find his way where a waking man has to stand still. Kriståver Myran slept, but while he slept he was working at the *Seal*. It was as if the boat had been sulky all day and refused to go willingly. She had capsized three winters running, and had begun badly to-day by not keeping up with the others. Kriståver slept, but all the time he was trying and trying to find out what was the matter with the boat.

In the middle of the night he started up. He was lying nearest the door, and now he swung his feet over the edge of the bunk, and crept out. The wind and the snow dashed in his face, but he felt his way to the mast, pushed

the sail to one side, and, raising the tarpaulin that covered the cargo, stood thinking for a moment. He was not wide enough awake to know quite what he was doing, but he took hold of a barrel of salt and moved it a few yards farther aft, and then did the same with a heavy box and a sack of flour. He then replaced the tarpaulin, and returned to the cabin. He was wet with snow and chilled through and through, but he fell asleep, and this time did not think in his sleep. The weight of the cargo was shifted farther back, and Kristáver felt that the boat was happier, and therefore he slept without dreaming.

Henry Rabben was always the first to get up, for he wanted time to wash himself, to snuff up a little sea-water, and to comb his hair and beard. He did not say that others ought to do the same, but he liked to do it himself.

Long before daylight appeared, all the boats left the harbor and turned northward again. The snow was falling thickly, and they could see only a few boat-lengths ahead; but there was a good wind, and on the *Seal* Kaneles was keeping a lookout. Sail and rigging became heavy with wet snow, and the boat had to be emptied of snow now and again. The beards and hair of the men grew white, and the men themselves were like snow-men when they stood still for a few minutes. But they sailed on, and rocks and islands flew past them through the falling snow.

The sailing began in real earnest only when they again came out into open water and steered northward across Folla; and now the men on the *Seal* began to look at one another.

The boat seemed to be in a better humor to-day. She went more easily

over the waves, and sped along as if relieved from some burden. When she gradually gained upon the *Sea-Fire* and the *Sea-Flower*, and then plowed steadily and surely past them, Kaneles could not help dancing about in the fore part, clapping his hands and singing.

The head-man stood at the helm and looked better pleased than he had done the day before; but there was still something about the boat that was not right. He knew it by the yielding in rigging and hull; there was a defect that he must find out and correct.

Day after day they sailed on, close-hauled in fair wind, or in head wind, when they had to tack or simply shelter behind a headland and wait. They went through sounds and out over open sea, and one day it snowed, and another it would be clear. It was always cold, and the first thing that Lars and Arnt learned was to stand still hour after hour in the limited space in the boat and feel frozen. The snow beat in their faces, and the salt spray dashed upon their backs; their feet grew stiff with cold even when they beat them together every now and then: but in a steady wind there was nothing to do but find their sea-legs and put up with the cold.

It seemed to Lars that all the men on board began to resemble one another. They stood still and saw the same things and thought about the same things, and their faces were simply a reflection of wind and weather, sky and sea; they grew more like one another every day.

It was only the head-man who stood alert at the helm from the moment they set off in the morning until they cast anchor again in the evening. If



he ate anything in the middle of the day, he took the food in his unoccupied hand, and bit a piece off without knowing in the least what it was, while with the other hand he swung the tiller, his eyes darting rapidly from rigging to sea. He stooped down to look forward under the sail, he pushed the tiller quickly out to one side if the boat had suddenly to go about, and his face showed when a gust was coming; he shouted an order; and all the time he munched his crust of bread.

The days passed. They were gray days, and the sea was gray, and the naked rocks, and gray, too, were the clouds that rested on the mountain-summits. White gulls hovered in the air above the boats, and a flock of black cormorants rose out of a shadow and flew farther out to sea with hoarse cries. Two or three red houses were congregated in the shelter of an island, and then came miles of sea and rock again. It was a dark land, with its brooding gaze turned upon the wintry fog. In the dusk a beacon-light flashed out of the mist, and the white beams seemed to be seeking for some one to help. A yellow light appeared on shore in an inlet, probably in a little cottage, and then there were miles of darkness before the next light.

Those who pass on the sea know that fiords run up into the land, where the mountains are clothed with forest, and farms lie along the shore; and out of these fiords come sail after sail and turn northward with the rest, leaving the gray coast behind them, with more and more banks and tradesmen before whom the fishermen must tremble if they cannot this time find the particular place where the shoals of cod are to be found.

One morning when they were going northward past Helgeland, Lars's attention was attracted by a boat that came out from behind a headland and was different from the Lofoten boats he knew.

"Why, look there!" he said, turning to Kaneles.

"Well, have you never seen a boat before?" said Arnt Awsan, unable to see that there was anything remarkable about this one.

"Yes, that 's a Nordland boat," said Kaneles. "She 's good enough in her way, but she can't keep up with us."

Lars continued to gaze at her. She was smaller than a Stads boat, and had no topsail; and the head-man did not stand to steer, but sat comfortably on the seat. But the whole boat was pretty, and her lines were graceful, and she darted along as if at any moment she might rise into the air and fly like a sea-bird. She was a Nordland ten-oared boat, and her crew, in yellow sou'westers and oilskins, spoke a softer, more singsong dialect.

The number of Nordland boats increased, and the fairway seemed crowded with sails. Here a sloop raised her gray, square sail above the others, there a black-hulled galleass plowed her way through the throng, or a solitary steamer vomited its smoke into the air—all on their voyage northward through snow and storm.

For three days they lay weather-bound in Bodö, and during this time the crew of the *Seal* were all on shore except Arnt Awsan, who was so exhausted with all he had gone through lately that he felt he would have to rest if he was ever to be himself again; and there he lay, and trembled whenever he heard the shouts of the drunken seamen in the town.

Late in the evening Elezeus Hylla crept in, smelling of spirits, and began to tell him about Jacob. "He! he! he! He was really killed this time!" "Not really, man?"

But Elezeus told him that it was in a tavern, and he himself was glad he had got away before the police came. They were some Bergen men with whom Jacob, "Damnitall-with-the-limp," had had a disagreement.

Elezeus then lay down and went to sleep, and one by one the others came on board. Kriståver handled Kaneles somewhat roughly, for he opened the cabin-door and threw him into the bunk head first.

Henry Rabben was the last to come, and it was late when he came down to the harbor, and he walked slowly, for he was carrying Jacob on his back.

It was still pitch-dark the next morning when Kriståver roused the other men. The weather was still stormy, but he meant to set out, for he was tired of lying there, waiting.

While they were swallowing a little coffee, Elezeus told them about Jacob, but Kriståver remarked that he had been killed so many times before that no one could stay on longer on that account. Henry Rabben said nothing.

Large steamers and sailing-vessels lay with their lanterns pitching when the *Seal*, with three reefs in her sail, set out in the dark. The men on board knew it was a mad thing to do, since not even the steamers dared venture out; but no one cared to offer any advice to Kriståver on the sea.

The harbor-light was soon lost in the driving snow. The *Seal* rode upon huge, foaming billows, among islands and rocks round which the spray dashed high into the air. The men had to tie on their sou'westers to keep

them from blowing away, and the noise of the sea, the breakers, and the wind was deafening. In the fore part of the boat the men had to keep on bailing under a perpetual shower of water as the waves broke in over the bow. Every one bailed except the man at the helm, who, with face dripping with sea-water, took note of nothing but the wind, the rigging, and the waves.

Late in the day, when the snow fell less thickly, they rode on the storm-wave into the harbor on the island Grötøy. This is the last station before Lofoten, and there is only the West Fiord to cross; but that is no small matter, either.

A number of people were standing on the shore, gazing at this stormy petrel that was coming in from the sea alone. The men on board looked like ghosts, with their white hair, white beards, and white eyebrows; and among the men's faces was a boy's face, with the water, either tears or sea-water, running down it.

It was here that Arnt Awsan, in the hearing of all his fellow-seamen, asked to be allowed to go home again in a steamer. No one answered him, not even Henry Rabben.

They were in the cabin, thawing themselves with coffee and a bite of food, when they heard shouts from another boat that was coming into the harbor. Lars put out his head, and as he drew it in again, said:

"It 's actually Andreas Ekra!"

At this his father laughed, and, bringing out the bottle, poured out a dram.

"Aha!" he said with a chuckle, "that rascal was n't first this time!"

Some time later shouts were heard from another boat, and this time Ele-

zeus put his head out at the cabin-door, but quickly drew it in again.

"No, confound it!" he said. "I've seen a ghost!"

"What 's the matter?"

"Jacob! And he was dead yesterday! As true as I stand here, he 's just come sailing in with the *Sea-Flower!*"

"I knew he would," said Kriståver. "Jacob may let you think he 's killed, but he does n't mean anything by it."

It had been quickly rumored in Bodö that a boat had gone out in the storm, and this had vexed Andreas Ekra, whose custom it was to steal out in advance. He lost no time in setting out, and then Jacob had to follow him; and when the steamers learned that some open boats had found the weather good enough to sail in, they were obliged, for very shame, to hoot their way out.

It was an old custom for the Namdal crews to wait on Grötøy for the Stadslanders to come and thrash them. They themselves said it was the other way about, but that was not true. A great many Namdal boats were now lying there, getting up their courage to cross the West Fiord. These boats, like their owners, were a motley company. There were Lister boats, sloops, Nordland boats, and ten-oared boats of the Aafjord type; and the men themselves were fair or dark, but most of them little swarthy fellows, with sea-boots only to their knees, and trousers of blue sailcloth, with black patches behind. They looked as if they were made up of cheap shop material, and they were a mixture of a fisherman and what a true Lofoten voyager despises more than anything else, a sailor.

It was not until the next day that

the customary fighting began. It was up at the tradesman's, where both the shop and the bar were full of Stads men. They became, perhaps, rather noisy toward evening, and perhaps sang a song or two; at any rate the barmaid refused to supply them with more drink, and the fat shopkeeper came in himself, in his floury clothes, and tried to turn them out. If he had not had a Namdal man with him, who began to be important and reprove them, the Stads men would have gone away quietly; but as it was they took the little man with the intention of throwing him out at the door, but, unfortunately, made a mistake and sent him through the window. The man lay moaning in the snow, with bits of glass in his hair and beard, and calling on his countrymen to help. Meanwhile the Stads men had become inclined for more drink, so they pushed the shopkeeper out at a door, and locked the barmaid into a cupboard, and then busied themselves with opening bottles and turning on taps in such a way that every one should benefit by it. Just as they had settled down quietly, however, with happy faces, to enjoy themselves, Namdal men thronged in from all the doors, back and front. Things became livelier and livelier, not with drink, but with fists and brass tobacco-boxes as weapons. Tables, chairs, bottles, and glasses flew about, adding to the noise of heavy boots, shrieks, cries, and falls on the floor or through doors and windows. The barmaid in the cupboard shrieked that they must let her out, and the shopkeeper stood outside with the bailiff, trying to get in; but in the meantime there was no room for them. The little Namdal men were supple and slipped close up

to the big, heavy Trondhjem men, seizing them wherever it hurt most, and even flying at their throats and biting them; and this they called fighting. The Stads men were slower, but when they hit a man, he fell to the floor. Even Jacob was limping about, swinging his tobacco-box, though he stood for the most part in the doorway, and bestowed a parting kick upon every Namdal man who was thrown down the steps.

The end was as might have been expected: the room was cleared of Namdal men, after which the others had an extra drink, paid for what they had had, and sauntered down to the boats again. Jacob was the only one left, for it was always his custom to treat the bailiff.

All the evening and far on into the night the Namdal men in the harbor were shouting and bleating like goats over to the Stads boats, for they knew that nothing could make them more angry than to call their big fine boats "goaty-boats."

Grötøy is a boundary-stone on the voyage north. Up to it the boats have kept along the coast all the time, and have been within sight of land; but to-morrow they will set out across the West Fiord, over eighty-five miles of sea.

Visions haunt the fisherman's mind the night before he starts, and his sleep is not as sound as usual. There are many sayings and stories about the West Fiord. There is the fog that surrounds the boats some miles from land, while at the same time a storm rises, and they drift westward, westward, right up to the celebrated maelstrom, where they are whirled round as in a funnel, and disappear into the depths. Much is fable, but

it haunts the sleepers' minds; and there is, at any rate, one thing that everybody knows, and that is that on the stormy waters of the West Fiord many a boat has turned keel upward, and the fishermen clinging to it have never been seen again.

#### § 4

That night, in Grötøy, Elezeus Hylla could not sleep. He was ready enough to take part in any fun, and he had helped to thrash the Namdal men; but he was one of those who prefer to let others stand treat, and always made his escape in good time, and now he lay thinking about his last Sunday at home. They were to have taken the sacrament together, he and Berit, but instead of that, it came about that he beat her, and in church the priest had said in his sermon that we must all one day stand in the presence of God. Supposing it were to-morrow that he had to stand there! They were to set out across the West Fiord to-morrow.

He was no coward, and at sea was as good as any one; and yet he now lay sighing.

"O God!" he prayed—"O God, forgive me all the evil I've done! O God! O God!"

That same evening Kaneles Gomon went inland alone until he came to a large farm where a light was burning in an upper window. *She* was sitting there, perhaps, and perhaps with a baby. It was two years ago, when they had lain here weatherbound, that he had met her. It was wicked of him to pretend that he was the son of a rich man, and could take her home to a large farm if she would have him. Since then she had written that she was going to have a child, and then

again after that, and he had never answered any of her letters.

He now wandered round the house in the darkness. A dog began to bark, but Kaneles kept at a good distance. Perhaps she was sitting in that room, he thought, and was probably as pretty as she had been in those days; and here he was wandering about in the darkness and could do nothing.

At last he turned, and took the road to the shore once more, but stopped to look back at the light in the window. Then he set off at a run, as if to escape from it all; but afterward slackened his pace a little, swinging his body from side to side and singing as he went.

The next morning they set out in a northerly gale through snow that stung like hail and over long, rolling billows. Lars stood in the bow with the other two, bailing incessantly as the waves foamed high above them and broke into the boat. When he glanced up for a moment, there was no land to be seen, the sky was fog, and the sea green, rolling mountains, with crests of foam. The sea seemed so vast and the boat so tiny! They went down head first into the trough of a wave, and it grew dark about them; they climbed up another mountain, and it grew lighter and lighter; then they rode for a little while upon the back of the wave, which carried them on a little, but once more dived down into another valley, with a chill of suspense. Would they ever come up again?

In the midst of all this Arnt Awsan lost his wits and, falling on his knees and raising his wool-gloved hands above his head, cried again and again: "Lord, save us! We perish!" until a voice thundered from the stern, "Pitch him overboard!"

Lars was afraid, but it helped him just to look at his father. He had never known what his father was like until to-day. The boat seemed to wail and groan under the pressure that the head-man put upon her; he seemed to be standing there with clenched teeth, determined to make her yield, even at the risk of his life. He had a wife and children, and there were such things as banks and tradesmen; but to-day he thought of nothing but his boat, to-day he rode upon clouds and wind. A gigantic billow comes out of the sky, capable of dashing them down to certain death, but Kriståver sees at once at what angle he will cut it off, and he pulls in the sheet to give the boat power for a good start, and they mount up and up the giant wave, are carried along by it, and then once more plunge downward. Will they manage it? The black line of a squall comes racing over the foaming wave-crests, but Kriståver can feel how much his boat can bear, and he runs her into the teeth of the wind and shouts, "Slack the sheet!"

"Slack the sheet," Elezeus repeats, and lets it out, so that the sail is relaxed, and only half the wind can act upon it.

While they plunge along, Kriståver also kept an eye on their companion boats, for on such a day something might happen and there might be need for help. Through the storm he could see the *Sea-Fire*, with her striped sail, which looked no bigger than a gnat's wing on the sea, and farther west the *Sea-Flower* was plunging along with her tanned sail at one moment standing high against the sky, at the next disappearing in the trough of a wave, and then, after what seemed a long time, coming once more into view. There

were hundreds of boats on the West Fiord, but the sea is great, and they could hardly see one another.

The wind increased, and Lars had to go to the mast to mind the "prier," so that only Kaneles was left to do the bailing in the bow, for Arnt stood, holding on to the thwart, looking more dead than alive and trembling all over.

Suddenly, without any warning, the wind fell, and it became calm in the middle of the West Fiord; but a little later it grew darker in the west with another wind, a west wind.

The sail was reset, and for a time they ran on in a choppy sea, because the wind and the waves beat against one another. The fog lifted, the sky cleared, and it became intensely cold. The men were wet through with the waves and with perspiration from the hard bailing, and when they now had to stand still in the cold, the sea-water turned to ice on their clothes, and the perspiration froze upon their bare bodies. Their teeth chattered, and they danced up and down and swung their arms, half mad with the icy cold in their joints and limbs.

The *Seal* sailed on, and the headman brought out his compass. The dusk was beginning to fall, when suddenly his face brightened, and he bit off a quid.

There was a yellowish evening light upon the sea from the long fiery beams in the sky far down in the southwest. But what was that right ahead? Lars gazed and forgot that he was cold.

He saw between sea and sky a long layer of dark-blue cloud, and above it other clouds that were white; and in the golden light from the evening sky it all looked like a fairy-land of blue and white and gold.

"Look there!" he said to Kaneles.

"Yes, that 's Lofoten," said Kaneles.

"What nonsense! It 's a bank of cloud, is n't it?"

"No, it 's mountain right enough. It 's the Lofoten Wall," answered Kaneles, jumping up and down, and beating his arms upon his chest. "There 'll be a dram for us this evening."

Lars went on gazing as they drew nearer and nearer. This was Lofoten, about which he had heard ever since he was a tiny boy, a land in the Arctic Ocean that all boys along the coast dreamed of visiting some day, a land where exploits were performed, fortunes were made, and where fishermen sailed in a race with Death. Through hundreds of years they had migrated thither, and many of them had lost their lives on the sea. A few returned home with well filled pockets, but the greater number sailed to the end of life in poverty. Yet they went up again and again, year after year, generation after generation. It was their fairy-land of fortune. They had to go. And now the turn had come to Lars; now he was to see Lofoten.

The banks of cloud between sky and ocean turned into solid mountains, a long chain of blue mountains running southwest, streaked with snow, and with snow-drifts on their summits. They were like an army of stone giants that had crossed the sea and had stopped here to consider.

Yellow beacon-lights were already visible, flashing out between sea and mountain, and there was the distant sound of the waves breaking upon the cliffs and islands of the rocky shore. It was as if the ocean sang.

The boats on the West Fiord now steered by the beacons toward the

various fishing-stations at which they were to live during the fishing-season that winter.

Late in the evening the *Seal* worked her way up through a sound with red and green beacon-lanterns on either side. Within, at the foot of a perpendicular mountain wall, lay the station, with innumerable lights shining from houses and wharves on land, and from cabins and masts in the harbor, and reflected in wavy streaks in the black water of the bay and the sound, from which there rose a penetrating odor of fish-oil, pitch, and fish.

The *Seal* dropped her grapnel, to wait until the inspector had assigned her her place, and there she lay, among the streaks of light, gray with all the spray that had frozen upon her as she crossed the West Fiord.

The men tramped ashore, their joints stiff and their clothes crackling as the ice on them broke as they walked. They made for a low, yellow-painted little house which stood among hundreds of others of the same description and had a turf roof. It was the hut that they were to share with the crew of the *Sea-Fire* this winter.

Kriståver, however, made his way straight to the telegraph-station, where he managed to scrawl with a swollen hand the telegram which he always sent, with the same wording, every year, and which wives and children were waiting for in a few gray cottages far away in the south: "Arrived safely. All well. Kriståver."

This done, he straightened himself and took a deep breath. He had stood at the helm all day from early morning, and such a day on the West Fiord takes it out of one.

When the men arrived at the hut, they found the door blocked by a great snow-drift, and while the others set to work to kick it away, Kaneles went to fetch the key from the station-king at the shop.

When at last they were able to open the door, the snow fell in on to the floor before them. The first room was empty, for it was here that the sacks of flour, barrels, boxes of provisions, and nets were to be stacked when the time came. In the inner room the first thing they saw, when a match was struck, was snow that had sifted in over the floor and into the bunks along the wall. A little window that looked on to the sound was covered outside with sea-spray and inside with cobwebs; the rest of the floor was black, and there was an odor of fish, skin rugs, and damp mold. This room was to be the home of the two boats' crews, twelve men in all, for the winter. It was as cold as a boat-house.

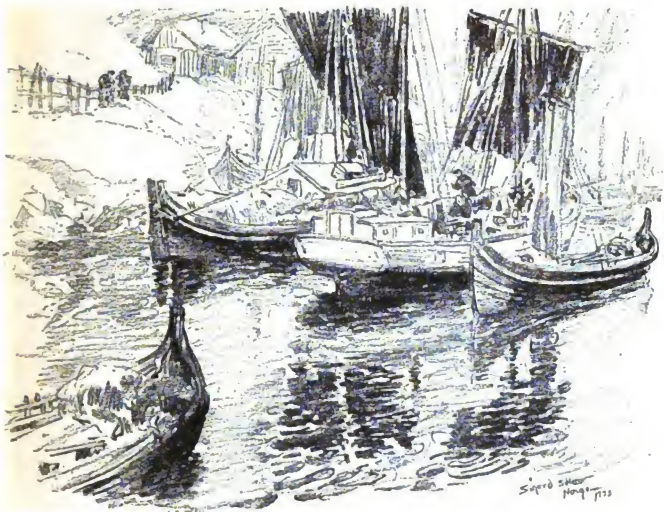
### § 5

"The kelpie must have forgotten to tidy up the place before we came," said Kaneles.

A lamp with a few drops of oil in it was hanging over the table. They lighted it, and, finding some sticks, made a fire in the rusty stove, upon which stood a black coffee-kettle containing brown grounds from the year before. There was also a little kitchen, and there, half buried in the snow upon the hearth, stood a black pot, with the remains of soup that they had forgotten to empty away before they left for home the previous spring.

"Now, Henry, you must get your apron on," said Elezeus.

Henry Rabben was the one who used to attend to the comfort and



Lofoten fishing-boats

cleanliness of the house, and while the others began carrying up provisions and bedding from the boat, he fetched water, washed out the kettle and the pot, and swept up the snow from the floor and out of the bunks. When the men finally came in, the ice in their hair and beards soon began to melt in the heat of the stove, and they threw off their oilskins and tried to thaw their frozen boots at the fire, though it was some time before they were pliable enough to be pulled off. Out in the kitchen the wood was already crackling under a large pan full of water, and a kettle was puffing the fragrant odor of coffee into the room.

"I suppose we 'll be having something hot for supper to-night, sha'n't we?" asked Henry, making his appear-

ance at the kitchen door, still with his sea-boots on. "You 'll have to go out, Elezeus, after fresh fish."

"I dare say that can be managed," said Elezeus, with a laugh. He was already in his wooden shoes, but he clattered out of the house.

Elezeus was on friendly terms with every one on the station, and it was not long before he returned with three large cod in one hand and a scoopful of liver in the other. He said he had borrowed it of a fisherman who lived on the station.

"Upon my word, we 're going to have a good supper!" said Kriståver, who came in immediately afterward.

Dram-glasses went round, and they looked at one another and wished one another welcome to Lofoten. Even Arnt Awsan was treated as one of



themselves. The hot coffee did them good, but now, after the bitter cold out on the sea, their fingers and toes began to tingle painfully in the warmth of the room. They clapped their hands and shook their fingers, and danced about the floor in their shoes; but at last there was nothing for it but to take off their stockings and go outside and bury their hands and feet in the snow for a little while.

Just as the potatoes were ready, and the fish and liver lay smoking on the dish, a tramping of feet was heard outside, and the crew of the *Sea-Fire*, with Peter Suzansa at their head, came into the room.

The cold of the sea seemed to envelop them, and their clothing, beards, and hair were gray with ice. The room became icy cold, as if every man had brought in a winter's day with him.

"That 's good!" exclaimed Peter Suzansa. "I see you 've got supper ready." He began to divest himself of his oilskins.

Kriståver at once poured out a dram for every man and bade them welcome to Lofoten, they bidding him welcome in return. The new-comers had soon brought up their things from the boat and tugged off their boots, and then they gathered round the table for the first time that year, all the twelve who were to live together as one family during the winter.

The stove grew hotter, and faces and hands began to swell and smart after the frost and fog on the sea; but they had lived for ten days upon raw salt pork, coffee, and bread and the cooked food, fresh fish, liver, and hot potatoes, tasted delicious. They ate as if they could never be satisfied, as if they always had room for more; and when

there was nothing left but fish-bones and potato-skins, they sat looking at one another's red, swollen faces as if with the consciousness of good work well done. And then it would not have been Peter Suzansa if he had not brought out a bottle and poured out a dram all round.

On his way from the telegraph station Kriståver had gone into the shop, which was as usual crowded with fishermen, to hear the news. The fishing did not promise badly this year; some men had taken two and three hundred cod in one set of nets, and caplin had been found in the stomachs of some.

It was the first indication of how things might be this winter, and they looked at it and talked it over; but they had a difficulty in keeping their eyes open in the heat.

It was as much as they could do to put fresh straw into the bunks and fling in the bedclothes. At last they could take off their trousers and coat when they went to bed.

The lamp was blown out, and for a little while they lay chatting and yawning. The stove was hot, and the wet clothes and boots that were hung round it to dry sent out a pungent odor of sea-water, perspiration, and damp leather. The bunks were damp and the skin-coverlets cold, but the men fell asleep with the feeling that they had come to their own again and in a way were at home.

The fire died down, and the room grew cold. The chill Nordland night penetrated everywhere, and the clothes and boots round the stove, which had been dripping with water, began once more to grow white and stiff, and the breath of the sleepers came from their lips like little gray clouds.

Lars dreamed of his mother. He had somehow or other got out on to the sea in a wheelbarrow, and it was gradually sinking beneath him. His mother was standing on the shore, and she threw a rope to him and cried, "Lars, don't you see I want to save you?" Then his father called him from a boat farther out, and threw a line out to him, and Lars took it, and let himself be pulled out to his father; but his mother cried more and more distressfully, "Lars! Lars! Don't you care for your mother any more?"

In the middle of the night he woke with the cold, and found himself lying beside his father.

### § 6

The fishing-station covered several islands that lay close in under the precipitous mountain-side, and as there were no bridges over the sounds between them, there was a constant passing backward and forward of small boats.

Scattered over these islands were several hundred little fishermen's huts with roofs of turf, and above them rose the church, the hospital, the fishermen's home, and the station-king's white house and long yellow warehouse. In the sounds and on the bay rocked a forest of masts belonging to steamers, sailing-vessels, and boats large and small.

There were more than thirty such fishing-stations upon the Lofoten Islands, and at this time of the year they were all busy little towns. There were fishermen from even farther north than south, and altogether they peopled a stretch of coast some fifteen hundred miles in length.

The men had to have a day or two in which to settle down, and they

carried many a heavy burden on their shoulders up from the boat into the outer room in the hut. The after cabin had to come off and the high rigging to come down, for these were used only on the voyage north and south, the lower rigging alone being employed as long as the fishing went on. When all this was accomplished, the men had a little breathing-space in which to look at the wind and weather, chat with the men from Nordland, and drink a dram with old acquaintances.

Kriståver stood on the edge of the wharf looking at the *Seal*, which, after her re-rigging, was lying among a number of other boats. They lay side by side along the sound, as if resting after their long voyage, some with a green line round the sheer-strake, others with a white line, while a few had the brown tar-color all over. Each one of them could have told a tale of the fishing-banks and of voyages in storm and fog. One had sailed home with wealth, another had capsized, and her crew had been washed from her keel into the waves one night; and yet there she now lay, looking perfectly innocent. Beside the Stadslander the Nordland boat looked slim and light, with her backward-curving prow, as though throwing back her head before dashing through wind and wave. The Stads boat was heavier in her lines and bigger, and, as she lay there, seemed to say to the Nordland boat, "If you're ever out in a storm, you may thank the Lord if I'm anywhere in the neighborhood."

It was the *Seal*, however, that Kriståver was looking at. His feeling for his boat was like that of a man toward his horse, and he almost expected it would know him and whinny to him.

"Well," he said to himself; "we've got here all right, but it looked dangerous. She's still a little wilful, and I must try to cure her of that."

Turning, he walked, in his light land-boots, in among the rows of houses. The odor of the fishing-station made his nostrils quiver, and always gave him a feeling of youth and raised many expectations. Supposing it were to be a good fishing-season this winter!

Fishermen swarmed everywhere, from honest farmer-fishermen in homespun to wandering sailors who seemed made up of sea-boots, sailcloth, and beard. Outside one or two huts fish were already hung up to dry. A door opened, and a hairy fellow emptied a cooking-pot into the road. Heads, bones, and intestines of fish lay scattered everywhere; and high above the roofs of the houses gray and white gulls hovered screaming. Through it all sounded the heavy booming of the sea.

Kriståver greeted an acquaintance here and there, but did not stop. He was the kind of man that people turn to look at after he had passed. The stalwart man in homespun had an easy gait, and there was not a gray hair in his short, red beard or on his fair, curly head. He would still occasionally join in a dance of an evening, and though he might frighten people out of their wits on the sea, he was all sunshine on land, and no one could laugh more heartily over a dram and a good story than Kriståver.

This year he had his boy with him, however, and if he knew him aright, Lars had two eyes that would take note of everything that his father did. But he could never quite get hold of Lars. The boy seemed to go round him,

measuring and weighing him, and considering whether he was the kind of man that he himself would care to follow. Well, well, he had more book-learning and a good head, but if his mother got her way and made him part company with his father and leave the whole business, then—well, then things would not be quite what he had expected when he ventured into all this with the *Seal*.

"Hullo! It surely is n't you?"

"It was me yesterday, but—is it really you?"

Kriståver had run right into Edwin Hansen, a friend from Varanger, in the North, and the man stood laughing all over his red beardless face. Kriståver held out his hand and laughed, too. The two had met here every winter for thirty years. Kriståver had saved the other one stormy night when he was clinging to the keel of his capsized boat, and once Edwin had drawn his knife and saved Kriståver from being killed by drunken sailors in a riot. Since then they had been so much together when on shore that people began to nickname them "lovers."

"Are you all right?"

"I'm just as right as can be," said the Nordlander. "But, by the by, the commander's expected here."

"No! Are we going to have a visitation already?"

"Yes, confound it! You'll have to know your lesson now, Kriståver."

The commander was the chief inspector, and if Providence was ever in Lofoten at all, it must have been in this man's form. It was no trifling matter when he steamed into a fishing-station, his vessel flying the government flag. People knew that he had been in wars abroad and went about

with bullets in his body. He was also aide-de-camp to the king at the palace, and scolded and raged at high and low; caps flew off wherever he appeared.

Edwin Hansen took Kriståver into a bar, where they sat talking over a cup of coffee, telling each the other about his home. The Nordlander had heard so often about Mårya and Tosten and Oluf, that he asked after them as if he had known them intimately; and Kriståver asked after the other's wife and children, and knew them just as well, although they were many miles off.

Yes, he had lost two brothers since they last met. One of them had died in his bed, and the other was drowned in the Varanger Fiord in the autumn.

"Oh, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Kriståver, gazing at him.

Yes, it was unfortunately true, but one of the widows owned half the implements and the boat that he was head-man in, and received a third of what was taken by them, so she was quite well off, he was very glad to say.

"And what about the other?"

The other—well, she had nothing whatever to live upon, not so much as a cottage on an island; so he had brought her and her four children home to his own cottage before he left.

"Why, but you've got a wife and six children yourself, and only a cottage on an island!"

"Right you are; that's just what it is. And as to room—why, some of the children have to sleep under the kitchen dresser, but except for that it's all plain sailing. A brother's a strange thing, and it's worse for the one that's dead to keep the widow and children than for the one that's living. Well, that's how it is. You've got to keep going and trust to the

fishing and luck. But I've heard you've got your son with you this year."

When Kriståver was once more hurrying along between the rows of houses, he was stopped by Peter Suzansa.

"Have you heard the news?" he said. "Jacob declares that he's going to stand in the street this evening and offer the commander a dram."

"Ho! that'll be a sight! I would n't mind taking a ticket to see it."

"It'll be at seven o'clock. The commander's going to a party at the station-king's then, and Jacob's going to stand there and wait for him."

Kriståver laughed heartily, and as he hurried on, he could see in the faces of all he met that it was this news about Jacob that was sending them hither and thither. Even the Jew Moses was trotting about with his curly black hair under a fur cap, and his hands buried deeply in the pockets of his brown coat, exclaiming: "Have you heard ze news? Vonderful news! Zat Jacob! *Ach, Gott! Haben Sie* heard it?"

There was a crowd of fishermen in the shop at the station-king's chewing tobacco and spitting and exchanging news, but they were not making any purchases, for they had not yet earned any money. Moreover, there was a silent war going on between the fisherman and the man behind the counter. The shop-assistant, in his high boots and shining leather coat, stood with the yard-measure in his hand, looking out of the window; but there was nothing to do. The shopkeeper himself came in now and then from the office, and pretended to look for something on one of the shelves; but the shopful of fishermen might have been

empty air for all the notice he took of them. He was a stout, gray-haired man, with a florid, wrinkled face and yellowish eyes, which he screwed up when he looked at anything. The day was past when hats and sou'westers were removed from their owners' heads the moment he made his appearance. He had once been king in more than name, and that was when no fisherman dared to sell what he had caught to any other than him, and when he fixed the prices and owned all the huts and could demand whatever rents he chose.

One day, however, the government authorities stepped in, with the result that the fishermen lost all their respect and dropped all that could be called politeness, sold their fish to the trading-vessels, and wanted credit at the shop. There they stood now, with flashing eyes that seemed to say: "We are n't afraid of you any longer. For hun-

dreds of years men like you have oppressed us fisherman, here and all over Lofoten; but now we snap our fingers in your face and tell you to be off."

The old man did not see them, but went back into his office.

Lars and Kaneles Gomon were out together, wandering about the islands, both in blue caps and homespun clothes. They were of about the same height. Kaneles was twelve years the senior, but if it had not been for his fair mustache, his face would have looked quite as youthful as that of his companion. He was going to show the boy all the sights of the station, and as they hurried along, Lars tried to imitate the other's manner of rocking from side to side as he walked, wearing his cap on one side, and looking the deuce of a fine fellow.

"Have you thought when you're going to stand treat?" asked Kaneles.



Fishermen making harbor

"No. What 's that?" asked Lars.

"Ha! ha! He does n't know what standing treat is! Do you know what a 'scaurie' is?"

"No. Is it a bird or a fish?"

"Well, in the first place it 's a one-year-old gull, a gull like that one over the sound there. But besides that it 's a lad that 's come to the Lofoten fishing for the first time."

"Oh, then I 'm a scaurie."

"Of course you are. But a scaurie has to treat all the men in his hut."

"To treat? Is that to give them a thrashing?" Lars was trying to acquire a taste for chewing tobacco, and was spitting brown juice in every direction.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Kaneles, measuring him with his eye from top to toe. "No, no, my friend; it 's to stand drinks. A quart of spirits to every man is the least you can do."

"Oh dear, that 's tremendous! But there 's no spirits to be bought on the station."

Kaneles laughed.

"Ha! ha! You come with me one evening on board a trading-vessel, and you 'll see you can get as many hundred quarts as you like."

They visited a few bars, and Lars could see on what good terms Kaneles was with all girls. Afterward, when he went about the island, people soon let him know what he himself was. He was a "scaurie," they said, and he would have to stand drinks; but where in the world was he to get all the money for such a quantity of spirits?

Arnt Awsan was sitting alone in the hut, with his elbows on the table and his chin resting on his hands.

He was alone, yes. The others were out enjoying themselves in the Lofoten atmosphere, and even the boy Lars

knew about everything both on board and on shore, because he had grown up among accounts and tales of fishing-life.

But he himself, who in his valley at home was considered to be a fine fellow, had up to the present only been the laughing-stock of the whole crew on board the boat. He could learn the way to do things on board and their names, but as to being a seaman! Whenever he opened his lips to say a word about wind and weather, the others winked at one another and smiled. And he had to stand this for a whole winter!

Oh, if he were only at home again! He would sit down and scribble a letter to Gurina. He had never longed so much to take her on his knee and talk to her as he did now; but there were hundreds of miles between them.

The door opened, and Henry Rabben came in, closing it after him. For a moment he stood looking at Arnt with a little smile. His eyes were large and serious, and his hair and beard well combed.

"You look as if you were down in the dumps," he said.

"Well, it 's no concern of yours if I am," said Arnt, crossly.

"No, no; but come out with me for a turn. I must show you the sights of the station, and perhaps we can get a cup of coffee and a dram. Come on!"

Arnt pulled the rusty beard beneath his chin doubtfully, but then rose, and they went out together.

A shooting-gallery had been set up on one of the wharves, and the place was crowded with seamen bent on having a shot.

"Fancy throwing away your money on that!" said Arnt; but Henry

thought it was amusing to watch, and he would even like to have a shot himself, only it did not happen to be convenient just to-day. They went into a tavern and ordered coffee, and some drunken sailors sitting there began to fight. Arnt was about to interfere and turn them out, but Henry kept him back.

"Let them fight it out," he said, adding that he would not mind being in a good fight himself, only, as it happened, there was no chance of it just to-day. Arnt stared at him in surprise. He could never make that fellow out.

Toward evening the commander's vessel, flying the government flag, entered the bay, with the commander, in uniform, on board. Two sub-inspectors rowed quickly out, raising their hands to their caps when still at some distance, and in somewhat of a tremor at the prospect of coming face to face with the all-powerful one.

He stepped down into their boat, and let them row him in over the bay, while his eagle eye glanced round from vessel to vessel.

"Why the deuce is that oil-steamer lying there?" he suddenly thundered.

"There was no other place for her, sir," one of the subinspectors ventured to say.

"Place be damned!" returned the commander. "She 's lying right in the way of all the traffic both out and in. Get her out of the road, and lose no time about it!"

They rowed in through the sounds, the commander standing up and looking at the two long rows of fishing-boats lying along both wharves, side by side, like horses in a stable. This was right, but that he never said; when a thing was as it should be, he

only cleared his throat and said nothing.

It was a clear frosty evening, with the first appearance of a thin moon in the eastern sky. The snow creaked under many feet, and round the huts in the neighborhood of the stationing's house the roads were black with people, with much excited whispering and subdued chuckling. The commander would soon be coming, and what would he do with Jacob?

Henry Rabben and Arnt Awsan had taken up a good position from which they could see the door of the stationing's house. Uneven, creaking steps were heard in the snow, and Jacob appeared, with a bottle protruding from his pocket. He had shaved his upper lip, and it was quite blue. "Ho-ho!" he said with a grin. When Jacob was in extra good spirits, he always said "Ho-ho!"

"You dare n't do it!" said a man in the crowd, in a low voice.

"Oh dear, no, I dare n't do it! Oh dear, no!" replied Jacob, as he limped on between two black walls of people.

Suddenly a stillness fell upon the crowd.

"Here he comes!" said a voice, and a shiver seemed to pass through them. The creaking of a quick, firm step was heard.

It was the commander. He faced the moon as he came, and it shone upon a sturdy, erect figure, with a clear-cut, clean-shaven face and keen eyes. His cap was a little on one side, and over his double-breasted coat he wore a fur collar. The sight of the crowds of waiting people on both sides made him hesitate; and many of them were in such suspense as to what was now going to happen that they forgot

to remove their sou'westers. The commander slackened his pace and glanced from side to side. At last he halted, and in a voice of thunder asked:

"What 's going on here?"

Upon this the creaking of uneven steps was heard, and Jacob emerged from the crowd and advanced toward the commander, who was standing between the two rows of people, with his shadow behind him on the snow.

"Beg pardon," said Jacob, taking off his sou'wester, "it was only—"

"Oh, it 's you, is it? Are you here again this winter? Have you come to promise that you 'll behave properly, so that we sha'n't have any rows?"

"It was only to ask if you would—"

"If there 's anything you want, man, you know where the inspector's office is. Go home and behave properly." The commander began to move on.

Now, however, Jacob simply stepped in front of him, and stood with his sou'wester in his hand, broad and crooked, with a smile upon his face. To think of boxing the ears of a man with such a face was an impossibility.

"It was only to ask if we might welcome you, sir. We 've heard that you 're thinking of resigning, sir, and if you do, all Lofoten will be sorry. That was all, sir, and we 're here to ask if you 'll let us give you a cheer. And then we want to ask you, sir, to do us the honor to drink a dram with us. It 's Lysholm aqua vitæ." And before the commander had recovered from his astonishment, Jacob had drawn the bottle from his pocket, removed the cork, and after wiping its mouth with the palm of his hand, handed the bottle to the amazed officer.

At this juncture Elezeus Hylla, who

was standing exactly opposite the white house, but had taken care to have at his back a door through which he could escape if the necessity arose, prepared to take flight, but wanted to see what took place up to the last possible minute.

The commander had not yet taken the bottle, but he cleared his throat.

"That 's you all over!" he said at last, suddenly taking the bottle; but before putting it to his mouth, he said in a loud voice that all could hear: "You 're celebrating my funeral too early, children. I 've no intention of resigning, and I hope to go on abusing you for many years to come. Your health!" And he raised the bottle to his lips, threw back his head, and drank so that the liquid gurgled.

"A cheer for the commander!" cried Jacob, who could now hardly keep his feet in his wild enthusiasm.

The cheers resounded on all sides as the commander returned the bottle, waved his hand deprecatingly, and actually ran.

"Oh, that Jacob!" said Arnt Awsan. "What 's the good of such fool's play?"

Henry, however, thought it was splendid, and only wished he was man enough to do the same sort of thing himself.

"We must have a dram after that," he added.

Finally he succeeded in getting Arnt to go with him to a wharf where dancing was going on. It gives zest to the dancing when there is only one girl to every hundred men. And Arnt was thinking only of Gurina! Henry followed the couples with his eyes, and looked as if he would like to dance, too, but just this evening nothing came of it.





## The Foreign Point of View

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, AUTHOR OF "THE WILES OF SEXTON MAGINNIS," ETC.



COMPLACENCY is a gift of the gods. As an old man, I think, if I could go back and be present at my own christening and ask the attending fairies what gift I most desired, I should say that of being pleased with myself most of the time. A result of my observation in life is that a cheerful belief in oneself, neutralized by the kind of education one gets by mingling in the society of gentlewomen and gentlemen, is a good guard against most of the blows in the world that come from other people, and not from what we call circumstances. To be vain is not only a misfortune, but is a frightful rift in our mental armor; to be proud is very much worse, for the proud are always unduly sensitive, while vanity and sensitiveness seldom go together.

From the point of view of our fellow-creatures, a sense of the dramatic and a sense of humor make us very agreeable in our social relations; but it seems to me that the man with an acute sense of humor and the power of throwing himself directly into the point of view of another person does not do tremendous things in life. He is not as a rule what is called in a phrase of to-day a "big man"; but the men who consider themselves "big" are tiresome in the eyes of those of us who think that life ought to be made as endurable and cheerful as possible. They are real obstacles to the comfort of society; besides, after all, the quali-

ties that make men "big" in the modern sense are the qualities of mediocrity, which never include either a dramatic sense or a sense of humor. It would be unreasonable to say that my countrymen, whom I love both at home and abroad, are not self-complacent, and it is equally absurd to say that they have no sense of humor.

There are no people who are so capable of living humorously as the citizens of the United States of America. I mean those citizens who have been citizens long enough to have been saturated with the mental atmosphere of their country. But the fact that they are humorous does not at all neutralize their complacency, which is not as a rule accompanied by the dramatic sense; this lack enables them to carry into all parts of the world their own world.

Abroad, they do not, as a rule, strike us as being so provincial as the English. They are just as insular; therefore, when they learn the foreign point of view of their country and of themselves, they are astounded at the provincial and narrow opinion of foreigners. There is no doubt that the point of view of foreigners is local and sometimes provincial, but mostly it is national. And if they misconceive our traditions, our aspirations, and our culture, we ought to remember that there is hardly any creature on the face of the earth who misunderstands the foreign point of view more

than we do. To understand all may be to forgive all, but none of us has the perception or time to understand all.

I recall an old picture in "Punch," the delectable. A young bride has just returned from Paris; her really Evangelical aunt asks solicitously:

"What church did you and your husband attend in that wicked city?"

The young wife, anxious to speak French with a pure accent, answers:

"'Not' a damn church." The old lady registers as much horror as did the uncle of the Kenwigs' children when he discovered that foolish word in French for the water was "L'eau"!

The point of view of many foreigners who are steeped in their own traditions is generally wrong, but why should it irritate us? In many conversations which I have had about Colonel Repington's "First World War," which would have been much better if it were more like the memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon, I have heard the author accused of heartlessness, "non-morality, and affectation. He is heartless," because he can go on dining and lunching at the Ritz and at the homes of his friends when the world is burning; he is not "moral, because he does not draw any moral conclusion from anything, and he seems as tolerant as an abbé of the time of Mme. de Pompadour"; he is affected, because he speaks of ladies by their Christian names in a printed book. For instance, Mrs. Murray Guthrie, evidently the most fascinating widow except Mrs. Duggan in English society, appears constantly as "Olive."

An American might easily understand why Christian names should be used habitually in a limited society,

but he would hesitate to print the intimate names of his women friends. His view is not the English point of view, except perhaps among the middle class. The English of Colonel Repington's class are really less reticent than the American of traditions. Colonel Reppington does not imagine for a moment that any acquaintance introduced to Mrs. Murray Guthrie would instantly call her "Olive" because she appears to her friends as "Olive," as the Princess Cantacuzene would doubtless be horrified if the prince, her husband, was called "Mike" by the casual person who happens to be introduced to him, although the princess calls him "Mike" in her memoirs.

There is a group of persons in our country who are shocked and perhaps scandalized when anybody intimates that an English point of view of our customs and habits is a foreign point of view. But the truth is that there is perhaps less understanding of our social conditions on the part of the English than there is on the part of the French.

From our point of view it is difficult to understand the extreme frankness of these ladies and gentlemen. An example of this is his quotation of Lady Johnston's opinions and of intimate conversations at luncheons which involve no breaches of confidence, but which, to use the slang of the day before yesterday, shock the average American "stiff."

It's a fortunate thing that the differences between the English point of view and the American's lack of understanding of this point of view have ceased to produce irritation. Most of us are either tolerant or puzzled. When the American soldiers openly

preferred "hot dogs" to pork pies, there was agitation in the upper circles of Cockaigne; but when it was discovered that the American visitors did not look on fried fish as a luxury and received saveloys with reluctance, it was concluded that the grip of hands across the sea could never be quite as real as it ought to be. Now, the English cockney, visiting the United States, may reject hot cakes and maple syrup as rather "messy," and even look on pork and beans as exotic, but he is not despised or blamed for this. He is looked upon as a person of queer tastes, but his attitude does not imply a defect in character. With the mass of English our defections from their received tastes generally imply a defect in character. We must accept this as reasonably as we can, for there seems no hope of changing it. We at heart are too complacent to be taught by them and too sure of their density to teach them anything.

The great mass of Americans are amazed at the prevalence in England of the afternoon tea habit. When you come down to discussing this amiable peculiarity, you are told by your compatriots that it is both un-American and aristocratic, for the rooted opinion with most Americans is that everything they call American is democratic, which is certainly a great mistake from both the English point of view and the point of view of nearly all foreigners. How can the afternoon tea habit be aristocratic, when the keeper of the smallest shop in London gives himself up to this delirious diversion at the same hour every day? The English, when they think about it at all, consider it as much a necessity as breathing. The absence of the afternoon tea habit in our country

is justly considered by them as an example of that breathless haste, that disregard of the benefits of leisure, which is supposed to be among our most barbarous characteristics.

There is no doubt that the English have become more friendly and less ceremonious in foreign countries than they were before the war; and, curiously enough, this change is looked on by conservatives as one of the most baneful consequences of frequent intercourse with Americans. The American, on the other hand, who has a certain sense of reticence in the presence of women, thinks, when he goes into the society in England which Colonel Repington depicts, that no social set in his country could be quite so free and easy in conversation as the most fashionable society in London.

Yet this freedom of speech is not a new thing for what is called English smart society. At least one of the passages in Colonel Repington's book that gave some offense on this side, because he used a Ben Jonsonian word in the presence of ladies and boys, does not shock the English at all; that is, the English of the highest class. The middle classes might be shocked; but, then, if one may judge of the evidence of English writers, the middle classes are entirely negligible. They do not count, if they exist at all. What is called a hale and hearty grossness of expression in the English music halls is looked on as a national trait. It is rather Shaksperian, and when the American woman in London shows that she rather objects to very plain speaking, she is regarded as a prude.

Personally, I think there are no people in the world so interesting, so amusing, so stupid, so thoroughly charming, and so provincial as the

English upper classes. They are as loyal as they are frank, and as kind as they are fixed in their opinions and instincts; but no power on earth can make them believe in their hearts that an American can be anything but an outsider, often a beloved and respected outsider, but always an outsider. And our expatriated Americans might just as well put this in their pipes and smoke it. It does not always follow that when a well bred Englishman regards an American as an outsider he condescends to him or ceases to have the highest regard for him. He does not want him to be different. When he becomes different he ceases to be interesting.

## § 2

In some of the most agreeable groups of society on the Continent American husbands are much admired, though not greatly respected.

"Everybody in Europe of a good class," recently said a matron returned from Biarritz, "thinks that the American man is most unusual and most admirable and that the American woman is idolized by him. I have traveled six months in Europe with my two daughters, and I must say that we never received so much attention in our lives."

An Italian officer who was standing by whispered softly, "Intention." The lady mistook "intention" for "attention," and this was unfortunately true. She did not know, despite her belief in the fixity of her social position and her respectability, that a comparatively young woman, floating through Europe for months without her husband, was looked on as a lady in search of adventures.

"Where was her husband?" society

asked. "She seemed rich, of course; all American women who travel with pretty daughters are rich. The group of ladies were too well dressed not to be *mondaine*. They were certainly not *demi-mondaine*; that was evident. Exactly."

But the fashionable matron would have been horrified if she had known the point of view of the people she met at hotels and of the society into which she was introduced. "Had she come to Europe to get a divorce from the absent father and husband, or was there any absent father and husband?" Parties were offered to the visiting ladies of a rather Bohemian character; the girls were as gay as they could safely be at home. The extent of their fortunes was not known, but there was much speculation on this momentous question. When dear Baron Gaston or the cheerful Count Orsino asked the young American women to parties where there were no chaperons, without mama, she was pleased. She wrote home that her daughters were extremely popular in the best society.

Not being mistress of any language except her own, she did not understand that by those who believed that she had a husband at home she was regarded with a certain doubt, because the foreign women around her said: "These American husbands are adorable; they let their wives do as they please. If we remained six months away from our husbands and traveled about this way with our daughters, there would be a frightful family row, and we would be compelled to drop out of decent society."

When it became known that there really was a husband, he having run over to Biarritz for two weeks, the

dowagers shrugged their shoulders and said, "Those girls will certainly be rich when the father dies; but as Americans have no dot, there is great risk in waiting for that; and if our dear Fernand or Aymar married one of them, she might turn out like her mother."

Now, the point of view of this eminently respectable American woman, clever in her way, was that social Europe was like social America. She carried her own world about with her, and her daughters, though more sophisticated, lived in that world themselves. If the Servian colonel or the Sardinian count or the attaché of the Persian legation seemed a little too familiar when he came home after a party alone with one of the young women, it was put down to foreign "freshness" or the irrepressible gaiety of young men not accustomed to the seriousness of business. As this group traveled, like the lady in "Comus," they certainly had "a good time." A legend gradually grew that the mother was staying away in order to obtain a divorce, and that the young women had already been divorced and had resumed their maiden names.

In the hands of the novelist this rather frequent occurrence would be made into a tragedy; as a rule, it is not a tragedy at all. It is a comedy of misunderstanding which does not always end in such enlightenment as to give the heroines of it any pain. They are clothed with complacency, and they interpret the people of another world from their knowledge of their own.

The old impression among us that the boulevards of Paris are France exists no longer, and the picture of French family life, in which there was always a mistress or two in the offing, done by brilliant French novelists,

mostly for foreign consumption, is not taken as infallibly. Our conception of life in France is clearer than it used to be. But the point of view of the French in regard to us is not much clearer than it was before the war. We still puzzle them. It is a curious fact that although the war has brought us together, the French are puzzled by the seeming contradictions of our civilization, and the influx of American soldiers into the cities of the provinces has not improved matters. Many honest soldiers, for example, were delighted by the ease with which young French women accepted honorable proposals. As a rule, they attributed this amiability to personal qualities that were expressed intensely because they could not be expressed linguistically.

The truth was that the respectable French girl, noting that the American soldier seemed to be frank and somewhat guileless, was dazzled by the marvel that she could actually secure a husband without a dot! The American soldier never dreamed of inquiring of her "old man" how many cows he had or what *rentes* might be settled on his fiancée; and his fiancée was so gay, so sympathetic, so capable, and so amused by all the peculiarities which she did not understand, that she seemed to be a very suitable wife. On her part was the conviction that after she had spent a certain time in the great country of America, rich, *mais un peu sauvage*, she might induce her husband to return triumphantly to live in her dear France; for is it not an accepted fact that in America all husbands obey their wives?

### § 3

This point of view has had a great deal to do to make many of these

military international alliances unhappy. The French view of marriage is in all classes so different from ours that we do not take into account the fact that the woman who brings her husband a dot has a more vivid interest in his plans after marriage than a woman who is supported by him, and whose position, with all its privileges, is more dependent. The institution of the dot is in France a detriment to marriage, and it has become a great burden. Until the prospect of teaching school and other avocations was slowly offered to French women, there was no resource for them but a dependent spinsterhood. To marry without a dot in France was looked on, especially in the middle classes, as something almost inconceivable; in the highest circles there were cases where the possession of very blue blood made up for poverty; but even these cases were not common. A French novel of to-day which would end with a romantic marriage between King Cophetua and a beggar-maid, or between an impoverished noble with estates to keep and a mortgaged house in Paris and the most beautiful of her sex, would not be received in France as a picture of real life to be imitated, while with us it would mean the conventional happy ending, and be received as such. In France both the hero and the heroine would be looked on as lacking in common sense and ordinary prudence.

We are told over and over again that we owe our romantic idea of marriage to the English, but a little research work will show that the real romance surrounding matrimony originated with the Celts. The Anglo-Saxons looked on hatred as a much more romantic passion than love, and

it was the Celtic element in Europe, cultivated by that fine blossom of Christianity, chivalry, that produced the idea of love that has made Western romance possible. When a member of the English nobility or gentry comes over here and proposes to marry one of the ladies of our country, our people make up their minds at once that he is mercenary when he merely follows the custom of his country in demanding that certain settlements shall be made on the bride.

Since the eighteenth century the idyl of "Paul and Virginia" has been bedewed by many Gallic tears; but *Paul and Virginia*, if they had married on a tropical island, could have lived on breadfruit and bananas. *Paul* would not have been expected to follow the conventionalities of life, and to wear a hunting-suit on the day of St. Hubert, or to appear with his wife in the Bois very well dressed and brushed on fine Sundays. And *Madame Paul* would not have found it necessary to have a reception, with orange-flower water and little cakes, once a week. Nor, when another little *Virginia* appeared, would the task of gathering together a sufficient dot for her possible marriage be upon their shoulders.

If for many years the novelists of France were justly accused of making the triangle the usual thesis of their books, it was because no picture of courtship and marriage could be given in which the question of the dot did not enter. And who shall accuse Lord Tyre of Tyringham or the Honorable Cecil Trovors of mercenary intentions when he follows the immemorial custom of his class and looks ahead? He and his wife must live up to a certain standard or perish socially.

The life of *Paul and Virginia* is not

for them, nor is the life of those honest pioneers in our new country who set the standard of romantic love for us. And if we examine the case of General George Washington, who, it will be remembered, married the rich Widow Custis, we shall find that he was none the less prudent than his English ancestors.

#### § 4

Probably the point of view of no foreign peoples is less understood by us than that of the South and Central Americans. They are near to us, but as a rule we never consider them as Americans at all beyond admitting them to a common geographical nomenclature. We fail to discriminate between the great crowds of uneducated half-Indians, who have excellent points, by the way, and the classes who carry the flambeau of knowledge and culture and experience given them by their European ancestors. One of the first things one hears about the Brazilians or the Argentines is that they use too much scent; one of the first things one hears about the visiting Americans from the North is that the men smell of too many pipes and that the women show their legs too much. Both these things may be true, but if the South-American loves his scents and the North-American his pipe, this ought not to make an insurmountable barrier to a better understanding between them.

Too much politeness among men is looked on by us with suspicion. One cannot be too polite among the South-Americans. We presume that the Argentine or the Brazilian or the Peruvian must necessarily admire our civilization as superior, which does not follow at all. In many respects,

though he may not say so, he looks on our civilization as inferior to his own. It lacks grace, it lacks leisure, it lacks that aroma of cultivation which these descendants of the Castilians find in Paris or Madrid. He does not take his literature or his music or his art from Washington. He is never taught to believe that we have any great literature or great art or great music. If he speaks French or Spanish or good Portuguese, he tries to speak them with a certain academic accuracy. When he learns English, he discovers that of all people the American is less careful about the quality of his spoken word than perhaps any other talker. Even the cockney has his intricate rhyming slang, in which he takes great pride, but the average American seems to take no pride whatever in his language and very little interest in his enunciation or intonation. This is apparently of no importance to us who pretend to believe in "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," because we have neither the training nor the perception to believe that any kind of diplomacy is worth while.

The educated Frenchman or Italian or South-American opens his eyes with amazement when he discovers that casuistry invariably means with us a method of deception, and that the exercise of dialectics is a waste of time. We cannot conceive of an honest or expert lawyer who is not a casuist. He cannot conceive of an honest lawyer who is a casuist. It is a matter of mental training. I recall how the Honorable John Bigelow, a man much admired by his contemporaries, was shocked and horrified when a certain article written by him on the casuistry of the famous Père Gury was received with shouts of derision in the

Latin countries. Mr. Bigelow had no vulnerable points when he wrote on subjects he understood, but his armor began to disintegrate the moment he plunged into a modern Latin atmosphere.

Most of us understand just as little of the mental training of the educated Latin as Mr. Bigelow did. With us metaphysics is out of fashion, and the nearest approach that we make to philosophy is pragmatism. In a struggle of mere dialects the Latin always has the advantage, because, as a mind, he is the better trained. And, besides, our premises on almost any question that may seem axiomatic to us are by no means axiomatic to him. We assume that something or other is right, and we are inclined to hit out from the shoulder in defense of it, without realizing that in the mind of our opponent there are a hundred distinctions which prevent our point of view from seeming absolutely right to him. The Latins—and, indeed, all Europeans and much more the Orientals—know that one of the essentials of living in this world is compromise. It enters into all political movements, it is the chief end of diplomacy, and it is an instrument for the bringing on of that far-off divine event for which we all hope. But when foreign nations deal with their own affairs in this spirit, we become impatient; we are inclined to think that they are given to double-dealing, and for the exquisite simitar of Saladin we would substitute the brutal broadsword of Richard the Lion-Hearted. We can go on doing this as long as we like. It is our way; but it will not accomplish the ends we seek or make the nations about us respect those qualities which we call intellectual.

We are astounded when we discover that all the nations of the earth except the Central powers are not sufficiently grateful to us. Our benevolence to the sick and the suffering and the poor of foreign nations has been colossal; no appeal has been unanswered. Our people have not waited for appeals; the moment they discovered suffering of any kind they were instantly ready to assuage it. Nor did the best of our women and men refuse to give themselves personally to the work of the good Samaritan. Remembering all this, we are struck with the apparent ingratitude of our kin across the sea when they refuse to acknowledge not only our goodness, but our greatness. But let us consider their point of view. We have done everything that they should have wanted us to do, we imagine; but we are not yet aware of the fact that we have not done what they really wanted us to do, and that was to settle their political difficulties so that there would be no question of war in the future. It is probable that they would never have expected us to undertake this task if we had not boldly promised to do so. If the little State of Connecticut were tacitly at war with the great States around her; if she had to manoeuvre, to intrigue, to manipulate men and resources, in order to keep herself from being gobbled up by greater powers, she would be in the position of most of the smaller states of Europe.

If Greece dreams of a confederacy of which she will be the head, she knows that this cannot be attained by an appeal to the better nature of those countries who are jealous of her preponderance. Similarly, if Lithuania has a vision of making herself a kingdom, with a Danish or an English



Prince presiding, she is not at all pleased when she is scornfully reproached for being monarchical. From the American point of view, to be monarchical is to be medieval, and as most modern Americans know nothing about the Middle Ages, the word is as safe to hurl at anybody as "parallelogram" was for Daniel O'Connell to overwhelm the Dublin fishwife.

Neither the Greeks nor the Lithuanians believe that "monarchy" is necessarily a word to fear. The Lithuanians care very much more for the opinion of the Poles on the subject than they do for our opinion. Republicanism to them is one thing, the American Republic quite another. Nowhere in Europe are the names of Washington and Lincoln unknown, though the reverence in which these names are held is not due to the success of our form of government, but to the qualities of the men themselves. When we begin to assume that all sensible people in Europe have ceased to be monarchists and that all friends of liberty hate constitutional kings, we show an ignorance which brings upon us, to state it mildly, a rather tolerant contempt. When we write of "Anglo-Saxonism" as the one great cure for all the ills of the world, we are assuming an attitude, in the eyes of foreigners, as unwarranted and as arrogant as any ever assumed by the imperial Pan-Germans.

One would think that our proverbial ignorance of foreign languages would prevent us from daring to interpret the customs and the ideas of nations and persons so different from ourselves, but, like the English, we seem scarcely to regard our ignorance of other languages as a defect: in fact, we have

erected it into a virtue. "I am sure," the American commercial traveler in foreign countries has often been heard to say, "that the good old English language will carry me everywhere."

On the other hand, the cultivated among the people of Europe, most of whom read and speak English more or less, would do well to study our political history and the origin and progress of our institutions. That even statesmen in foreign countries should have been bitterly disappointed by the failure of the League of Nations is reasonable enough, but that they should have overlooked the provisions of our Constitution so completely as not to know that such a failure was possible passes all understanding.

Again, to speak of a minor matter, our millionaires who buy pictures, and good pictures, are set down in Europe as mere automata whose springs are set in motion by the experts. It is difficult to make the European understand that the rich men in this country are not mere peasants, ignorant and imitative, but men who have found leisure to improve their esthetic faculties and who have the gift of magnificence. One is met by this point of view everywhere, and we are told over and over again that sordid commercialism and outrageous ostentation are the keys to our national life, and that neither art nor literature nor music has any value among our people as serious factors. This is as irritating as it is untrue, but one can almost forgive it when we realize how complacently we wallow in our ignorance of the realities of those nations who must not remain "foreign" to us in every sense if we are to help in uniting the world for its own betterment.



# An American Looks at His World

*Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank*



## SOME RENAISSANCE RAW MATERIALS

FOR the last six months, both in these columns and on various platforms, I have been discussing the relative probability of our entering a new dark ages or a new renaissance. In the letters that have come in response to these editorials and the give and take of discussion that has followed these lectures a collection of interesting questions has accumulated on my desk. I want to take advantage of this opportunity to answer some of these questions.

I dislike to burden these columns month after month with résumés of the immediately preceding editorials, but I am obliged to remember that month by month new readers are being introduced to this magazine, and I have no right to inject into these columns a discussion which is not intelligible to the reader who may not have read the earlier instalments of this discussion of the outlook for Western civilization. I want, therefore, briefly to summarize the material that has appeared here since last June.

I have before called attention to the fact that there is in existence an extensive literature of despair—a literature the underlying thesis of which is that Western civilization is rapidly approaching a new dark ages. I have pointed out that this literature of despair is inspired by what I have called the five fears of Western civilization:

the biological fear that the race is deteriorating; the psychological fear that the crowd-man and crowd-processes of thinking will take the place of the creative and insurgent individual who has hitherto been the mainstay of progress; the economic fear that our industrial civilization has overreached itself and is carrying about in its body the seeds of its own decay; the administrative fear that the modern world, with its bigness and its complexity, has become unmanageable by existing administrative intelligence; and the moral fear that this "wild generation" has renounced its allegiance to wholesome standards.

These fears have been analyzed and supported by many of the outstanding scholars and publicists of our time. Against the contentions of these prophets of doom I threw the suggestion that there are lying all about us in the thought of our scholars, statesmen, and industrialists an imposing assortment of creative ideas which, if rescued from the jargon of technical scholarship, taken out from under the exclusive patronage of cloistered intellectuals, and put to honest work in the direction of our political, social, educational, and industrial life, would close the door to a new dark ages and open the door to a new renaissance. I have looked upon these now scattered, incoördinated, and relatively unused

creative ideas as the raw materials of a possible renaissance of Western civilization.

Several correspondents have asked me to give them a list of books that I would classify as belonging to the literature of hope, as I have already mentioned specific books as belonging to the literature of despair. I thought I had made it clear that this is impossible. There is a distinct difference between the literature of despair and the literature of hope. It is possible to tabulate the books of Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, Lothrop Stoddard, and other prophets of doom, and to say, "Here is a five-foot shelf of the literature of despair." That is to say, the literature of despair is a definitely formulated literature of pessimistic conclusions. There is no literature of hope in this sense. There are books, of course, the authors of which recklessly shut their eyes to the ugliest facts of our time and proceed upon the assumption that it is possible to stay the processes of political, social, and industrial disintegration by blandly chanting, "Day by day, in every way, we are getting better and better." These are the men who regard optimism as a profession. They are, I fear, false guides. The only literature of hope, of valid hope, that we have is scattered about in the writings and reports of our scholars, statesmen, and industrialists. It is made up of an idea here and an idea there, hopelessly incoördinated, and rarely if ever tied up to a definite prophecy either of the rise or fall of our civilization. It is sometimes necessary to read a dozen volumes written by some biologist, some psychologist, or some economist in order to find one chapter that really belongs to our literature of hope. Let me again empha-

size the fact that our literature of hope is a literature of the raw materials for a renaissance, not a literature of conclusions about the possibilities of a renaissance.

It is well to keep in mind the fact that a man who succeeds in becoming labeled as a prophet of hope in distraught times like these is likely to be superficial. The men who are really furnishing the grounds for hope are men who fully realize the validity of most of our literature of despair, men who realize that we cannot ward off a new dark ages by any mere emotional incantation.

The most fundamental question that has appeared in the correspondence following these editorials has been, What are the ideas which may be regarded as raw materials for a renaissance? I do not presume to be able to answer this question in any comprehensive way. Finding out what these basic ideas are, and translating them into the language of the average man, is the task that confronts the men who are to be the engineers of the new renaissance. Manifestly, therefore, this is not a question to be answered offhand in a few editorial paragraphs. One thing that needs to be said in this connection is that the ideas that are to underlie the coming renaissance must be and will be very simple ideas. Involved ideas have never moved great masses of people. I am glad, however, to set down a list of basic ideas which seem to me necessary to the realization of any fundamental renewal of Western civilization.

First, the idea of a cultural nationalism. I do not see how Western civilization can survive if it persists in its allegiance to political nationalism, which has turned all Europe into a

bear-garden and maintained over the centuries a consistent schedule of periodic wars. Nationalism as we have known it must go. Patriotism as we have known it must go. And yet there is something about devotion to the fatherland which is rooted deep in human nature. Whatever else the engineers of the coming renaissance do, they must not fly in the face of human nature. The tragedy of our Utopias of reconstruction has been that they have set up logically perfect and theoretically desirable worlds in which no ordinary human being would care to live. There is something basic in nationalism that must be preserved. No order of things can stand that does not accord full self-determination to the spirit of a people. On the ruins of political nationalism we must erect a cultural nationalism that will convert world politics into a competition in excellence. This conception of cultural nationalism is inspiringly advanced in Giovanni Gentile's "The Reform of Education," an excellent translation of which has just been published in this country. As I said some months ago, a world organized on the basis of cultural nationalism will retain all the color and variety, without the sins of present day nationalism.

Second, the idea of an economic internationalism. We have, I am sure, approached the matter of internationalism from the wrong angle—the political angle. We began talking about a super-national political machine which gave the gray-bearded and gray-brained senators the chance to dramatize their lack of vision and to misinterpret the fathers. All signs indicate that the world is not ready for an internationalism that takes the form of a super-policeman. I am not

at all sure that the world does not need a super-policeman. I am only saying that there is little chance of installing him now. The fact remains, however, that the world is to-day an economic unit. It cannot be administered other than by something approaching a common administration. Sooner or later the common sense of the world will recognize the obsolete elements in our present conception of sovereignty, and we shall take up our common economic problems one by one and subject them to some sort of international management. At least we shall administer internationally the fundamental rights of transit, trade, migration, and investment. We can do this without raising the bogy of political internationalism or any particular kind of league of nations. When we have brought enough economic problems under international control, we shall discover that, with the slightest coördination of the various international boards and committees, we shall have a realistic league of nations. That is to say, the internationalism of the new renaissance will proceed from function to form rather than from form to function.

Third, the idea of a democratized industry. This is an unfortunate phrase, but I do not know a better to use. Autocracy is as dead in industry as in government. There is autocracy a-plenty left in both fields, but it is a hang-over from a dead day. The stars in their courses are fighting against it. The future belongs to democracy, but to a reexamined and redefined democracy. To date we have given to democracy an uncritically emotional allegiance, but we are coming to realize that democracy does not mean government by a referendum of block-

heads. Democracy cannot afford to destroy the authentic aristocracy of superior intelligence. More than any other form of government and way of life, it requires great leadership. Democracy has had the habit of stopping leadership whenever it began to lead. Now, democracy in industry must be a democracy that works. It must be ruthlessly audited and compelled to "deliver the goods." Industry cannot take over political democracy as we have known it, but must make democracy a realistic and workable thing that protects the dignity of the individual and promotes the efficiency of the institution at one and the same time.

Fourth, the idea of a liberalized business. Again, I do not mean the emotional liberalism of the business man who indulges in worthy social policies because he wants to "uplift the poor working-man," but the sort of liberalism that realizes that the business of the future must be socially sound in order to be commercially sound. In short, I mean the liberalism that comes from the scientific rather than from the sentimental approach to business problems.

Fifth, the idea of a rationalized politics. I mean by this the placing of politics upon a fact basis. The coming renaissance will effect a marriage between research and government. The schism between facts and politics has meant a dangerous celibacy from which we suffer daily.

Sixth, the idea of a humanized education. I mean here the simple, but fundamental, idea, now beginning to be recognized widely, that the stimulation of interest is more important than the imposition of discipline, and

that the primary business of education, as I have before phrased it, is to make the student at home in the modern world and to enable him to work in harmony with the dominant forces of his time, not at cross-purposes to them. The education of the coming renaissance will be concerned with the unity of life, not with its diversity. It will tear down the walls that now separate the "departments" of learning, confounding the specialists, and calling for educators with a sense of synthesis, men who, in the old phrase, see life steadily and see it whole.

Seventh, the idea of a socialized religion. I mean by this that the religion of the coming renaissance will speak to society as well as to the soul. Its "scheme of redemption" will cover institutions as well as individuals. It will be no more at home in the cathedral than in the counting-room. Its social program will be no mere post-script to its theology, but an essential part of its program. Its prophets will be the publicists of our time.

Eighth, the idea of a well bred race. I do not mean, of course, a race that knows how to manage the etiquette of the dinner-table, but a race that has taken to heart the plain lessons of biology, and realized its ethical responsibility to the unborn. In short, I mean eugenics not as a mere stock-farm program, but as an honest quest for physical and spiritual values.

Manifestly, I have not tried to do more than tabulate these ideas and hint at what I mean by them. I leave them, with this slender treatment, for whatever thought they may stimulate in the reader's mind. They are some of the raw materials of the coming renaissance.

# CENTURY

*for* JANUARY 1923



## The Famous Frederick O'Brien Books



### ATOLLS OF THE SUN

THIS newest of the South Seas books of Frederick O'Brien is in his own peculiar vein which has made his previous books so enormously popular — the same combination of haunting beauty and romance, pungent anecdotes of the white man's ways "where there ain't no tay commandments," and absorbing narratives of experiences among the charming brown peoples. This time it is the Paurootu atolls he visits — low, circular coral isles, their white beaches fringed with palm trees, lashed by hurricanes, peopled by an isolated fragment of brown folk who are either cupra-gatherers or pearl divers. He revisits the Marquesas, too, and we meet old friends, like Mouth of God, Malicious Gossip, hospitalide Great Fern and lovely, wicked Flower. We hear further of the Golden Bed. *Illustrated.*

[ \$5.00 ]

### MYSTIC ISLES OF THE SOUTH SEAS

THIS, the middle book of Mr. O'Brien's South Seas trio, he devotes chiefly to the Society Islands and to a very large extent to flowery Tahiti and to the curious, reeking, Conny Island-Paris-native life of its capital. But there is much, too, of the beauty of far and lovely places, of the strangeness of world-lost islands. There is the irresistible Kelley and his most hilarious I. W. W. strike, in which brown fishermen refused to fish, merely stating: "I gobbelled, gobbelled"; there is a marvelous chapter of fishing on the thunderous reef with spear and net; a stay in the home of Ori, where R. L. S. once lived; and there is the miraculous fire-yaking. *Illustrated.* [ \$5.00 ]

### WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

THE most successful travel book of the last fifteen years or more. On publication it immediately grew to be a sensation, and it has remained the book of that South Sea "rage" which will be long remembered. It continues to be a steady favorite, and bids fair to be read as long as the demand for good travel books continues. Its stories of the Golden Bed, of Lynn Bill Picher, of the plodding legs, O La La, Seventh Man Who Wallows in the Mire, are famous. *Illustrated.* [ \$5.00 ]

At All Bookstores  
Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

331 Fourth Avenue  
New York City



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*



VOL. 105

CONTENTS for JANUARY, 1923

No. 3

Frontispiece, illustrating "The Truce That Came Too Late" . . . . .	GEORGE BELLOWS	
The Truce That Came Too Late. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	STEPHEN MCKENNA	323
A Reply. <i>Verse</i> . . . . .	SARA TEASDALE	336
Criminal Communications . . . . .	WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT	337
Eastward Ho! . . . . .	ALFRED E. ZIMMERN	347
Dedication for a Book of Verse. <i>Verse</i> . . . . .	M. L. C. PICKTHALL	355
The Winged Baby. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK	356
More of an Arabian Anabasis . . . . .	E. ALEXANDER POWELL	366
<i>Drawings by</i> KERR EBY		
Faint Perfume. <i>A novel. II</i> . . . . .	ZONA GALE	377
<i>Woodcut by</i> BERNHARDT KLEBOE		
Guanajuato. <i>Pages from a Mexican Sketch-Book</i> . . . . .	FLORENCE MINARD	395
The New Woman in Egypt . . . . .	GRACE THOMPSON SETON	402
The Scar. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER	410
<i>Drawings by</i> FLORENCE HOWELL BARKLEY		
Bookless Philosophers . . . . .	MAURICE G. HINDUS	423
London Types . . . . .	STACY AUMONIER	431
<i>Drawings by</i> GEORGE BELCHER		
The Last of the Vikings. <i>A novel. III</i> . . . . .	JOHAN BOJER	447
<i>Drawings by</i> SIGURD SKOU		
Mad Wisdom in a New Tongue . . . . .	CARL VAN DOREN	471
<i>George Ade: Moralist in Slang</i>		
An American Looks at His World . . . . .	THE EDITOR	477
<i>The Cult of the Dabblers</i>		
The Century Survey of Current Books . . . . .	G. F. and C. V. D.	Front advertising pages
Among Our Contributors . . . . .		Front advertising pages
Investment and Banking . . . . .	JOHN K. BARNES	Front advertising pages

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: Published monthly; 50 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year in the United States, \$5.00 in Canada, and \$6.00 in all other countries (postage included). Publication and circulation office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and advertising offices, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions may be forwarded to either of the above offices. Pacific Coast office, 327 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California. W. Morgan Shuster, President; Don M. Parker, Secretary; George L. Wheelock, Treasurer; James Abbott, Assistant Treasurer. Board of Trustees: George H. Hazen, Chairman; George Inness, Jr.; W. Morgan Shuster. The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession in transit. All material herein published under copyright, 1922, by The Century Co. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Entered as second-class matter August 18, 1920, at the U. S. post-office, Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered also at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Printed in U. S. A.



# *In the* FEBRUARY CENTURY



**THE YOUTH MOVEMENT IN GERMANY** *by Charles Merz*  
A paper telling about the attempt of Young Germany to serve notice on the old-timers that a new generation is coming.

**THE CROSS-BEAM** *by Bernice Brown*  
A moving story of sacrifice and devotion among the Scandinavian-Americans of Minnesota.

**ADVENTURES OF A SCHOLAR-TRAMP** *by Glen H. Mullin*  
In this adventure the scholar-tramp goes astray into a pleasant country, enjoys the sunshine and the food, and encounters Captain Bohunkus and the blind horse.

**MERCURY AND APOLLO IN CHICAGO** *by Webb Waldron*  
The story of certain Chicago business men who are spending their leisure painting pictures instead of playing golf, and are n't ashamed of it.

**BACK TO AFRICA** *by W. E. Burghardt DuBois*  
A shrewd estimate of Marcus Garvey and of his failure to win over the negroes of this country to his plan for colonizing Africa.

**FAINT PERFUME** *by Zona Gale*  
The third part of a novel staged in the Middle West and expressing the poignant conflict of human emotions within a small family circle.

**THE REAL REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION** *by Nathaniel Peffer*  
Here Eastern civilization puts its Western brother in the witness-box to show cause why it should be considered of greater value to the world than the civilization of the Orient.

**THE SOIL OF THE PURITANS** *by Carl Van Doren*  
A study of Robert Frost and his Yankee background.

*Articles by Caroline Singer, Burges Johnson, Grace Thompson Seton. A short story by Adriana Spadoni. Poems by Witter Bynner, and the fourth instalment of Johan Rojer's "The Last of the Vikings."*

---

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

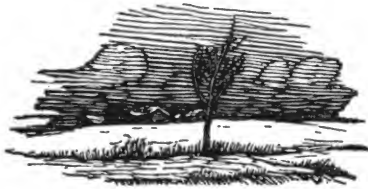
C. 1 23

I am enclosing \$5.00, for which please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one full year.

Name .....

Address .....

**THE  
CENTURY MAGAZINE**



**JANUARY  
1923**



"Walking to the window, he looked out on the shattered walls"



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 105

January, 1923

No. 3



## The Truce That Came Too Late

BY STEPHEN MCKENNA

DRAWING BY GEORGE BELLOWES

As divisional headquarters had been transferred to Drumcondra a week before "Desmond Carr's" capture, the court martial was taking place in the Lord Edward Hotel. The prisoner could see through the rusty wire-blinds the splash of fat rain-drops on the yellow-gray cobbles of the deserted market-place; rain had been falling when he was captured, and he was soaked to the skin. The houses at right angles to the hotel were roofless, and in one a glazed wall-paper of festooned roses flapped from the shattered wall with an abandonment that "Desmond Carr" found disgusting. Ten days since, that house had sheltered some decent man and wife who, a thousand to one, had taken no part in the earlier ambushade, or the "shooting-up" of Castlepollard that provoked it, or the "legal murders" of—a place which Desmond had already forgotten. Every stage in this fratricidal war was the consequence of one abomination and the cause of another.

"This is the cat that killed the rat that something-or-other-ed the something-or-other" until you got back to the house that Jack built.

"Steady!"

Three nights without sleep,—it was through utter physical exhaustion that they had caught him,—three months with a price on his head, and now the certainty that he was going to be shot made Desmond light-headed. "Steady!" He had been thinking of that wall-paper indecently flapping in the face of divisional headquarters its secret intimacy of a humble, ruined home. What had happened to those who had lived there? What did they make of "the Irish Republican Army" or "The forces of the Crown," the "murder-gang" or the "Black and Tans," President de Valera or King George, Macready or Mike Collins? Did they think of anything but their ruined home, standing like a doll's house which a knot of angry children had broken?

Had he, since his capture the day before, thought of anything or any one but Myrtle? Myrtle—

The Irish were certainly angry, but they were not children; their fury and hatred had the mature, full-blooded passion of two men fighting for one woman. The prisoner and his judges loved Ireland with equal fervor, but one of them would die next day, blind-

folded against a wall, perhaps the very wall of the shattered doll's house, because he had loved her in what his judge's faction deemed the wrong way.

When it was known that "Desmond Carr" had been shot, his jubilant enemies would sleep more comfortably in their beds for perhaps one night. Then a flame of anger would run through the country, blazing into reprisals and counter-reprisals, and within a week the president of the court martial, as Irish in soul and speech and face and name as Desmond himself, might be standing before another ink-stained deal table, with a guard on each side of him. And the English! If the English remembered either name in five years' time, they would assuredly be unable to say on which side Gerry Dermott or "Desmond Carr" had fought. In God's name, where was it going to end?

His vision filled with this white flame of anger, Desmond felt a moment's glow of pride at the loyalty of the men who would avenge him; a moment's sinister elation, too, at the red memory which he was leaving Myrtle to cherish. The Irish were slow to forget.

Then, in blank disillusion, he asked himself again where this insane vendetta was going to end. Would people ever learn that in killing you achieved nothing but the death of him you killed? Perhaps they were beginning to learn it now: a late intelligence report stated that the Government was weakening, or coming to its senses, whichever way you liked to look at it; *pourparlers* had begun; there were whispers of a general truce.

"Too late for me, *whenever* it comes," Desmond reflected; but there was no gratification now in the thought that

he was too big a prize to be relinquished.

This fight to the death between two factions had become a personal contest between himself and the lantern-jawed president of the court martial. The leader of an army appeared now as a rat in a trap, and vermin had to be destroyed. If the truce were announced that night, Gerry Dermott would pocket the orders and recollect them only when the firing-party had done its work. His reputation for thoroughness had been well earned.

"Why the *hell* can't he begin?" Desmond whispered to himself, shivering in his wet clothes and shifting from one foot to the other.

The light of the long summer afternoon was fading. There was a chance that he would not be recognized, and that would be easier for both than a show of artificial chivalry. Appalling if Gerry lapsed into false detachment and the reserve of "good form!" They had traveled far from any public-school manner or spirit: this was a harsh business, to be handled harshly. Desmond was equal to any demands so long as they would let him sleep some time.

Sleep, and something to eat. If they did not give him something to eat, he would be sick; his head and eyes were aching with fatigue and with the hot reek of mud and white-wash, of ink and dried sweat. If they did not let him sleep, he would make a fool of himself next day, and his personal dignity was the only thing left to him now.

Whispering and rustling, going and coming—Desmond turned his head again to the window, and at the slight movement the fixed bayonets on each side of him glistened in apprehension or

warning. It was growing so dark outside that he could not imagine how these fellows could see the precious papers, they rustled so busily. MOOR—what a drunken-looking word! But EEEFF! That was magnificent! Some one had written an article or something about these looking-glass words, TAM HTAB—in the "London Mercury." There were all sorts of books that he had always meant to read; Myrtle regarded him as a barbarian redeemed by his love of music. Barbarian. Time and again he had tried to imitate her elusive lisp, but the worst of teasing her was that she half thought you were angry with her, and the corners of her mouth drooped, and her eyes filled with tears before you knew where you were. Too young, really, to be teased; but it was such fun to see her smiling again.

Books! books! books! He must keep his mind riveted on books, even though there was no time to read them now. No more music, either. It was funny to think he would never see Covent Garden again, or London; he would never again see Dublin, and it was in Dublin that he had become engaged to Myrtle as they drifted aimlessly about Phoenix Park between the showers. And the sun had burst through the clouds—on purpose.

A sunburst between storms—after he had been demobilized and before he was drawn to take a hand in this bloody business of civil war, or rebellion, or war of independence, whichever way you like to look at it. Two years before, Ireland had seemed more important than life itself; and now he could only gird at his folly in letting Ireland or anything cut short his life with Myrtle. They had hardly begun to make their plans.

"Steady!" Again he pulled himself up.

He had sworn not to think of Myrtle or of their dreams or of his mother in Wicklow—or anything. It was this waiting. Any fool could be brave in hot blood, but it looked as if Gerry Dermott wanted to break him before the court martial began.

Somehow, that was unlike the Gerry he had known seventeen, twenty years before, when they traveled backward and forward, six times a year, on their way to and from school in England. He was a sportsman in those days, even if he had won a reputation for hardness, savagery, later on. Desmond looked from the close-cropped red hair to the cold gray eyes and prominent jaw-bone. So be it! He could shoot out his own lower lip just as truculently, and he was not going to cringe for leave to write a word of farewell to Myrtle and his mother if Gerry was going to refuse it. His own day would come; it would come within four and twenty hours, when the order went forth that Colonel Gerald Dermott was to be taken alive or dead.

A subtle change seemed to have come over the room, and Desmond discovered that the rustling of papers had ceased. To business at last! No; Gerry was speaking to an orderly: a lamp was to be brought in.

Desmond sighed, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He could not hope to remain unrecognized any longer; but that did not matter so long as Gerry did not make it an excuse for wasting any more time. There was no defense; it was the simplest possible question of charge, admission, sentence—and that which followed the sentence.

Heavy feet clattered briskly over bare boards as the orderly returned with a lamp.

"Looks as if he had a lighted turnip where his head ought to be," Desmond whispered to himself.

The guards drew themselves more rigidly to attention, and Colonel Dermott looked up expressionlessly into the face of his prisoner.

## § 2

For the interrogation Desmond collected all his wits; but when it was over, he abandoned his last care for appearances, and stood like a sleeping horse, with head drooping forward and knees bent.

First-rate court martial; quick, businesslike, satisfactory results. Gerry Dermott was everything that reputation had painted him.

"Funerals arranged; executions carried out. Care, despatch. G. Dermott & Company, butchers," Desmond muttered drowsily. "Thursday six A.M. Personal attention. Distance no consideration."

The drowsiness lifted for a moment as the prisoner caught his too efficient judge tripping. It should have been "Wednesday." This was a nice idea of care and despatch, to give a man nearly thirty-six hours of life when you could cut him down to twelve. And the sentence was being well and duly recorded. Now, here was an interesting point: if, by mistake, you sentenced a man to be shot on Thursday and then had him shot, as you had really intended, on Wednesday, would you not be committing murder in the sight of men as well as in the sight of God? Interesting point! Drowsiness was falling again, but Desmond shook it off. In a moment the guard

would lead him away, and he must ask that favor of Gerry, who had treated him throughout the court martial as a gentleman, no longer as vermin to be destroyed. He opened his eyes, but the president's place was empty, and a murmur of voices floated through a door marked "Private." Desmond closed his eyes again.

In the clear tone and short sentences with which he had conducted the court martial, Dermott dictated his orders:

". . . A car. Report to General Sanderson the result of the court martial— No! No, look here, Tyrwitt: you can explain this better if I leave it perfectly informal. Carr has been playing for this ever since the armistice. There 's no shadow of doubt that he 'll deserve all he gets; but—that 's not the whole story. There 's a question of policy. You 're to say, with the greatest respect, of course, that it 's my strong opinion—you may say 'heart-felt conviction,' if you like—that we shall do harm, incalculable harm and nothing but harm, if this sentence is carried out. We are assuming—you 'll be told it is n't your business to assume, but you need n't mind that—we are assuming at least the possibility of a truce. If our last act before the truce is to shoot a man who 's idolized throughout his army, it *may* break the truce and it will certainly never be forgiven or forgotten. You are to submit, as humbly as you like, that Major Carr, once dead, is a name, a tradition, something that will never be forgotten; something, incidentally, that will bring about a storm of indignation and reprisals,—we 've seen the same thing a hundred times;—Major Carr, still living, safely under lock and key, is a valuable hostage during the truce, something to bargain

with. You'll be told that the risk of escape is too great, but I'll make myself personally responsible. You will explain that sentence will not be carried out until Thursday morning. That gives you ample time to see General Sanderson and to send me his decision. If you break down, if you're intercepted, you must telegraph at once; I feel so strongly on this that I'll suspend the sentence on my own responsibility till I hear from you. If the general wishes to see me, I will come at once; but I *hope* you'll be able to convince him. The sooner I hear from you, the sooner I shall be able to put this poor devil out of his agony. By the way, I propose to talk to him. Tell Jenkins to send us something to eat and drink. And—I want to talk to him alone. Now get under way as soon as you can."

At the scrape of feet from the room marked "Private" Desmond pulled himself erect and opened his eyes. He had been dreaming vividly, but nothing of the dream lingered as he blinked in the white glare of the lamp and listened to gruff orders and the tramp of service boots. A door slammed, a sharp edge pressed against the back of his knees, and he found himself sitting huddled and listening to Dermott's voice, still with its court-martial intonation:

"Drink this. You look as if you wanted something."

"You have n't any food, I suppose?"

"Here's a biscuit to go on with. If you'll dine with me, I'll get you something a bit more solid later on."

The dream was coming back: some one had invited him to dinner! He could smell hot pea-soup and dried mint. Now old Gerry Dermott was standing a "leaving spread" to all

the prefects of his house, and he had got himself up in a soiled uniform with whitened seams, and every one was talking about a court martial. Gerry Dermott? He was not Gerry Dermott at all! He was Fielding, of the R. A. M. Corps, the fellow who had operated at Mudros. Offering him a drink—

"Thanks."

Desmond flushed his dry mouth and throat with strong whisky and water. As it ran warmly to his stomach, he could feel his head beginning to swim, and setting the glass on the floor, he nibbled the edge of a coarse, brown biscuit.

"I'm sorry about this, Dink," murmured Dermott.

At a "leaving spread" it was natural enough for Desmond to be called by the name which a fellow-urchin had constructed from the initials of Desmond James Neal Kavanagh; but he was no longer dreaming.

"It's an unpleasant business for us both," he answered.

"If I'd had any idea it was you—When did you change your name?"

"When I volunteered." Once free of these hangman's assistants, with their bullying bayonets, Desmond unconsciously imitated the president's conversational drawl. "If I'd come here under my own name, your people would have made such hell for my mother and sisters. Nobody knows that Carr is n't my proper name. And I'd take it kindly if you kept it to yourself, Gerry. My mother's—getting on now."

"I suppose she must be, though it's so long since I saw her. Your father—"

"Came through the war without a scratch, and then went down with



that filthy flu. Were you in France the whole time? I heard you picked up a D. S. O. after Passchendaele."

"More by luck than judgment. Some one told me you'd been rather badly knocked out in Gallipoli."

"It was nothing much as wounds go, but the damned thing turned septic. I thought I was going to lose my arm."

"It's—odd, our meeting like this."

Desmond picked up his tumbler with a hand that shook. For a moment he had forgotten that the prisoner was still in the presence of his judge. Remembering it, he remembered also that he had once thought of asking a favor.

"Damned odd," Desmond assented. "You'd have said we should both of us have had about enough of fighting." The lunatic irreconcilability of political passion surged to his head, and his gray lips twisted with scorn as he mouthed the newspaper sentimentalities on which both parties had long been fed. "One of us, I suppose, feels he must strike a blow for 'self-determination' and 'the rights of the little nations,' and the other must see to it that 'those who stood by us in the hour of our need' are not betrayed. Oh, my Lord!"

"If we'd swapped churches—" Dermott began as he filled his pipe.

"Or parties—"

"Or fathers—"

"Or squares on the map. I say, Gerry, I don't want to ask anything that I ought n't, but is it in order for me to write a few letters? My mother, for example, still fancies I'm idling about in London. I have to send all my letters to be posted there."

"As a matter of form, they'd have to be censored; but I'd do that myself. Will you have a cigarette?"

As he fumbled with the case, Desmond kept his eyes lowered.

"If I said there was one letter I *did* n't particularly want any one else to see?"

Dermott frowned at his unevenly burning pipe, pressed the tobacco down with his thumb, and struck another match.

"May I know who it's to?"

"Miss—Myrtle Farraday. She's—a great friend of mine. I write to her a good deal, and she might think it rather funny if the letters stopped without any explanation."

"That'll be all right so long as you assure me it's only a private letter."

"Thank you. I may find there are one or two more, but I really have n't had time to think yet. If you can get some one to find me my suitcase, I know I've a lot of bills to pay. All the papers *there* are purely personal."

"I'll send for it while we're at dinner."

Desmond looked up with a frown of perplexity and began to smooth his forehead with the back of one hand.

"Am I really dining with you? I should like to clean up a bit first."

"I'll see what I can do. I've some flannels that ought to fit you more or less."

On the way to his room Dermott waylaid one of his subalterns and plied him with orders. For reasons of policy, Major Carr was to be given a room on the ground floor; one guard was to be placed at the door and another at the window.

"And he may make what he likes of that," Dermott murmured to himself when he was alone.

No longer with a part to play, he shivered at the recollection of the moment when he looked up through

the white circle of lamplight for his first glimpse of the man with whom he had been duelling for ten months. Personal cordiality he was incapable of feeling for some one whom he had known only as one of many boys seventeen years before; but he could not restrain his admiration for the fellow's debonair courage. "*It's an unpleasant business for us both.*" Dropping his monosyllabic manner of the court martial, Dink had spoken with the solicitude of a guest taken ill in a friend's house. He had been the more successful in carrying off his embarrassment; and, of the two, he had a greater embarrassment to carry off, with this mother of his who believed him to be idling in London and with this girl to whom he had to send his letters uncensored.

"It's a pity we could n't get a man like that on our side. You'd always know where you were with a man like Dink," murmured Dermott as he carried a pair of flannel trousers and a jacket to the bath-room and turned on the hot water.

He was looking upon Dink so much as a guest that he had almost forgotten to look upon him as a prisoner of war under sentence of death—a prisoner for whom he was personally responsible and a tactician of vast resource whom he had left unguarded for the best part of ten minutes. Dermott sprang to the door and plunged head-long down the passage. It was too much to hope that he would not find the coffee-room derisively empty; and yet, when he opened the door and found his prisoner still sitting huddled over an empty glass and a dead cigarette, Dermott was aware of poignant regret.

"I've—turned on the water for

you," he announced. "I can lend you a razor, but it is n't a safety. Come along."

Adding a shirt, socks, and shoes to the clothes piled on the bath-room chair, Dermott returned to his bedroom and stared through the window on the deserted, twilight street. If Dink took his opportunity, he could be rid of his incriminating uniform in two minutes, disguised in five, away and in safety before the alarm could be given.

#### Opportunity?

Dermott was shocked and frightened by the word which he had allowed to cross his mind. His efficiency and thoroughness—what an enemy would call his ferocity—had deserted him. Subconsciously, sentimentally, he had wanted this gray-faced, gallant creature to have a second chance, as at a prize-fight he wanted to see any one who was knocked out rising somehow, keeping erect somehow, surviving till the merciful end of the round. "*You'll be told that the risk of escape is too great, but I'll make myself personally responsible.*"

Dermott sat down on his bed and lighted a cigarette, wondering what would happen to him if Dink *did* escape. He was still lost in reverie when the bath-room door opened, and he heard the slow patter of rubber soles growing fainter along the bare boards of the passage.

"Why the devil does n't Tyrwitt wire?" he exclaimed, though he knew that his messenger could not yet have reached general headquarters. "Please God that bloody-minded Sanderson will see reason for once!"

By the light of the coffee-room lamp Desmond appeared as a man

transformed in body and spirit. Though his face was lined and sunken, the fair skin was shining warmly from his bath and shave; the straight, black hair was plastered to the head; and over the open collar of a cricket-shirt the white neck changed startlingly to weather-beaten mahogany. In no way handsome, his youth and physical condition made him distressingly attractive; and returning self-respect invested him more than ever with the well bred ease of a guest who had dropped in to take pot-luck.

"Come into my office," said Dermott, abruptly. "D' you mind if we wait on ourselves? We can't talk properly if there are people in the room."

"That was a jolly good bath," said Desmond, with relish, "though I was sorely tempted to slip through the window and fade into the night."

As he served the steaming pea-soup, Dermott laughed awkwardly.

"You 'd have put me in the cart rather badly if you had."

"Oh, I should have come back. When you left me without a guard, I took it as a delicate hint that I was on parole. I 'd—I 'd have done it, if I 'd had a car."

Two minutes later Dermott carried the empty plates to a side-table.

"I can lend you a car, Dink," he said over his shoulder.

### § 3

When he returned to his place, Dermott found his guest smiling dreamily to himself and watching the bubbles of his champagne as they rose and burst. He seemed to have heard nothing, and his gray-blue eyes were dark with excitement.

"I worked it all out!" he cried. "I

could have reached Dublin in time for a latish dinner,—Myrtle 's all by herself to-night,—and on the way I should have called at Standish's for a pork-pie and a bottle of whisky. Standish's pork-pies! My mother used to send them out to me every week the whole of the war. I should just have said I 'd come in for a few hours. And then we should have sat and talked. I might have taken her to something. If you were given your choice of all the music in the world, Gerry, eliminating time and space, one thing only, as a sort of treat before going back to school?"

"Oh, the 'Meistersingers,' without a doubt," Dermott answered unhesitatingly.

"That 's what I chose, though Myrtle 's not wildly keen on Wagner. But it was no good, anyway; it 's too long. You see," Desmond continued precisely, "it 's a good two hours by car to my mother's house; and then on here— Have you ever been to Ragusa? I was there with a reading-party, fifteen years ago. I *think* it 's the most beautiful place I 've ever seen. If I could have eliminated time and space, I 'd certainly have carried Myrtle off to Ragusa. I expect she 'd have wanted to take Switzerland on the way there or back. One last—dive down at Murren—"

"D' you know Granada?" Dermott broke in. "I 'd like to see the Alhambra again before I die. Moonlight—I remember about two years before the war—"

"I once rode in the Hillborough point-to-point," said Desmond, with a chuckle, following his own train of thought.

"I never knew that you went in for *that* sort of thing!"

"Well, I 'm not what you 'd call up to Aintree form, and I suppose there *are* better horses in the world than the beast I was riding. The candid explanation is that everything went right with me and everything went wrong with the other fellows—" His clenched fist, striking the table, set the glasses ringing. "I *believe* the greatest emotion of my life was when I 'd shaken the last of the beggars off. I heard a splash behind me at the water-jump; all these country boys began jeering; I steadied down, and put old Jonathan Wild at the last bank. There was a scrape; the old man changed feet, landed with a bit of a stagger, pulled himself together, pounded on. I saw the post through a sort of red mist; people were cheering like mad. God! I would n't have changed places at that moment with—Wellington on the stricken field of Waterloo. *That 's* certainly one of the things I should have to do again—if you eliminate time and space."

Dermott removed the salmon plates and cut with clumsy inattention into a cold leg of mutton.

"If my time were strictly limited—" he began thoughtfully.

Realizing his position, he lapsed into embarrassed silence; but his companion was still flushed with happiness at his recollection of the Hillborough point-to-point.

"One talks like this, but we should probably both be snowed under with pure routine. Solicitors, trustees, all that sort of thing," said Desmond, regretfully, but in a voice that showed sublime aloofness from all personal concern.

"I 'm afraid," Dermott confessed, "I 'm one of those people who always want to hurry back into a room to

hear what people are saying about me. It 's deplorably petty egotism. I should want to make sure of a good press."

"You 'd leave all your money to a home for consumptives?"

"No, I should be devastatingly magnanimous. There 's a fellow who 's been owing me two hundred pounds for nearly five years. I should beg him—*beg* him, mark you!—not to pay it back. I should ostentatiously forgive any one who 'd let me down. And if I 'd let any one down, I should express my humble regret. In fact, most of my time would be spent in apologizing and explaining."

"I wonder if it does any good."

Dermott, clipping the wire of a second bottle of champagne, detected a change of tone; and when he caught sight of Desmond's face, he saw that the moment of day-dreaming was over.

"I think it does. There was one woman before the war—I thought she 'd behaved very badly to me, and told people so. Later on I found there was a good deal to be said on her side; and, if I 'd known it, I should n't have said what I did. Before I went to France I thought it was worth while to hunt her out and explain things. I 've never regretted it."

"I don't quite know what you 're to do," Desmond began impatiently. Then his tone changed again, and this time he no longer tried to detach himself from his own fate. "I say, Gerry, you won't forget you were going to let me have that suitcase of mine?"

"I 'll send Jenkins for it when he brings in the coffee."

The well bred guest could *importune* his host no further, but a shadowy line of disappointment carved its way

down from each side of Desmond's mouth.

"I've rather a good photograph of Myrtle I should like you to see," he murmured.

Dermott poured the champagne and strolled to the fireplace, carrying his glass with him.

"I told you,—I'm not sure whether you heard me, Dink,—if you want a car, you can have it. I can trust you to come back."

As he looked up incredulously at the narrow, lantern-jawed face, Desmond was inconsequently amused to find that he was more at ease than his formidable host.

"Thanks, old man," he was able to say; "but—I'm afraid we've left it a bit late."

"You need n't be back till to-morrow night—or—Thursday morning."

"Thursday? I thought that was a mistake!"

Dermott glanced over the rim of his glass at white cheeks and trembling lips. Firm must be a man's hold on life when he could be transfigured by the promise of twenty-four hours' reprieve.

"No." He glanced covertly at his watch. What was Tyrwitt about? He must have reached general headquarters by now. "I—thought a little delay"—he had nearly said "time for reflection"—"would do no harm."

Desmond struggled to recapture his earlier manner of carelessness.

"I don't quite know what kind of story you'll put up to your general if he wants to know why you let your—prisoners—go joy-riding—on the eve—"

"Don't you think you'd better leave that to me? I only want your

word of honor that, when you get out, you won't find the—temptation—so strong—"

The sentence died away unfinished. Left by himself at the table, Desmond seemed unable to eat under scrutiny; and reaching for a silver box, he lighted a cigarette.

"I'm so tired that I hardly know what I'm saying. And I hardly know what you're saying to me. It's splendidly sporting of you, Gerry, but—it's hardly practicable. I'd give—more than a little—to see Myrtle again; but she does n't know I'm in Ireland. Nor does my mother."

"You need n't start till to-morrow unless you like; I can warn them—" Desmond shook his head, and continued to shake it in a way that made Dermott think he was already half asleep. "Don't decide anything till the morning. The offer's open as long as there's time to make use of it. You may think differently when you've had a night's rest. Are you going to have any cheese? Or shall I ring for coffee?"

"Nothing more for me, thanks. You won't forget about the suitcase, will you? I've been thinking that, if I wrote some checks to-night, they could be presented—while there's still time—to clear them."

#### § 4

When coffee had been served, Dermott gave orders for the fire to be lighted; and for an hour he stood with his shoulders against the mantelpiece, smoking a cigar and looking with puckered eyes at the circle of lamp-light on the green baize of his office table. Once he broke silence to offer Desmond a glass of liqueur brandy, which was accepted; once to propose

the help of a shorthand-writer, which was refused.

"'The National Bank,'" a drowsy voice then murmured monotonously. "Messrs. Skinner and O'Mannev. Twenty-eight pounds six shillings and four pence. Twenty-eight, six, four. Desmond J. N. Kavanagh. And Co., not negotiable. This—check—should be—presented—immediately.' 'The National Bank—Messrs. Shaw Brothers Limited—'"

"You 'll tell me when you 'd like to turn in, won't you?" said Dermott. "As a matter of form, I 've had to station a man outside your room."

"Oh, that 's all right. To tell you the truth, I 'm no longer sleepy. And this is the last of the business letters. If you 'd like to offer me another cigar— Gerry, I sha'n't want that car; thank you very much. I 'll say what I have to say in a letter."

"You must do whatever you think best."

"I can't face 'em, old man," Desmond whispered.

Dermott stared at the damp-stained walls, then at the smoke-blackened ceiling, finally at the reflection of his own cropped red hair and narrow face—anything to avoid seeing "Desmond Carr" with his spirit broken. The sound of his footsteps, as he crossed the room, passed unheeded, and he could only make his presence felt by laying a hand on the bowed shoulders.

"Dink, you ought to! Put yourself in their place. If—anything were going to happen to your mother; if you had a chance,—I won't make any bones about it,—a chance of bidding her good-by; if you were told she would n't see you—"

"Thank God! she *won't* be told. Man, it would kill her if I walked in

and said, 'Oh, by the way, I 'm being shot to-morrow.' And Myrtle—I 've thought out a scheme for breaking the news by degrees, telling 'em first that I 'm 'back to the army again, serjeant,' over here, pretty dangerous work. If they *should* hear any bad news—"

"You can tell them that with your own lips."

"I suppose I could; but *then* what? D' you think I could talk to Myrtle about what we 're going to do? And my mother? D' you think she would n't see it? She would n't know what form it was taking; she would n't give herself away—except just when we said good-by. You can't hide things like that from people like that. I 'll *write*, never fear. That 's a pretty thing of Myrtle, is n't it? Of course it does n't do her justice, because you don't get her coloring. If you could see your way to looking her up—"

"I don't know that I should be very—acceptable."

Desmond stood up and pretended to look for matches.

"If you told her what you 'd done for me—no dam' false modesty, Gerry! You see, she 'll be absolutely alone now."

He stumbled to the table and drew a fresh sheet of paper to him.

Half an hour later he read through the finished letter, thrust it into an envelop, drew it forth again, and dropped it into the fire where the turf was burning brightest.

"If I were you, I should n't bother to write any more letters to-night," counseled Dermott.

"If you were me!" Desmond's laugh was almost hysterical. "I 'll turn in now if you want to go to bed. If you were me— If you were me, you 'd find it devilish hard to know

what was *worth* doing. Sleep? What is it called—brutish slumber? When you can count the minutes that are left?" The pupils of his eyes were dilated to pools of luminous darkness, and a disordered wisp of hair clung to his streaming forehead. "I've paid my bills— That letter—" This time the laugh was gently wistful. "You remember telling me about some woman you'd misjudged? Well, I thought a little confession would be good for *my* soul, though I've nothing to apologize about. Then—in the name of God, why should I mix myself up with—any one? It'll look like a death-bed repentance, when I've nothing to repent; it'll be treated as a scalp. Or else—it'll look as if I really *did* care, and that'll make her unhappy. I don't want to make any one unhappy. If you were me—"

"I did n't mean it like that, Dink."

"I know you did n't. But if you *were* me, you would n't know what you *did* want. Or else—or else you'd be like a god, knowing good and evil." Desmond sprang to his feet and stood with outstretched arms and trembling hands. "What *does* matter? If you offered me the whole Bayreuth orchestra, with Richter conducting, I would n't have it! The 'Meister-singers,' when you're going to be shot out like a candle and you don't know where the flame goes? Gerry, what *does* happen to us? I don't believe things as I used to. Ragusa—did I say Ragusa? You'd find these things don't *matter*! You and your good press! It's eternity, Gerry: something you can't imagine." With a shaking forefinger Desmond pointed between Dermott's eyes into space. "You can imagine a hundred years; people have lived that time. Or ten

thousand; it's in the history books. But eternity! You can't imagine a million years; and eternity's a million multiplied by a million, *multiplied* by a million, and then not stopping. You *can't* stop it! God, you go mad if you try to think of it. And you believe you'd care what a few hundred damned fools thought or said for a fraction of time that you can't even see when you begin to think of eternity. Ireland— They tell you the sun will grow cold in time; all this will be frozen over, Ireland included. But eternity will go on. What does it matter if we die at thirty-five or ninety-five? What would it matter if we'd never been born?"

In his own room Desmond curled himself up on the sofa and wrote to a friend in London, asking him to post the six letters inclosed on the dates indorsed on the envelopes. Then he wrote to his mother. It was a waste of time, for her little moment of suffering was hidden in the blazing vista of eternity; she would have suffered more if he had died in Gallipoli, so she was really seven years to the good, if seven years of his own life mattered to any one. Myrtle—

There was a difference here, and he could not dismiss her as he had dismissed his mother. A man's feelings for his mother were sentimental: her task was over when she had borne and suckled him, and in some parts of the world she would have been knocked on the head as soon as she was too feeble to support herself. 'Honor thy father and thy mother' was a dodge invented by the old people, and drummed into the young, to save their own skins. At bottom there was no sentiment in his feelings toward Myrtle: she was part of his life, the only real part.

Of the three letters to his mother, Desmond had written but one. He destroyed it, and hunted among the disordered papers in his suitcase for the photograph of Myrtle. So long as a man lived, were it only for thirty-five years, the mate who joined with him to perpetuate the race was the one person in his world who mattered. He could not lose interest in Myrtle until he lost interest in life, and the fever that was maddening him he recognized as a feverish love of life, older than himself, stronger than himself. When they marched him to the wall, he would very possibly comport himself with dignity, because the brain had resigned itself to death, and dignity was all that remained to him; but something external to the brain and to his whole personality clung tenaciously to life. Was it his share in the continuance of the race? Desmond had seen his father lying unconscious for ten hours, dead in faculties, dead in appearance, while the instinct of living maintained its unyielding struggle in the mechanism of his being.

Walking to the window, he looked out on the shattered walls, where, for aught he knew, the next day might see him standing. The deep blue of the eastern sky warned him that dawn was at hand. Soon he could distinguish the flap of torn paper, now soaked with rain and clinging to the wall. As the night stole away, he saw within a yard of him the muffled figure of a sentry, grasping a rifle; the bayonet wavered, as though it were threatening him, and the man watched him with dull, malignant eyes.

Desmond yawned in unconcern, and went back to his writing. The tradesmen's letters stood in a thick pile, waiting for Gerry to find stamps: the

letter to his mother had been destroyed; he must write to Myrtle, and he did not know what to say.

"Darling, by the time this reaches you—"

Did it matter when life was so very near its end? When he had lost interest in life, how could he be still interested in Myrtle?

Desmond placed a candlestick in the grate and set fire to the photograph. As it flared and crinkled out of his hand, he dropped his letter on top of it and lay down on the bed.

### § 5

Indifference or—what was the word? Nirvana?

He would have liked to tell the malignant sentry he was indifferent to anything that the morrow might bring, but he was indifferent to the sentry.

If he hoped to acquit himself with dignity, he must steady his nerves with a little sleep. But he was indifferent to dignity, indifferent to everything, unaware of everything except flatness and exhaustion. If they would only shoot him where he lay!

He dreamed that he was dead and that God, like a vast king of diamonds, was explaining everything to him in the middle of a glittering plain.

Mingling with his dreams there fell on his restless hearing a light footstep, followed by a barking challenge. The door opened, and Desmond looked through broad daylight to the up-standing figure and newly shaven face of his host.

"I wanted you to have your sleep out," began Dermott.

"I nearly came to pay you a visit," Desmond interrupted. His nerves



were tingling, but an old instinct told him that it would be bad form to display emotion. "I remembered, however, that there was what we agreed to call 'a delicate hint' stationed outside. I did n't want to repay your hospitality by an unseemly brawl."

"Had n't you everything you wanted?"

"In the ordinary way, yes; but I wanted to hurry on this business. I want you to get it over to-day. I'm indifferent to everything but boredom, and the next twenty-four hours are going to be so boring that they'll send me raving mad." Emotion forced its way to the surface, and Desmond's voice rose and broke: "For God's sake finish me off now!"

Dermott smiled to himself and let his eyes travel to the cipher telegram and the foolscap decode which he was carrying.

"It may not be as bad as you think," he urged. "I've heard from general headquarters; it's good so far

as it goes. Everything now depends on the politicians. I'm not going to congratulate you yet—"

"I don't know that there's much to congratulate me on."

"Technically, no. Your position is what it was yesterday; but if the truce is arranged, and if there's a general amnesty—I'm not going to raise any false hopes. When I offered you a car last night, you said we'd left it too late."

Desmond smothered a yawn and sat up in bed. Outside the window the muffled sentry had been relieved by one without a greatcoat. The new day had begun. Perhaps it was the first day of a new life—a new life to which he was wholly indifferent. On the table by the fireplace lay a stout pile of letters to tradesmen; in the fireplace stood a candle-stick surrounded by thick flakes of burnt card-board.

"I believe I did," he acquiesced indifferently.

## A Reply

BY SARA TEASDALE

Four people know the soul in me.  
 Four is enough; so let it be:  
 For the rest I make no chart;  
 There are no highroads to my heart.  
 The gates are locked; they will not stir  
 For any ardent traveler.  
 I have not been misunderstood,  
 And on the whole I think life good;  
 So waste no sympathy on me  
 Or any well meant gallantry.  
 I have enough to do to muse  
 On memories I would not lose.



## Criminal Communications

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT



ABOUT forty years ago a vagrant chalked a few pictures on the wall of a lonely Austrian country chapel near the Hungarian border. First he drew the picture of a parrot, drew it in a single line without lifting his chalk from the wall. Next he made the picture of a church, then a key, a pyramid of three stones, and lastly a swaddled infant. The peasants who went to worship on the following Sunday saw the pictures and smiled indulgently. Some mischievous school-boy had tried his artistic skill with results that were amusing, but hardly decorative.

It so happened that the trial judge of the district also passed that way and saw the pictured parrot, church, stones, and infant. He looked at them long and intently. When he returned to his desk he ordered the country police to arrest any vagabond that might be found on Christmas day loitering near the chapel. On that day three notorious highwaymen were taken by the police near the chapel.

"Why have you ordered the arrest of these men?" some one asked the judge.

"Because they had planned to rob

the church on December 26, and had met on Christmas day to make their plans."

"How do you know?"

"It is all written on the walls of the chapel. Go there and you will find a picture of a parrot, a church, a key, a heap of stones, and a swaddled infant."

The bird, he explained, was the personal symbol of a notorious and very talkative thief, who was known on the road as the "poll parrot." The church was obviously a church. The key meant that it was to be "unlocked." The pyramid of three stones was copied from a popular Styrian farmer's almanac in which they were employed as the symbol of St. Stephen, who was stoned to death, and whose martyrdom is celebrated in Catholic churches on December 26. The swaddled infant stood for the Saviour or, rather, the day of his birth, December 25. Any passing ruffian of the day could read the picture message: "The poll parrot intends to break into a church on December 26. He wants help. You will find him near this place on December 25 ready to make all arrangements."

Is it any wonder that the judge ordered the police to watch the place?

That judge was a brilliant exception among judges. In all Europe he was probably the only official administering justice who knew not only criminal law, but *criminals*. He was the late Dr. Hans Gross, afterward a professor at the University of Graz and the founder of the first chair of "criminalistics," a new science which is intended to teach the officers of the law, judges and lawyers as well as policemen and detectives, the methods of criminals, so that murderers, thieves, and swindlers may be more quickly captured than is possible in the old haphazard ways.

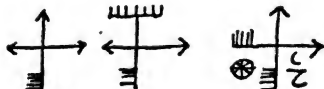
In Professor Gross's university course on criminalistics the methods whereby criminals communicate with one another had to be studied as well as the meaning of blood-stains and fingerprints. Until Gross's time no one knew how it was possible for half a dozen desperados who had never seen one another before to organize spontaneously, as it were, for the purpose of pillaging an isolated dwelling. The European university-trained, scientific detective of to-day knows that by the signs of the road the mystery may be explained; for he has studied vagabond and criminal marks as carefully as an archaeologist studies Roman and Greek inscriptions. In the United States no one seems to have given this curious form of modern picture-writing more than a passing thought.

They have not been confined to any particular country or to any particular time, these strange hieroglyphs of criminals. In a very rare book known to collectors as the "Book of Vagabonds" no less a person than Martin Luther noted a few of the hieroglyphs used by the "hoboes," beggars, highwaymen, and cutthroats of the sixteenth century. European criminalists who take as lively an interest in the history of crime as they do in present misdeeds have traced back criminal picture-writing nearly five hundred years and, what is more, have proved that the wandering marauders of 1600 used some of the marks and symbols current among criminals to-day. There have been great changes, to be sure, just as there have been great changes in thieves' jargon, but the roots are still the same. In the lapse of centuries the hieroglyphs have become less terrible. Where once they denoted murder and theft, to-day they usually convey harmless information to other vagabonds: where food or money may be easily begged, where a dog is to be feared, where wood must be chopped before a breakfast can be eaten.

Professor Gross was regarded as the leading European authority on these hieroglyphs of the road. In the course of criminalistics which he conducted at Graz until 1915 he lay great stress on a proper interpretation of the signs chalked by a European work-shirker on a wall or wayside rock, because Hungary, Styria, Croatia, indeed the



*Oldest fire-murderer sign known.  
Used in Saxony in XV century*



*Signs of Tyrolese fire-murderers  
known as "corn-heads" XVI century*

whole of southeastern Europe, are still the haunts of wandering bandits and of less dangerous Gipsy bands who live by robbing churches and farm-houses. He has even compared our American tramp signs with those of Europe, and finds that, however advanced we may be in devising new mechanical ways of "cracking" safes, our signs are forty years behind the European times.

"At first," Professor Gross assured me when he showed me his collection of over two thousand signs from all countries—"at first these characters were used by bands of sixteenth-century ruffians whom we call *Mordbrenner* in German, or 'fire-murderers' in English, because they not only robbed houses, but burned them down as well, with all their inmates. The earliest of these incendiary signs were more or less simple crosses serving to designate a house which was to be pillaged, just as a woodsman marks the tree that he intends to fell.

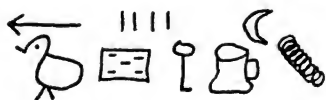
"Later," he continued, "these objective designations were supplemented by subjective characters; in other words, by the personal mark of the criminal. Here you have a communication, for example, that consists of an arrow, four vertical lines, and a crescent, all on one line, and beneath it, on a second line, a bird, a die, a key, a pot, and a chain. To one who knows nothing of the highway and its crimes all this is meaningless; yet it had a very terrible meaning when it was

scrawled on a wall in Thuringia two centuries ago.

"The first line is easily enough interpreted when you know who the fire-murderers were and why they were so called. 'In the direction of the arrow,' it reads, 'the fourth house from this spot is to be robbed on the night when the moon is next in the last quarter.' The ruffians of the day who passed that way took this as an invitation to participate in the crime, and five of them, whose personal symbols were a bird, a die, a key, a pot, and a chain, wrote their marks beneath the invitation by way of acceptance. The instigator of the affair knew that he could count on them."

Everything has a beginning. How did these personal signs originate? The use of symbols was a characteristic of the times. The escutcheon of a knight on a breastplate proclaimed to other knights the identity of the man within the armor and closed visor. Every tradesman and craftsman identified himself symbolically in the same way. So the signs of the sixteenth century *Mordbrenner*, as well as the marks used by rogues in our own day, are naturally linked with the crest still embossed on a duke's note-paper.

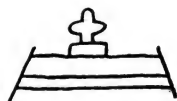
To show how closely the emblem of old-time craftsmen resemble the signs of criminals, Professor Gross made his students compare the accompanying marks of honest Italian ore-prospectors with contemporaneous fire-murderer inscriptions.



*Fire-murderer sign  
of the late XVII century*



*Signs used by Italian ore-prospectors  
in the XVI century*



*Sign of  
"Presk"*



*"Freiseppl,"  
a determined  
murderer"*



*"Dufte"  
a ruffian who  
robbed only priests*



*"Batteriehansl,"  
a cheating  
gambler*

Some of the old criminal escutcheons in Professor Gross's collection were frightful revelations of old-time outlawry. Such picture-signatures as "Sure Hand, the cutthroat," "Big John, the strong-armed killer," and "Long Arm, who knows how to use a dagger," tell their own story of the dangers of traveling by coach two hundred years ago. One wonders, too, what manner of rogue was "Pater-noster," who lived apparently by telling fortunes and by legerdemain, "Jack Boots, the church thief," "Green Roots," an escaped life convict, or one who called himself most modestly "Little Flower," and who was once a soldier, later a constable, and finally a highwayman. In these piping days of policemen, railroads, telegraphs, and telephones the desperado of the highway has all but disappeared, and his place has been taken by the milder tramp and Gipsy, whose worst crime is chicken-stealing, and whose most frightful sobriquet is "Philadelphia Joe" or "French Louis."

It is difficult, often impossible, to find an English equivalent for the nicknames of highwaymen whose personal signs adorned Professor Gross's walls. But the characters themselves are interesting, nevertheless.

There was "Presk," for example,

who adopted a crude altar as his mark; "Freiseppl," who used a sign in which were the letters I N R I and a figured heart, and who, according to court records, was "a determined murderer"; "Dufte," who adopted a flag as his symbol and who was known to the police as "one who robbed only priests"; and "Batteriehansl," a sharper who played with marked cards and loaded dice and who took as his emblem a capped clown's head and a few dice.

Although great rogues, like great artists, are born and not made, many a vagrant has seen better days. He has practised some trade, indeed still practises it from time to time, and is what the American tramp contemptuously calls a "gaycat." The shreds of old respectability are prized. To his comrades he is known as "Jack, the carpenter," "Bill, the butcher," "Dan, the soldier." It was natural enough that the rough outline of a carpenter's plane, a butcher's cleaver, or a soldier's sword should be used for identification.

If he had no trade, at least he had some distinguishing physical trait: red hair, one eye, or a hand with only four fingers. So he adopted the picture of a fox, a single staring pupil, or a defective hand as his escutcheon. If he was garrulous, he became the "poll parrot" to the under-world; if he



*Potter*



*Constable*



*Peddler*



*Tobacco  
Smuggler*



*Miller*



*Student*



*Card  
Sharper*



*"The man whose sign is the dagger (a) now out of jail, and the man in jail whose sign is the heart (e) have beaten and robbed (d) a brewer (c. can and malt shovel) and carried off the loot in a horse and wagon. (b. whip and brake shoe)"*

prided himself on his fidelity, he rejoiced in the name "faithful dog"; if he was a smooth, plausible, treacherous sneak, he became the "purring cat." And once Red Jack had adopted a fox as his mark, the whole underworld recognized and respected his property right in the symbol. A patent of ungentility, it was never wittingly infringed. Can as much be said of the trademarks of supposedly honest business men?

But in addition to identifying himself, a rogue may wish to communicate with others of his class—communicate, moreover, so secretly that his message cannot be understood by the honest world. After having made a very careful analysis of many hundred vagabond signs, Professor Gross discovered that they may be grouped into two general classes. In the one class we find pictures and symbols that state the time when a village or town was reached, the direction of travel, the number and character of the picture-writer's companions; while in the other class, which is of much greater importance, we find questions, answers to inquiries, invitations to engage in robbery and even murder.

Often the two classes are combined in a single writing. In other words, a ruffian of the road will tell those who come after him not only who he is, whither he is going, and who are his companions; but also what crime he has committed, how long he has been in prison, and what deviltry he is planning at the moment.

Symbolism naturally plays a large

part in the picture-writing of crime. A prison may be designated not only by conventional prison-bars (the sign of French criminals), but by a "tight corner"; in other words, an inverted letter "V." A key is always the sign of "unlocking" or burglary. An inclined stick or club epitomizes force. An arrow indicates either the direction in which the picture-writer is traveling or a house to be robbed.

Each country has its own signs, as a comparison of the accompanying French and American vagabond and tramp emblems proves. Sometimes the meaning of the symbol is diametrically opposed to its meaning in another country, and sometimes there are curious coincidences.

Much of this picture-writing can be easily interpreted by any one who has any skill at all in solving picture puzzles, but most of it is intelligible only to one thoroughly acquainted with the life of a vagabond. If one tramp wishes to communicate with another by signs, the message must be inscrutable to all but tramps if it is to serve its purpose. Hence the hieroglyphics have a psychology all their own. They are conceived by a peculiar type of mind, to be read by that same type. When Gross, therefore, interpreted a sign in a way that seems utterly illogical from the point of view of a man who eats three good meals a day and pays for them with honestly earned money, who has never begged for a cup of coffee in his life, and who has never robbed a hen-coop, he did so because he knew how a vagabond thinks.

This extraordinary scientist was a trial judge for five years in a little Styrian town not far from the Hungarian border, a region literally infested with itinerant criminals of high and low degree. Here he copied signs that he found on church walls, doorsteps, fences, and barns. Sometimes the country police aided him in identifying the signatures, but more often the criminals themselves.

"When I could not connect a mark with some suspicious wayfarer," he told me, "I used to draw it in charcoal on the walls of my office, so that every one who came in could see it. As soon as an arrested vagabond was brought in, his manner would at once reveal whether or not he recognized the character. Sometimes vagrants were so taken aback that before they knew it they had answered the swift question, 'Whose mark is that?' In order to avoid deception, I would leave the mark on the wall until several inquiries always brought forth the same answer. Once a thief laughingly assured me, 'Why, that 's me!' And so it proved."

The special knowledge which Professor Gross had acquired of this one phase of criminalistics alone was drawn upon from time to time by his colleagues in other cities. A few years ago Professor Rodolphe Reiss, who fills the chair of criminalistics at the University of Lausanne, was asked to analyze a robbery which had been committed in a hotel. On a wall near one of the hotel doors he found chalked a square, beneath it a cross, then the numeral 6-2, and a V-shaped character. Suspecting that the signs might have some bearing on the case, he

photographed them, and sent a print to Professor Gross who thereupon promptly replied that the square probably meant, "Here bank-notes can be stolen"; the cross that "they are hard to get"; the numeral that "they are in room 6-2"; and the two lines under the numeral that "the room is occupied by two." The V-shaped sign was the personal signature of the thief responsible for the communication. It turned out that Room 62 was occupied by two Italians, who slept peacefully while a hotel "rat" entered their room and rifled their clothes.

More than twenty-five years ago a gendarme was stabbed to death at night on a lonely country road in eastern Styria. He had been literally hacked to pieces by many knives. It was evident that he had sat down at the wayside with his back toward a tree in order to stuff his pipe. His tobacco-pouch was open, the tobacco scattered, and the pipe half filled with fresh tobacco. He was cordially hated, by the Gipsies in particular. A few days after his death, a picture was found not far from the scene of the crime on a half-ruined wall. Its meaning was clear enough. It was a crude

portrait of the murdered gendarme. The daggers that surrounded the head spoke for themselves. Professor Gross reasoned that the drawing could not have been made after the death of the gendarme, because



it was partly washed away by rain, although between the time of the murder and the discovery of the drawing it had not rained. "I cannot help thinking," said Professor Gross, "that this was both a threat and a call for

assistance, and that if it had been found in time, the life of a faithful officer might have been spared. At least he would not have ventured out alone on that dangerous road at night."

How the remarkable escutcheon-like signs of old are gradually being supplanted by the more international alphabet, just as heraldic decorations in ordinary life are fast giving place to more meaningless monograms, is becoming increasingly apparent. In some regions the old signs are no longer to be found at all. As heraldry declined, so the signs of the highway have declined. Even now government mails convey news from tramp to tramp too precious for the public gaze. The two-cent stamp and the "General Delivery" window of the post-office will ultimately displace the chalked picture. Indeed, vagabondage itself is not what it once was. Track-walking is a misdemeanor in many States. The tramp is arrested as a trespasser by the railroads. Villages and towns jail him on sight as a suspicious character, and American judges sentence him for vagrancy to the penitentiary for from ten to ninety days. In Europe his lot is even harder. Not only is he viewed with suspicion, not only is it impossible for him to ride on freight-trains as he does in this country, but he must carry papers that identify and "legitimize" him. He must have a trade, and that is enough to curb the wildest enthusiasm for the life of the road.

Although the door-step and the fence-post will continue to tell the way-

farer whether or not food or money may be had within for the asking, the alphabet and the numeral will supplant the personal symbol. "Red-haired Mike" will no longer use the

fox as his mark, but will scribble his initials. Within the next twenty years Professor Gross prophesied that vagabond signs will be all but unknown. Writing is not an exceptional accomplishment in these

days of compulsory education, and both the American tramp and the European rogue can read and write. About thirty years ago letters and dates began to supplant the old hieroglyphs, with a consequent loss in secrecy.

The most remarkable drawing of the old character to be seen in Professor Gross's collection represented a landscape drawn in a single line. It was the escutcheon of a notorious vagabond who had once been a landed proprietor. These single-line drawings have always been popular among criminals of the road. Nowadays the direction in which a vagrant is traveling is indicated by an arrow, and the time of his arrival and departure by easily legible dates. The arrow may pass through rings and may have as appendages long and short strokes perpendicular to the shaft of the arrow. Every European Gipsy knows that the rings denote the number of children, the long strokes the number of men comrades, the short strokes the number of women.

Criminals and vagrants are found not only on the highway, but in court



*A landscape drawn  
in a single line.  
A favorite criminal sign*





"Stolen goods can be sold here." Sign used in England and on the Continent



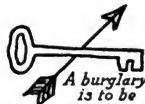
a—"They give money here."



b—"Nothing doing."



c—"No money, but something, such as food and drink"



A burglary is to be committed in the house indicated by the arrow



Active Police

and in prison as well. Hence there is a language of detention as well as a language of freedom and depredation. Methods of indoor communication have been devised fully as ingenious as picture-writing. These, too, Professor Gross had studied and classified.

Many a judge and prosecuting attorney has wondered why it is that two thieves who have told totally different stories when examined separately, change their views entirely when confronted with each other and agree wonderfully. A single look, the ruffling of a brow, the casual scraping of a foot, the awkward shifting of a cap from one hand to another, a puzzled way of scratching the head, all forming part of a prearranged and well mastered code of signals, have time and time again thwarted the best efforts of a conscientious cross-examiner to arrive at the truth. Although some European and American prosecuting attorneys believe firmly in confronting two criminals who have told conflicting stories, Gross laid it down as a rule that they must never be allowed to see each other before trial. Nor may they catch so much as a glimpse of friends who may be willing to perjure themselves in a bold effort to prove an alibi.

Sometimes an examining magistrate or attorney may himself be the innocent means of transmitting information to the outer world.

"As an examining judge I once had to deal with a peasant who was suspected of having carried large quantities of stolen goods across the Austrian

border," Professor Gross told me. "The man was arrested. He denied everything, but expressly desired to talk with his wife. I allowed her to come to the prison, although she had to travel long and far. The man wrung his hands, begged piteously to speak with her. That made me suspicious. I refused to grant his request, but promised to convey any message to her that he might care to intrust to me. Whereupon he said: 'Tell her to feed the oxen well; I always looked out for them until I was arrested; they will miss me. So tell her to be sure and feed them well.'

"That was all he could think of telling a wife who had journeyed a hundred miles to see him!

"I told the woman what her husband had said, and she went back home quite contentedly.

"It seemed strange that after all this loud wailing, after all this clamor, the man could only think of telling his wife to care for his cattle. That same day I sent an officer to follow the woman home. He reported that the prisoner owned no oxen, indeed no live stock at all except three goats and a broken-down horse.

"I was sure that I had been tricked, but how I could not perceive.

"Long after this experience a girl was brought before me who had grown up among Gipsies and had become one of the most skilful thieves that I have ever met. She interested me. I had reason to believe that she had been kidnapped as a child. Accordingly, I conducted a vain inquiry after her



parents. She was grateful for what kindness I could show her, and told me much about Gipsy crimes, ways, and jargon. I asked her what 'feeding the oxen' meant. 'In my part of the country, and only there,' she told me, 'it means, lie to the judge and tell nothing.'

"Then I knew why that peasant was so mindful of the oxen which he never owned."

If the mere spoken word can convey such hidden meanings, how much danger must lurk in the written word! Gross viewed all letters written or received by prisoners with the gravest suspicion. As a judge he made it a rule to keep the original of any writing composed by a prisoner or sent to him and to forward only a copy. The original he preserved as part of the record in each case. Why? He found that there are literally dozens of ways in which a letter that seems to be innocuous can be made to serve a criminal's purpose.

When prison rules are strict, the prisoner must take desperate chances. His mouth becomes his ink-well, his saliva his ink. With a pointed piece of wood it is not difficult to write an invisible message between the lines of

a harmless letter. The gesture of putting a pencil to the lips is so natural that it is not likely to arouse suspicion. In reality the writing is not quite invisible, for, examined obliquely, it may be seen where the glaze of the paper has been dissolved. Convicts know as well as criminalists that saliva writing is not completely concealed; hence they use it only in case of dire necessity. In some prisons, at Sing Sing for example, milk is occasionally used in the same way.

How does the recipient of the saliva message read it? He may carefully singe it until the paper is seared yellow. The writing will then appear somewhat brighter than the paper itself. He may dip the whole letter in ink for an instant and then into water; the saliva-writing will appear as a dark script against a somewhat lighter background.

The criminalist does not resort to such destructive methods. He merely floats the missive on a solution of nigrosine, gum arabic, and hydrochloric acid. The writing is brought out at once. Sometimes he dusts powdered graphite over the letter. The graphite adheres to the portions which have been written in saliva or



milk. Sometimes the letter is photographed, particularly if the paper is highly glazed. But the illumination must be very oblique.

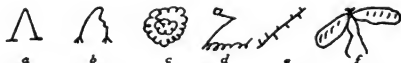
Whether they be accused and awaiting trial or convicted and sentenced, prisoners communicate not only with the outer world, but also with one another. How convicts use water-pipes to speak with fellow-convicts a few hundred feet away has been revealed time and time again by novelists who have dealt with the life of caged men. No doubt this traditional method of wireless conversation is still practised in old prisons. In a modern jail it is impossible, because the pipes are inaccessible. But the equally old system of tapping on a cell wall is still in vogue. If a convict does not know the Morse code before he enters prison, he will learn it before he is many weeks older. Every prison is a school of telegraphy. It becomes so of necessity, for the simple reason that the American "silent" system—a system which forbids even whispered conversation in the cells—is now generally adopted. When he is locked up for the night, a convict must be as dumb as any beast; more so, indeed, because he cannot even growl and snarl without incurring punishment. So necessity drives a man to use his fingers. At night a prison is a place of uncanny scratchings, rappings, and tappings, which are heard by eternally vigilant keepers, but which cannot be accu-

rately placed. Threats, curses, plans for future crimes, encouraging words for relatives to be transmitted by a man about to be released, all are telegraphed from cell to cell until they reach their destination.

There is also physical communication between adjacent cells, even though masonry and steel may separate the inmates—communication effected by means of the jute string and hook which convicts treasure as priceless, but forbidden, possessions. At night when the slippered keeper slinks along the corridors, almost unheard except for the soft fall of a leopard-like foot on the stone floor, a convict will tap gently on the wall of his cell. Presently there come answering taps. "Ready," they say. Each man takes his hook and jute string and coils it up like a lariat.

With a deftness that commands admiration, he flips the string through the bars of his cell door toward his neighbor. The strings cross. They are pulled taut. An artificial hand has been created which performs the miracle of passing from one cage of steel and stone and of intruding into another. One man releases his end, and his string is hauled in. At its end a little package is tied.

It may be a message, a knife, a saw, a file, but more often it is morphine, opium, cocaine, or heroin, for probably half the inmates of our state-prisons are slaves of drugs.



*"He whose mark is d is jailed (a) for murder (b) and another act of violence (c) and intends to accuse a Jew (f) who is arrested for highway robbery (e)."*



## Eastward Ho!

*Which Way Is East-Central Europe Going?*

BY ALFRED E. ZIMMERN, AUTHOR OF "THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH"



TWENTY years ago I found myself in a village on the northwest coast of Ireland at the time of a religious ceremony which attracted worshippers from far and near. At the inn where I put up the bishop of the diocese had also installed himself, and later in the day I had the privilege of conversing with him.

The scene itself was strange enough. We met in the inn sitting-room, or parlor, which boasted of only two unbroken chairs, and of a floor in such a state of disrepair that when in the energy of converse we drew our chairs up closer, one or another of the eight legs would be certain to sink into a hole. But still stranger, to a young Englishman fresh from the orthodox haunts of English life, was the substance of the bishop's discourse. Here was a man evidently highly educated and well read, familiar with the life of men and nations, an ardent patriot, and a natural leader of his people, whose outlook on public affairs, whose standards of value and ideas of "progress," were diametrically opposed to all those in which as an Englishman I had been brought up. It was not so much that he was anti-English. On that we could have argued. It was that for him England and what England stood for in the world did not exist. He had only once in his life stayed in London, and he had no wish to repeat the experience. When he

traveled, he preferred the Continent. And the whole world of material wealth and the power of giant cities and mounting statistics of improved organization and rising standards of comfort was alien to his mind. To schemes of increasing Irish prosperity by the development of industrialism on English and American lines he was uncompromisingly hostile. The path of advance for Ireland, he declared, lay along the line of her national tradition—on the land and in the villages and small towns in close touch with the land. Develop rural industries, by all means, as had then already been done in Donegal; study the quality of their product and the conditions under which this house-labor is carried on; develop coöperative methods and the coöperative principle both among peasants and town-dwellers: but do not pour into Irish life the poison of large-scale capitalist enterprise, which has within four or five generations turned the moors of Lancashire and the wolds of Yorkshire into a wilderness of chimneys and imprisoned their inhabitants within the framework of a ruthless and impersonal system of international exchange. Ireland has her own tradition, older than England. She has never sought to be powerful, to support an empire by the tribute of overseas dividends, or to impose her will by sea-power or money-power on lands painted red in five continents. All

that she asks from England and from the modern world is what every human soul asks from its fellows—to be allowed to find herself and to be herself.

Echoes of this conversation and of its underlying philosophy, since embodied in the books of A. E. and of a whole school of Irish writers, were constantly recalled to my mind in a recent journey in east-central Europe. Throughout all that region—indeed, one may include Russia, and say within the whole vast region east of Germany—two ideals of life and society are in conflict, and the debate between them is the principal issue in their politics. It is sometimes described as the issue between the West and the East, between the progressive, irresistible Occident and the slow-moving, even decadent Orient. But this is an over-hasty analysis. There are lands in the West, Ireland and Denmark and in a lesser degree France, which have never bowed the knee to Occidentalism. It is indeed not so much a conflict between regions as between standards. The rulers of Russia, for instance, have adopted the standards of industrial society, of material wealth and power, even in the process of inverting its methods. Russia is for the moment in what may be called the British-American-German orbit; her rulers, unlike the Irish bishop, speak a language that the princes and potentates, the governing men and classes, of those regions understand, and the map which Mr. Litvinov unfolded at the Hague conference, dotted with deposits of raw materials, with its neatly tabulated list of concessions, was intelligible to the meanest intellect in a Western counting-house. But it is otherwise in the region intermediate between

Russia and the West, the region of the Little Entente and the new republics. Here the gospel of nineteenth-century enterprise is still on the whole only an opposition doctrine, favored by powerful groups and classes, but, broadly speaking, resisted by the vigorous traditional forces which maintained the national ideal undimmed through generations of oppression and achieved their triumphant liberation in 1918. Nationality, purified of the ugly passion of nationalism, and rendered capable of self-analysis, the nationality of men like Masaryk and Goga, the Rumanian poet, is a force fully capable of resisting, or at least controlling, the onrush of the alien capitalist and his paid levies.

Let me state the issue as I have heard it put on the spot. Professor Romul Vuia of the University of Cluj, in Transylvania, is no politician, but just an anthropologist, a student who would gladly see the Rumanian exchange back at par in order to enable him to buy Western books and periodicals and even to undertake a long-contemplated journey to England. But when he speaks of his country he is an out and out "Easterner." For years he has been traveling among his countrymen, from the peasants of the Banat in the west to those of Bessarabia in the east. No man living has a better knowledge of their mode of life, their manners and traditions, their hopes and their beliefs. Among his voluminous *dossiers* are to be found, side by side with researches into the survival of pre-Christian and pre-classical cults, studies of every utensil and item of furniture down to the locks and latches of the doors in the huts of shepherds and cultivators in every region of Rumanian occupation. His

collection of embroideries, the chief glory and preoccupation of the Rumanian home, is probably unequalled. His dearest wish is to found a museum which will at last enable the world to understand what Rumanian life is, to see the Rumanian spirit, as it were, at work, and to learn to respect and admire it. And his scheme is designed in no selfish nationalist spirit. It is not to be a mere Rumanian collection. It is to be a "Balkan" collection, a museum dedicated to the understanding of the whole group of peoples whose life has been strangely commingled by history in the region embracing the Russian and Hungarian prairies, the enveloping fold of the Carpathians, the plain of Wallachia, and the tangled and more properly Balkan lands of Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece.

We were talking of the rival influence of French and German universities in Rumanian life.

"I read the Western books," said the professor, "but I can sum up my feeling about Rumania in a sentence. *We Rumanians have our backs to the West; our direction is eastward.*" And then he plunged into a fascinating historical disquisition, enlarging upon the true character and the cultural heritage of Byzantine civilization, and into the complex blend of Latin heredity and Slav environment, of classical and mediæval, Near-Eastern and Western, which marked Rumania out to be the interpreter between rival and contending cultures, and the nucleus of a new and rich civilization of her own. And no one who knows the Rumanian at first hand and has experienced the astonishing intelligence and the unflinching taste of the peasant population which forms her strength can doubt that the dream of the professor is

capable, under wise leadership, of being brought to reality.

## § 2

"We have our backs to the West; our direction is eastward." The professor's words sounded familiar, and far back in the vistas of memory I recalled where I had heard them before. In the year 1904 I embarked at Triest on an Austrian-Lloyd coasting-steamer on my way by slow stages down the Dalmatian coast to Greece. At lunch I found myself seated next to a Russian professor, one of the first Russians I had ever met. As we were both alone, and he was glad to improve his English, we joined company for the voyage. For a fortnight or more I lived under the spell of a personality who, to the mind of a rather priggish young Oxford graduate, combined in a miraculous degree the profound learning of the scholar, the quick insight of the artist, and the eager vivacity of a child. The Russian professor was Paul Miliukov, who emerged into history the following year as the leader of the "Cadets" in the new *duma*, and who may yet play a further part in the history of his people. Together we went ashore in the little Dalmatian towns, explored the Roman and Venetian remains in the museums, in one of which I remembered Miliukov deciphered an inscription which had baffled the curator; and together we observed and pondered on the rising tide of Slav feeling, which could be felt behind all the picturesqueness of the external scene. It was on an old Roman site adjacent to Diocletian's palace, at what was then still called Spalato, that these questions were first broached, at least for my hearing, with a representative Dal-

matian. Monsignore Bulič, the distinguished ecclesiastical archæologist who had superintended the excavations at Salona, offered us an *al fresco* lunch in those classical surroundings, the only occasion in my life on which I found myself thrown back on Latin as a medium of social intercourse. Our host spoke, like Professor Vuia the other day, of the contact of civilizations, of the blend of Latin and Slav in that Illyrian border-land, of the concessions Rome had made in times past to secure or maintain the allegiance of the Slav peoples, and then, turning to the present, he said impressively in words the full meaning of which I did not realize at the time:

"We Dalmatians have our backs to Austria; our direction is eastward."

In Jugoslavia, as in Rumania, the westward course of empire has been reversed. Governmental authority has passed eastward. Slovenia and Dalmatia have passed from the efficiencies of Hapsburg Vienna to the vigorous, if as yet inexperienced, control of Belgrade, while Transylvania, with its Hungarian comitats and its skilfully imposed Magyar bureaucracy, now looks to Bukharest instead of to Budapest. In both countries there are protests on the part of the apostles of Westernization against the relapse into "Balkan disorder," and if punctuality and its kindred virtues are the chief touchstone of human welfare, there may be, for all I know, though I cannot claim to be a sufferer, some substance in their complaint. Nor would I presume as an outsider to offer an opinion on the merits of the particular controversies which divide political parties in Jugoslavia and Rumania at this moment. I would only point out, for the benefit of Western ob-

servers who are apt to regard these matters through their own Occidentalized spectacles, that these ephemeral controversies are only elements in a much deeper underlying conflict between two rival ways of living and feeling, and that if for the last fifty years the best minds in the West have been seeking through socialism and a score of other isms a means of escape from the dehumanizing influences of industrialism, it ill becomes us to complain when peoples free to make their choice in the light of our own experience are reluctant to follow us on the dismal path of our nineteenth-century history.

The same issue appears in somewhat different forms in the other two members of the new Quadruple Entente, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. To the ordinarily well informed Westerner Czecho-Slovakia has begun to figure as the good child in the Balkan nursery. She was the first to balance her budget; she has never indulged in the naughtiness of inflation; her crown has steadily improved its value till Carlsbad and Marienbad, in competition with German spas and even with Rumanian Sinaia and Calimaneste, are threatened with a Swiss desolation; and, crowning reward of merit in this modern age, she has been able to borrow appreciable sums in the money markets of London and New York. Czecho-Slovakia, one would imagine, is a sort of spear-head of Occidentalism in a world of "Balkanization" and disorder.

Czecho-Slovak public men, and not least the talented and devoted Dr. Beneš, have not been slow to make the most of the virtuous rôle assigned to them, and far be it from me to cast the shadow of a cloud over this well

merited halo. But the Czecho-Slovakia of these Western encomiums is not the real personality, or at least not the whole or even the best part, of its character. To pass from Germany or Poland to Czecho-Slovakia may indeed be to pass from lands where bills are reckoned in thousands to a land where the currency is in some approximate relation to our own; but this does not make the Czechs and Slovaks part of our Western system of life, any more than the disordered finances of Germany have restored a lost touch of humanity to the toiling masses of that unhappy country. The Czechs, whatever Wall Street and Lombard Street may say of them, are not an Eastern outpost of the "progressive" West, but a Western outpost of the seething, adolescent world of Slavdom, which stretches from the Bavarian border to Bering Strait. The moment you cross that frontier at Wallenstein's Eger, "something hits you in the face." The phrase is not mine, but that of a much traveled American who had been longing in western Europe for what she had at last found here in full measure—the zest and freshness, the will to live, and the love of living, which are the salt of life in democratic eastern Europe as in democratic America. Any one who is inclined to the belief that the Czechs are Westerners should pay close attention to Czech sentiment regarding Russia. To the Czech and the Slovak Russia is not a market, a corn-bin, or an oil-well, but a sister-nation, loved, admired, and indeed even revered in some quarters. I remember a conversation with an official in the Czecho-Slovak Ministry of Education, outwardly a model of that correct and impeccably efficient bureaucracy which

has won high praises from the West. After describing various interesting and well organized schemes of educational progress on which he was working, he turned suddenly and said:

"But of course we Czechs have the limitations of our qualities. We are small by the side of the Russians. The Czech mind to the Russian is as a bay to the ocean." He went on, in a vein wholly out of key with the *dossiers* on the desk before him, to speak of Russian literature, Russian music, Russian philosophy. It was the same note which recurs as a persistent undertone in the writings and teachings of Masaryk. It is no accident that his *magnum opus* was devoted to Russia, or that, linked to America by ties both personal and political, he should have set his country midway, as it were, between the two great-scale civilizations of Eurasia and North America. There is a poignant passage in his writings where he confesses to a haunting fear lest little lands must necessarily breed little minds. But to recognize a danger is to combat it, and so long as their gaze is eastward, the disciples and fellow-citizens of the philosopher-president are not likely either to be dwarfed or mechanized by the infection of their surroundings. Moreover, the new republic has, in its eastern extension of Slovakia, a strong contributing element in its struggle for self-expression against the West. Masaryk himself is not a Czech, but a Slovak, although a Slovak of Moravia, and of the two races, the Czechs and the Slovaks, it is the latter, for all its backwardness and long subjection, which is generally regarded as having in greater degree the genius and sensibility of the Slavs. Comparisons in this respect are odious.



Suffice it to say that Slovakia, so far from constituting a weakness or incumbrance to the new republic, as a certain school of propagandists is fond of maintaining, is an invaluable help-mate, and as the years go on and the effects of tyranny and torpor wear off, will infallibly be an increasing source of inspiration.

In Poland, too, in the great and rather mournful area of plain between the Baltic and the Carpathians, the East and West are at grips, and all the more so because geography and history have conspired to blur the frontiers and disintegrate the personality of a long-suffering and gifted race. At her first resurrection three spirits contended for mastery within her breast, Cracow, Posen, and Warsaw; each sought to impose the stamp of what was, after all, for all the devotion of its representatives, an alien civilization. But in the face of problems which her Western critics have done much to aggravate and little to assuage, soul and body have been growing together, and now, having survived four years' physical existence as testing in their way as her century and a half of underground living, Poland is beginning to be herself, a twentieth-century, not an eighteenth-century, self, and to acquire the power and self-confidence needed for survival and mastery in the modern world. And with self-confidence is coming a new outlook toward the East and a new attitude toward her former oppressor. Poland, for all that she owes to Rome and to the Renaissance, to classical and western-European culture, and for all her entanglements in the politics of the West, is part of the Slav world; and if she is to be true to herself, she must eventually cooperate,

despite passing political difficulties, in the task of self-expression that awaits it.

"We are a club of millionaires," was the retort of a Polish economist when I expressed the habitual Western misgivings about the state of the Polish mark, "but we have been a little slow in organizing our mutual contributions." The remark had reference to the ample, but undeveloped, natural resources within the area of the republic, though it is capable of a wider application. Poland is a land of undiscovered possibilities, indeed in a strictly psychological sense of *repressed* and *buried* possibilities. Now she is free at last to bring out her buried treasure to the sunlight, to purge it of rancor and bitterness, and to stamp it with the coinage of her freed and aspiring genius. Of none of the peoples of the region which has formed the subject of this paper is there less reason to despair than of the Poles. All they need and, despite calumny, all that they ask is what the Irish bishop asked for Ireland—the freedom at last to be themselves.

### § 3

All this is far indeed from the dream that Friedrich Naumann embodied in his book "Mittel-Europa," written in the second year of the war. The policy outlined in "Mittel-Europa" was a characteristic blend of autocracy and humanitarianism. Naumann proposed to "organize" Europe from the French frontier eastward. The new central Europe, or, as it would have been more accurate to call it, the new central and eastern Europe, was to be a perpetual alliance of states bound together by common economic institutions and controlled by an economic general staff.

It was to be the framework for a future United States, which would come into existence automatically through the day-by-day operation of economic causes. The separate sovereigns and dynasties were indeed to be preserved not only in Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, but in what was left of Serbia and Rumania and in the separate German states, and maybe there would be a dynasty in Poland also. The parliaments, too, were to continue functioning. The elected representatives of the peoples, chosen on a liberal suffrage, were to meet in conclave and to debate, but the real power would reside neither with the monarchs nor with the parliaments, but in the common economic institutions—commissions Naumann called them—which were to be set up alongside of the older political governments.

These commissions, with the economic general staff working behind them, supplying them with facts and ideas, were to aim at reducing the multiplicity of states in central and eastern Europe, with their diversity of races and traditions, into uniformity. They were to bring order out of chaos, stability out of uncertainty, steady work out of fruitless agitation; in a word, peace out of dissension and strike. The uniformity was to be attained by what social reformers call the method of counter-attractions. Men were to be diverted from sterile discussions on nationality to the more absorbing interests and enterprises of trade and industry. By the mere fact that they were all busy working and selling and producing and profiting together, the German and the Czech, the Serb and the Bulgar, the Slovak and the Magyar, the Rumanian and the Turk would become oblivious of

their dividing nationalities and would become aware of a common citizenship. In due time the open acceptance of that new status, the achievement of a political union over the greater part of Europe, would come of itself.

#### § 4

The Allies took note of Naumann's book and of the menace of empire contained in it. They summoned an economic conference at Paris in June, 1916, and decided to oppose it by every means in their power. They declared that, should "Mittel-Europa" come into existence after the end of the war, should the economic association of the Quadruple Alliance be maintained, they would combine their own greater resources against it. This was the meaning of the well known Paris resolutions of June, 1916, the threats embodied in which, as has repeatedly been pointed out since by the liberal statesmen who drew them up, were contingent upon the success of the opposing German plan.

Moreover, the treaties of 1919, whatever their defects in detail, and there is no man living who would defend every mile of the many thousand miles of frontier drawn in them, are based throughout on the Allied, as opposed to the German, program. They are based, that is, on the consent of the governed and on the sovereign independence of the various peoples whose claims were recognized by the Allies during the war. The result is that in the map of Europe as we have it to-day the frontiers of two great empires, the Russian, and the German, have been pushed substantially back, while a third, the Austro-Hungarian, has ceased to figure. In their place we find six wholly new states, Poland,

Czecho-Slovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland; while five more have been so completely transformed as to be virtually new creations, Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Albania.

In the early months after the armistice, when men's minds were as plastic as the map of Europe, then in full process of liquidation, it would have been possible, and indeed relatively easy, by a timely provision of credits and materials, to attach conditions for the facilitation of trade and intercourse to the recognition of the independence of the new states in east-central Europe. But the opportunity was let slip, and the lesser powers struggled back to productivity as best they could. Thrown back upon the stern virtues of self-help, they intrenched themselves in their independence, and before two years had passed the three most enterprising and powerful among them had formed an alliance—since joined by a fourth—the unspoken watchword of which was the familiar Irish slogan, "Ourselves Alone."

### § 5

Meanwhile, by a strange irony of fate, economic forces neglected in 1919 were wreaking their will on the industrial countries of the West and driving their public opinion back to the very arguments and projects which they had sternly condemned during the war. In England and in the United States, and in a certain by no means negligible part of opinion in France, the old "Mittel-Europa" plan was revived, with appropriate varia-

tions, and the appeals made in 1915 by the imperialist group of German Social-Democrats to their docile followers were republished for the benefit of the British and American unemployed. A whole school of writers of whom Keynes and Vanderlip, Caillaux and Nitti, are the most conspicuous, have set themselves to inveigh against what they describe as "the Balkanization of Europe" (as though there had been no small states in Europe before the war), and to promulgate a whole series of policies calculated, no doubt, to increase the volume of commerce and to improve economic conditions in the industrial countries, but drawn up without consideration either for the wishes or the rights of the countries that they chiefly concerned. These ideas reached their culmination in the program of the Genoa conference, which embodied in the clearest form the policy of putting economic in front of political considerations and postponing moral considerations behind both. Had the promoters of the Genoa conference been as sincere as they were adroit, they would have grappled first with the all outstanding European economic problem, the question of German reparations, which is also a moral problem, as it is a question of national honor; and they would have left the smaller states in east-central Europe in peace. But since their projects and their whole outlook have raised the issue of home rule in east-central Europe, it seemed worth while to state briefly the position as it appears to some of the more far-sighted minds of that region.



DEDICATION  
FOR A BOOK OF VERSE  
BY M. L. C. PICKTHALL



**L**ORD, on this paper white  
My soul would write  
Tales that were heard of old  
Of perilous things and bold:  
Kings as young lions for pride,  
Lost cities where they died  
Last in the gate; the cry  
That told some Eastern throng  
A prophet was gone by;  
The song of swords; the song  
Of beautiful, fierce lords  
Gone down among the swords;  
The traffic and the breath  
Of nations spilled in death;  
The glory and the gleam  
Of a whole age  
Snared in a golden page.  
Such is my dream.

**Y**ET thanks, if yet You give  
The crumbs by which I live:  
Blown shreds of beauty; broken  
Words half unspoken,  
So faint, so faltering,  
They may not fitly show  
The blue on a crow's wing,  
The berry of a brier  
Cupped in new snow  
As though the snow lit fire.





# The Winged Baby

*An Allegory of the Younger Generation*

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK



I COULD see that John was unwilling to analyze. If his child was going to be winged, he evidently did n't want to know it. I had guessed it from the first, and at first I did n't greatly care. As little Mary used to take her morning drink, I would look down on her downy head and murmur, "You can be just the queerest little thing you choose to be; you certainly are already the dearest." At such times Mary would stop drinking and turn up her face, smiling at me in that way—well, in that way they do.

With her first clothes there was no difference to be observed. Yet every morning, as I gave her her bath, I would examine again the shoulder-blades and beautiful back. The exquisite form was human flesh and blood, if, indeed, you can call these fresh little presences human. But there, like leaves crinkled in a web before they expand under more powerful sun and rain, were surely the beginnings of wings!

At last John had to come and face it with me. It was like a new sacrament, and we were grave and somewhat helpless before it. His eyes went once to that small bare back, and then my scientist husband just gasped wonderingly and said:

"Of all the little oddities!"

Lifting Mary out of the tub and putting her on a woolly afghan to kick awhile, I turned on him.

"Don't say such things—an oddity! My little baby is n't an oddity. You speak as if she—she were deformed, when—when she 's only a new departure, perhaps, in a mean leggy world. You 're ashamed of her. I 'm not. Why should n't our first child have wings? Have n't we always seen things in a winged way? Have n't we talked about the airplanes of the future, looked through them for new and strange adventures among the stars? Have n't we always dreamed about air-lanes and sky-paths, of playing hide-and-seek among the clouds, of the voices of men and women calling to one another across the whole world?"

I was ranting along like that until John came close up to me and was—well, just the man that belongs to me; the man who, no matter what other woman took him, would always fundamentally belong to me; the man without whom I would have been a poor uncompleted thing, bobbing around like a ship with no ballast.

"Do you think—" John expresses himself best when he is n't depending altogether upon words—"do you think that wings could make me care any less for our baby?"

We never spoke of it again in just that way. What we did say that morning was like a prayer which we did not make to any God, but to the deepest, most wistful part in ourselves.

I do not remember that the prayer had many words. It was merely as if we asked ourselves whether we were equal to the worthy guardianship of a new kind of baby.

We used to rejoice that Mary managed so well. She, it seemed, was born knowing how to act with wings. She seemed previously to have lived where every one had them. Sleeping, she lay on one side, with the nascent pinions loosely folded. As a tiny two-year old she made no special effort to fly. Not until her little feet grew adventurous and she wanted to get things beyond her reach did her baby plumes stretch and waft. Breathless, we used to watch.

Sometimes we turned her loose in the nursery, unclothed her, and saw the little body freed and released of every earth claim. At such times she was an ethereal saucebox. She would play and coquette with us and preen her little wings. When she was excited, the tiny vibrancies would spread out in the way eyes dilate; she would float up and out of the window, and then sweep back to us again with a touching effect of not wanting to leave us standing there. These things made us feel very heavy and ape-like and queer.

Of course they—I mean that curious ring of persons that touch all of our lives daily, yet are never really part of our lives—they had much to say. In a town where the conversation runs to vacuum-cleaners and “flat” silver we had always been rather a godsend. We were always doing something people disapproved of, and now our insolence in producing a winged baby! We became instantly taboo, which, though it was a relief to us mentally, was not exactly what we would have chosen as an expression of life. Mary might have been a leprechawn or a

brownie from the way the women discussed her. I noticed that for me they used the tone that they used in speaking of unmarried mothers. I had to have a good deal of humor for them.

I had many visitors, and I got to distinguish very quickly between the really friendly visitor and those who came out of curiosity. Commiseration was the general idea. But I would n't be commiserated. It deflected them a good deal, and they were at a loss.

Invariably, I had Mary brought down in some lovely diaphanous frock, with the little wings bravely sticking out. My visitors, trying to conceal their agonies, took on a sort of pince-nez museum manner that entertained me. They always hushed their voices when they spoke of “the er—wings.” They seemed to associate wings with tails and horns.

“Were there any other er—instances of wings in your family, my dear?” one old dowager asked me, penetratingly. “Or your husband's? I have always understood that your husband's family were very unusual people who believed that mankind had evolved from—er—mud instead of from Adam, the man God made with one finger as the Bible expressly states.”

## § 2

My father was among the most irritating. He is a bishop, and stayed away for a long time out of shame at having to be grandfather to something not usual. At last he came quietly and firmly, with his air of “blessings on this house, no matter what I think of the people in it.” I went to kiss him. Father by himself is a most lovable man, but he seems to have rocked his mind to sleep. And yet he

has the strangest assumption of authority about life. How can one have authority for life while ignoring the facts of life? Heaven knows, there are enough facts to make authority.

"I 'm glad to see you so cheerful," said poor old dad.

"Cheerful?"

"Well, Daughter, this—this deformity is a cross. Your first child, the child of your love and aspiration. But you must not despair. You have hitherto been care-free and happy. You have dreamed your dreams. Your husband has been a clean, good man all his life. So you should not despair."

"Despair—over my winged baby?"

Father looked pityingly at me, shaking his head.

"Come, Dad, I expected this sort of thing from Miss Placket. It worries her, having to make a different sort of baby-clothes for Mary. Naturally, she objects to raiment that must have both arm and wing-holes; it gave her blind staggers at first. Yet," I said, "she 's getting to see how much simpler and easier cutting wing-holes are than sleeve-holes. But you, Dad, don't you believe in wings? Of course you do. 'The wings of the morning' that take one to 'the uttermost parts of the earth'—you always read that lesson in such a heavenly way."

Dear old dad softened a little. He knows that he reads the Bible like a lovable old Moses, and he likes to be reminded of it. I wonder, though, what goes on in his mind when he does it.

"And you a Greek scholar," I went on, "and you a lover of Italian art—Gozzoli, Fra Angelico, all the little winged *putti*! And you a lover of every unfolding leaf and chrysalid wherein you see resurrection through your

anointed dervish eyes! You, with a winged grandchild! Why, I should think—"

Just then the nurse brought Mary down. I could hear my baby's crooked-tongued babble of remonstrance (for she was now grown accustomed to flying down-stairs), but the nurse, a prim Scotch-Irish spinster, had very set notions as to the proper way for Mary to meet her grandfather for the first time. So our darling curveted in on her sandal shoon like any other toddler.

She was a blue star in azure dimity. Her silken curls shone, her eyes and rose cheeks gleamed, she laughed, and her little white teeth flowered between her lips.

But father looked at her askance; he all but crossed himself; then he bravely held out his arms.

"Poor darling! Poor little lamb!" Father shook his gray head and bowed it over her.

And then I discovered a very queer thing about my daughter. She stood there, the tiny fans half unfolded. When she came into the room, they had been of downy azure, like her little dress; but as father turned that unbelieving look on my baby, her wings swiftly darkened to a deep gray, a wicked-looking slate-color, and then swiftly turned as black as night. These stormy black wings lifted slowly, they expanded into a small dark arch over the golden head, and I saw with terror a corresponding shadow in the eyes. I looked at my child to reprove her for sullenness to her grandfather, and then I saw she was aware of nothing of this. Her little face was still smiling at him, all the human part of her trusted and loved him; but the wings, the plus thing, the thing that made her not altogether of his world—well,

would you call it emotion or divination? John has since said that he thought it vibration, the completely unconscious registry of sensitive perceptions affected by stupidity and hopelessness, as the lungs are affected by poisonous air.

John just then came in. He welcomed father.

"So you came to see our little challenge," he said, laughing. "What have we two done to deserve to be trusted with a hope like this?"

"Challenge?" Father looked so rebuking and stern that I went and put my arm over John's shoulders. We two stood there, we two guilty parents of a winged child!

Seeing us, little Mary smiled. She remained in front of her grandfather.

"When I am big, I am going to fly away off—by myself," she lisped. "I 'll go everywhere; I 'll go to the stars; I 'll know more than you."

Father groaned.

"Know? My poor child! May you be protected from knowing."

"Father, I will not have this!" I was furious. Then I happened to notice Mary, and I swallowed hard. Her wings had been slowly growing back to normal colors. Now they were dove-gray, tipped with gold. I did not want them to grow black through me. It might hurt her.

I was dumb, and let John do the talking.

He took our little girl on his lap and let her play with his wrist-watch. Mary played with this watch as any other child might. She tried to hang it by its strap on her father's ear, then on his nose; she attempted to buckle it around her fat little ankle. She swung it back and forth like a pendulum.

"Of course, with an abnormal child like this—" began father solemnly.

"Oh," remarked my husband, gently, "would you call her just that? Is an added gift abnormal? Perhaps only a step in a new development. The norm develops with the race, does n't it? Normal a thousand years ago would be very different from normal now. Have n't we overworked the word a little—scrapped some rather good things on our insistence upon 'normal'?"

"Human nature will always be the same," said dad, portentously.

"Oh, yes, if we let it," agreed John, cheerfully. "But why not grow an extra gill or two?"

Father was silent. I could see that dear old dad was making an effort to meet us on our own ground, and I respected him for it, though I could n't go cheerfully on with him as John was doing. I watched Mary. She was so healthy, sweet, rosy, adorable, and sound! Why could n't father love his first grandchild *because* she had wings? Father, who had thought and taught and preached and prayed wings all his life!

"I suppose you think that little Moron Gruppet, with her snub nose and greedy mouth is 'normal,'" I began to sputter. "Just because she has those two ugly stumpy legs and grabby hands and a head that tells her how to get things, and nothing else."

Father turned the parental look on me. He was firm.

"I am sorry to say I do. Moron is like other children, nothing—er—unusual. She will be a practical, well balanced woman, the average; but this child—" He shook his head.

"And because you think Moron is



'normal,' then all future children, no matter how they may wish to rise, must be born stump-legged, with ugly mouths and greedy eyes and the pushing, selfish, aggressive ways you call 'practical.'

John looked at me.

"I 'm sorry, Father," I said penitently. "I must n't talk any more. Thank you for coming. Come, Mary."

But baby demurred.

"I 'm going to do a tunt for gan-faddy."

Mary was very proud of her "stunts." John had taught her a lot of funny little exercises to do when he is doing his "Daily Dozen."

We paused to see the darling little "tunts." It was usually like a small canary-bird taking a bath; but this time, instead of solemn, dimpled arm-wavings and grave little bird kicks, Mary, to our surprise, made her gymnastics entirely aerial. When at last she buried her head in my father's broad chest, she said tenderly:

"Why don't you like me, Gan-faddy? I am newer than you. But I can't fly if you don't like me." She laid a little hand on the set lips. "Say you like my tunt!"

There was something so tender, so ethereal, and so exquisite in the baby appeal, "Why don't you like me?" that we were dumb. Father was helpless. He looked at John, and I could see that his eyes behind their glasses were blurred with tears.

"You are right," he said thickly, "she is a little challenge. Whence she came I do not know. We must rise to meet her; we are on the right path." Then, in a shaking whisper, he added, "I do like you, darling."

There was silence as father kissed Mary and put her down.

"I must hurry away," he said brokenly. "God bless this baby who rises above us! His ways are mysterious. Take good care of her; never be ashamed or doubtful about her."

Poor old dad wiped his eyes and reached for his umbrella. He was really bowled over. And I was glad that I had not been meaner than I had.

That night John came as near scolding me as John can.

"We must be true to our little girl," he said gravely. "We must not create darkness and obstruction for her. We must be guardians. To have believed in wings all one's life and then to be unworthy of a winged child would be pretty tragic. We should n't expect others to understand at once. If you had never had a winged child, would you be any quicker to recognize the real meaning of Mary?"

"John," I said, "if I were only sure, like you! You 've never been afraid for her; you 've never cared what they might say; you have always known that she will come into her own."

"Neither have you been afraid," he said, in his old laughing voice. "How could we doubt? Mary is not only the child of our love, but the child of our great reverence for life and progress. As stewards of new development, we must n't forget that ever."

### § 3

Bravely we played our game. We never had much trouble with cultivated people, or those who had traveled a good deal, who had given their lives to philosophy or research or science.

Launching her socially had its vexations. At dancing-school the young and not stupid teacher admitted her gladly. She was very charming in the

cotillions. But the other children laughed and whispered back of their hands, and though our little challenge curtsied and hopped and counted "One, two, three" as industriously as the other little shavers, there was an inscrutable difference. She learned, it seemed, too soon. Her winged sense of rhythms vexed the other little dancers. Then Mary would develop impish streaks, and when the class in its formal line bade the teacher adieu in bobbed curtsies and elaborate bows, my child would fly up and over everybody's head and out of the door!

"It was a bad example for all the others," said the watching mothers. "They might all grow queer and try to fly." The young teacher in her pretty chiffons and delicately pacing feet wrinkled her forehead at me, but her eyes had humor as she remarked:

"I think they are a little jealous; so if you could get Mary to just—er—*walk out*. Flying seems bad taste somehow—in some localities."

On the morning train the men inquired mysteriously of one another about the "challenge," as my baby was now generally called.

I commented on this only once.

"They need n't worry," I said hotly. "But it is just possible that there may be children born in this town with pig eyes and more than one tongue and pocket-books for ears."

When I said things like this John would reply:

"Come out and look at a new tulip I've raised. It is a deep-bright gold, with flecks of azure around a little crown of green and brown stamens." And then he would lead me from winged shrub to winged plant, and talk about transplanting and grafting and evolution, until I began to see true

again, and hung on his arm and was ridiculously happy.

At such times Mary would dance around us until suddenly she was off her feet and soaring up like thistle-down. She was as charming and mischievous at such times as a curly little thing on a valentine.

I could never describe how we felt when she soared out to the blue air and gold sun. We never got used to it. It was something like the way you would feel if, some still night, you were suddenly to hear the stars singing softly some comforting song that would take all human tears away. At such times we would take hold of hands and watch her, and our hearts would grow buoyant and hopeful and wistful and fearless, and we would murmur under our breath—"Oh, Creator of the universe—Intelligence, who hast laid Thy spirit on us, and put Thy will into our groping hands, help us forward and onward and upward, help us to follow faithfully this our challenge—our winged hope!"

Ah, we knew that Mary had not come into the world for nothing; we were glad of any suffering we might incur through being her parents.

There was suffering enough. It was that kind that comes with being, for some high trust and belief, completely banned, enthusiastically dishonored. Every sort of cheap scorn, sneer, and conjecture was poured upon the head of our winged baby, and upon us who stood proudly and determinedly her unrepudiating parents.

There were a few friends who understood, and they teased us for noticing the gibes of those who could n't understand. John's friend, Professor Downby, the great psycho-biologic-chemist, was our greatest comfort and

pleasure. And he always laughed when we spoke of the great social difficulties Mary might have to encounter as she grew older.

"Social difficulties? Nonsense! By the time she 's eighteen she 'll be getting radiophones in her own little air-patch from some wing-footed Hermes in Ohio."

"Pshaw, Downby, you can't mean—" Even John could n't believe this.

"Sure; I do mean it." Professor Downby used to rub his grizzled head and screw up his searching, thoughtful eyes. "The 'world do move,' though I 'll say it takes two steps backward for every one forward; but it muddles along some way. She 'll have winged beaus enough, but never a winged mother-in-law. Anyway, don't let her think she 's the only little winged wonder in the world," the professor drolly warned us.

But in our winged child's nature there was no danger of this sort of thing. Mary's only naughtiness was that of sometimes flying away for the whole day. When she came back she told us such charmed magic things about clouds and rivers and meadows full of flowers that we could not punish her much. Once when she did this, however, John would not kiss her. She looked straight at him, not crying, but her wings dulled a little.

"Don't hold me back, Daddy," she begged reproachfully. "The world will try to do that, you know. I always remember when I 'm flying that you and mother started me, and my wings are always stronger when I think you understand. If I had Mr. and Mrs. Moron Gruppet for father and mother," said little Mary, gravely, "I should have awfully weak wings."

Mary must somehow have felt that

her wings were a distinct disadvantage in the very superiority they gave her. Once we heard on the playground:

"Oh, Mary Farsight, stop flying to Hunk, can't you? You know it 's not fair to fly 'home-free.' It 's cheating."

"It 's not cheating," returned our daughter, indignantly. "It 's only bettering."

But the unwinged majority was against her, and after that poor Mary had to fold her wings and scuttle in "home-free" on her two little legs.

At other times, however, she triumphed, especially at cherry- and apple- and nut-time. Many small boys waited around where the fruit hung scarlet and yellow and bronze.

#### § 4

We never needed to scold Mary much, only to let her understand what her failure or disobedience or untruth did to her wings. For as soon as she was aware of the effect of deterrents from what she knew to be right, and felt our sorrow and shame for her, the colors would leave her little pinions. They became dingy and ragged, and the poor little thing would be mortified. Often she would cry:

"Oh I want to be good! I don't want these awful dirty wings. Don't let me be stupid [our word for sin], or I shall have to stay all my life with my feet on the earth."

We grew to see that her own sense of inharmony with those around her was what made her wings change color. When she was one with her universe, the wings were azure and gold. I have seen them white as snow, with soft rose tips shading into a green so palely vivid that it was like fire. I have seen them prophetic and dark with mantling purple. I have seen them lav-

ender, with soft canary under sides. When Mary was happy, they were of a vibrant blue that flashed like her eyes, and when she was intellectually stirred, they had ripples of brown and green, like a forest brook wimpling over golden sand and pebbles.

Sometimes, as we walked or did errands or went to church together, Mary would point out to me what she called the "near-wing" people. There were persons who, she said, "almost had them."

"What kept them from altogether having them?" I asked mischievously.

"They are always afraid of the other people," returned Mary, soberly.

She thought most librarians were wing candidates, and some teachers. "Don't you see, Mother, if they could trust themselves and not have to do what the trustees said—"

"Don't trustees have wings?" I said.

"Never," said little Mary, firmly.

"Why, Mother, what a silly question!"

"Nor politicians?"

"Now you are making fun!"

My little girl insisted that one or two colored people we saw were among the near-wingers. "You see, they have faith in the thing that lies under the skin."

Once we passed a very wealthy woman in a formidably handsome automobile.

"Funny," whispered little Mary, "but, in spite of everything, she has kept wing-places in her head!" She said that Professor Downby was a very near-winger. And when I asked her, jocosely, if her father and I were near-wingers, I was astonished at her passionate assertion.

"Why, Mother, it is because you and father are near-wingers that I am a real winger."

"Mary,"—I gently shook her,—  
"Mary, where did you come from?  
How did you get on this earth? Don't  
you know?"

The soft blue eyes of a graceful, growing little girl turned upward with their look that, plumbed, might lead back to the source of all life.

"Why, Mother, I just came from you and father. Did n't you say so?"

"But, darling, why are you able to fly higher than we?" For the first time I faltered it out.

My daughter turned her charming head.

"Did n't you tell me that you and father were never content to remain mentally just where you were; that you kept making more windows in your minds; that you never turned your backs on truth, on things as they are, no matter how painful they are; that you knew the spirit called God could do nothing to help the world unless He did it through you? And have n't you always said that, in spite of much sorrow and loneliness, because of this conviction, you always felt free, as if you were sun-treaders and walked the air? And would n't those things in parents make children winged?"

I thrilled. I could only cling passionately to her.

## § 5

At last Mary became "popular." This was the hardest time of all. Moving-picture people and Christmas pageanters wanted her to "take" parts where wings, natural ones, were less expensive than the usual mechanical sliding down a beam. And her grace and beauty and mystical quality became so evident that sentimentalists haunted the house to make copy of her. John and I got worried and cross

over it, for it did n't mean that people really cared for or believed in Mary; they only wanted to lick their sensation-loving chops over her. We fairly shivered when we got letters like this:

"Dear Mrs. Farsight:

The world is ringing with the wonder of your mysterious little winged girl. Won't you and Professor Farsight come to our community meetings to give talks on 'The Sacredness of Possession' and bring along the dear little curio? We have heard so much about her!"

For answer we took the "dear little curio" and escaped into the deep woods.

And then at last came the thing Professor Downby had foretold. In our mail one morning was a letter from a young woman, a student in John's biology course, some one we had both known and liked:

"Dear Trail-Blazers:

"You two knew that I was married, of course. It seems incidental, but we both know that it was ordained in the beginning of things. Norman is the dearest, most unselfish, and wonderful man that ever lived, a naturalist and writer. Oh, how I wish he might meet Professor Farsight! He has made some discoveries in grafting and transference of pollen and he has written a book called 'Who Has the Keys?' It is a curious sort of thing, showing how the human mind has been locked for centuries in an empty cupboard of life by Old-Mother-Hubbard politicians, assisted by priests in medieval armor. This book has attracted a good deal of attention in the scientific world, and Norman lost his job because he is a so-called "radical," which, he says,

means a man who tries to live and teach the laws of Christ in a Christian world. We had quite an awful time until we settled down in this community, where things are mostly run by young people who have been to places.

"Our first little one has arrived, and, Oh, I wonder if you'll care as we do. He has wings, beautiful, changeable little ones on his head and steady, strong ones of brilliant color on his feet! We remembered your little Mary. Did you succeed in keeping her wings on? We heard last week that out in Idaho a young collegebred woman, a social investigator (her husband is a psychologist), has brought into the world a little girl with shoulder-wings, just like your baby's, and they say that though the authorities are trying hard to conceal it, there are many such cases appearing in all parts of the world. All these children are perfect, have well developed bodies and features and lovely hair, and, except for their wings, are said to be what we are in the habit of calling 'normal.'

"But we heard that the Idaho couple suffered a good deal. You see, they were so proud and sure that through them the human race might go on a step up, but they were immediately excommunicated by their church, and the clergy assured them that 'God did n't want winged children.' They were waited upon by a group of politicians who asked them to leave town. So we have asked them to come here, for, between you and me, we feel that if there are going to be many more winged children, we might as well have the honor of founding the first aërial community."

I called Mary to me.

"Dearest, you are n't alone in the world any more; there is a little winged boy born in Cincinnati, and a little girl like you in Idaho."

Mary smiled, without surprise.

"I knew it, Mother dear."

"How could you know it?"

My tall daughter came up to me, her wings a lovely suffused rose color. She slowly lifted them and covered us both while she said softly:

"Mother darling, you did n't know I had a friend, a young East-Indian—a man—a boy about eighteen. He has tawny gold wings like his eyes and his skin."

"Mary,"—I clutched her,—“not wings like you, your age?"

My girl was very calm.

"Yes, Mother dear. Of course I would n't have been apt to meet my mate at the parties here, so I just flew around, looking for him. I used to fly out at sunset where I knew, if there was any him, he would be flying, too. And—he was, Mumsey. I met him the earth side of a lovely golden cloud. We were so glad to see each other; he had been very lonely in India."

"And he was—looking for you? Even with wings!"

I was silent; the soft rose arch trembled a little.

"Mother, don't be hurt; we were made for each other. We have flown together much now, and we like the same cloud paths. Our wings measure almost the same, except that his are stronger; mine, he says, are finer. Mother darling, you are sure to like him. He is like father, only younger and even more confident and sweet and strong."

I could only gasp:

"From India!"

"Oh," remarked Mary, casually, "he has a job in an American college. He's a sort of wizard in astronomy. What he has been finding out about the universe has been terribly unpopular. That's why he flies out to the sunset every night to drink color and distance. He says he'd die of thirst in the average American university. One night when I was helping him make some measurements of an aeroplane path he's doing to Mars he asked me to marry him. We shall live on the earth, though. God wants us to keep our feet on the earth."

"God?"

"We have heard God speaking," said Mary, gravely. "He spoke to our minds."

I was silent. Mary put her head in my lap.

"I have told father and Professor Downby," she said softly. "They seemed more pleased than you. They said, 'There might be a chance for ascent, after all.'" My daughter folded her wings. "Do you suppose," she said dreamily, "that just because you and father have been so true and patient and unafraid and have stuck firmly to winged ideas and things that are progressive and forward moving that—that—"

"That what?" I asked in an awed voice.

"That some day that man from India and I will have winged children, and that the whole world will mount up as with wings?"

I looked where she looked and I dreamed that general rising, and saw at last patronage, privilege, fear, greed, superstition, prejudice, and ignorance dead like toads in their slime.



## More of an Arabian Anabasis

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

DRAWINGS BY KERR EBY



THE routine of a caravan on the march is as changeless as the desert itself. Awakened by Achmet at three o'clock in the morning, we would crawl shivering from our blankets to dress in darkness and bitter cold. And the cold of early morning in the Hamad pierces one to the bone. By the time Sherin had got the Primus stoves going and had prepared breakfast, which consisted of tea, usually with a dash of rum, hard biscuits or the leathery Arab bread, scrambled eggs, and tinned sausages, the tent had been struck and, with our bedding and other camp equipment, packed on the camels. At four o'clock, just as the eastern sky was graying, Ghazi Mansour would mount his white *hejin*, and the march began.

We made it a practice to walk for the first three or four hours, thus varying the monotony and sufficiently tiring ourselves, so that the long hours in the saddle were more easily endured. These pedestrian interludes in the cool fragrance of the early dawn were the pleasantest part of the day, for, save where the desert was strewn with flint-like volcanic rock, the walking was good and we could step out briskly—so briskly, in fact, that we usually kept well in advance of the main body of the caravan, for a draft camel, unless pushed, seldom averages over two and a half miles an hour. With pipes

alight, we would stride along as though out for a tramp in the country, discussing politics, science, literature, art, religion, which, for some reason, was always a favorite topic—anything, in fact, which served to while the hours away. But, as the day advanced, it grew too hot for walking, and by eight o'clock we were usually glad to take to our saddles again. The great caravan routes, which have been used from time beyond reckoning, are usually well defined; not a single beaten road, of course, but a number of narrow, sinuous, more or less parallel trails made by the padded feet of untold generations of camels.

Because of an injury to my back sustained during the war, I had not dared to depend on a camel alone and had insisted on Mohammed Bassam providing me with a horse, the only one in the caravan, which we used between us, turn and turn about. This horse was an Arab, it is true, but it was *not* the desert steed of fiction, curved of neck and long of pastern, but a rather dejected-looking sorrel pony which suffered from constitutional laziness; so that long before the journey was over my arm was lame from beating tattoos with a stick upon its bony sides. It takes a fast-walking horse to keep up with camels, and on more than one occasion I fell so far behind that the sheik sent to my rescue an Arab

mounted on a fast *hejin*. He would take a turn of my halter-rope about the pommel of his saddle, cluck his animal into a sort of running walk, and drag the unwilling pony along in his wake, like a tugboat towing a lighter, until we overtook the caravan.

I wish that my friends at home might have seen me when fully accoutred for the march. I looked like one of Sherman's bummers on the march to the sea, for slung across my shoulders or strapped to the saddle were my field-glasses, camera, pistol, rifle, bandoleer, water-bottle, raincoat, blankets, and a haversack bulging with odds and ends for which space could not be found elsewhere. As the heat increased, I substituted for my jacket a voluminous white *abieh* which I had bought in Damascus, and over my helmet draped a *keffieh*, which fell down over my shoulders, protecting my neck from the sun and producing an almost imperceptible current of air. When the sun approached its zenith, I unfurled a dilapidated umbrella loaned me by Fuad's mademoiselle. It was not picturesque, but it afforded considerable protection, and, with the mercury at 130, it is the part of wisdom to take no chances. Hutchings did take a chance, and was rewarded by a sunstroke which kept him in a Bagdad hospital for days.

From our start at four in the morning until we pitched camp at sunset there was rarely a halt save occasionally about noon, when Ghazi Mansour sometimes broke the march long enough to permit the making of coffee. Nor would anything have been gained by a midday halt, as is the custom of expeditions in cooler latitudes, for there is no shade in the desert, and even had the tents been pitched, the heat

beneath them would have been insufferable. Our noon meal, therefore, consisted only of tinned fruit, usually pineapple, and a handful of dried dates and figs, which we carried in our haversacks and ate as we rode.

All day long, day in and day out, we rode across a burning, desolate waste, flatter and hotter than it is possible to imagine or describe. One could see only a few miles in any direction. The whole of our world had become a flat, brown disk, reflecting the scorching sun-rays in quivering mirage. Though the Hamad is, for the most part, as level as a ball-room floor, one gets the impression that it is tilted and that he is forever riding uphill. The sun is pitiless, implacable, terrifying. It pursues one mercilessly, beating down upon one's head and shoulders with a vindictiveness which seems almost personal. The heat in the Hamad during the late spring and summer cannot be realized by one who has not experienced it. Fortunately, however, it is a dry heat, like that of Death Valley and the Colorado Desert, and one does not perspire; but it seems literally to shrivel one up. Every particle of moisture leaves the body until one feels like an orange that has been squeezed dry. The skin turns to blotting-paper; the lips and gums crack open; the tongue swells, and there is no saliva with which to moisten it. The eyeballs become inflamed; any exposed portion of the body is burned as though by fire. The dust stirred up by the camels rises in suffocating yellow clouds, filling nostrils, eyes, and ears. A mighty, invisible finger seems to be pressing intolerably upon one's head and spine; the brain reels. The heat-waves dance and flicker above the unending waste. What appear to



be purple storm-clouds rise and fall dizzily on the horizon. Occasionally there is a breeze, but it is so laden with heat that it is like a blast from a furnace. The man who says he loves the desert at all times is either a liar or a fool. He might as well say that he loves the stoke-hold of a steamer.

The sense of solitude is overpowering. As far as the eye can see is nothing but orange waste, unbroken by anything over a foot high. Northward that waste stretches for half a thousand miles to the Kurdish mountains, eastward for thirteen hundred miles to the Afghan border, southward for a like distance to the shores of the Indian Ocean. You feel as though you were afloat on a deserted sea. The monotony is appalling: the unending expanse of brown and yellow; the rhythmic sway of the camels, and the unhurried rise and fall of their long brown legs; the creak of the saddles; the smell of sweat-soaked leather; the shrill, plaintive voice of a cameleer raised in Arab song; the intolerable glare reflected from the sun-baked earth as from a sheet of copper; and, high overhead, the sun, a ball of molten brass suspended in a sky that looks like an inverted bowl of bluest porcelain. If one dared to look up at it, its brilliancy blinded him as though some one had flashed a mirror in his eyes.

I lived over again days spent in cleaner, greener lands, tormenting myself with mental pictures of tumbling mountain torrents in the Rockies; of New England wells brimming with fresh, cool water; of porcelain tubs in shaded bath-rooms; of ice tinkling in tall, thin, frosted glasses; of plates heaped high with ice-cream. To pass the hot and weary hours I deliberated on the dinner that I would order when we were back in civilization again: iced consommé, iced cucumbers, cold chicken, grape-fruit salad, iced coffee, and again ice-cream. For one small piece of the ice and snow which had covered the streets of New York when I left, and which I had trampled under foot disrespectfully, I would have given all that I possessed. None of us will ever touch ice hereafter save with the same respect and consideration that we would show to a precious stone.

In other lands one can while away the tedium of a journey by reading, playing cards, or making plans and dreaming dreams, but it is next to impossible to maintain a train of thought for any length of time in the desert. So, to break the monotony, Ladew sang songs, one of which had a refrain, highly suggestive in the circumstances, which ran, "The Gipsy warned me, the Gipsy warned me"; Sherin whistled as he rode; and I recited





scraps of verse, Kipling or Service usually, or hummed snatches of college songs that had been tucked away in some pigeonhole of my mind since boyhood days. Hutchings, who was suffering from a form of sunstroke, rode in gloomy silence, bent double in his saddle to relieve his throbbing head. There was nothing that we could do for him.

There is no way that I have discovered for a European to be even moderately comfortable on a camel, whether on a saddle or in a litter. One is aware of the existence of bones in the most unexpected portions of one's anatomy, and these bones soon begin aching furiously in the unaccustomed position. After a few days, of course, one becomes inured to the novel posture and to the animal's peculiar gait; but it is never really enjoyable, at least at the walk, though some of the *hejin*, or racing camels, have a trot as smooth and pleasant as the singlefoot of a Kentucky thoroughbred.

Circumstances over which we had no control necessitated our starting on our journey during the fasting month of Ramadan, the Lent of the Mohammedans, during which no devout Mos-

lem eats, drinks, or smokes between sunrise and sunset. The fanatically pious, indeed, even go to the length of refraining from swallowing their own saliva. Though persons making a journey, the sick, and young children are specifically exempted from this fast, the Arabs attached to our caravan belonged to a sect whose rules permit of no relaxation of its observance. Consequently, these men would travel for twelve, and sometimes sixteen, hours under a scorching sun without once touching food or water. I have never seen so remarkable an example of religious self-denial. On the hottest and longest march of all, when we covered more than forty miles with the mercury in the neighborhood of 120, little Achmet made the entire distance on foot without once moistening his tongue, which by nightfall was black and swollen. Though I repeatedly proffered him my water-bottle, he always shook his head in refusal with a forced, but cheery, smile. Even when sunset came they did not break their fast until, the tents having been pitched and the camels unloaded, they had formed in line, their faces turned southward toward the Kaaba, and had gone through the interminable

series of prayers and prostrations enjoined upon the faithful, including the quick glance over each shoulder, accompanied by a muttered ejaculation, which is supposed to drive away the lurking evil spirits. It is true that we occasionally made a brief halt in the middle of the day for coffee, but I noticed that this breach of their tenets was regarded by the more devout with open disapproval. Though Ghazi Mansour never failed to take part in the prescribed prayers, I gathered that he was far from being as orthodox as the majority of his followers, while Fuad, though professing Mohammedanism, regarded these observances with the cynical tolerance of a man of the world.

Kipling's description of the desert as "a piece of red hot sand with a palm on either hand" does not apply to the Hamad, or, indeed, to any other portion of northern Arabia. In the first place, there is no sand, and, in the second, there are no palms, or, for that matter, anything else over eighteen inches high. Certain portions of the Hamad would, if irrigated, become as fertile as the Imperial Valley of California, of which it was said barely a dozen years ago that a coyote made its last will and testament before attempting to cross it. Many of the wadis in which we camped had excellent pasturage even in late May, but interspersing these fertile patches were great lava beds, strewn with fragments of volcanic rock as sharp as glass. Generally speaking, the Hamad has a gravelly surface, frequently as smooth and pleasant as a gravel walk at home,



dotted with small clumps of bunch-grass; so that it resembles an enormous brown mattress tufted with green. In places its dead flatness is broken by low plateaus, rising abruptly from the plain, or by small, isolated hills suggestive of South African kopjes, or again by great masses of volcanic rock which look for all the world like huge piles of children's building-blocks. Sometimes these tumbled heaps assume the most curious and fantastic forms—turreted castles, crenelated battlements, medieval gateways, strongly reminiscent

of the Hopi country of New Mexico. This resemblance became more striking toward nightfall, when the level rays of the dying sun transformed the rocks into huge lumps of amethyst, malachite, lapis lazuli, amber, and rosy coral. During the winter and early spring the desert, so we were told, is covered with wild flowers, but the only one we saw was a lovely orange-red poppy. Everything else had succumbed to the fiery blast of the sun.

The desert abounds in various forms of wild life, the most characteristic being the gazelle, of which we saw hundreds, usually in herds of from four to a dozen. These little animals, whose name is a synonym for gracefulness, are incredibly swift and extremely timid, it always being a source of astonishment to me when our Arabs succeeded in killing one. The usual method of hunting the gazelle is by stalking, the hunter concealing himself behind a camel, of which the gazelles are not suspicious and which they frequently permit to approach within easy rifle-range, whereupon the Arab, suddenly

dropping on one knee, fires beneath the camel's belly. In the neighborhood of Damascus, where the desert is exceptionally smooth and level, gazelles are hunted in motor-cars, being pursued relentlessly until they drop from exhaustion. I was told that this was a favorite sport of King Feisal during his brief sojourn in Damascus as ruler of Syria. A day's march beyond the wells at El Garah we saw in the distance what we at first took to be a caravan, but which proved, upon investigation, to be a drove of wild camels or, to put it more accurately, camels which had not been domesticated, led by a gigantic cream-colored male. Though we saw no hyenas, we occasionally heard at night their eery, blood-curdling laughter, as well as the long-drawn, melancholy howls of jackals, with which the desert abounds. The only snake I saw was about four feet in length and resembled a copperhead; its bite, the Arabs warned us, was extremely poisonous. We also noted a peculiar bird, with short legs, which could carry it through the brush at surprising speed, an extraordinarily long neck, and a brownish body about the size of a turkey's. I could not learn its European name, but I think it was some variety of bustard.

The first day, in order to reach some wells, we continued the march until long after nightfall; but thereafter we usually pitched camp at sunset, a wadi,

or shallow valley, containing pasturage and, if possible, water, being chosen for the purpose. By customarily pitching their tents on the floor of a valley, where they are at the mercy of riflemen posted on the surrounding hills, the Arabs violate one of the rudiments of military tactics; but Ghazi Mansour explained that such danger was more than counterbalanced by the fact that the camp-fires could not be seen by marauding Bedouins. The caravan leader having selected the camping site, and indicated where the tents were to be pitched, the camels were "barracked" and unloaded with surprising rapidity. Rigid discipline was maintained among the Arabs, and everything was done in perfect order. The huge bales of merchandise, sewn up in burlaps, were placed so as to form a *zareba*, or inclosure, which would afford almost complete protection in case of attack, the low black tents of goat's-hair being erected close by.



Our own tent, which had been provided by Mohammed Basam and was of canvas, we insisted on having pitched at least a hundred yards from the main encampment; otherwise the chattering of the Arabs and the grunting of the camels would

have made sleep out of the question. As soon as the tents had been pitched, the camels were driven off to graze in charge of herders, being brought back at nightfall, however, and hobbled in

a long line immediately without the walls of the *zareba*. As soon as darkness closed in, the rifles were placed in readiness for instant use, sentinels were posted, and all the other precautions imperative in an enemy's country were rigidly enforced.

Occasionally Rahat Effendi or Captain Abbas would join the circle about our camp-fire, and now and then some of the cameleers would drop in; for the Arabs are a thoroughly democratic people and love nothing better than a gossip. These fireside conversations, though carried on perforce through an interpreter, were intensely fascinating, for we heard strange tales of the desert—sand-storms, Bedouin raids, terrible waterless marches—from the lips of men who had themselves been the chief actors in them. They told us of the mysterious cities of nether Arabia, some of which have never been seen by a European, and of the strange customs practised in them; of the great chieftains of the hinterland, who carry huge sums of gold about with them in safes lashed to the backs of camels and who number their animals by the hundred thousand; of whole caravans perishing from thirst and whole tribes wiped out by massacre; of gun-running exploits and the details of the slave-trade (for think not that the traffic in "black ivory" was ended by the Geneva Convention); of intertribal wars in which hundreds of men lost their lives, but news of which never reached the European papers. It was a wild, picturesque, alluring life.

There is no twilight in the desert. One moment the sun rides high in the heavens; the next it dies in brief, but flaming, splendor. There are a few moments of ruddy afterglow, and then at one bound comes the dark. One by

one the stars appear, as when the lights are turned on at nightfall in a city, until the purple-velvet sky is cut across by a broad swath of silver dust—the Milky Way. And so we would fall asleep, lulled by the murmur of Arab voices and the grumbling of the camels, in our nostrils the acrid scent of dung-fed camp-fires, our sun-scorched faces fanned by the delicious coolness of the night breeze, above us a moon that looked like an enormous silver platter, and the stars very near. It is usually late before the camp falls asleep, for your Arab dearly loves to gossip. The fires die down to beds of glowing embers. The night wind rises, and I draw my blankets about me more closely. I can discern the dim, misshapen forms of the camels tethered outside the *zareba* walls. A sentry, rifle on shoulder, muffled to the eyes in his *abieh*, moves past on noiseless feet. A jackal howls in the darkness. Something rustles in the undergrowth; a snake or a lizard, no doubt. The moon transforms the yellow desert into a lake of molten amber. Over everything a magic silence falls.

After leaving El Garah we experienced several terrible days of mirage. I do not know whether our eyes had been affected by weariness and the sun-glare, but on every hand we saw lakes, brushwood, low hills, and always they proved to be the same dark patches of gravel. Time and time again I could have sworn that we were approaching broad lagoons; we could actually see the reeds along the shore and the wind-stirred ripples on the surface of the water, but no water was ever there. It was easy to understand how men dying of thirst are lured on and on by this curious optical illusion.

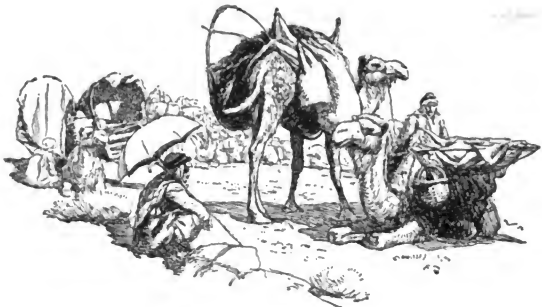
The fourth night out from El Garah

we encamped by some all-but-dried-up wells at the foot of a butte which rose abruptly from the plain. The wells were miserable affairs, mere pits in the soft limestone rock, the muddy, brackish water being so low that it could be drawn only by lowering buckets at the end of several halter-ropes tied together. The Arabs, I might add, do not observe even the most rudimentary rules of sanitation, and, as a result, the desert wells are almost invariably polluted, the water quite unfit for man or beast.

The tents had been pitched on a gravelly slope at the foot of the cliff, Sherin had the stoves going, and, to pass the time while supper was preparing, I had climbed to the summit of the butte to take a look over the sur-

rounding country with my glasses for signs of game or Bedouins. Quite suddenly there appeared in the west what appeared to be a moving wall of purplish brown, which advanced with the speed of an express-train, quickly blotting out the fiery ball of the sun. The sky turned from turquoise to indigo, and through it darted incessant spears of lightning. The thunder was continuous, like the roar of cannon. For a moment I stood rooted to the rock in fascination, for I had never witnessed a scene so awesome or terrifying. Then I turned and ran, sliding and scrambling down the steep face of the butte oblivious of cuts and bruises. Just as I reached the camp the storm struck us. The velocity of the wind was terrific; it was like a blast from an





airplane propeller multiplied a thousand times. The air was so filled with driven sand that I could not see a rod in front of me; it stung and lacerated my face until it felt as though it had been rubbed with emery-paper. The tent-pegs were jerked from the ground, and the canvas, bellying like a balloon, would have been blown away had we not thrown our weight upon the guyropes. The flimsy Arab tents, less firmly anchored, disappeared before the blast like newspapers in a gale. The camels, which were being driven back from pasture, promptly became panic-stricken, and stampeded through the camp, in their mad rush trampling everything that was in their path. In an instant pandemonium reigned. The uproar was deafening: the shouts of the Arabs, the screams of frightened women, the snarling of the camels, the splintering of wood, the clatter of tinware, the ripping of canvas, and, over all, the deep roar of the mighty wind and the incessant roll of thunder. Then came the rain. The heavens emptied themselves in a downpour such as I had never dreamed of. The water did not come down in sheets or streams, but in a solid volume, like the falls at

Niagara. In less time than it takes to tell about it our beds, our blankets, our clothing, and such of our food as was not tinned were drenched as with a fire-hose. The storm passed as abruptly as it came, leaving havoc in its wake. In fifteen minutes the rain had ceased and the desert was as breathless as before, but in that brief space the broad wadi on the slopes of which we were encamped had been transformed into a lake a quarter of a mile long and in the center several feet deep. We spent the whole of the next day at the wells, drying out our belongings and repairing the damage wrought by the storm.

Because it became known in the camp that we had with us a small supply of medicines and simple remedies, such as iodine, quinine, dysentery-cure, and arnica, the simple-minded children of the desert regarded us as physicians and fully qualified to treat all the ailments to which human flesh is heir. One of the passengers, an elderly Turk whose face had been terribly disfigured by the kick of a camel and who appeared to be in imminent danger of losing one of his eyes, implored us to give him treatment. Owing to

the limitations of our medicine-chest, there was little that we could do, but we sponged out the wound with boiled water, used iodine liberally as an antiseptic, and bandaged him up in a manner which was more impressive than professional; whereupon he seemed quite satisfied.

As we approached the Euphrates the heat became so intense that we feared for the effect on Hutchings if he had to endure another long day's ride in the sun; so I prevailed upon the sheik to advance the hour of starting from four A.M. to midnight. To this request he acceded with some reluctance, for it requires constant vigilance to keep the camels together in the darkness, and on the little used route we were following it was difficult to find the way by night. I shall always number that last ride among my pleasantest recollections. The night was milder than usual, and the gentle breeze brought to our nostrils the unmistakable scent of water and vegetation. The camels scented it, too, and stepped out eagerly. The air was as soft as the cheek of a young girl. Every one was in better spirits now, for after many weary days we were almost within sight of the great river and our journey's end. And low in the eastern sky, in the direction of Bagdad, hung a crescent-shaped moon, with a single star almost between its horns, like the emblem on the Turkish flag, which, the Arabs declared, was an unfailling omen of good luck.

I was riding beside the sheik at the head of the dim procession, the purple of night was almost imperceptibly fading into the gray of dawn, when from a low ridge at our left came a harsh command to halt. Instantly our Arabs unslung their rifles,—I

could hear the rattle of the breech-blocks all down the line,—and the caravan hastily closed up. At the same moment a score of mounted figures suddenly appeared on our flank, dimly outlined against the graying sky. Ghazi Mansour shouted a question the answer to which was evidently reassuring, for, lowering his rifle, he rode forward to meet them. There was a brief parley in the darkness; then he came riding back, accompanied by a young Arab mounted on the most beautiful white *hejin* that I had yet seen. Though his head and shoulders were enveloped in the *keffieh* of a desert Bedouin, I caught a glimpse of smartly cut breeches and a brass-buttoned tunic and a Sam Browne belt, so that I was not surprised when Ghazi Mansour introduced him to us as the *bimbashi* (major) in command of a frontier patrol of the Irak Camel Corps. Then we drew a breath of relief, for we had reached Mesopotamia at last. Sherin, though an Irishman, visibly swelled with pride, for, as he explained, he was once again within that empire on which the sun never sets and under the shadow of the Union Jack.

The *bimbashi*, it appeared, had been informed by his scouts that a mysterious force of considerable strength was approaching by a route seldom used by caravans, and, assuming that we must be either gun-runners or raiders, he had arranged for our reception an extremely neat little surprise party. His men, to the number of forty or more, he had posted along the low hills which formed the sides of the valley through which we were advancing, and had set up a machine-gun so that it could enfilade a shallow wadi through which we must pass. He



was an exceedingly smart and soldierly young man, though I learned afterward from the British constabulary commander at Ramadi that two years before he had been an untamed son of the desert, dwelling in a goat's-hair tent and wearing his hair in braids. He and his troopers were striking examples of how a British drill-sergeant can "make riflemen from mud." He insisted that we should accompany him to his camp, pitched in a deep nullah at the foot of an ancient Turkish fort, where we sat cross-legged on thick red carpets and consumed enormous quantities of coffee, tea, and cigarettes. The sun was high in the blue before we waved him farewell and started on the last lap of our journey, with the Euphrates only four hours' march away.

It was noon when, topping a little rise, we saw, a few miles across the plain, the flat-roofed buildings of Kabaissa, the westernmost outpost on the Mesopotamian frontier. Through my glasses I could discern, flying above the most pretentious building, an unfamiliar banner with a red triangle and stripes of black and white and green, which I knew for the flag of Irak. Beyond the town was a thick fringe of date-palms, the first trees of any kind that we had seen in upward of five hundred miles, and beyond that again, writhing across the desert like a monstrous gray-green snake, was that most historic of all rivers, the Euphrates. We had crossed Arabia.

At Kabaissa we found awaiting us a motor-car, which had been sent to meet us by the high commissioner, Sir Percy Cox, who had been notified

of our impending arrival by the British high command in Constantinople. Though we were begrimed with dirt, blistered by the sun, and weary to the point of exhaustion, I think that we all experienced a little pang of regret that our journey was at an end, that our great adventure was over. I know that when I bade farewell to Ghazi Mansour and Rahat Effendi and Fuad and Captain Abbas and little Achmet I felt that I was taking leave of old and tried friends. For many days we had ridden with them, boot to boot, across the world's most inhospitable waste, and never once had they failed in courage or generosity or kindness. They are all scattered now. Though they are of an alien race and another faith, they are brave hearts and charming gentlemen. To them, across the miles, I raise my glass.

That night we spent in Ramadi as the guests of the British political officer, a youthful Oxonian who rules with tact and understanding a region as large as many a European kingdom. We dined on the roof with a dozen other British officers and officials, most of them mere boys, and related the story of our adventures, and until far into the night listened spellbound to tales which would have provided material for a dozen novels. It was very late when I took to my bed, and a crescent-shaped moon swung low to the morn, but I could not sleep. I lay on my back and stared up at the stars. I felt that this was not really the end. Some day, I knew not when, I should come back to Arabia and the desert, and my swaying, silent-footed camels would bear me east again.





## Faint Perfume<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel in Four Parts—Part II*

BY ZONA GALE, AUTHOR OF "MISS LULU BETT," *etc.*

WOODCUT BY BERNHARDT KLEBOE

THE train which Richmiel did finally name was due in the early morning. The Prospect guests usually arrived in this express, and Prospect etiquette demanded an escort. There was something Oriental in this.

Leda, Tweet, and the Gideonite reached the station in darkness. Under the high, forlorn incandescent lamp on the uncovered platform the Gideonite crunched back and forth in the snow, and in the darkness his *esprit* was operative. *He* was used to early trains, he should hope.

"I don't see why you need to brag about it," Tweet said crossly.

Leda was silent, happy. Across the Prospect marshes there was approaching a certain being. The sky was white with stars; the dry cold bore a quality of resistance, of caress.

The thundering "through" carried special coaches, sealed like sarcophagi and placarded "Ballet Russe." It was

a marvel, all those fairy feet in Prospect on that platform.

"Some theatrical troupe or other," observed the Gideonite.

So long was Richmiel in alighting that they had given her up. The Prospect way was to be at the coach-door ready to pop out on the instant. Richmiel's ways were other: many wraps, many belongings, a clutter of little circumstances. "One side!" cried the porter to those who had come to meet her. Even under that one incandescent bulb there outrayed from Richmiel the shops of Europe. She asked:

"Where is the black bag? Is that the tan bag? Have you the little bag, porter? Where is Oliver?"

She kissed wonderfully, a perfume stealing from her through the cold—the perfume of a closed room, warm and waiting for a rendezvous.

She and Oliver stood on the platform alone. No one else had alighted

<sup>1</sup> Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

from the train. It was Tweet who cried out:

"Where 's Barnaby?" Where was he? The doors of the vestibules were closed, the train began to move. "Did n't he come?" Tweet's high voice pressed it.

"I 'll give you an account of him later," said Richmiel, smoothly. "No, he did n't come."

Leda was stupefied; some factor of her being was withdrawn. In her disappointment she felt young and angry. But he was coming, he must be coming.

"But is n't he coming?" the Gideonite tried to boom above the roll of wheels.

They heard Richmiel say, Please! please! That her teeth were chattering. They moved down the platform. Tweet and Orrin, mystified, yet retaining their high sense of climax, tried to say that it did n't seem possible that she was there after all these years. But this Richmiel passed over in favor of an account of the porter who had not called them in time or blackened Oliver's boots. And, "Oh, yes," she said, "here 's Oliver."

The little boy accepted the moment with a beautiful earnestness. He did his part with a certain air of faithfulness. You saw that if he failed now at any point, he would remember the failure with smarting. They descended steps, and there came Pearl, running limply, like a badly wound toy. She said never so much. The rattling bus drove by them; no Prospect visitor ever took it, because it insisted upon going to its hotel first. It would have occurred to no one in the town to have out a "livery" at that hour. Richmiel said: Oh, were they going to walk? Oh, they were? Richmiel, treading the

Prospect sidewalks at dawn, was anomalous, a Meissonier figure in a canvas by Ridgway Knight.

Now the air was thinning, and the little houses emerged pleasantly, wrapped in their frail safety of wall and lock. The Gideonite rallied and began interpreting. As he passed these houses, marriages, elections, deaths flowed from him—tremendous waste, tremendous pity crying in the street below a faint horn or two of triumph. Once those others had believed themselves to be Prospect. Richmiel was saying yes, she remembered, and they did n't think she could have left her bead bag in the train, did they?

The whole way Leda said hardly a word.

Then the Crumb house, lights in all the windows, and a straight smoke, a blue muezzin, announcing something.

The street door swung open, and mama prevailed.

## § 2

At breakfast the confusion was indescribable. Not a sentence was finished.

Since it was five o'clock instead of eight, a new method was required. Mama was in a black taffeta dressingsack sacred to Sunday mornings. Tweet and Pearl wore their pendants. In homage to the unique, a high, green glass dish of preserves stood on the table. The tempo of the household was accelerated, its rhythm changed.

Among them sat Richmiel. She was flaxen, silken, slow, as thick and white as a Borgia; a product of Prospect cooled in a fancy mold.

She would take nothing but coffee and oranges, and over this the Crumbs were as much exercised as over the non-

appearance of Barnaby; rather more. At any reference to him Richmiel lifted brows and dropped lids, both inscrutable. She turned the talk to Leda, whom she was genuinely glad to see.

"You have an air of town," she said to her, and covertly Tweet and Pearl looked at each other. Had not they an air of town? "Every one in America has an air of town now," Richmiel added, "but you—" She continued to regard her. Leda looked up dumbly. Was this cool, blond, powerful woman going to make things better or worse in that house? And where was her husband?

The most charming one at table was Oliver. He was a bit frightened, and his gravity and discretion held all the appeal of the ephemeral. When he was acquainted, he was going to burst into boy; but now he took his dishes so seriously, played so painstakingly at his little rôle! Even upon the assaults of the Gideonite ("Well! well! well! *What* a big boy!") he was polite, though disconcertingly grave.

"Iz-zunt he darling?" Tweet demanded. "Are n't you darling, darling?" and fixed him with a bright look.

Manifestly upset by this unfamiliar challenge, Oliver said regretfully:

"I don't know that game."

The Crumbs laughed like savages, and the child looked pierced with the intolerable anguish of having failed.

"I want to adopt a little boy," Tweet was going on. "Can't I adopt you?"

"My father would n't like that," said Oliver. At his mention of his father his face was beautifully quickened. But he looked about covertly lest they should be laughing again.

"You'd just better let me adopt you while you're here." Tweet put her hands upon him as if he had fur.

Richmiel cried alertly:

"Perhaps I'll leave Oliver with you after a bit and run out to California. I'm afraid this climate—after the Riviera—"

By this observation the family was thrown into dumb disorder. Their looks said, "Leave us, after the nine years!" But the Gideonite remarked that California was the garden spot of the world.

When mama led the way to the living-room, Leda escaped. She went through the pantry, and in the kitchen sat Grandfather Crumb eating apples. She would have liked to say to him untruthfully, "They've been asking for you in there," but this his quietude made impossible. They smiled at each other, and she went on, but, her hand on the stair door, she heard him chuckle.

"Going to fly to the cat hole," he affirmed. As she entered her room she saw that it had resumed its habit of death where that morning had pulsed the physical waves of her expectation.

At fifteen to six, while every one below stairs waited uncertainly about, mama seated herself with an air of leisure and complacence.

"Sit down all," she said, and rocked. "You'll want a nap after a while, but we can't have our first visit spoiled, can we?"

Fifteen to six. Richmiel was dropping with sleep. You were certain that she would sweep aside every consideration and go to her bed. But she hesitated, and to her handsome, impassive face came a light of haunting beauty.

"One of you take Oliver to his room, will you?" she said to her sisters, "and let me have mama?"

She drew mama to the couch. In some way she slipped her splendid figure into the little woman's arms. Mrs. Crumb now seemed to enter upon an accession of life, of size, of manner. Some secret self came through of whom her daily self was but one projection.

"Reesha—"

"Yes, dear."

"What is it? Tell mama."

Richmiel was crying quietly.

"Love me! love me!"

"Mama does love you, Reesha. She's thought about you every hour she's been awake for these nine years."

The disparity in the proportion of her own thought of mama may have tightened Richmiel's arms about her now.

"But something's wrong; mama can see that."

"N-no. Have n't I got *you*—"

"Yes, me, and the girls and the boy." He came third. "And—and Barnaby." Now she paused. The nine years and all Europe seemed to stand in the way of questioning her daughter. "Is n't Barnaby coming?" she put it bravely.

"No."

"Not at all?"

"No."

"Why not, Reesha?"

"Because we're divorced."

Instead of tightening, the mother's arms relaxed.

"What did you do that for?" she demanded shrilly. It was as if her child had broken a vase.

This tone gave Richmiel another mood. She smiled, a wry, fascinating smile, sat up, and touched at her eyes, said:

"How you flatter me! However, it was I who did it. I divorced him in Paris. The decree came just as I sailed."

"What for, for mercy sakes?"

Richmiel's incomparable brows flickered up.

"A number of things; nothing vulgar or public. We—arranged."

That was all very well for Paris.

"What are Prospect folks going to say?" mama cried.

"We need n't tell. Barnaby could not get away; that's all."

Village experience met worldly experience here.

"Those things tell themselves. Of course you have the boy—"

"Yes; all the time."

"Does n't his father have him at all?"

"Not at all, according to the court decree. It was desertion."

Abruptly, Mrs. Crumb's face shot into puckers, as cold water may crystallize at a touch. It seemed to be the mention of the court that did it.

"What a disgrace to *me!*" she said.

"A divorce—in *my* family!"

"Why, it has n't anything to do with you." The separation of the offspring was complete.

In the parent stalk no such sense of separation existed. It was *her* disgrace; she wept.

"*My* little girl! My poor, poor Reesha!"

Obscurely nettled, Richmiel said:

"Not now. It was 'poor me' while I was tied."

Curiosity quenched the mother's tears. Why did n't Reesha tell something? Reesha now did tell; she laid before mama the nine years, edited, and mama incredulously demanded: "Was that *all?*"

"Was n't that enough?" said Reesha.  
 "Yes, yes; but did n't he *do* anything? Was n't there some other woman?"

"No, I don't think there ever was. I know it."

"And you went through the divorce courts just because—"

"Just because we hated each other."

"I never heard of such a thing!" cried mama. "How in the world did you get a court to give you a divorce on that?"

"It was done quietly. Barnaby did it. He went over to England for a year—that was the desertion. I was at Vevey and Cannes. Part of that time he had Oliver; it gave me a splendid rest. Of course the court did n't know anything about that. Then we had the hearing. That was all there was to it."

Mama was weeping again.

"When you were a little thing, if I had ever imagined—"

Now it was Richmiel who brooded upon her, murmured to her. Richmiel formed her words as if her lips were closing over them; her murmured words were made like kisses. Tweet and Pearl came upon them, Tweet saying:

"You two have had long enough. What are you talking about, anyway?"

At sight of mama's tears they stood smitten with curiosity that was clothed in solicitude. Now the explanation. Soft cries, commiseration, lament, a hornet's nest; and at last Richmiel yawning and going off to bed.

Hearing their high voices, Leda divined that they must know it now, whatever it was. When there came a tap at the door and the inevitable, "It 's only me, Cousin Leda," she was for once glad to admit Pearl. Pearl

enjoyably told her all, and demanded with bright eyes:

"Is n't it awful for Reesha?"

Leda said:

"Then he 'll never come here now?"

"I should hope not. Reesha says—"

When Pearl went away, Leda stood very small in her room. She had been a minute living thing circumscribed by death; in that interval she had become a minute dead thing circumscribed by roaring confusion. In her now was no sensation but a silence. Now she understood that she had never once faced her months in this house: she had merely fled for refuge to the thought of the arrival of this other being. But yet not the being; the abstraction.

Here instead awaited her only that new horror, new by only a few thousand years, which attends on the emergence of sensibility—the new horror of an isolated sensibility warred upon by the still insensible flesh of the race from which it rises.

That day she sought out the young Prospect physician, told him that it was imperative that she return to work; was reminded of her sleepless nights and of the devouring pain; was warned that she had one chance to avoid long illness, and that chance was rest. She disbelieved, raged, brought no alternative; angrily told him that it was laughable to be a mind and a spirit caught in a web of no money. The young physician reminded her that it had happened before. "Get interested in your surroundings," said he.

§ 3

Richmiel in negligée, pink and perishable, in fact partly perished; Tweet in a negligée creased with regularity, like a negligée kept in a trunk. Mama's negligée was durable,

and over it she wore a white apron. They were, in this second week after the arrival of Richmiel, planning a party for her. The making of the list involved the recital to Richmiel of nine years of occurrence. Dishonor, gain, love, betrayal, courage, surged from mama and Tweet and Pearl—nine years of blood and tears and joy. Often in the same tone they included a pattern or a recipe.

"All very bad," said Richmiel, yawning, "but my disaster was the worst. I married a brain. I fancy," she shot at Leda, "you would n't mind that."

Leda sat there, deep in her rôle of spectator, reduced, scaled down, less than herself.

"Any brain?" she murmured. "Marry any brain?"

"I would marry no brain," Richmiel declared. "I would marry nothing—nothing but a heart. The difficulty is, a heart burns out; but there is a man's nice hard brain saved from the fire. Nothing else. And it's all you've left forevermore."

Hearing her say this with a manner of having rehearsed and even already delivered it, Leda was touched. This was better than that evening spent in telling them of the canals of Venice. And the doves, the doves.

"But this husband of mine whom I've just divorced," she went on, "had not only brains, but souls. Oh, several. It was terrible."

Leda was looking at Richmiel's hands—hands manifesting marriage, no one could say how. Leda was thinking that he knew every vein of that hand. Had loved it, hated it.

"Was he—" Leda stopped. Already she had tried to ask about him. "Was he—" she said again, and could

ask nothing. She regarded Richmiel's disorderly pink length, saw, as she had already seen in her, the domestic wanton, without occupation; was silent.

Mama, her own life going on briskly within her, had counted something with moving lips and now said:

"I've got enough napkins—six dozen, of nice linen." She glowed with housewifery. In her face was the time when she had had no linen napkins. "With the initial," she added and glanced about. "Papa bought them," she superadded, and then the thought of Mr. Crumb lay spread upon her face like fine ashes. All the life that she had stirred in her. But it was not enough to signal to her daughters, who hardly heard what she said, or heard no more than she said.

The telephone rang, and Tweet sprang to answer it. Though in Prospect the telephone was always answered on the run, Tweet's haste seemed more than custom. She came back sparkling. Mama cried:

"Who was that? Tweet, it's another orphan you've got track of!" Tweet's pink and milky face froze.

"And what if it is? I guess Orrin and I—" She remembered Richmiel's presence and dwindled. Her face remained frozen milk, but her new and secret hope warmed her eyes. This look of hope was as if an empty organ within her had abruptly uttered words through the walls of her.

Richmiel yawned and let fall a slipper, white satin, not quite clean.

"You ought to have married a man like Barnaby," she directed at Leda.

Leda sat there, walled as she was. "I know it," she said savagely.

"I don't see—" Richmiel appraised her indelicately, hesitated delicately.

"I 'm waiting," said Leda, coolly, "for another Barnaby."

"*Ciel!*" said Richmiel, "there 's only one of him!" She lowered her voice, glanced at Pearl, who stood watching the street, and added to Leda: "Pearl asked me what '*ciel*' means, and I told her it means 'hell.' Now I can have all the effect of swearing and still remain innocent. A great thing, to remain innocent."

Mama said:

"If you knew what it is to have Richmiel here again!" as if nobody else did quite know. And when the two smiled at each other, it was as if mama put out spiritual wings and brooded on Richmiel.

Through glass doors might be seen Grandfather Crumb and Oliver moving about the porch. They were allies. Oliver piped out:

"It 's why I want to go away—because he is n't here. Do you think he 'll come soon?"

"Like enough, like enough."

"I cried me to sleep to see him. If I am a big boy, I cried."

Leda glanced at Richmiel, but she was listening to Tweet about the list.

"I think, if *maman* cried, he might come; but she never cries."

"T-t-t. Never cries."

"I love him the most," said Oliver. In this was all the tragedy of which his thread of being was capable.

Grandfather Crumb put his head into the room, said, "I 'm going to take the little chap for a walk"; spoke importantly, with drawn brows, and seemed in haste. He fumbled in his pockets. He was making a place for himself among them; all the life left in him was giving it to be understood that he too could function, plan, carry out, like anybody.

"You 're going to do nothing of the sort," said mama, shrilly. "It 's too cold."

Grandfather Crumb's look revealed him without defenses, without authority, old. It was only once in a while that he remembered to rebel.

"It was meant right," he mumbled, and withdrew.

Pearl, watching the street, jerked, rose, and went into the passage. They heard the loud laugh of the red, glossy-eyed postman, Duke Envers. Then there was silence. After a time Pearl came back into the room, paused before the mirror in the clock, drooped to a becoming pose, and stood rehearsing what had happened. "Tell you what, I 'll have to write you one," he had said, lower jaw dropping widely on magnificent teeth, waved a stubby hand, banged the hall door on her, helpless "Oh, well—" She knew a very ghost of a thrill, her utmost.

Now they asked Leda about her mourning, were indulgent to her negative, curved their tones to consideration: "You ought to, or else they 'll wonder." Mama said that her mourning was the greatest comfort she had. Leda longed to laugh, then suddenly felt as if she were mama and had mourned. When they offered to help her to mourning, Leda felt *gauche*, offensive, moral as she said: "It is n't that. I don't believe in it." Over her rolled the waves of the Crumb conviction, on which, however, Richmiel rode a gay boat: "It 's very *chic*—mourning. Becomes every one." But now Tweet's voice was a stiff line among her many curves and stabbed with:

"My goodness! I never thought you were *that* queer!"

There fell on Leda that hush which succeeds any violence. An airy, tenta-



tive relationship seemed to suffer the rigor of some death. The moment became wholly physical. Leda thought, "Now they have spoken to me as they speak to one another." It seemed as if the order of things must crack open. The order of things was merely to continue with that list.

It had occurred to Leda that if a camera were to be turned upon them all as they sat at table sometimes, clashing under the red eye of the pointsettia, the negative would not register her as there at all. Now, some light defense being thus torn away by Tweet's words, Leda had no longer that covert. She felt naked among them. She heard them in their talk, the inessential, amplified high lights laid upon the casual, inmost principle obscured. She thought:

"If I live here until I get well, I shall be mortally ill."

Sitting so quietly, smiling at this Irishism, she seemed an idle, poised creature.

Then came Orrin, huge, rough-coated, thrusting away a handkerchief, his casual cough the cough of a Titan. He was all male. He heard of the party, cried:

"Am I invited, Mouse?"

"No, Orrin. It's afternoon."

"Supper for me on the flour-barrel?"

"Orrin," said mama, "we have n't any flour-barrel."

He laughed, eyes closed; said they would have to get a flour-barrel. But mama said no, because sacks were so nice for wiping-towels. He espied Leda, cried:

"Well, well, well, *well*, Cousin Leda!" and gave her arm a tug. She stared up at him, smiling her ready pitiful smile. "What *you* doing, Reesha?" he shouted.

"Becoming acclimated, *cher frère*."

He laughed widely to show that he knew his French. Then his face changed.

"Jinks! I very near forgot." He touched at his pockets, produced a telegram. "Gave it to me as I passed the office." His manner was innocently designed to show that a telegram was nothing, nothing at all.

But it was. Something of the initial thrill of Morse himself entered that room; of Marconi: it was a wireless message. And in Richmiel, as she read, there came a thrill more fundamental than the derived emotion of electricity, perhaps akin to it.

Richmiel read her message, cried out as in distaste, and yet her dimples were to be seen. On her sat an immense surprise, an immense gratification. She laid the paper in mama's hands, but mama could not find her glasses, quavered, "Who's dead?" and passed the paper to the nearest—to Leda.

"From Barnaby, Mama!"

Richmiel's tone seemed to lift the name and scornfully salute it. Scorn in her smile, victory in her eyes, while Leda read aloud, with Tweet and Pearl crowded upon her:

"Must communicate with you. Urgent. Arriving New York Thursday. "BARNABY."

"Thursday! The day of the party!" was mama's comment.

Through their speculation Leda sat silent. Mama was saying that she guessed he'd found out what he'd lost. Tweet, with a slant look at Richmiel, said no; it was probably business. Richmiel said nothing, but her eyes made it plain that she, too, entertained mama's speculation, was avid to handle

it as became her pride. In the joy that was surging through her Leda was aware of an abrupt dread. What if the man was no godlike abstraction, but a creature still caught in the mesh of Richmiel and prowling back to Prospect after her.

The Crumbs were saying that, anyway, if he should come even for a day, then no one in town could suspect divorce. That was one comfort.

They went away to make ready for lunch, and the room was left empty. This room had been brought forth at a low stage of the vitality of the designers: little blue livers, little blue kidneys, little blue lungs, ran on wall and floor.

#### § 4

On the Thursday of the party Richmiel came down early to the living-room, where the winter-afternoon parlor was splashed with decorations. Richmiel was wearing an evening gown of blue, and about her shoulders, deferring to the hour of four, a scarf. If Prospect parties would begin at four and last until eight o'clock of a winter night, one must dress as best one could. Mama, well jetted over, was already down; and Tweet came in, in virgin white, matron snug.

"*Mon dieu,*" said Richmiel, "chairs around the edges! Is it a burial?" She used the word "provincial." Tweet said something of "this Europe business." Pearl in red, valance-and-tester effect, entered, and exclaimed at them in a superior tone; but instantly she, too, became engaged.

In the dining-room Leda filled nut-dishes and thought: "If they come out here now, they will be at me like that," and despised herself for having no certainty that she could handle them.

The guests were forty women who laughed and acquiesced. Tweet handed slips of paper. The women were expectant. What new game had Mrs. Powers brought from Europe? "I hope there won't be anything in it I can't spell." In this game of Tweet's devising the women were caught in an authentic moment of creation. The palate and economy were all; life was not concerned. And some were torn between their ancient pride in housewifery and their new pride in not knowing anything whatever about it. Menus were read aloud, prizes awarded: an apron, a plant. The women opened bright-flowered bags of needlework. In these occupations lay all that they knew of design. On their talk of the physical were put forth occasional flowers of utter faithfulness. Also, it might be, sprigs of curiosity. As:

"You're expecting Mr. Powers soon, are n't you?"

Among these women, so modified by domesticity and religion, Richmiel moved, a centaress; a Prospect head-piece, burnished, but unchanged, to which had been added a body now measurably cosmopolitan and fleet French hoofs. The centaress replied: "Ah, Mr. Powers. Possibly. But he is so busy! So besieged! So denied!"

With not half a dozen unwonted adjectives she subdued her Prospect. The women all murmured, "Certainly."

As the guests were leaving, the telephone rang for Richmiel. She had thrown off her scarf, was blue and gold, exhaling thick fragrance; and now she glowed like a bride. From the telephone she turned and no less than sang to those who remained:

"Mr. Powers has telegraphed me.

He will be here with me to-morrow."

The excitement of guests tore away more Crumb veils, induced new oblivions. When they had gone, Tweet turned upon Leda: Where, my heavens! had been the chocolate sauce for the ice-cream? What had the company thought, being served with plain vanilla? And the candles on the mantel—could n't Leda have remembered to light those? If she was so artistic!

Leda thought:

"Either I shall turn to stone in time or I shall shout at them. Shout out and say—" She began to think what she would say. Her body ached with the ache of her shoulder, and in her head was a familiar numbness.

"I should think New York might have taught you that much," Tweet pursued it.

With excessive modulations of gentleness, Leda heard herself say:

"I 'm most awfully sorry for such breaks, Tweet," and was stupefied by the knowledge that she spoke gently in order to wound Tweet—in order to wound her well, in order to wound her more effectually than by a retaliation in kind. And now she longed to escape from herself more than from the Crumbs.

As into waiting arms she sank to that word, "to-morrow." And she had come to this: even if it was true that Richmiel's beauty was drawing him back, at least he would be here, real, in this labyrinth of the unreal.

### § 5

At breakfast Richmiel said to Oliver: "Your father 's coming to-day, remember."

With a manner of indifference he replied:

"I know that." He did not look up. "Are you glad?"

He said nothing, twisted about, looked gravely on them all.

"I don't believe he cares," Richmiel said aside.

Oliver shouted:

"I do!" and burst into tears.

"Well, I don't believe he wants to see him," said Richmiel with satisfaction.

But Oliver went about collecting objects in a little box. With these he stood by a street window. His forehead pressed against the glass, he watched all day.

The house breathed its suspense. Nothing was known, everything was surmised. The three women were gentler with Richmiel, who bore in their eyes a new importance. She herself put on elaborate unconcern, hummed. The Gideonite had that morning been obliged to leave his home. His women missed the warm sustentation of his *esprit d'occasion*, his reduction of all to one bright, "My stars!"

Leda went through the day still, poised in space, mind registering, but withdrawn from routine, as if to make room for a deeper functioning; webbed in some thick new protection of her own.

Tweet accused her:

"You 're the funniest. You go around just dreaming."

It was true that from the Crumb household Leda had escaped by the simple expedient of living in the arrival of this man.

Toward the end of the afternoon she went to walk. From his post at the window Oliver declined to accompany her, informed her with patience, "My father is coming." She left the village

and walked on the country road. The ground was iron beneath dirty snow. The sky was expressionless save for a light west smoked with dusk. In the dull air she discerned a quality like brilliance. She was seeing objects as if they were both far off and very near, as she had seen them in the shadow of the death of her father. Clear and close, yet remote from routine, stood the water-tower, the pumping-station, the island, the power-tower, the hop-house. All in brilliance, so that she saw them as themselves and not as adjuncts to the village. Out of the Crumb house she came abruptly to herself, understood that all was as before, found that she was neither a shadow nor a point of irritation and pain.

She thought, "If Barnaby Powers, too, is nothing." But here her mind would not dwell. She would think instead: "To-morrow at this time he will be here. To-night. Perhaps now."

It occurred to her that he might remain for only an hour, might even then be at the house. She turned in the road and ran in the dusk and stumbled in the ruts. She thought: "I had a thousand interests. The Crumb house has cut them all off. Is it making me primitive in this, too?"

By a mischance familiar to Prospect the electric light was quenched; the streets were black and sparsely starred by gas-lit panes. At the Crumbs' one window thinned the dark air. By that faint challenge she looked for Oliver's face still at the glass. No face was there.

She entered the house. The passage was silent, but the dining-room door opened, and Tweet advanced.

"It 's ridiculous," said Tweet, instantly and softly, "the way you go off

to walk alone. People 'll think you go to meet somebody."

For the first time a smother of anger caught Leda, whirled her. Her hand was on the living-room door. As she opened it she sang loudly a light bar, and sickened with the swift knowledge that she was using song as a weapon. It flashed through her that she had come to all the unpardonable sins of retort; these her flesh performed for her, blindly. She had a sense of some wound, below the breath, dealt to herself by that light bar.

Before she discerned the room's interior she was aware that something unwonted was there. It was not so definite a value as odor. Particles, perhaps, flowing differently from a new vortex, a different wavelength of personality.

Two candles burned on a high end shelf and threw the room violently from balance. She saw that the three women were there, sitting about on the stuffed chairs and the "davenport," and slim and beautiful in a pool of light Oliver stood near some one else.

With an air of incredible formality Tweet spoke:

"Cousin Leda, here 's Barnaby."

The whole room flowed toward her. Upon it, in that odd light, the shadow of the man was cast, wavering as he rose. He seemed a giant, seemed to fill the air. Above the head of Oliver he put out his hand.

She heard herself saying, "I remember." Manifestly, he did not remember; but he showed an instant ingathering of attention, as if any presentation were a momentary fusing of personalities.

He saw a little figure of a fullness incredible to its obvious lightness, as if its specific gravity were ether. He

saw her delicate, airy, as if there were room in her for other mediums to flow. In her eyes was a look misty, withdrawn to farther laughters. He saw her wandering hair, small features, hands of startling smallness; her casualness, her remoteness, and her vigor assailed him as if a new sense were functioning to apprehend her. All that the Crumbs and John Perrin had never discerned in Leda rushed at Barnaby for recognition. He gave it in his divining look.

Tweet tinkled:

"All in the dark. Is n't it *like* a country town?"

"It 's somehow very right," said Barnaby. "We ought occasionally to move in different lights."

To that word of the abstract, in a house violently dedicated to the concrete, Leda found herself replying in a welling of inner laughter.

"Different colored lights," she said, "thrown on different occasions; then we 'd see them." In her own ears her voice sounded louder than it had ever sounded in that house.

The women all stared up at her; she was aware of those four lifted, creamy faces.

"Imagine," Barnaby returned gravely, "a quarrelsome person suddenly drenched in green light. Would n't he stop it, just?"

He might have read through that light bar at her entrance, might have heard Tweet in the hall. It did not matter. All that mattered were his words, without emphasis, without isolation, flowing in a single impulse, almost parenthetical, faintly husky. Upon them Tweet let loose the dogs of her own breed.

"Oh, but how in the world could that be done?"

"It would be simple," Barnaby said gravely. "The air of a room changes in other ways as different ones speak, or even enter." His faintly smiling look swept Leda, his slur or compliment to her completely safe.

"Unquestionably," said Richmiel now, but as if she merely wished to participate and would have assented to anything. She was on the "davenport," and buttressed by red satin pillows. Her yellow gown unclashed her. She sat, Leda saw, one foot outstretched, gilt-slippered, an eloquent, wifely, wanton foot; her hands, those veined, terribly experienced hands, lay in her lap, waiting; her eyes, double-lidded, heavy as for sleep, were immovably fixed upon the man. Some powerful principle of assertion, of perpetual physical affirmation—this, she thought, was all of Richmiel now.

Barnaby was not looking at her. He was looking at Oliver. The boy's face was lifted to his father as that of a devotee to the heavens. The child was unaware of any one else in the room, on the earth. By his look he was drawn into his father, was aware of his father more than of himself.

"Hello, little beastie!" Barnaby was saying.

"Hello, Daddy!" Oliver cried till the room rang with it.

"Hush! Mercy!" said mama, "what will papa think?" Barnaby knew it was not that mama cared what papa thought. It was a formula.

"Papa thinks this," said Barnaby.

He held the boy by the arms and looked at him. It was to be seen that he was as greatly aware of the child as the child was aware of him. They looked in each other's eyes. The Crumbs watched. Leda turned away. She saw that all the power of his look

when last she had observed him in that room had passed from Richmiel to the boy. She saw more; felt the father and son to be bathed in the light of their fused presences, light perhaps dimly discernible.

The maid Nettie now thrust open the door. She did so with the gesture of a swimmer, as if she had been beating along the passage and had reached the ropes.

"It 's on," said she.

As Leda went down the passage, smelling faintly of beeswax and lighted by a single candle, she had a sudden laughing sense of that hour. There they all were, going into the dining-room! Momentary well-being assailed her. She looked about her, at the women, at the grotesque shadows; she heard the tread of Barnaby Powers and the patter of Oliver. She thought: "No, it 's all in me. After all, I 'm living." Through the open dining-room door she saw the red eye of the poinsettia gleaming.

It was amazing, the altered aspect of the Crumb dining-room. This was not due alone to the light, to the candles, their glow discreetly assimilative. Nor was it due to the best dishes. It was as if, by the arrival of Barnaby Powers, not only was every one in that family either diminished or enhanced, but the rooms themselves were revalued.

Barnaby sat at the end of the table where nine years before he had sat at his wedding-supper. But now Richmiel was farther down the board; as if, having no precedent, they had decided upon this as propriety. Oliver, eating nothing, sat beside his father, and on being addressed by him blushed like one in love. And there was Grandfather Crumb, to whom on his en-

trance Barnaby had gone with a manner of meeting a being also infinite, asked how he was, and waited as if he cared; so that grandfather became more definite, as it were, more present, and took his place with an air. To Leda it was as if light touched him. She wondered if the others saw, but no one looked at him strangely. Back of Barnaby and Oliver was the blue night, and on the pane the snowflakes clung and multiplied like visible and beautiful infusoria.

Barnaby was telling of the snow-storm in which he had arrived in New York.

"Never such beauty in the harbor: search-lights sending color through that glitter, black water feeling for the color. Worth crossing to see."

"It must have been *very* trying, though," said Pearl.

He smiled at her kindly. Pearl now did not exist, and miraculously she knew it. She was the mindless and bodiless female in the presence of the sophisticated male. Mama felt the failure of her offspring and tried to modify it. Pearl, she said, did not take to the water. The formality of mama was excessive; her manner would have ruined any occasion. She seemed literally to be set in all her cells. Pickles and jelly alike she handed to Barnaby with an air of, "You have robbed my child"; but she could not make herself felt. She became fixed upon a flat, stiff background of her own creation, and stuck there unattended.

"Reesha," Barnaby now said, "you promised to write me how Oliver stood the voyage. I left before your letter had arrived. Did he find it jolly?"

Richmiel gave him her slow attention, came back with languid difficulty.

Into her slight smile she injected a look of suffering.

"Oliver was quite jolly on the voyage, thank you. We are both good sailors, you know."

He mulled something; perhaps the differing shades in their uses of "jolly."

"Did you like it on the boat, son?" he asked. He dropped his voice, addressed him sweetly. The child met his look with adoration, nodded speechlessly, and, seeing them all looking, laid his cheek upon his father's sleeve. Leda was shaken by an abrupt sense that they were one creature, as if each had extensions of being which had fused in something finer than light and color, had become one consciousness.

Upon this consciousness impinged the voice of Richmiel.

"He 's a lamb," said she. She smiled at the distance, sighed. In this hour Leda saw her not decently diminished, like mama and Tweet and Pearl. Her spirit, a candle-flame in the room, was invisible; but her flesh put on its old enchantments and danced before its former mate. Her body was unconscious of divorce.

And Richmiel and mama and Tweet and Pearl were covertly watching; were withdrawn, all of them, to dark corners, and were waiting for that which Barnaby had come to say.

He seemed in no haste to enter upon that errand of his. He was still intent upon Oliver, who was whispering:

"The frost made a park on the window with big palms around. It made palms." His voice rose. "The frost made animals. I saw them."

Richmiel said:

"Hush, darling! We don't care, you know."

"What kind of animals?" Barnaby imperturbably asked.

The little boy replied in his careful way, and by his father's deep attention the child seemed to emerge to a spiritual adulthood; perhaps the adulthood of that fused consciousness of those two.

Tweet now obviously made an effort. As a hostess, Leda noted, Tweet's efforts were as evident as her nose.

"I think," she said, tilting her head in her delicacy, "when we have *two* clever people at the table, we *might* be entertained. Cousin Leda, you and Barnaby are both writers; you ought to talk and let us listen."

Barnaby looked at Leda, that intent look with which he did homage to others. And Leda was in some soft brilliance. She was augmented, as if room had been made in her flesh for more life, and it had entered. But she spoke with impeccable gravity:

"We might," she said, her eyes meeting Barnaby's, "give our favorite quotations."

He nodded, no less grave. It occurred to him that there are women who smile less by displacing muscles than by emitting light. With no smile between them, the moment took its toll of humor; they shared it, and it went its way. And Tweet with ardor said, "Oh, do!" And when Leda added that this was a favorite Prospect recreation, that you went to a party all prepared with a quotation lest a hostess ask you unaware; and said to Barnaby, "I hope you are prepared?" it was Tweet who cried, "Well, I should hope Barnaby knows quotations enough without preparing!" At some millennium, dividing them from Tweet, Leda and the man looked gravely and together. To any disloyalty in this occupation they were as insensi-

tive as if they had been treading on shadows.

"Oh, please," said Richmiel, "let 's not get literary." And looked at no one.

At this Grandfather Crumb burst into laughter, smote the table lightly, and said rapidly, "Jingoes! jongoes! jingoes!" At mama's, "Mercy! what is it, Grandfather?" he subsided to an embarrassed chuckle, and Tweet audibly explained to Barnaby, "We do sometimes think he 's a little—"

"Grandfather," said mama, kindly, "now eat up your sauce. Eat it up."

The terrible hour passed to its own limbo.

"Do you mind," said Barnaby, when at last mama would have risen "—do you mind stopping here? Can we talk here for a little?"

They caught the import of his tone. Whatever it was that he had come to talk about, it would be talked about now. When Leda would have risen, they restrained her.

"Cousin Leda, you are one of us, remember."

She protested, and Barnaby, looking up at her quizzically, said:

"We may need your humor."

She thought:

"I can't leave him to meet them alone," and sat down.

They called to Nettie to draw the cloth, they bade Grandfather Crumb take Oliver away. At the *empressement* of their preparations Barnaby sat gravely attentive.

"There was," he said, "really no need to clear the decks—save of the boy. It is of him that I wish to speak."

*Of him!*

Oliver heard and came flying back. Already he had kissed his father good

night, clinging to him and whispering. Now he cried out as if in iteration:

"You will—you will be here when I wake up?"

Barnaby did not touch him, but he bent upon his son a look which seemed to take account of him, body and soul, and all the farther reaches of his being.

"At least I won't go away until I see you once more," he promised.

Oliver burst out passionately:

"More than that! More than that!"

Richmiel rose and hurried to him, stooped to him, laid hands upon him, the overwhelmingly maternal.

"Darling," she breathed, "it 's all right. It 's all right."

This lie he indignantly repudiated.

"I want to know."

Barnaby said:

"We 'll talk about that next time. Go now, son."

At the word Richmiel lifted her chin and dropped her lids.

In the dining-room, as the door closed, there breathed yet another air, as if colored light were not necessary to define a moment, but influence alone. Oblique light was on Barnaby's square shoulders, square forehead. There were the blue of his eyes, the long blue shadow of his cravat, and the abrupt red of his lips between clipped brown mustache and close-clipped beard. His head rested on his hand, brown, lusterless, dry, obscurely and beautifully veined. He spoke evenly.

"I find," he said, "that I miss the boy intolerably."

Richmiel bent her body back in her chair and warmed her hand at the radiator. In that dim light her yellow gown and yellow hair and the click of her rings on the metal were all of her



that was evident as she answered languidly:

"I should hardly have thought that you would."

"It was," he said, "a surprise to me, I confess. I had always taken him for granted. He was—don't you see, he was *there*. I had him with me in London and in Switzerland. Now he's—not there."

"I understand perfectly," Richmiel told him suavely. "I could n't live without him either, me."

He regarded her steadily, saying:

"I hoped that you might have become accustomed to it—in those months at Cannes."

"Ah, they only proved to me how necessary he is."

Silence fell. Richmiel warmed her hands, touching at the radiator. Her rings clicked on the metal.

"I think," Barnaby said—"I think it was those months which taught me—Oliver. It cost me a good deal to part with him; I thought then that it was the only way. But when I found myself missing him so much, I wondered if it is the only way."

The rings stopped clicking on the radiator. Richmiel lifted her eyes without lifting her head, an unpleasant attitude.

"So I came here to find out," he concluded. The faint huskiness of his voice thrilled them all, though not all knew this to be so.

Richmiel cried incredulously:

"You crossed on purpose?"

"Yes."

"No publisher to see or anything?"

He did not flush or move, but when he spoke his tone had dropped.

"No."

"Well," said Richmiel, "you must have changed!"

"I want," he said merely, "to see what we can do."

"I don't see that we can do anything." Again the leisurely clicking of the rings. "The courts gave him to me."

"What have we to do with courts?" His voice quickened.

"The courts gave me my decree."

"Surely, our dealing is with factors which courts do not take much into account."

"Really! Are you an anarchist now?"

He was silent for so long that Leda thought it was all but unpardonable of him.

"Certain things in human relations," he said at length, "must be settled by appealing to the whole background, the whole nature of those involved. Do you—understand me?"

"Well, but not this."

"This sort of thing above all when—when a child is involved—and his future."

"Why did n't you think of that before?"

"I confess that I did. But other aspects were absorbing me at the time. Selfish considerations—"

"You don't call this a selfish consideration?"

"Perhaps so. Unavoidably."

"Oh, not," she said, "unavoidably."

"I suppose, when I think of it so, it is selfish. There were nights at Geneva when for the first time in years I knew what it was to be lonely."

The clicking ceased again.

"Off my room at the inn there was a balcony. Oliver used to be out there a good deal. I noticed that I could n't sit on that balcony—after. It surprised me. I had no idea that he had—done that. I found the inn unbear-

able, I found London unbearable." His voice rose. "I found that I could not get on without the boy, Reesha."

"And so what do you think of doing?" Nine years of marriage, eight of distaste, yet clearly she was avid for him to tell her that he wanted to take it up again—even for the sake of the boy. Avid to refuse to return to him; already tasting her refusal as she waited for his words.

His words were:

"Let me have him."

The rings smote the radiator sharply.

"That is impossible."

"I mean—you see, our arrangement should be unchanged. I mean, the practical part."

"I'm not thinking of the money."

He waited for her to say what she was thinking of, then.

"Do you imagine that I don't love my child?"

He had folded his arms and now leaned on the table, staring at her.

"I understand all about that," he said with deliberation. "Even so, he might be excessively in your way."

Here he received an ally. Mrs. Crumb, tautly listening, head thrown well back, mouth drooping, cried:

"Reesha, why don't you let his father have him, if you go to California, instead of leaving him here with us? Pounding around." Perceiving nothing of the enormous effect of this, mama pressed her point. "My part, I can't stand a big boy smashing around my house, with his mother gone. I'm too old. Best leave him with your—with his father that long, Reesha."

He took no advantage. He waited.

Richmiel was not good at explaining, spoke with hesitations, lost her detachment.

"Well, of course that was only—I was just thinking in case—I really did n't know what else—"

"Quite so," said Barnaby. "May I not, then, actually be of some service?"

"But you mean to keep him!" she cried harshly. "And you need n't think—"

"I think nothing. I only hope for all that you will give up to me."

At once she was mollified. Since he meant to take no advantage of mama's incautious revelation, since he was actually willing to sue for some of Oliver—

"I thought," she said, "of going for three months to California. I wanted to leave him here."

"It's too much," said mama, decisively. "Great big boy, so."

"Of course," Tweet then pensively emerged with, "I have wanted to adopt a child. Deeply. A little girl. Little girls are so much more—still, I should love to have Oliver here. Simply love it. I could take the whole care of him, Mama."

"I know you," said mama, briefly and brutally.

"Well, Cousin Leda and I together could," Tweet amended. "Could n't we, Cousin Leda?"

Leda had retreated to that blue-black window, stood there, her back to the room, staring into the dark, with a manner of clinging to the pane like the infusoria. The hour gave her intolerable discomfort. It was as if the presence of Barnaby, augmenting her, had augmented also her power to suffer. Now she turned and met his eyes. He said gravely:

"Oliver told me first thing about you."

He seemed curiously insensible to the slight of this to the family.

By this released from her silence, Leda said to him:

"Oliver is wonderful. Sensitive beyond words." She was all but saying that now everything would depend on Oliver's upbringing, and this the father caught and assented to.

"I know," he said. Momentarily their eyes met, then went to Richmiel.

Over California Richmiel's mind, bright butterfly, was hovering.

"The winter here is very hard on me," she plaintively said. "I thought if I could get out somewhere in the sun for three months—" She warmed her hands again.

"Yes, an excellent idea," Barnaby agreed.

"And hotels are *not* the place for children."

He was too wise to press her. She was squirrel-like. Wait for her, and she might hop to your hand.

"You would take him to Switzerland?"

"I have lecture engagements which would make that imperative."

"And when I was ready, you would bring him back here?"

"If you insist, certainly. But I hope—would it be possible, Reesha, for me to have him a part of every year? Who knows, you might wish to go to California every winter."

This she considered, came finally to.

"Of course I must not think only of myself. If by my sacrifice Oliver had a bit of Europe now and then—"

"Precisely," said Barnaby. He was not scrupulous about her processes if only she arrived. He was not even amused when she deferred to Mrs. Crumb.

"Mama, do *you* think I would be right?"

"Mercy, yes," said mama. "Let him go."

"Tweet—" Her look dared Tweet to dissent.

"How would it be to let Oliver decide?" Tweet asked wickedly.

Richmiel swept it aside.

"Absurd!" They all knew why.

They forgot Pearl, who now said:

"It would be lovely to have a little child around the house here." She sighed. She knew an ambiguous bodily satisfaction in admitting her fondness for little children. She glanced at Barnaby.

"Do advise me, Leda!" Richmiel begged.

Barnaby turned and looked up at Leda. Standing against the blue-black pane, her delicacy was divine. She said only:

"Of course anybody would be glad to have Oliver."

On which Richmiel darted at her a sharp and speculative look.

"You must give me," said Richmiel—"you must give me to-night to think of it. You are asking me to decide something frightfully difficult."

"You are very good to have taken me in," Barnaby said to mama when they rose to go to their rooms.

Mama replied:

"Well, we would n't want the town telling around that you had stayed down at the hotel."

He continued evenly:

"If Richmiel consents, I should be off as soon as it 's convenient for Oliver to be ready."

"We could hurry that up for you easy," said mama, politely.



# *GUANAJUATO*

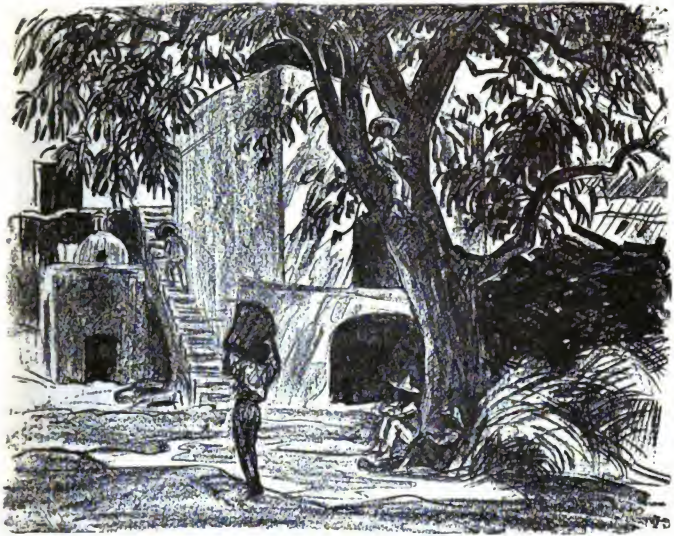
PAGES FROM THE MEXICAN SKETCH-BOOK OF  
FLORENCE MINARD





#### ENTRANCE TO THE PARROQUIA AT GUANAJUTO

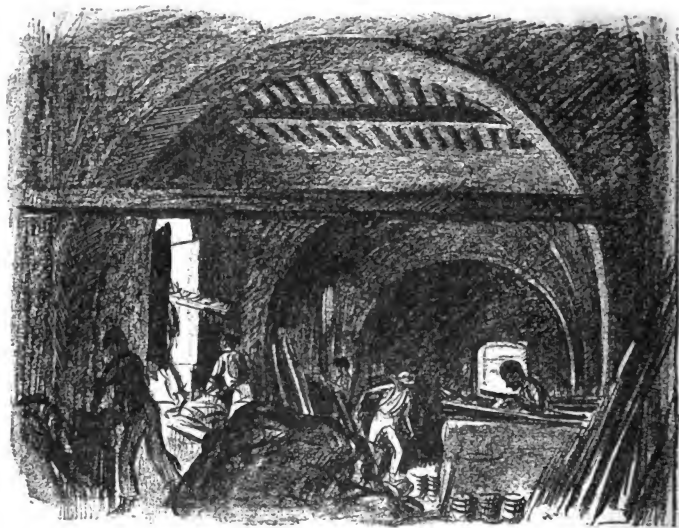
During the month of May the parish church is thronged at vespers. The main altar is ablaze with lights, and in its radiance, even outside the door, worshippers kneel



### COURTYARD OF THE POTTERY OF SAN LUISITO

When the pottery is all packed in the kilns and the worker is not needed for a time, it is pleasant to climb a tree or rest in the shade below. The Mexican relaxes utterly when he may, as he works furiously when he must

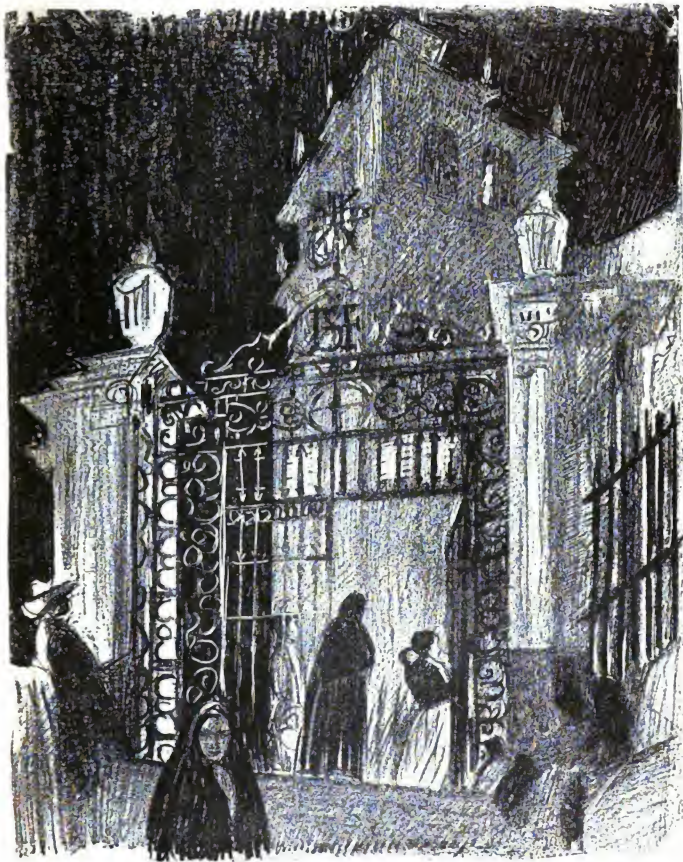




#### MOLDING-ROOM OF THE SAN LUISITO POTTERY

In one of the great arched rooms of the pottery, formerly an old hacienda, the potters sit in long rows, each bending over his wheel. To each potter an assistant keeps bringing fresh clay from the great heaps on the floor, and carrying the newly shaped jars and dishes into the sun to dry before firing in the kiln

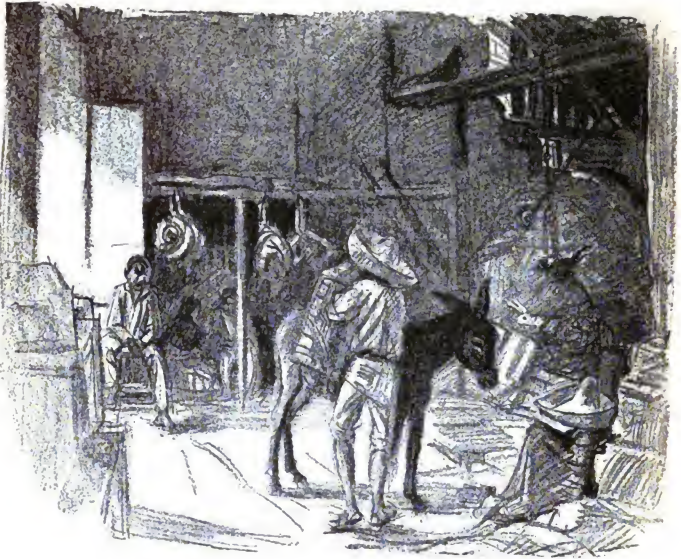




### GATEWAY TO THE PARISH CHURCH

Nothing is more picturesque than the crowds of women in black shawls and men in broad sombreros passing through the great courts and gates of the *parroquia* on summer nights to attend vesper services

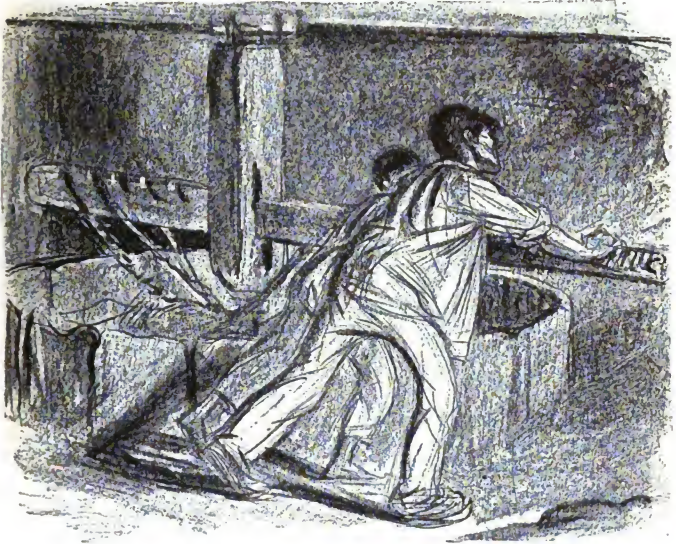




### IN THE POSADA

The Spanish word for "inn" has come to mean, in Guanajuato at least, a stable where countrymen, coming to town to sell their produce in the local market, may leave their burros for the day





### GRINDING THE GLAZE

The glaze for the pottery is made from bits of discarded bottles pounded in a mortar and then ground round and round with water in a great stone basin wherein are turned smoothly rubbing stones. There is no sound but the occasional creak of the wooden beams, the soft scuff, scuff of sandaled feet, and voices singing or talking as the drag goes round and round





# The New Woman in Egypt

BY GRACE THOMPSON SETON



EVER since the gorgeous, despotic time of the Pharaohs, when a certain princess responded to the call of curiosity and compassion and hauled up the infant Moses from his hiding-place among the bulrushes to a life of ease in the palace harem, or Cleopatra used her lithe body and languorous eyes to change the destinies of men and nations, women have meddled with the affairs of government.

Of all the most unlikely places, at the top of Africa, the "new woman" has arrived. She crept into Egypt as far back as 1911, and organized under the title of "La Femme Nouvelle."

She took an even more progressive step in 1919, when a group of women formed themselves into the "Ladies' Delegation for the Independence of Egypt," usually called the "Ladies' Wafd."

The new woman has entrenched herself in the upper class of Egyptians, Mohammedan as well as Christian Copt. She has spread through the middle class by means of the spirit of emulation and the power of education, and she has even penetrated to the class of peasants, where the possession of money has developed ambition.

In Egypt, as all over the world, there is a shifting of frontiers between the social classes, so that one cannot place the new woman except, broadly, among the women of education or of wealth or among those possessing both. Recent opportunities enabled

me to study at first hand the various aspects of the new woman, which I shall report in this paper, while in a second paper, to be written later, I shall relate my adventures with the "other woman" in Egypt.

## § 2

The most picturesque aspect of the new-woman movement is the militant group called the Ladies' Delegation. They are regarded as "political agitators" by the English, and as "inspired patriots" by the Egyptians.

The leader of this group is Mme. Zaad Zaghlul Pasha, a Mohammedan lady of high birth, and the most remarkable woman of Egypt. Sophia Hanem (which is the Egyptian way of saying Lady Sophia) is a high-born Moslem, daughter of Mustapha Pasha Fahmy, who was prime minister for fifteen years under Khedive Abbas Hilma II, and wife of Zaad Zaghlul Pasha, the lawyer who raised himself from the peasant class to the exalted rank of pasha.

All the Coptic Evelyns and Monneas and all the Moslem Fatimas, Sophias, and Ayeshas are praying for their country's true independence, and looking for leadership to Mme. Zaad Zaghlul Pasha, who became her husband's standard-bearer in January, 1922, when he was banished for the second time. Surrounded by a group of women whose relatives have shared his exile, she leads an extraordinary

life for any woman of any country.

I was told that it would be most difficult, if not impossible, to see her. Realizing that I could hope for no assistance on the part of my British or American friends, official or military, I wrote to her, as one woman to another, that as one who had worked for the greater freedom of women in my own country, I hoped she would allow me to meet the woman who was doing so much to help the cause in Egypt, and suggested a time when I could call upon her in her home in Cairo. Not daring to trust the dragoon to deliver this missive, and having been told that all mail was censored and every action watched, and also having been warned that I must proceed most carefully in order not to become "an international complication," I set out forthwith to deliver the note myself. With the use of a friend's motor-car, we in due course "happened" on her street, not more than two-stones' throw from the Egyptian War Offices, and stopped before a comfortable mansion, known popularly as "the House of the Nation." It was surrounded by a small garden, laid out formally, displaying the feathery foliage of pepper-trees and the rich, shining leaves of rubber-plants.

A motley crowd of a hundred or more men of the poorer class loitered near the entrance gates of wrought iron. While I waited to be sure that the dragoon delivered the note to a responsible party, I saw fifteen or twenty women arrive in motors and carriages and go into the house. Some were veiled; others wore black satin gowns or modern colored dresses and hats of French make. The latter were Copts, or Christians. Evidently, there

was a woman's meeting of some importance in progress. Three days later a very polite note in excellent English, making an appointment, was received from a bearer.

What did I expect to find when I duly presented myself at the House of the Nation? A vision, perhaps, of bejeweled, loose-gowned ladies languishing, cross-legged, on cushions around a marble fountain; some one tinkling a *nakkareh*, or making other native music, and the singing storyteller spinning yarns of bygone heroes or new-made love-affairs; and, surely, a cockatoo and a gazelle upon the marble floor. Certainly, it was not the modern interior, the conventional drawing-room, and the slim, middle-aged woman of fragile body, but dauntless spirit, that I did see. Instead of the "eunuch at the door," there was a neat up-to-date housemaid. Mme. Zaghlul Pasha has iron-gray hair, marcelled; brown eyes that look introspective; and a pointed nose set in an oval face. She came into the room and took a seat in the little court of women waiting to see her.

Those in the earnest group about her grew excited at times in the rehearsal of their country's troubles, but Lady Sophia never lost her gracious dignity; her voice was never raised, and her whole demeanor was calm.

"I am a prisoner in my own home," she said, "bound by my own will. Zaad is a prisoner in Seychelles, but I keep myself here, his second self, his wife, to take his place."

When Zaghlul Pasha was arrested on December 22, 1921, after having refused to retire to his estates in the country, his wife witnessed the military suppression of a rebellious crowd

that surged around the house demanding Zaghul's release. Her first impulse to go with her husband died within her as she saw a fifteen-year-old boy hit by a stray bullet and drop, wounded, in her courtyard. She decided to stay and carry on the work, feeling that Egypt's need was greater than her husband's. She went to the telephone, and with that quiet, but dynamic, spirit characteristic of her, rang up the residency and asked to see the British high commissioner. A secretary answered. She said:

"No matter, you will do; I intend to remain. Convey the message to Lord Allenby."

The voice asked whether she would speak French or Arabic; whereupon she changed to her native tongue, and the staccato gutturals of Arabic conveyed this meaning:

"Tell his Excellency that I shall remain in Cairo; I shall do all in my power to take my husband's place. You may banish the body, but you cannot banish the spirit of Zaad Pasha. It still lives, and in his own house; I, his wife, will be Zaad until his return. You cannot keep him long away; the people will not allow you; even though he die, others will come, a never-ending stream. I shall do all in my power to excite this spirit of revolt for the independence of Egypt. That is all I have to say."

Within an hour came a courteous letter from the high commissioner, stating in the very best French that madame could accompany her husband if she so desired, that arrangements had been made to send him to "a salubrious place," and that an immediate answer was desired.

Sophia Hanem, however, continued in her refusal, and prepared a vigor-

ous statement, which was published widely in the newspapers, urging respect for law and order and counseling against violence.

It is fortunate for both Egypt and England that so wise and valorous a controller was in charge of affairs. Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, the conqueror of Palestine, is one of England's very best products. He sincerely sympathized with the grievances of Egypt. He ordered the troops to suppress the crowds only when the rebellion threatened to swell to proportions threatening public safety. He permitted Zaghul Pasha's return from Paris after his first banishment to Malta, and allowed Egypt to go wild over a demonstration of welcome, which is elsewhere described. He endeavored to treat with Zaghul, who proved too independent a Nationalist, and would agree to no compromise proposals, but insisted upon a complete British abdication. This, Lord Allenby, acting for England, was not prepared to grant, on account of British interests, foreign interests, and the Suez Canal; and because Egypt had been dominated by one foreign power or another for so many hundreds of years that it was only fair to ask her to demonstrate her ability for a wise self-government before removing all her protection and throwing her into the dog fight of nations. Still, Lord Allenby realized that, in the words of General Sir Walter Congreve, "It is against modern thought to hold fourteen millions of people against their will, and very expensive." He found he was able to treat with the Moderates, and Sarwat Pasha is reported to have said that he could form a cabinet if Zaghul was out of the way. "In the interests of

peace" Zaghlul was again banished, with a few of his lieutenants, and Lord Allenby pursued the clever policy of attenuation, so far as possible ignoring Mme. Zaghlul and all the whirl of activities of which she was a driving force. The most effective and far-reaching of these activities may be considered here.

### § 3

The Ladies' Wafd helped to originate the boycott on English goods as a protest against the arrest and banishment of their leaders, and is striving for their restoration. Many prominent women of La Femme Nouvelle and of the Mohammed Ali Society worked with them.

Very modern were the methods used when the women started the English boycott in January, 1922. Half a dozen of them began to telephone about, and by noon a squad of twenty women were out in their motors and carriages interviewing the principal shopkeepers of Cairo and Alexandria. At first they were laughed at, but before a week had passed, a delegation of shopkeepers had waited upon the women and asked for their coöperation. There is a ladies' boycott committee of forty in Cairo, and sub-committees in all the provinces. In May a reunion mustered over two thousand women, who came from all parts of the country.

The boycott affected the English merchants very seriously for several months, and then the change of governmental status, declaring Egypt a kingdom and the withdrawal of the British Protectorate, lessened public opposition. The merchants have been able to carry on a volume of business with foreigners, which helps them to

get on without the native trade; but there can be no doubt that the business of many firms was crippled much more than they are willing to admit.

Mme. Bahi-el-Dine Bey Barakat, member of a powerful family, is affectionately called "the soldier" by Mme. Zaghlul, "because she works so hard and is always on duty, and now, with this boycott on English goods, she gives all her energy and enthusiasm for furthering our cause." She is a young person, with lustrous eyes set in a round face, with smooth dark skin and brilliant cheeks. When I saw her, she wore the conventional head-dress of black silk, but the chiffon face-veil was dangling from one side. She had just come from an encounter with a shopkeeper, an English haberdasher. She was on the opposite side of the street when she saw two Egyptian gentlemen enter the English shop. At once she crossed the street and addressed the two men in Arabic, asking them not to buy English goods. Picture this for the veiled lady, only twenty-two and pretty as well! The two Egyptians left their expensive purchases of neckties on the counter and walked away from the furious haberdasher.

For a veiled lady to address a man has been considered "shameful"; but country comes before custom, and the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc is strong in the new woman in Egypt. It is not an uncommon thing now for the women to stage a public manifestation in the streets of Cairo. In March one of these consisted of eighty motor-cars full of ladies, protesting against the exile of Zaghlul Pasha, martial law, Sarwat's ministry, and what they call the false independence. The manifestation lasted two hours; the parad-

ing women went to every consul-general, giving each a written protest. The king also came in for his share of protest.

On my first visit Mme. Zaghul Pasha served native cakes for tea, saying:

"You know, I buy nothing now; everything is made at home because of the boycott."

"What is the future of the women here?" I asked.

"It is remarkable, the change. I was away two years, and I could not believe the changes in thought and action that I saw. We are going ahead very fast. My husband is very liberal about women's customs. The *habara* and veil are not a part of our religion, you know. It will have to be done away with very soon; in a few years, perhaps a few months. Not because of itself, but of what it represents. It is very becoming, and women will hate to part with it."

It is interesting to note that these progressive women, while they are blazing the trail for greater freedom, have no aversion to the *habara* and the veil, modified as it is now to a mere suggestion of face-covering. They consider it a badge of distinction, and many Coptic women have voluntarily assumed the *boukra*, which is the more refined form of veil used by the upper classes. The peasant and lower *bourgeoisie* woman wear the *yashmak*, which is a rather coarse knitted piece of black silk or cotton, or even a piece of solid cloth, usually held in place by a nose arrangement of gold or brass. The lowest class, the fellaheen women, while working in the fields rarely wear a face-covering.

The *habara* consists of a light-weight material, usually silk and always

black, covering the head and shoulders, and a strip of white crape or chiffon, while the *boukra*, transparent, seven by ten inches in size, is held in place by a loop over the ears, and thus may be instantly removed or adjusted. Mme. Zaghul's had loops of gold. The still more modish head-covering consists of a hat of white tulle, with a mere fold of tulle adjusted across the mouth. Very often a smart French hat is worn with this chin-covering of tulle, which reduces the veil virtually to a symbol. When these ladies travel abroad, as most of them do, the symbol vanishes as the steamer leaves Alexandria, not to be assumed until its monuments are again in sight.

When asked to describe how she received the men delegations, which was a startling innovation for a Moslem woman, Sophia Hanem sent a servant to bring a beautiful cream scarf of transparent linen gauze, exquisitely embroidered, and a *galabeyeh*, the long native garment of pure white silk nearly covered with fine drawn work. These she put on, and, causing a screen to be placed at the end of the very large central hall of the mansion, and an arm-chair behind it, she demonstrated how she sometimes received as many as forty men at once, and often two hundred a day. When the delegation is assembled, she steps from behind the screen and talks passionately of the necessity of independence for Egypt. Her voice is clear, and vibrant with feeling. She speaks from the heart, and often has her listeners in tears. She is not veiled on these occasions, but throws the white gauze over her head and around her throat to give a semblance of being veiled. This she does in order not to shock the ingrained habit of thought of her

provincial male visitors. The fine sense of dramatization shown in staging this picture properly to me was unconscious, but none the less one of the charms of this unusual woman, who swept down one conventional barrier after another when she assumed the mantle of leadership which her husband was forced to lay aside.

Several mornings a week she presides over women's meetings, where the machinery of the boycott and other measures of the Zaghulist party are organized.

The new order of things is demonstrated in the drawing-room of Sophia Hanem. There all classes from princess to peasant can be seen drinking coffee or tea together, and one can study the new woman in various aspects. I noticed a woman in peasant garb, sitting with her knees wide apart and her hands upon them, and her feet planted firmly on the carpet. Occasionally some one addressed a remark to her in Arabic, when there came a ready response and a smile. Evidently, she could not follow the French phrases which shuttled back and forth through the room. Her neck and arms and ankles were weighted with many bands of solid gold, and strings of gold coins, beautifully arranged together, hung about her neck. On her forehead and chin were the blue tattooed lines, three on chin, two on forehead, which are considered smart in her class. She looked a sturdy sixty, but was probably ten or fifteen years younger. The hard work and the bearing of children begin early in tropical countries.

She was Sitt Gaba. "Sitt" is a term of respect corresponding somewhat to the English "Mrs." or "Miss." She was a wealthy woman of the fellaheen

who had traveled from her province up the river over a hundred miles, an innovation for women of this peasant class, to offer her money and her heart to Egypt's cause. Her wants are few, and her income about forty thousand dollars a year.

#### § 4

An interesting and important result of this larger life of the women has been the social unification of the two religions, which has been brought about by a common danger and a common enthusiasm. Our own great slogan, "In union there is strength," is being applied with equal effect to the breaking down of religious prejudice, and whether Moslem or Copt, the women are working together in all kinds of activities.

A glimpse of the work of *La Femme Nouvelle* and of the Mohammed Ali Society, another Moslem women's association organized to carry on welfare and civics, leaves one with the same impression as would a visit to Hull House, Chicago, or to a settlement house in the Whitechapel district in London.

*La Femme Nouvelle* was well started before the Great War, having established trade schools and dispensaries, and having also various departments for education, civics, hygiene, sanitation, and playgrounds. About fifty thousand dollars has been already subscribed for a social club-house in Cairo, modeled on the American plan. The ambition of this large body of women who represent the brains, culture, and wealth of the country is no less than to stimulate and control the welfare work of the whole nation. It purposes to send streams of new life from Cairo to all the big cities of the



provinces and even into the Sudan.

I have a vivid memory of being taken one morning to a street in the old quarter of Cairo and searching for a sign in Arabic which meant the "Girls' Club of the New Woman," which is really a school to prepare poor girls to earn a living. An old carved doorway admitted us to a large courtyard where a modern playground apparatus had been installed. The large house, a decayed old palace belonging, I believe, to one of the wealthy members, was given over to various classes of instruction in stenography and in applied arts suitable for girls. Rug-weaving, embroidery, dressmaking, lace-making, and household work were taught to them. A proportion of the day was allotted for mental education, when the girls were taught all the elementary branches, as well as simple hygiene, such as the care of teeth, eyes, skin, and hair according to modern standards. About 150 girls at a time can be educated, and half of them are boarders.

The active secretary of this school of *La Femme Nouvelle* is Mme. Gameela Abbia. She explained that the money for the organization work came from dues and yearly subscriptions. These varied, according to the size of a member's pocket-book, from one dollar a year to a thousand dollars or more. Both democracy and coöperation were thus shown here. The president of *La Femme Nouvelle* is the wife of Dr. Mahmoud Bey Sidky. Her task is a combination of the presidential responsibilities of The National Woman's Federated Clubs, The Woman's City Club of New York, Chicago, or Boston, with The Child Welfare Association and a few hospital boards thrown in.

The native press, indifferent and often hostile to the new woman, gives no idea of what she is doing, much less thinking. The actions of the feminine population is not "news."

During this conversation, which might have occurred in any drawing-room of the upper class in any European nation, I heard through an open door strains of last year's jazz music. A group of a dozen of the younger set had collected in the music-room, where the tea-table was placed. They were all in French clothes, with a tendency to bright colors and heavy velvets. They all spoke Arabic and French, and most of them Italian and English. They do charity and club work and even dabble in politics. They gossip and go to the movies. They ride and play tennis. They bathe in the sea and go picnicking. They dance and flirt with one another's younger brothers and "cousins." Male relatives are admitted to home festivities, and the blood relationship is becoming more attenuated from a social point of view.

## § 5

When a man of the middle or lower classes takes a wife, he pays her father so much for being deprived of her services; and if he divorces the woman, she goes back to her father with one and a half that sum, "in payment for the pleasure and profit the man has had."

A Moslem girl rarely sees her fiancé before marriage. The match is arranged by her parents. Therefore the principal contracting parties may find serious inharmonies, and the easy divorce makes this bearable; but it is often kinder for a man to take a second wife than to divorce his first, thereby depriving her of his financial support.

If she is wealthy, there are the marriage settlements by which the property remains under the exclusive control of the woman, whether as wife or divorced. This is a Mohammedan law. Other laws not unfavorable to women are that, in the event of divorce, the children may remain with the mother or mother's mother until, in case of a boy, the age of seven, or of a girl, the age of nine, when the law allows the father to claim them. But if he has married again and has children, the maternal grandmother gets them.

Mlle. Sennia Riaz Pasha discussed with me sex and marriage with all the aplomb of a young college woman of America. Her ideas agreed with the assistant governor of one of the principal Nile provinces, who told me:

"While it is true that our religion permits four wives, no man can now take a second wife without justifying his action to himself and to his friends. It is against public opinion. And Mohammed, in making four wives legal, did not order that it should be so, but permitted a man to marry up to that number in order to stop immorality and promiscuity. The European man has his mistress. The Moslem takes another wife. Is it really any different except that the Moslem is franker?"

There is yet no shop-girl class in Egypt. The Moslem new woman does not go into shops or factories. The clerks in the big foreign department-stores are Copts or foreigners, though occasionally a Coptic woman may be found as a clerk, typist, or

secretary. There are a few new woman writers, like Aziza Fawzy, a journalist, and Nabuwey a Mousa, who wrote "The Women and the Work." There are also a few women in the professions.

Still, the new woman in Egypt, gathering strength, digs persistently at the dam of ignorance, custom, and male oppression. She has become a part of the struggle for self-expression which is straining all around this spinning globe of ours. In Europe and America, then in Turkey, China, and Japan, the woman claims a part as the new order causes governments and social systems to fall or totter.

In Egypt the last representative is the present Queen Nazli, daughter of Obdurachman Pasha Sabrey, who, by inheritance at least, is one of the progressives. Her mother was a warm friend of Mme. Zaghul Pasha. Her family is not royal, although of good Turkish descent, and young Nazli was taken to Europe and mingled with the modern set in Cairo and Alexandria until her gilded cage closed upon her in 1919 at the age of eighteen. When her Majesty granted an audience on February 22, 1922, I was greeted by a young woman of tall, graceful beauty, who spoke frankly about her desire for travel and liberty.

If not for her Majesty, surely for the new woman in Egypt, who has adopted Mme. Zaghul's slogan, "We shall go on till the end," there can be only one answer. As elsewhere, she will win the larger freedom which she seeks not only for herself, but for her lagging sister, the other woman.





# The Scar

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE HOWELL BARKLEY



JAKE POHL was a conductor on a surface car, Seventh Avenue, New York. The history of how he came to advance to that employment is lost in the past, along with the experiences that conspired to make the ugly scowl, the ugly temper, and the ugly tongue with which he impressed his personality upon all who by ill luck boarded his car. It may have been that his father was a plug-ugly before him; one thing was sure, it was a step up for Jake, his being a conductor on a city car. It may have been undernourishment in his youth or lack of education or thwarted ambition; we need not worry over that, for Jake Pohl was not to be pitied by any man. He had established a give and take with fate.

From the time he got up in the morning and rattled the change in the torn pockets of his old blue uniform and jammed his cap down over his eyes until he went to bed at night, Jake Pohl moved in an aura of noise and violence. You entered it when you entered his car. He yelled at you to "Come on! Git on! Step up! Step up in the car!" and saw to it that you were catapulted forward just as you paid your fare, and muttered uncomplimentary comments under his breath, but audibly, as you lurched forward to your seat. If you turned to protest, you met an ugly leer and the baleful gleam of Jake Pohl's eye.

"It would n't cost you anything, young man, to be civil."

"Nah?" Jake would sneer as he jerked the bell-rope, stamped viciously on the signal-bell under his foot, and slammed the doors to on the coat-tail of the last man in.

Now and then other "uglies" rode on his car. "Say—look-a here, young fella, who d' yuh think ye 're talkin' tuh?" And Jake would lean out past them, holding the door open while he spat his indifference. "Move up in the car! Plenty room in the front uv the car. Let 'em off! Let 'em off, can't yuh? Git back there! Let 'em off! Come on, now! Whad 'r' yuh standin' there fer?"

There was no wit in what he said, no cleverness; but it was Jake Pohl, the self-expression all men seek. There was for him the rare esthetic satisfaction of the man who has achieved not only the form of self-expression best suited to himself, but understood as well by those to whom it was addressed. For he had full and perfect response from his audience. When he bawled or muttered or scowled at them, they scowled and bawled and muttered in return. It was irresistible and instantaneous. Jake Pohl against the public, Jake Pohl against the world.

No matter what weighty business occupied your mind, what pleasant thoughts beguiled you, Jake Pohl com-

manded the mood of his passengers. His car went up and down filled with resentment and baffled rage, and he thrived on it, as other men thrive on adulation and flattery.

It was a mystery why he was never reported for these incivilities. Perhaps he was, and the company kept him despite it. On an average, thirty ladies every day remarked as they righted themselves, or emerged from a futile argument about fares or routes, what a "horrible person" and that he "ought to be reported for that." But somehow they never did; they were always too busy. And, then, they seldom rode on the surface cars, anyway. The fact is that it was not meant that any one would report Jake, or that he would lose his job. He was, like the rest of us, bound to the wheel of his destiny.

Off duty at night, he went home to bully his wife. Yes, despite the ugly scowl, the ugly tongue, and the baleful gleam of his eye, Jake Pohl had managed himself a wife.

At any rate, there she was, a fairly good-tempered, fairly slatternly girl, who, because she was childless perhaps, kept a kind of gamin prettiness of face longer than prettiness generally endures in a basement, with coal smudges constantly hiding it and making it grotesque. But living in a basement had its advantages for Jake Pohl; his wife tended the furnace and swept the halls and answered the bell for the tenants above, so there was no rent to pay.

The poor girl was not a model of efficiency, and when Jake would come home in the evening to find supper not even begun or only on the way, he would bait and bully her while she scurried about the cluttered kitchen,

spilling and burning everything in a frenzy of excitement and haste. He cracked the whip, and she jumped, and only now and then did she turn upon him. Then there was a fine storm in the basement. "Sa-ay, who yuh talkin' to? *Me?*" stopping her supper-getting short. "*Me?*" tapping her breast with a grimy finger. "Well, yuh kin stop it, see? Yuh kin cut it out! I ain't nobody's slave! *Nobody's*, see? I ain't gonna stand fer no such talk. Get yer own supper! *You* come home an' keep up the fire! Me, I'm t'rough, see? I ain't gonna stand fer it."

And Jake, throwing in now and then a sneering "Yeah?" with a short jerk of his head, would at last take a sudden ominous step in her direction, and, his face twisted into his ugliest leer, his black eyes gleaming their balefulest, would cut in with: "That 's right! Git us put out! Think they're gonna stand fer you yellin' like that? Whadda yuh mean?"

The wonder was that she stood for it, that she did n't leave him straight. Of course he may have had his softer moods, though surely they were not frequent enough to compensate. The fact was, I suppose, that she was fond of Jake. And then, like so many long-suffering wives, she had refuge in an inner, an ideal, life, in which her husband had no share; a life of beauty, of romance, in which her spirit daily refreshed itself. Every afternoon she would throw on an old coat over her sweater, and hatless, without even the trouble of washing her face, she would scuttle down the block and round the corner to a cheap movie-house where for an hour or two every day basement, husband, grime, were all forgotten. She loved and suffered and triumphed

with queens and princesses; she dwelt in the fabulous boudoirs of the daughters of millionaires.

Yet once in a long while the glamour would be so strong upon her that she would not be able to resist recounting the story to Jake in the pauses of getting supper, standing by the basement range and gesturing with a cooking spoon. Jake received these gratuitous entertainments with the indifferent tolerance of the superior male, but sometimes they would be of such an intensity that, despite himself, he was drawn into them, and he would sit listening to all those thrilling and dangerous and high happenings as if he were in a spell. But this weakness was paid for the moment he recovered himself. He would roar at her to hurry up with the supper, object to the food, make exceedingly uncomplimentary remarks about the length of time she'd lived and never yet a meal on time. He gave her to understand that if it had n't been for all that time she had wasted a few minutes ago, he might have had something to eat by now. He wanted his supper sometime to-night.

When she asked what his hurry was, he would say he was "goin' out"; he never said where, but his manner indicated at least a meeting of the Black Hand or the Bomb-Throwers' Guild. She sometimes wondered whether he might n't have gone out to see for himself the wonders of which she had been telling him. Once she accused him of this, at breakfast, when he had been out the night before, and all that day his passengers paid for her temerity.

But life was not to be unbroken triumph even for Jake Pohl. One day a thing occurred that threatened to change the whole of life for him.

About half past three in the afternoon Jake's car was clanging along through a crowded street, when at a crossing, a network of El trestles, surface cars, and heavily loaded trucks, a sudden



"He would sit listening to all those thrilling and dangerous happenings"

violence seemed to enter the atmosphere, as if Jake's normal violence had spread and increased and multiplied until the air was filled with it. A car appeared suddenly round the curve; a wagon lurched out of the way; a shout, a stillness, and a terrific crash; the sound of splintering glass, the crunch and split of wood, and curses in a steady stream from the mouth of Jake Pohl. There followed a second crash and lurch, and the curses ceased; then the crowd came running from all directions, closing in, filling the street. Presently the clang of an ambulance gong was heard, and Jake Pohl, bleeding and unconscious, was carried out through the crowd and stowed away in the ambulance, which clanged slowly away down a side street.

Jake was an unruly patient in the hospital ward. He reached for things when he was told not to move, jerking round in his bed, so that stitches were broken and had to be sewed up again, and bones reset. Only one of his black eyes was free to send forth its baleful gleam from between the bandages; but no one escaped; nurses, orderlies, doctors, all who came near his bed, knew the challenge of that eye. And when the occupants of the beds on each side of his disturbed him in the mornings with their restlessness, although it was his snoring that had kept them awake all night, he glared at them in turn out of his one eye and gave them a piece of his mind. When they joined feebly in trying to defend themselves, and the nurses intervened, the hard muscles of Jake's face twisted at once to the evil leer, pulled and strained at the bandages as he told them what was what.

It was because of these contortions that on the day when the bandages were finally removed from his face, the doctor said:

"Too bad, young man; you pulled out the stitches once too often here. You 're going to carry an ugly scar."

"Scar, hell!" said Jake. "What 's a scar?"

And when a day or two later he was discharged from the ward as cured, it was with no more reminder of what had befallen him than a slight pulling at the side of his mouth and a tightness above the eye.

On the brilliant June morning four weeks from the day of the accident, when his car bumped noisily out of the car-barn, Jake, leaning out from the rear platform, was like an actor returning to his stage. He was full of unexploded noise and violence.

Two factory girls, seeing the car emerge from the barn, began to run, gesticulating desperately. But Jake, letting them almost catch up, gave the signal to go ahead, jerked the lever that pulled up the step and closed the door. Infuriated, the girls stopped short, fixed him wrathfully with their eyes. The end of the car grazed past. From the open rear Jake turned upon them the evil leer, the baleful gleam.

"Next car!" he flung down at them out of the corner of his mouth. This produced upon them a strange effect. Their enraged and helpless expressions relaxed into smiles, and the nearest called after him playfully:

"Oh, say, have a heart!"

But the car went bumping on over



"Oh, say, have a heart!"

the tracks. Jake ignored them, puzzled a little just the same.

It was quite by the surest of instincts that he stopped exactly beside the elderly gentleman who signaled with his walking-stick at the next

block. He even delayed the starting signal until the old gentleman was well on, since, a moment later, when he had tucked his walking-stick under his arm and was leisurely searching his pockets for change, the car would go over a switch with a terrific side-wise jolt that would upset him completely, just as Jake shouted, "*Hold fast!*" in his astonished ear a fraction of a second too late.

It worked, as it had always worked, subtly and smoothly. The old gentleman's stick clattered to the floor, his leg shot out, the change scattered from his palm, and, as he righted himself, he faced Jake accusingly. Then, as his eye met Jake's, his irritation seemed miraculously to dissolve, like mist before the sun, and he smiled; a bit sheepishly to be sure, but smiled. Jake's face twisted to its most evil leer, the baleful gleam increased.

"*Watch yer step!*" he growled in his ugliest voice, and the old gentleman, stepping inside, turned again to smile and remark pleasantly:

"Nearly upset me, eh?" He went on in, sat down, settled his coat-tails, turned, caught Jake's eye, and smiled again, as if he acknowledged a joke between them.

"Old bird 's nutty," said Jake to himself; "'s' old he can't do nothin' but grin."

Twice in that block the old gentleman answered Jake's stealthy, scowling glance with a smile.

A vague apprehension crept round the edge of Jake Pohl's consciousness. The two girls, and now the old man—

The car was stopping to take on three women.

Jake plunged into activity, shouting, jerking the levers, slamming doors, rattling change.

"Step up! Step up! Fares! *Hold fast!* Come on, come on, can't yuh? Don't take all day!" He trained on them the evil leer, and shot them his blackest and most belligerent gleam.

Yet one by one, as they faced him defensively, their expressions changed to relief, and as they passed in he heard one of them say, "What a merry face that conductor has!"

And Jake Pohl, expert in hyperbole, knew that what she said was meant for no mere figure of speech.

In the course of the next hour he had been winked at by at least three giddy young things, an experience in the nature of a catastrophe to Jake Pohl; a stout old lady had interrupted his choicest incivility to say, "That 's right; be happy while you 're young"; and two well dressed business men upon whom he had vented his wrath laughed jovially in his face.

By night he was in a state of utter exhaustion and bewilderment. All day he had roared and raged at the public, had scowled and muttered, sneered and insulted; not once had his face relaxed from its evil leer, or had the baleful gleam been absent from his eye. And all day the public had given him back nothing but smiles, smiles, and mealy-mouthed replies! Was everybody nutty? Had the whole world gone lulu at once?

It did not occur to Jake that the secret might be in himself, though there *had* occurred to him once or twice during the day a fleeting suspicion that people were acting as if there was something the matter with his face. But Jake's vanity was not of the kind to take him before the looking-glass, or he might have seen for himself the thing that had happened to him.

It was, of course, the scar. The scar that he had lightly dismissed, and at which he had not even deigned to glance, had changed the world for Jake Pohl. For now, when he screwed up his face to its habitual ugly leer, the scar ran up from the corner of his mouth and hid like a dimple in the crease of his cheek, and, presto! the evil leer was no longer a leer, but a happy and care-free smile—a smile that increased, as Jake's rage increased, to a broad and infectious grin. So, too, the scar pulled up his eye, jauntily, cockily, with a little satirical lift, and the baleful gleam was no longer a baleful gleam, but a merry twinkle instead—a twinkle so intimate, so humorous, that there was no withstanding it.

And through this merry twinkle, this happy smile, the bawlings and mutterings, the hustlings and incivilities, came with the effect of an impromptu and hilarious burlesque!

This, then, was the mean and underhanded trick that fate had played upon Jake Pohl. A care-free smile for an evil leer, a merry twinkle for a baleful gleam, but the spirit and intention of the man unchanged.

So began for Jake the most grievous era of his life. Day after day his car went up and down filled with good-will and benevolence, and Jake, for whom a soft answer but inflamed his wrath, for whom a smile unprovoked was harder to bear than any blow, rode up and down in a fever of hate and baffled rage, an actor bereft of his power, a villain tricked into going upon the stage in the mask of the comedian, a musician with the strings of his instrument gone slack.

The public, upon which he had played with so easy and masterful a hand, now jangled loosely out of tune

or gave back no response at all. When he roared at them to "Come on, come on! Think this is a limousine?" they answered with friendly facetiousness, "Home, James!" or stepped lively in extravagant simulation of fear.

Young huskies, catching the spirit of burlesque, would make a playful pass at Jake or stand off and shadow box, their eyes as twinkling as his own. When he yelled at them, they yelled back at him, enjoying the chance to exercise their lungs. They even slapped him on the back, and, when Jake lunged viciously for them, shouted "Hey! look out! You 'll hit somebody!" and dodged inside the car out of reach of his swinging arm.

Did they think he was kiddin' 'em? He 'd show 'em! He 'd show the whole crowd! His rage reached apoplectic heights.

"Have n't you just *seen* conductors like that?" women would say, looking back over their shoulders, appreciatively.

There was no insolence, it seemed, they would not take from him. In the old days he would have been "invited off the car" a dozen times a day for less than people laughed at now.

The fact was that Jake Pohl, the natural enemy of his fellow-men, had come willy-nilly to be the spreader of sunshine, promoter of brotherly love, source of good cheer. It would have taken a heart of stone to resist the twinkle of his eye or the friendly exuberance of his smile. Even the sourdest of passengers left Jake's car with an obscure conviction that, after all, life was nothing to be taken so seriously, the world was a jolly place, and all of us brothers under the skin. It did one good to see a fellow like that. Mothers went home and spoke to their





Jake Pohl had come to be the spreader of sunshine and promoter of brotherly love

children about the value of a smile.

Now and then there was another note, a shade more infuriating to Jake than the smile. It was usually struck by some mild-looking gentleman wearing very superior clothes and holding a cigar in one hand, and in the other a walking-stick and gloves, who, after regarding Jake with an air of intense interest and perplexity for several blocks, would at last remark to the person next, "Poor devil! I suppose he 's trying to get a bit of fun out of his job." The first time he heard it Jake stopped just short of assault.

There were times when, exhausted with striving against shadows, he was minded to submit to his fate, to go down in the rising flood of benevolence; and for a trip, perhaps, there would be quiet on Jake Pohl's car, and the clink of coins could easily be heard as he made the change. The passengers' faces resumed their grave and expressionless masks. But a man is the slave of his talent, the servant of his gift: the song of the poet demands to be sung, the lines of the actor demand to be heard. And who was Jake Pohl to resist the urge of his deepest self? A kind of frenzy would seize him.

With shouting and shoving, scowling and glaring, the baleful gleam would leap to his eye, the evil leer would lose itself like a dimple in his cheek, and the car would be all violence and gaiety again.

It was the familiarity that most infuriated Jake. His dignity was invaded, his aloof and solitary spirit intruded upon. That was a thing Jake Pohl had never before endured. People kept their distance in the old days; they knew better than to try any familiarity with Jake. Now they seemed to think he was one of them. Ladies even patted his arm when he was rude to them, and said, "I almost thought you meant that at first." They acted as if they *knew* him, as if they had any right,—anybody had any right,—to touch him, to take hold of him like that! He brushed viciously at his sleeve. "They c'n keep their dirty hands off'n me," he would mutter to himself, though the hand had been the whitest and cleanest that had ever touched Jake Pohl in his life.

He would go home dog tired at night, and ugly all through, for at home there awaited him the supreme humiliation of his day.

It is bad enough to be completely misunderstood by the world, but for a man's own wife to fail to take his ferocities with proper seriousness is a thing to test the fiber of any man. And Jake Pohl's wife no longer jumped when he cracked the whip; instead, she went off into fits of giggles when he bullied her.

At first she had been quite willing to be frightened by his threatening voice alone, but the undeniably cheerful grin and the merry twinkle that came into his eye she could no more resist than the public, and a first slow, incredulous smile spread over her face in response to it.

She had never ceased to wonder a little at the change, for to have a husband who had always been a bully turn suddenly into a roaring humorist was more than even her movie-trained imagination could explain. But she accepted this turn of fate, this miracle, this mystery, as daily she accepted the greater mysteries of the screen. She asked neither logic nor sense of life. All she wanted was to be entertained, and Jake was "purty near 's good 's a movie" of late. He "kep' her laffin' half the time." She was enormously pleased with him.

When on a certain day she had been to see her cousin in the Bronx, a visit that necessitated washing her face, putting on a clean waist, and wearing a hat, and Jake sat half-way through supper that night, dogged and sullen, without saying a word until she was "scairt he was goin' back like he uster be again," only to look up at her suddenly and growl: "Where yuh been? Yer face is clean," she knew it for the height of comedy, and burst into laughter prompt enough to have flattered any humorist. And when

Jake seized a heel of bread and hurled it at her head, she dodged, shrieking delightedly, caught it, and threw it back at him. She had never expected such fun out of domestic life.

While now and then Jake took refuge in the proud and silent fastnesses of his own soul, these retirements always preceded a fresh and more violent attack. He raised such rows in the basement that the tenants on the floor above would come to the area door and call down to ask what the matter was. And Jake's wife, still sputtering and breathless with mirth, would open the door and call up: "J' you hear us? We wuz jus' foolin'—jus' havin' some fun." And when she came back, still breathless, she would say, in her voice a touch of pride for the felicity of her home, "Dey t'ought we wuz fightin', hey?"

It was a wonder that he did her no bodily harm. If now and then he was tempted to start for her, she would side-step playfully away, tomboyishly spit in her palms, and advance toward him in circles, with fists clenched and revolving warily. Sometimes even he closed with her, gave her a stinging slap on the cheek, which she took all in good part for the cause of such hilarity; her hair would come down, and Jake, seeing her eager, laughing face and hearing her excited "Come on!" would be suddenly overcome by disgust of himself and of the momentary weakness that had tempted him into an exhibition so fatal to his dignity. His hands would drop limply to his side, and he would sit down heavily in the nearest chair.

He, Jake Pohl, who had got his effects with far subtler means, reduced to the use of his fists! He could easily have convinced her with blows, but

blows would have been the final capitulation to his fate, the last acknowledgment that his power had gone. No, women were fools. And he had got the prize fool of them all.

He would sit silent, suppressing himself, making every effort to eliminate all semblance of expression from his face. For, despite his tendency to call his wife and the public names, Jake Pohl knew, but could not quite admit to himself, where the trouble lay. It had forced itself slowly upon his harassed and resisting consciousness.

Things had happened, small things. A passing glimpse of his face in the mirrored wall of a quick-lunch counter, when he was glaring at a waiter who had brought his coffee cold, and Jake, resenting the amusement of the fellow in the mirror, turned abruptly, to find himself confronting the reflection of his own face, gave him the shock of his life. And when he had said to that idiot of a wife, "Quit yer laffin', will yuh?" and she had playfully responded, "Quit laffin' yerself!" a chill apprehension of certainty had passed over him; had, in fact, sent him to a stealthy examination of his features in a looking-glass. And there, although he found it difficult to separate what he felt from what he saw, his apprehensions were again confirmed.

But it was only in such moments that Jake was actually convinced. Even when his reason was persuaded, he could not bring himself to believe that so trivial a thing could rob him of his power. Month after month the knowledge stood at the edge of his consciousness. It was like a fuse lighted and burning slowly toward the danger-point. What would happen when it reached that point Jake did not attempt to foresee. Perhaps not until

that moment would he really believe the thing.

Meanwhile he went on his belligerent way, strove mightily with shadows, suffered humiliations and indignities, battled valiantly for the preservation of his identity. He began to have headaches. It was telling on his health.

There came at last a night in October when, without warning or premonition of any sort, Jake Pohl's endurance came abruptly to an end, the charge touched off, it seemed, by the most trivial of incidents.

It was after a particularly hectic day, after a supper of futile and rising anger on Jake's part, and irrepressible festivity on the part of his wife. Jake had shoved back his chair from the table, and, seeking respite in silence, sat gazing across the room at nothing, his face averted and expressionless. His wife was clearing away the dishes, and as she went back and forth from the table to the sink, she expectantly watched Jake out of the tail of her eye. Seeing him silent so long, she moved deliberately into his line of vision, her head bent toward him inquisitively, playfully, provocatively. He tried not to see her, but would not shift his gaze; and when her eyes met his, although he intended to give no sign, he scowled. It was only a slight involuntary scowl, the mere habitual response of the muscles of his face. But what *she* saw was not a scowl at all. She saw a wistful, faintly troubled smile.

For an instant she paused uncertainly before this strange and amazing phenomenon. Then, moved by some long unused and inhibited instinct of tenderness, she crossed the space between them, and with an awkward and

caressing hand drew his head against her breast.

No playing child could have approached a high explosive more innocently than she, or with more surprising and instantaneous result.

Jake's arm shot upward like a bolt of iron and nearly knocked her from her feet.

"Keep yer hands off o' me!" he bellowed in a voice that exploded like a bomb. Then in a single eruption of his whole body he kicked over his chair, sent the table spinning on one leg, and with a terrific detonation the basement door had ejected him into the night, leaving her standing agape in the middle of the floor.

Head down, Jake plunged into the street. Like a man pursued, and looking neither to the right nor the left, he struck through the loitering evening crowds, turned south, turned east, his legs, if not his head, seeming aware of a plan.

Just when the plan did reach his head it would be difficult to say. It may have been there all the time, unknown to Jake, lying quietly in wait for its appointed hour. It may have been the brilliant inspiration of necessity. But there it was, full fledged—a plan to act upon, a goal. There was no hesitation in him now. He knew at last what he must do.

Twenty minutes later Jake emerged into a wide, conspicuously deserted street only a block removed from the waterfront—a dimly lighted, bleak, and wind-swept street where bits of paper blew up dismally from the cobblestones, and broken glass lay under the green and aqueous corner lights; a street of closed, blank doors and buildings looming blind and dumb, and yet a street where, if you lingered long

enough, it was possible to see one of those same closed, blank doors open a moment to emit a man who, righting himself with difficulty, would stagger out to engage in mortal combat the nearest lamp-post, letter-box, or fire-alarm.

It was such a man that Jake Pohl sought—a fighting man, a blinded man, a man who could not tell a lamp-post from an enemy, who would not know a merry twinkle from a baleful gleam.

Jake had never frequented such streets, for Jake was not a drinking man. He had always had his self-respect. It was his self-respect he had come out to save to-night. Some instinct, some masculine intuition, then, had led him to this street. One need



"Sent him to a stealthy examination of his features"

not be a drinking man to know where drinks are likely to be had, or where the drink that cheers and where the drink that blinds.

His footsteps echoed in the dim, de-

served place. He had reached the middle of the second block when suddenly before him an oblong of light was opened up, a thick figure blocked it an instant, the oblong of light was gone, and before Jake stood his man. Stood planted, feet apart, and muttering angrily, a kind of continuous, growing rumble of belligerence. At sight of Jake looming before him his belligerence increased.

Jake stopped beside him, his elbow thrust out menacingly; his voice was an ugly snarl.

"Sa-ay, who da yuh think you 're talkin' to? Me?"

The drunk slued round, focused his gaze fiercely upon Jake.

"S-show ye who I 'm talk'n to! I 'll fixsh *you* awright, yuh—"

Jake's elbow dug into his ribs.

"Come ahead!" he baited. "Yuh could n' hurt a fly."

Without another word the fellow lunged. His clenched fist shot past Jake's ear, his arm came heavily to rest about Jake's neck. With their faces almost touching, he stared a minute thoughtfully, demanded sociably, "Whashur name?" and then, without waiting to hear, loosened his hold and began to slip quietly down, down, until he sat upon the curb. One hand, following belatedly, slid down Jake's leg until it closed upon the foot.

"Hey, whadda yuh mean, settin' down?" Jake kicked out viciously; but the hand held to his foot, and the owner of the hand sat staring in absorbed astonishment at his capture, as if it were some strange and interesting novelty that he had picked up from the ground. And when Jake shouted in his ear "Giddup, you dirty bum! Giddup an' fight!" his answer was a deep, contented snore.

So ended the first encounter of that night of nights. The second took place some ten minutes afterward, when he had passed through one of those oblongs of light that, like the first, had opened conveniently before him, this time just at the corner where he had paused to consider crossing over and trying the other side. He had learned his lesson from that first attempt. The fellow was too far gone. He must catch his man before the stuff had got into his legs.

If ever three promising prospects confronted a man, they seemed to confront Jake here—three sullen steady drinkers, who resented Jake's elbow on the bar before he had said a word. Yet within two minutes of his entrance the proprietor was leaning across the bar to say in a drawling casual voice:

"Here, none o' that! Ye don't get rough in here, young feller."

"Yeah? Whad ye gonna do 'bout it?" said Jake.

The proprietor merely turned his head lazily, called "Joe!" over his shoulder, and from the door of an inner room there appeared a sleepy-looking giant in shirt-sleeves, rolling the half-smoked stub of a cigar between his teeth. The proprietor nodded shortly toward Jake. "Out," he said laconically, and in another instant Jake had been seized in a gorilla-like embrace from behind, and neatly, expeditiously thrown into the street. The door shut after him with a thud. It had an air of finality, of victory.

The thing was not, perhaps, to be as easy as it seemed. But the night was young, and a grim and terrible determination had seized upon Jake Pohl.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when Jake came home. His wife, jumpy and pale from a sleepless night,



Three promising prospects confronted Jake here

was kneeling before the furnace, shaking the ashes down, when the basement door came open with a bang, kicked inward by a heavy foot. It was still gray dawn in the basement, but light enough to see Jake's face as he stepped inside.

"Fer God's sake—" she began, and stopped.

He moved to shut the door.

She cowered as if she had been struck, and one grimy hand crept up to cover her frightened mouth. Yet Jake had uttered not so much as a single word!

"Oh, fer God's sake!" she gasped again, after a speechless, staring interval.

"Cut it out!" rasped out Jake from somewhere in the midst of that leering, grotesquely swollen and battered face. "An' stop settin' there starin'. I ain't a ghost." He took a slight, very slight step forward into the room. She fled, crouching, keeping close to the wall,

to the far end of the room by the sink.

From where he stood he fixed her with the terrifying gleam of his overhung and blackened eye.

"I'll take some breakfast now," he said, and added, with his old-time sneer, "if it ain't too much work."

"A' right, a' right." Her voice was hurried and cowed. She began with trembling hands to fumble among the pots and pans.

At the company office Jake was told to "get round to the hospital clinic and have 'em put on some bandages." But Jake, though he started in that direction, avoided even the street where the hospital was. This time he would risk no expert meddling with his face. No beauty ever watched results more anxiously than Jake.

At the end of four days the bruises and swellings had disappeared, and only the permanent alterations remained. The next morning Jake went back to work.

The first man that boarded Jake's car that day turned on the step to wave good-by and finish the end of a conversation with a girl he had left standing in the street.

"Inside!" said Jake, and grasped the lever that pulled up the step.

Without turning his head, and continuing to call to the girl, the young man stepped up backward to the platform of the car. The doors clanged to in his face.

The young man was about to accept this rebuff as a natural interference of fate when, in manœvering for a place to pantomime his final message through the glass, his glance encountered Jake's. The effect was instantaneous.

"What the devil—slamming that door in my face!"

"Yeah?" said Jake, and began noisily grinding the handle of the coin-box to stifle the clamorous exultation of his soul.

"None of your infernal impudence!" stormed the young man, "I 'll have

you reported; I 'll have you off this car before night!"

"Hold fast!" sang out Jake, and the car went over the sidewise switch, catapulting the young man headlong into the nearest seat. Before, fuming with rage, he could right himself, the car had slowed to take on a crowd of transfer passengers from a crosstown line.

Jake leaped eagerly to the fray.

Oh, it was pretty, it was beautiful to watch—the instrument in tune again! The lightest, slightest touch, and the strings gave back their instantaneous and full response.

The crowd surged up on the car, and by the time they had got through the ordeal of the fares they were choking with anger, incoherent with rage, vociferous with arguments and threats. By noon Jake had had six separate invitations to "get off the car and be shown."

Power flooded back into Jake Pohl's soul, and peace. His world was his world again. *Step up in the car!*





# Bookless Philosophers

BY MAURICE G. HINDUS



THE more I learned of the Doukhobors, as a child in Russia, the higher rose my admiration for them. Here were about ten thousand peasants, barely literate, with no intellectual leaders. They had been cast into the Caucasian wilderness, exposed to the perils of roving beasts and savage Tatars; yet they rose one day and, with the chanting of hymns, burned all their arms, and vowed to be Christians in their every thought and act, to kill no living thing, to abstain from violence, even when victims of it, to avoid all excesses and dissipations, to refrain from the use of meat, tobacco, liquor, to abandon a life of individual pursuit, and join in a commune where all should toil and enjoy and suffer together. They turned their backs upon modern civilization, they refused military service, and declined to take the oath of allegiance to the new emperor. They were lashed, tortured, jailed; they neither yielded nor resisted. Intellectual Russia applauded and idealized them. When Tolstoy made his memorable appeal in their behalf through the columns of the London "Times," the world responded and helped them migrate to western Canada in 1897.

Last summer an opportunity was afforded me to visit the Doukhobors in their Canadian settlements. I went first to Brilliant, British Columbia, their largest colony, with a population of twenty-five hundred souls. It lies

in a picturesque spot in the Rockies, in a valley skirted on one side by the roaring Kootenay and on the other by the swift-flowing Columbia, and sheltered by a circle of gigantic mountains. About fifteen years ago, when the Doukhobors first came there, the place was a heavily wooded wilderness; but now as one gazes down upon it from a height one's eyes wander over endless rows of orchards and gardens, superbly cultivated, clusters of houses with large windows, patches of lawn and gorgeous flower-beds. Opposite the railway station tower mammoth grain-elevators, a massive jam factory, and not far away, on the rocky bank of the Kootenay, sprawls a huge saw-mill. It has the aspect of a modern, progressive, prosperous community whose inhabitants are quick to make use of the discoveries of science, and spare no pains to woo the precious crop from a stubborn soil.

It was Sunday morning a little after five when I reached Brilliant, and when I entered the meeting-house—Doukhobors gather early for services—I found myself in a world in quaint contrast to the one I had just been observing. In the middle of the room, which is a community kitchen and dining-room,—Doukhobors have no churches,—stood a red-painted table, long and bare, and on it lay a big round loaf of dark bread, and near by stood a glass of water, a white pitcher, a dish of salt. The worshipers were



standing, as in a Russian church, the women at the right of the table, picturesque in their bright shawls and richly colored waists and skirts, and the men facing the women at the left of the table, patriarchal in their homespun white smocks and broad unironed trousers.

The services were impressively simple and informal. There were no books, no ceremonial, no symbols other than the bread, water, and salt, no priests, and no leaders. Stepping forth a space in front of the table and facing the bread and water, they alternately took turns at reciting a verse of Psalms, after which they bowed low, touching the floor with their heads, rose, sang a hymn, a special Doukhobor composition in long-drawn-out wailing tones typical of a large body of peasant songs. Then followed an intermission. The men and women relaxed, chatted, chuckled, as if they were on a visit, and then they sang again. They were tireless singers, and their hymns seemed interminable.

At the close of the services a group of men had gathered about me. They deluged me with questions naïve and amusing. Shut in among the mountains, keeping entirely to themselves, strangers to the printed word,—few of them ever read books or newspapers,—seldom visited by outsiders, they seemed childishly ignorant of the social world about them. Was it true, they queried, that there would be a new dynasty of czars in Russia, with Lenine as the first czar? Was it true that in America the working-men had decided to starve to death all capitalists? Did people in New York go shooting and did they drink liquor? How much did I pay for my suit of

clothes, my tie, my collar? How did I earn the money to pay with? Was everybody in New York going bare-headed, as I was? Possessed of a boundless spirit of curiosity, intensified by their seclusion, they did not scruple to make inquiries of intimate personal matters. Did I ever go shooting? Did I eat meat? Did I smoke? Did I consume liquor? No? Then my wife must be a happy woman.

## § 2

We squatted down on the spacious porch of the meeting-house and continued our conversation. Very eagerly they expounded to me their beliefs and practices. They regard it a waste of wealth to build churches. Usually, they gather for services in their homes or on a lawn or in an orchard. They worship in the communal house in Brilliant as a matter of convenience; it accommodates a larger crowd than any other place they have. They do not believe in a clergy because the clergy "exploit the people. When a man is born, the priest collects a tax on him; when he marries, the priest collects a tax on him; and when he dies, the priest collects a tax on him." Festivities of any nature they taboo. They have even discarded holidays. They have no New Year's, no Christmas, and no Easter. The reason?

"Holidays make a man lazy, offer his mind a chance to drift into bad thoughts, and tempt him into evil acts. What did people in Russia do on holidays? Drink, quarrel, fight. Yes, and in this country are they any better?" In their onslaught on gaiety they out-puritanize the most old-fashioned New-Englander. Aside from singing, of which they are fond, they

indulge in no music. Their weddings are simple affairs. The bridegroom announces publicly that he has selected such and such a girl for his wife and that she has accepted him, and will "the brethren and sisters bless them?" No rollicking ceremonies such as rock a Russian village at an ordinary peasant wedding.

Quite remarkable is their explanation of their attitude toward the Bible. Such rationalism is as un-Russian as it is unpeasantlike.

"The Old Testament," they explained, "is an interesting book; we read it sometimes. But there are a lot of foolish things in it. It speaks of war and punishment and revenge and of God helping one army against another. That 's all pure nonsense, so we think. The New Testament we read more often than the Old, but we do not regard it as an inspired book. We do not believe in inspired books. Men write them, and they make errors. The stories of the virgin birth, of the ascension of Christ to heaven in the flesh, of his bodily resurrection, are for children. They are contrary to the laws of nature. And when the New Testament speaks of submission to authority we do not know what it means. Christ says do good for evil, and supposing your ruler tells you to cast your brother into dungeon or to take up a gun and go to war? How can you do good for evil then? You see a man has to figure all these things out for himself with his own understanding and not accept everything as it is written down. That 's why we do not go much by books, any books. We have no religious books of any kind. We do not print any of our psalms or hymns. We teach them to our children by word of mouth. In

winter, when there is not much work on the land, every mother and father instructs the children in the things that a Doukhobor ought to know."

"What other education do your children receive?"

"The father or sometimes a neighbor will teach them to read and write Russian and arithmetic."

"And history and geography, too?"

"No; that is not necessary. We don't believe in education. It is not a good thing for a man. It weans him from honest labor, makes him want to live by his wits, by deception. Is not that so?"

"But education," I argued, "enriches and beautifies your life—"

The old man interrupted me with a laugh.

"*Nu*, brother," he began, "we have heard such words before. But, you see, we are simple people. We are happy as we are. To us education means being a good Doukhobor. That is, to love all living things and to do no evil, not to shoot, not to eat meat, not to smoke, not to drink liquor. We teach all these things to our children. And more, too. The mothers teach their daughters to bake and to cook and to spin and to weave and to embroider, and the fathers teach their boys to be handy with an ax, a carving-knife, a plow, a team of horses. Such things are useful and are good, and the other things that you educated people speak of, *nu*, you can have them. We do not need them. Of what good are pictures, musical instruments, theaters, "moova peachers?" They only excite your bad appetites, so to speak. You see? To us education means doing useful things."

"Supposing so," I contended, "if it was not that men have studied in

universities and laboratories, you never would have had the engines and the boilers and the furnaces that you have installed in your jam factory; you never would have had the tractors, the reapers, the threshing-machines that you use."

The old man only shook his head.

"And do you suppose machinery is a good thing?" he answered. "In the Caucasus we had small farms, no machinery. We did all our work by hand, and did not we enjoy life there? Did not we have enough to eat? Aye, better food than we have here. And we did not work so hard and did not have so much worry."

"Correct, correct," the other men muttered. From the expressions of their faces it was evident that they felt they had the better of the argument. I was on the point of mustering a new array of reasons in support of modern education when a man who had all the time been silently leaning against the door-post turned toward me and said:

"*Nu*, you look at your cities. I don't know much about them, but once in a while I read a newspaper, and I read of murders there, and robberies and arrests and police and jails. And look at us. We have no education, and yet there are twenty-five hundred of us living in this community, and we have no police and no courts and no jails and no guns. And now, friend, look at the rulers of the world. They are educated, yes? They have been in universities, yes? And, *nu*, see what they have been doing. Have they been following Christ? They have been fighting wars instead. Merciful Lord! think! They have killed millions and millions of people, and all for what, can you tell me?"

He paused and gazed at me as though expecting a reply, and when I offered none, he continued:

"And yet, you know, they tell us, these educated people, that we ought to kill the wild beasts in the woods. *Nu*, have all the wild beasts since the beginning of time destroyed half as many lives as have the two-legged beasts in the last war?"

### § 3

One of the men invited me to his house for breakfast. He lived in a colony, as they all do, on top of a hill across the railroad track. The colony consisted of a square row of frame-houses in each of which lived several families. It was set off in an orchard of apple-, plum-, peach-trees loaded with ripe fruit. Hop-vines in full bloom stretched in a network over the walls and porches. Flower gardens, free of weeds and with a varied assortment of flowers—dahlias, marigolds, roses—greeted the eye at every turn. The lawns were freshly cut and free of any refuse. The neatness of the Doukhobor in his surroundings, in house and person, is one of his outstanding virtues. As we entered the yard, a group of girls came out. They were barefooted, in bright shawls and long skirts; each carried on an arm the head of a sunflower plant from which she was picking the seeds with her fingers and eating them. "Glory be to God!" they greeted us, bowing. "Glory be to God!" my host responded, removing his hat and returning the bow. This is the customary manner of salutation among them. They have dispensed with the Russian "good day" and "good evening" and even with the general "*zdravstvuite*."

Upon entering the house, what

struck my attention most poignantly was the head-dress of the women. Some of them had their shawls off, exposing clipped heads—clipped close and all around save for a straggling tuft in front. They reminded me unpleasantly of the inmates in the hospitals I had visited in Canada. They explained that they began cutting their hair about a dozen years ago. Why?

"Because," the cook, a ruddy, stout, affable young woman, replied, "it is too much bother to have heavy hair. It takes time to care for it, and we are not like your women; we have no leisure, we have to work in the field, help our men. And, then, heavy hair is not healthy. It used to give me headaches, and sometimes when a person works around the kitchen, hair would fall into the dough or the soup, and that is not clean. So we are now cutting it."

"But hair makes a woman beautiful," I protested, thinking of the numerous hair- tonic ads I had read extolling the glory of woman's hair.

She waved her hand, shook her head, and smiled.

"We don't care for that kind of beauty," she said.

Here my host, ever ready to philosophize, like all older Doukhobors, remarked:

"You see, *druzhek* [little friend], there is beauty of the spirit and beauty of the flesh. What 's beauty of the flesh? To-day you have it, to-morrow you lose it. Is not that so? Now, for example, you have dark hair. To-morrow it turns gray. To-day it is heavy, to-morrow it falls out. To-day you have a full face, to-morrow the bones stick out. But beauty of the spirit, you understand, grows with age. It is as lasting as God."

It was a charming bit of philosophy, but the cook probably imagined it pictured the Doukhobor women as too unearthly, for she hastened to add:

"We believe in bodily beauty; but to us such beauty means a ruddy face, muscular arms, a strong body, flesh like blood and milk."

#### § 4

I was riding up the mountains once with a white-haired Doukhobor. At one place we made a sharp turn in the road and beheld a few rods ahead of us, and directly beneath a clump of overhanging brush, several deer, wide-eyed and with uplifted heads, staring at us. The Doukhobor halted the horses, gazed at them, and shook his head in ecstasy.

"How handsome they are!" he said in a low voice, as though fearing they might hear him and skulk away. "What a pity to kill them! And yet in the fall the Anghlicks tramp all over these mountains and shoot them by the hundreds. But we never touch them, and they are wise beasts, oh, they are. They know we are their friends, and so they come down upon our land for shelter. They wander in our gardens and orchards like cows. And one night last fall a party of Anghlicks rowed across the river and shot fifteen of them upon our land. And that was the first time since we have been here that the blood of a living thing has been shed upon our soil, and with God's help we hope it will be the last."

I asked him what they did to animals that foraged on their crops.

"We drive them off," he said; "we never kill them. Look at the squirrels this year. Lord! how they have been

damaging our fruit! It seems there is a poor crop of nuts and berries in the mountains, and so they have been coming down to our farms for food. They have stripped bare our nut-trees, and we had such an excellent crop! And now they have begun to attack our apple-trees. And they are such unreasonable creatures! If they 'd eat the apples, we should n't mind so much, but they nip off the stems, thinking they can carry the fruit to their holes as they do nuts, and they have not strength enough for that, and the apples fall to the ground. I have tried to drive them off, but it does no good. They come right back. The other day I caught one and I was so angry, may God forgive me, that I picked up a rod and spanked her. And when I let her go I said to her, 'You wicked thing, next time I catch you, even if I am a Doukhobor, I 'll cut off your ears.' It would be best, I suppose, if we 'd catch them, put them in bags, carry them way up the mountains, and let them out there. That 's what I 'll do if they keep coming again."

"And what do you do with bears? Do they ever bother you?" I had heard that there were a good many grizzlies roaming about in the neighborhood.

"They never touch us. Men only think that wild animals are dangerous. But we lived in the Caucasus, and there were Tatars and wolves and bears, and yet we burned our arms, and no one ever molested us. I 'll tell you, *druzhok*, of an experience we had recently with a bear. A party of us went up the mountains to help put out a forest fire. We came to a place where a wind swept the flames all around us, and we had to flee for

safety to a near-by big flat rock. We sat down and watched the flames, and of a sudden a bear came out and sat down at the end of the rock opposite us, with his fore feet lifted in the air as though to show us his burns. There was an Anghlick among us. He picked up a rock and threw it at the bear. But the bear did n't stir. Think of it! Where could he go? He could not jump into the flames. The Anghlick picked up another rock. He wanted to kill the bear. But we grabbed him by the hand and said: 'Don't, brother! The bear is our comrade now. He has come here to save himself, even as we all have. Look at his feet. They are burned, and he is suffering.' The Anghlick sort of felt ashamed and dropped the rock. The bear sat beside us like a brother, and when the fire swept by, he rose and walked quietly away."

### § 5

To a Doukhobor all governments are evil, because they rest upon force. "The Anghlicks," they say, "want us to swear allegiance to their king. But how can we? Their king has armies and navies and fights wars. We owe allegiance to only one king—Christ."

They are as suspicious of the Canadian Government as a bride is of a domineering mother-in-law. For years they have refused to register births, deaths, and marriages. They argue that such registration is merely a scheme of governments to collect additional taxes from the people and to keep count of the number of available soldiers. There were times when Canadian officials had to exhume their dead from the graves in order to ascertain the cause of death. In retaliation, the Doukhobors interred their dead in

the fields and leveled off the ground to keep the police from locating the place of burial. They resort to all manner of stratagems—to lies most of all—to evade the Canadian school laws. They regard them as an enemy of their faith and their practices. They are afraid of modern civilization—afraid it will wrench the young away from their fold and break up their society.

I broached the question of Canadianization to one of the oldest and most cultivated Doukhobors, and he summed up their attitude in words which it is neither easy to refute nor to forget.

"The Anghlicks," he said, "want us to give up our mode of living and our ideas. They want us to go to their schools and adopt their ways and be like them. What would we gain? A knowledge of English? Good. More luxurious homes? Good. Better food? Good. Finer clothes? Good. Automobiles of our own? Good. Property; more and more? Good. And would we do more useful work? Would we love our fellow-men more? Yes, we 'd become worldly and educated. We 'd want to go to the cities. We 'd seek a life of ease. We 'd reach out for more and more of this world's material things. We 'd scheme and cheat. We 'd drink liquor and smoke. We 'd eat meat and carry guns. We 'd go to war and take human life. Our women would leave the garden and the orchards. They 'd want to be *baruini*—ladies. They 'd be thinking of pretty clothes and jewelry and paint and powder and dances and men. Yea, they might even begin to smoke and drink and go to the bad. Once a person starts to go down, there is no telling where he 'll stop. What would

become of us then? Here, look at me. I am an old man. I have not many more years of life. I have been in jail in Russia and in Siberia, where I nearly froze to death because I would not give up the Doukhobor principles. Merciful Lord! they beat many of us to death in Russia because we were Doukhobors. *Nu*, must we break up now because the Canadians want us to? And, pray, who would profit from it? Each of us would be for himself and against his brother. We 'd lose our peace of mind and our contentment and our simple ways and our love of Christ, and then where and what would we be?"

### § 6

I visited Kylemore, Saskatchewan, one of the largest grain-growing colonies of the Doukhobors. Harvest was in full swing. An army of reapers were hastily reducing the shoulder-high wheat-field to huge sheaves. About thirty boys and girls were setting up the bundles. The girls wore knickerbockers and caps, and were hilariously proud of their harvesting costume. Every hour or so when the water-boy drove round with barrels of freshly pumped spring water, they came together, slaked their thirst, then sat down to rest, to play, to sing. An older man was with them to see that they did not make the rest-periods too long. Toward noon he told them that he would release them from further work until after lunch if they would lay aside "their childishness" and entertain with songs this "Russian man who has come from a far place to see how we simple people Doukhobors are living."

With joyous exclamations they dashed after sheaves of wheat, sat down upon

them, close together, with their backs toward the blazing sun, and burst into a wailing melody, their vigorous, untrained voices blending into a solemn harmony, and resounding loud and sad over the rolling prairies. The old man leaned over to me and whispered:

"This is an old Russian song. It is about a Cossack, you see, who had a sweetheart. Now she had a lover and she wanted to rid herself of the Cossack. So she invited him to go rowing, and she took him to a place at the seashore where the waves were high and violent, and he asked her why she brought him to such a wild place, and she only laughed. And then he understood that she wanted to drown him, and so he jerked out his bayonet and stabbed her in the bosom."

It seemed an ideal scene, those endless prairies, the roaring reapers, the miles and miles of billowy wheat, and this group of boys and girls stopping in the midst of their labors to regale themselves with old folk-songs that have been transmitted by word of mouth for countless generations.

The whole Doukhobor scheme seems to an outsider as ideal as this scene. Here is a society without private property, without riches, without want, apparently without greed, hate, lust, crime. The speech of the people, especially the older folk, drips with a tenderness and a beauty that stirs the emotions. One wonders how people who forswear education and who are woefully ignorant of the world have learned to express themselves so nobly.

They all seem happy. A Doukhobor boy of nineteen or twenty, if he is ready for marriage, is not harassed by the problem of a home and a livelihood for wife and family. The commune provides both. They all work,

each at his allotted task, and no one hurries or is hurried. They have time to pause, look round, chat, sing. Usually they rest for two hours after the noon meal, and on Saturdays quit their labor at midday. And what superb workers they are! Their farms are among the most productive in Canada. In dry areas, while other farmers sit with folded arms and wait for a benevolent Government to bring water upon their land, meanwhile suffering their crops to burn year after year, the Doukhobors search the country-side for a flow of water, and when they find it, they do not rest until they have directed it to their fields.

And yet, peering below the surface, one must regretfully admit that the Doukhobor society is deteriorating. At least one third of the members have already left the commune. Contact with modern civilization through the machine, the railroad, visits to the town, however rare, have stirred their individualism and a wish for independence. Some of the boys of the commune have discovered the pleasures of the cigarette, the bottle of whisky, and the steak. Of course, when they are caught in the act of indulging in these illicit joys, they are spanked in the good old-fashioned way with rods or are expelled from the commune. But that only intensifies their fear and their dissatisfaction with the existing order. The older men who have been in Siberia, who know what it is to suffer for a principle, cling firmly, desperately, and nobly to their faith. There is a charm, a majesty, a warmth about their manner and their speech that rouses one's unbounded affection for them. But when they are gone, their "doukhorie" will tumble into ruins.



## London Types

BY STACY AUMONIER

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE BELCHER



### LILY BATES

Lily Bates is just nineteen, and she works for Mrs. Postling, who has not done the right thing by Lily. She got her from the founding hospital when she was fifteen, and she said:

"I will bring her up like a daughter."

The only reflection one may make upon this facile promise is that it is fortunate for the unborn child's sake that Mrs. Postling never had a daughter. When Lily first went to her, it was understood that she was to help the parlor-maid, learn to sew, and generally make herself useful. There were at that time five lodgers in the house, two married couples, and an uncle of Mrs. Postling who was eaten up with gout and erysipelas. He lived in a room on the second floor, never went out, had to have his meals brought up to him, and was always in a bad temper. There were also a cook and a housemaid. The novelty of this new life, with the large house and its varied personalities, excited Lily. She could not do too much for every one. She had young legs, as Mrs. Postling explained, and they were employed racing up and down stairs. No sooner had she reached the top than either Mrs. Postling or the cook, who never moved from the kitchen, would call out, "Lily!" And Lily would exclaim, "Oo-er!" and dash down-stairs. No sooner had she reached the basement and begun to do whatever she was ordered to than Mrs. Postling's uncle would come out on to the landing and bawl out, "Lily, where 's my noospaper?" and Lily would exclaim, "Oo-er!" and dash up-stairs again with the paper. She began her duties in a humble way by cleaning boots, chopping wood, scouring the kitchen floor, answering the bell, taking up meals to three different sets of people, turning out dark, cobwebby cupboards in the basement, doing the fireplaces, polishing the grates, peeling potatoes, and running errands. But so efficient did she prove herself in all these offices that at the end of a year she was promoted. In other words, the housemaid left, and all the duties of the household





**LILY BATES**

devolved upon her, with the exception of cooking and a little light dusting which Mrs. Postling herself found time to do. Lily was very proud of her promotion, especially when Mrs. Postling said that she should now have fourteen pounds a year instead of twelve. Fourteen pounds! Lily pursed up her small mouth and exclaimed:

"Goo on! Blimey!"

This was a favorite expression of hers. The following winter two more lodgers arrived, and occupied the attics, and the household has remained in this condition ever since. Lily is up at six, and she goes to bed at half past eleven, and somehow she never seems to get tired. It 's all so exciting, you see. Such a responsibility, such a rush of living movement! Sometimes a whisper from this dangerous modern world gets through to her, as when Emma Brown, a daily temporary who came for a week when the cook was ill, said to her:

"You 're a blankety little fool, the way you work. Why, don't you know girls are getting a pound a week now for working six hours a day, with Sundays and one afternoon off?"

And Lily puckered up her face, and dabbed at a smut on her snub little nose, and exclaimed:

"Goo on! Blimey!"

But the statement only seemed to her a blinding generalization, not a hint to be acted upon.

Lily's chief characteristic is eagerness. Sometimes you may see her in the kitchen, peering up into the street through the iron bars across the window. Her lips are parted, her hair awry, her eyes shining with the light of a person who holds some profound and wonderful secret. It is all tremendous, exciting, terrific, the world outside, the world inside, moving, rushing along. In a moment the milkman will come clattering down the area steps, and then Mr. Budd will want his tea and kipper. Happy.

Is it only because she is nineteen, or has Lily some wonderful secret?

One can imagine her on the day of judgment being heralded before a committee of angels and seraphim, and a voice coming out of the brightness:

"Lily, in that world below you were badly treated, overworked, bullied, taken advantage of. And you always accepted it with cheerfulness, fortitude, and sublime courage. Come, child, those days are over; the glistering mansions are prepared for you."

Yes, and you can hear Lily's voice replying in familiar accents:

"Goo on! Blimey!"



Commander SINCLAIR SOUTHBOUND, R.N.

## COMMANDER SINCLAIR SOUTHBOUND, R.N.

A naval officer never seems to be part of the social fabric. He is a visitor. He suddenly appears, examines the fabric critically, and then vanishes again. The military officer we know intimately. We may see him on the parade-ground, at manœuvres, on the march. He comes to dinner with us after his day's work, and chats about it informally. But a naval officer is an alien proposition. He takes a train to some port and disappears. When he comes back, he gets a little self-consciously into mufti and stares about him. He is bewildered, critical, and anxious not to be too contemptuous. Sometimes in dock we may visit one of these gray monsters where his life is lived, but it does n't bring anything home to us. The thing seems to have its eyes shut. It is laughing at us. Everything is inert, meaningless, secretive. A fat man in the galley is cooking sausages for other fat men who are reading "The Daily Mirror." The whole ship is pulling our leg.

What kind of life is this? I can never get it out of Sinclair Southbound. I know him only when he is trying to adjust himself to the social equation. He tries very hard, and never quite succeeds, in showing his contempt for me. He is a man of great precisions. You have only to watch him do any single thing: play billiards, tie up his boot-laces, wind the clock, to realize that he is a man whose faculty for handling automata is on a different plane from that of one's normal fellow-creatures. For one thing, he never hesitates. At snooker pool he glances at the ball, raises his cue, and bangs it in. He does not excel at any game, but he plays every game well, with judgment and precision. He is mentally and physically wonderfully poised. He likes jumping off buses when they are traveling at top speed. He invites me to punch him in the stomach while he 's drinking a glass of beer. I somehow cannot bring myself to do this, but I have seen other men do it, and he does n't turn a hair. He can mend clocks, hang wall-papers, devise contraptions to meet any emergency. That, indeed, is the absorbing passion of his life. He loves difficulties. If he turns up at a cricket-match, he would prefer to find that the authorities had forgotten to supply pads and stumps and bats. Somehow or other he would conjure these things out of the ether. You cannot conceive his getting flustered or angry. His clear, ingenuous gray eyes regard the

phenomena of existence as the lawful playthings of his perfections. He never argues. At least, he never argues about abstract theories. He will argue by the hour about the best kind of dry fly for fishing in the Dee, but if you put up an argument that democracy is (or is not) destroying civilization, he regards you with cold disdain. Sometimes he infuriates me with his patrician insolence. It is as though he embodied in himself a living epitome of the belief that it does n't matter what you do, so long as you do it—well, not exactly perfectly, but “as we do it in the navy.” He comes back from his mysterious journeyings and mothers us all. We are all wrong, hopeless, muddled, incompetent; he has given up hope of making us better. His business is simply to look after and protect us.

Toward the arts he adopts an attitude of rigid tolerance. He is very silent and solemn about it all, as though he were overlooking the amiable weaknesses of spoiled children. He rather likes to go to the Royal Academy, where he can absorb in his incisive way the glamour of realities. He enjoys revues, and plays where there is no attempt to analyze the emotions. But I have seen him when he has been listening to music—Brahms I believe it was—when there crept into his face an expression of profound solemnity, as though he were doubting. “After all, perhaps the bally business is worth protecting; perhaps there 's something in it.” When it was over, the lines of the face sharpened. He seemed clamorous for movement. (He has a perfect genius, by the way, for getting a taxi when every one else is rushing about and blowing whistles.)

Has he a mental attitude toward life, or is he a vehicle of technical accomplishments? He annoys us because he won't come out into the open and discuss the thing. Only with his colleagues does he become garrulous, and then the conversation is mostly about personalities: “Old So-and-so” or “Young Sandy”—scandal, yarns, or technical dissertations wrapped up in a vernacular of their own.

They have a moral code of their own, which is natural in view of the conditions which control their lives. If one might sum it up in a phrase, it is that a mother is more sacred than a wife. Sinclair Southbound is married. His wife is a pretty, fluffy little thing who lives at Guildford, plays golf, and presides at tea-parties to Girls' Friendly Societies. They have two sturdy Elizabethan-looking children who enjoy pulling the legs off flies. It is a noisy, robustious household, with glittering bath-rooms, spruce nurse-maids, taps running all day, Mrs. Southbound in biscuit-colored holland, with a bunch of keys

suspended from her waist, very managing, very brisk—oh, so efficient!

And when Sinclair comes home he appears as a fugitive, unexpected guest. He likes to hear the taps running and the children yelling and his wife calling him "old thing." It's quite all right. He nods approvingly, but he never seems part of the show. It is all only a little scrap of that alien world it is his mission to mother and protect. I believe he is devoted to his wife. He would face a Bengal tiger, bare-handed, to protect her. He would work his flesh to the bone to keep that household going and the taps running, but he makes no attempt to be faithful to her. He considers the grasping of certain opportunities his lawful perquisite. Some things *are* done, and some things are *not* done, and there it is. The code must be respected. How can these strangers, city-bred, land-bred, golf-bred people, understand? But in his pocket-book he keeps a photograph of his mother. I have seen him looking at it when he thought no one was about. The action gave him away. I believe the man is a colossal sentimentalist. He simply cannot trust himself.

The vision of Southbound looking at his mother's portrait made me suspicious. This aspect of superb control is all nonsense. The man loves things. My suspicions were confirmed when I met him one day in Jermyn Street furtively eating sweets out of a paper bag. I believe he loves barrel-organs. I should n't be surprised if he goes to the pictures and cries all alone in the dark. I should n't be surprised if he loves his country. He is still a young man, but his hair has gone quite gray. The war did that—the war, with its tedious watchfulness and strain, the monotony, the humdrum routine.

He was in the Battle of Jutland, and he confessed to me that he did n't enjoy it a bit. He was frankly bored.





*Dinner by George Bickel*

*Mrs Briskett*

## MRS. BRISKETT

Mrs. Briskett moves in a circle of nebulous relationships. Indeed, you cannot precisely locate the exact nature of any of them. In the bar of "The Sheet Anchor" her voice whines with a penetrating kind of weary excitement above the friendly quatern of gin, and creates an atmosphere wherein move gigantic figures of passion, disillusion, cynicism, abandon. There is, or was, a husband, certainly, perhaps two, perhaps three; the description seldom tallies with former descriptions or hints. Her sentences usually begin in the middle and never end at all. She drinks gin, drinks it hard and properly, sometimes stout, sometimes beer, never anything else. You might meet and talk to Mrs. Briskett every day for a year and not discover that she had a married daughter with four children. On the other hand, you might find out the following day that she had n't a married daughter at all, or that the daughter had n't four children, but six or one or none at all. She is extremely difficult to follow. She assumes that you know all about her, all the details of her domestic life. When she says, "Fancy Joe letting that girl 'ave both them chairs, when Liz 'as to go out to work to make money for Dot's boots bein' mended and that," you are handicapped because you are uncertain of the relationship between Joe and Liz and Dot, and you have n't any idea who "that girl" is. Neither is it any good asking her. She only becomes more confidential, more intimate, more involved. Other figures appear on the screen, an "Uncle Walter," "Fanny's policeman," "Bert," and "The Major." And yet, if you follow her closely, you are aware of one central figure which dominates her weariness. "The boys used to call him Uncle Joseph."

But he was not *her* uncle; that is certain. He is a strong, heroic figure, a creature by the standard of which she judges humanity. You gather that he has passed out of her life, but that he still dominates it. Whether he *was* her husband or her lover or only her dream-lover you can never determine. When the fumes of gin have done their work, she sways restlessly on the wooden bench. She suddenly behaves extravagantly. She calls out to Mr. Hoskins behind the bar:

"'Ullo, fish-fice!"

And Mr. Hoskins ignoring her, she confides to her friend:



"Gawd! men 'ave no life nowadays, no go. If that 'ad been Uncle Joseph, 'e 'd 'ave 'eaved a quart at my 'ead before the words was out of me mouf." With melancholy regret at some dim image of the past, she raises the glass to her lips.

"'E was a man, 'e was. Gawd! 'e *was* a sossidge, 'e *was* a sportsman."

At moments the reminiscences become more detailed.

"Do you know what 'e used to like to do, dearie? 'E used to take me and the kids all to the zoëylogical gardings. 'E 'd go there and sit in the snike-'ouse. I 've known 'im sit in the snike-'ouse all day. 'E *was* a sportsman."

The intrepid character of a man who would sit in the snake-house at the zoo all day long seems almost too much for her. She snivels, flicking the tip of her large, moist nose with the hem of her shawl. Sometimes she indulges in philosophic reflections with her friend, Mrs. Hemingway.

"Do you know what it 's like, dearie, when beer 's no good to yer? Last Saturday week I went down the Walworth Road with Mrs. Stevens. We 'ad pints and pints and pints. It was n't no good to me; simply felt tired. This mornin' I 've 'ad 'arf a glass, and I feel all right. Funny, is n't it?"

Where does she live? You cannot follow her. From "The Sheet Anchor" she drifts to "The Duchess of Leeds" and then to "The Snail and Wombat." Then she will meet a friend, and drift back again. Sometimes she wears an apron; sometimes she rustles in a rusty, beer-stained black satin skirt that at some time or other must have been a well-fitting garment. Sometimes she talks of "the people in our 'ouse," always contemptuously. In her weary voice she deplores their lack of energy and go, their greed, stupidity, and ugly manners.

"Gawd! that man, now—Smithers, on the first floor! Gawd save us! what a specimen! I should think 'e 's a poet or somethin'."

The acid contempt in this indictment delights even herself. She chuckles feverishly. "All 'e seems to do is to stand outside 'The Dolphin' listening to a cornet solo; never 'as any money. What a specimen! I can't stand 'im. Whenever 'e comes into the 'ouse, I go out and slam the door."

There is a man who sells newspapers whom she describes as a journalist, and a portentous figure connected with the ham-and-beef industry, a railway porter, and a lavatory attendant. All these people may have some small compensating qualities, but they are swamped by the overwhelming Homeric figure of "Uncle Joseph."

Only once did I hear any reference to Uncle Joseph's normal activities. It was when she confided to Mrs. Hemingway that at one time, after getting the sack from the gas-works, where he always used to toss the cashier whether he 'd pay him double or quits, he used to "go about 'olding 'orses' 'eads."

Then, of course, crash! The motor industry came in. He must have been like a man whose profession is that of shoveling snow when he sees the spring approach. Apparently he made a stern fight of it. He ran after four-wheeled cabs, chased one-horse victorias right out to the suburbs, but, alas! horses became fewer and fewer. The commendable form of activity dried up.

"'E dried up, too," concluded Mrs. Briskett. "I 've never seen 'im since."

Fires rage within her—fires of remorse, bitterness, and regret. Her discernments become acrid. She is like a woman who has seen all the splendor and the beauty of the world in a flash of revelation. By it is the standard set. These others, ugh! The fumes rise upward, making tolerable the melancholy spectacle of her environment. The procession shifts from bar to bar, from memory to memory, from phrase to phrase; nothing complete, nothing connected, nothing articulate. Gin! On that mental plane tremendous facts impress themselves.

"'E never eat a egg that was n't boiled as 'ard as a bullet."

"What 'e liked was a cold stoo with raw onions."

"'E threw the major out of the first-floor winder, and 'is 'ead on'y missed the railin's by six inches. Gawd! 'e *was* a man!"

"'E 'd sometimes never 'ave any money for weeks, and then 'e 'd bring 'ome nine quid, and spend the lot on Saturd'y afternoon. 'E 'd take an 'ansom-cab and drive down to Epsom."

The proudest possession Mrs. Briskett has, and she will only show it to you when you become really intimate, is the third finger of her left hand. It is broken. Uncle Joseph did it when he struck her with the butt-end of a carving-knife.

Eerily, wearily, she crawls through swinging doors, through thirsty years, hugging her protestations, her spirit sustained by inflamed reminiscences. She goes on living because every one else goes on living, and she is part of this living thing. And there burns within her a fierce pride—pride of visions these others have not had.





**M. J. K. SHORE**

## MR. J. K. SHORE

The name is obvious enough. You may see it in bold black letters on a grained-wood board above the shop: "J. K. SHORE"; and then, in more subdued lettering, "Fishmonger." It does not seem surprising to note the subdued character of this description, for a more unimpressive fishmongering establishment surely never disgraced any neighborhood. Northallerton Terrace is in itself a mean little cul-de-sac of meager shops and dwelling-houses, but even in these circumstances Mr. Shore's shop is conspicuous for its meanness. For one thing, there never appears to be any fish in the window or on view. The window is always dominated by an enormous black cat with a white shirt-front and white whiskers. Sometimes there is a pile of kippers in a yellowing newspaper, and the cat sleeps with its whiskers tickling the kippers' chests. He must be a wonderful cat to be trusted in such seductive propinquity. But he appears to regard the kippers more as companions than as a potential banquet. Sometimes he yawns, his hot breath mingling with their savory loveliness. Occasionally the head of a cod will appear, and grin insipidly at passers-by. At the other end of the slab in front of the window is a forlorn-looking aspidistra plant in a puce-colored pot. Its leaves are brown and crinkled. It looks as though it had been intentionally overlooked in a removal. The walls of the shop are covered with a yellow paper that is peeling near the top. Hanging from nails by strings are quantities of ancient newspapers, carefully cut into squares. In one corner is a broken mirror that distorts things in a terrifying manner, and a calendar which has to have every day torn off.

That is one of the surprising features about Mr. J. K. Shore, that he always keeps that calendar up to date. The date seems to be extremely important. When you enter the shop, a bell clangs drunkenly, and he comes shuffling in from a room at the back. Now, it is no good trying to have a joke with J. K. The light-comedy side of life does n't appeal to him. His large cod-like eyes plead with you to desist. His drooping, moist mustache works restlessly above his full lips and narrow, receding chin. The upper part of his head is well modeled. He has a dome of a forehead, and thin gray hair hangs limply round his large projecting ears. He wears a dank, slate-colored flannel shirt and

a carpenter's apron. In his hand he waves a knife, but it seems to be more a weapon of defense than an instrument for the legitimate operations of his trade. He does n't like you. He does n't seem to want you. You remark:

"Good morning. Have you any fish?"

"Fish!"

He recoils, startled at the unreasonable request. Fish! Now, if you had asked for black pearls, motor-cars, or feather-beds, the position might be understandable; but to come into a fishmonger's and ask for fish must surely be the emprise of a lunatic. He backs away helplessly and stares out of the window. His eyes are filled with melancholy, disillusion, suspicion. Then something seems to stir within him. The cat nestles nearer to the kippers. The man turns and says abruptly:

"What kind of fish do you want?"

By this time all your light-heartedness has vanished. You say drearily:

"Well, what kind of fish have you?"

He looks at you keenly, his eyes searching you out. Why, why do you want fish? Why should he disclose the secrets of the establishment? You are convinced that the position has reached an *impasse*. But, no; he surprises you with a despairing suggestion that comes almost in the nature of a bark:

"Got a nice piece o' cod."

This is a tremendous concession to the social amenities. You are getting on. Quite airily, you join issue:

"I'll have a piece, then."

What must be, must be. He shuffles over to the corner, where there is an iron spiral staircase. You hear him clanking away into the mysterious depths below. If you know the establishment, you know that you must never be in a hurry. You will have at least ten minutes to seek amusement. You can either wake the cat or catch flies on the newspapers. The only thing that you must n't do is to look in that awful mirror.

At last he comes clanking back. He wheezes and gasps, and his eyes have an anxious, restless look. He conceals the fish from you until he is within a yard of your person; then suddenly he holds it up high in the flat palm of his hand, and looks at you eagerly, like an inexperienced conjurer producing his first rabbit or a diffident artist displaying his favorite work to an unfriendly critic.

You know quite well that it would be humanly impossible to refuse

the fish, whatever it is like. Any one who would do so would be unfit for the society of decent men and women. You enjoy a fleeting glance of a white mass shot with pink, and you say, "Right," and turn away.

An extraordinary sense of relief comes over you both. The rest of the proceedings are null and void. You don't notice what you pay for the fish, and it is quite certain he does n't notice what he charges. You hand him a piece of silver, and he hands you back some coppers. It is more of a ritual than a commercial transaction. By the time you have reached the door and said, "Good morning," you positively like the man. You know quite well he won't answer you, but it is pleasant to feel that you are forgiven, that your importunities have been overlooked. The bell clangs again, and you are out in the street.

It is one of the astonishing facts of social life that, however badly and inefficiently you do a thing, some people will still stick to you and believe in you. It would be idle to pretend that Mr. J. K. Shore has even a moderately flourishing business, but, still, people do go there. It is partly habit, partly because they know him, and partly because they are too lazy to walk two hundred yards round the corner to the coöperative fish stores. And by some means or other Mr. Shore manages to keep not only the shop going, but the upper part of the mean little house. Not only that, but he manages to keep his plump, elderly wife rustling in black satin, and he sends his young son to the national school in neat, well fitting clothes and boots. If you look into the parlor at the back of the shop, you may observe that it is decently furnished in heavy Victorian furniture. The enigma of Mr. J. K. Shore remains. Why does he keep an unprofitable fish-shop apparently under protest? How does he manage to make both ends meet?

It is difficult to follow the activities of Northallerton Terrace. Several families occupy most of the houses, which are jammed together in a tight wedge of clamorous unrest. One hears mouth-organs and violins wailing from open windows, the screaming of babies, and the street itself is always swarming with children from the national school. Coal-carts drift in and out, selling coal by the half-hundredweight. I seldom have occasion to go there in the evening, but when I do, I always notice that Mr. J. K. Shore's shop is shut up. I believe he closes at about six o'clock even on Saturdays!

Now, you may contend, not unreasonably, that a fishmonger's shop has nothing to do with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I grant you that if you won't be too dogmatic about it. All I want to say is that last Friday week,—no, it was Thursday; I remember that because I

went out to get a pair of sleeve-links in the afternoon, and found that it was early-closing day,—anyway, in the evening I went to the Queen's Hall with my wife, and we heard the noble work aforementioned, played by a famous orchestra, conducted by a famous conductor. They were playing that glorious slow movement, so charged with melancholy, and my thoughts for some reason reverted to my fishmonger's shop. I became suddenly imbued with the curious pathos encircling the life of my gloomy friend. Life! How we flow past one another, unseeing and unknowing! The lives of the poor, the really poor, all the hidden beauty and unbelievable courage. I looked at the queer faces of the orchestra, representing every variety of human type, and yet unified by a common purpose, almost welded into a common expression. The violinists particularly, some thirty of them, old men, young men, strong, weak, avaricious, refined, sensual, gentle, commonplace, odd, ordinary, and yet, as their bow-arms moved in perfect unison, the same expression seemed to fill the eyes as they leaned forward, reading the score.

"They are unplaceable," I thought. "Why, that old man, number seven in the second row, might even be my fishmonger!"

Transition from that reflection to the amazing realization was the work of an instant.

*It was Mr. J. K. Shore!*

The first thing that struck me was, "How well evening dress suits him!"

He seemed just right—the old-fashioned hand-tied bow, the very low collar, the steel-framed spectacles. He was an orchestra-player. The part fitted him so well that it was only by a fluke that I observed him. He could n't be anything else. Fish? Preposterous! I wanted to hear him play. One could tell that he was playing only by his gestures and his eyes. They had something of that eagerness and anxiety which characterized him when he held out the piece of cod to me on the palm of his hand, but that expression was mellowed by a glow of exaltation. He was unaware of his surroundings; he was part and parcel of a melodic phrase. The conductor leaned forward, his arms waving to the strings, drawing them out, thrusting them back, leading them on, shaping the music by supple gestures. The form became apparent. The haunting beauty of the melody held us entranced. On, on, a thousand desires, anticipations satisfied; melancholy transfigured by a beauty almost unbelievable. Alone on the mountains. Fish! Oh, my God!



# The Last of the Vikings<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel in Seven Parts—Part III*

BY JOHAN BOJER

NORWEGIAN DRAWINGS BY SIGURD SKOU



AT last the first sea-going day had arrived, and long before it was light the fishing-fleet lay crowded together at the entrance into the open sea, waiting for the signal-flag to be hoisted on the inspection-office. Oars struck against one another and creaked, one boat bumped up against another, and at the same time was pushed from the opposite side, and oaths and abusive epithets filled the air. Each one wanted to be first. Then the flag ran up, and, crowded as the water had been before, the hubbub that ensued only seemed to make matters worse. Oars were broken, there were shouts and cries on all sides, and here and there a boat-hook was raised as a weapon. "Will you keep off, you?" "Oh, hold your jaw!"

A fresh breeze was blowing up the West Fiord from the south, and the fleet now sailed out, rocking upon the long, heavy swell. On the horizon in the southwest Lars saw something he had never seen before. A mountainous island lay there alone, far out at sea, and now it had risen above the water, and was floating in the air like a gigantic bird. He gazed in wonder, for, incredible though it was, he really saw a line of yellow sky between the island and the sea.

"What in the world's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to it.

"That's Værøy," answered Kaneles. "And if you're wondering at the island taking a trip up into the air, I can tell you that it's looming."

"Looming?" repeated Arnt Awsan, who was also staring, while he chewed a quid.

"That's what it's called, yes; and you'll see plenty of that sort of thing here in Lofoten before you've done with it."

White and tanned sails were scattered all over the surface of the sea. They were making for the same banks to which the forefathers of these fishermen had sailed for many hundreds of years, and the grounds extended for mile after mile along the Lofoten Wall, and attracted fleets of boats from every fishing-station, right out to the maelstrom, far away to the west.

They had marks in on the Lofoten mountains, and marks in the north, by which they could take their bearings and know where the nets should go out; and when at last they reached this point and backed sail, the thin frost-haze had cleared, and the whole wide surface of the West Fiord lay before them. Far, far away on the east

<sup>1</sup>Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."



could be seen the mountains of the mainland, looking like a white, wavy line between sky and ocean. Kaneles Gomon glanced in that direction for a moment. He recognized the mountain above Grötöy, where there was a girl with a baby, still waiting, perhaps, for a letter.

To the west rose the Lofoten Wall itself, high and white-topped, like a row of huge snow-drifts running out into the ocean; and from the little islands and rocks came the noise of breakers and the screaming of the sea-fowl that flocked about them.

"Lower away!" shouted the head-man, and the sail was lowered, and the oars were shipped, the heavy Lofoten-boat oars that it takes strong men to balance and force through the water with any effect.

"Heave the barrel overboard!"

The barrel with its beacon-pole went overboard, dragging the long line after it. It danced up and down upon the water, and was left farther and farther astern as they rowed away, with the line rattling out over the roller on the side of the boat. It was now so far off that it was hardly visible, and the gray stream of net, with its sinkers and glass balls, began to unwind itself. Henry Rabben and Elezeus Hylla stood by the roller to keep the meshes and edges of the net from catching on the side of the boat. In front, Lars and Arnt were hanging on to the oars, and in the middle Kaneles Gomon was fully occupied in keeping the pile of net clear. It went on streaming overboard, floated on the surface for a little while, and then disappeared, leaving the waves above it as gray as before.

Oh, the first putting out of the nets! The fishing has begun! As the head-

man looks at these nets that are to go down into the depths and bring money up with them, he thinks, perhaps, of the endless miles of gray coast to the south, and the many cottages where women and children wait through the long winter for their men-folk to return with well filled pockets. Is that Edwin Hansen from Varanger in his slim boat over there? Well, the head-man in that boat has three families, he alone, for which his boat has to provide, and the three or four others on board probably have theirs, too.

So a Nordland boat, small as it is, may be sailing for a good many homes. "Some of the children have to sleep under the kitchen dresser, but except for that it's all plain sailing." Ha! ha! Oh, Edwin, Edwin!

There, now! If there was n't one of those confounded thieves of fishermen going right across the *Seal's* nets! It was a Nordlander, of course, and when Kriståver had finished putting out his nets and hoisted the sail again, he made straight for the fellow.

"Hullo there!" he shouted. "Do you want to sink my nets? Is n't there room for you anywhere else on the sea, as there is for others?"

The head-man in the Nordland boat did not even look up, but replied in his singsong voice:

"I suppose we've got the right to put out our nets in the Almighty's own sea. We did n't know that Stadslanders owned the sea up here."

"You just take care what you're about!" muttered Kriståver as he dropped off before the wind and sailed in again toward land.

On the following day snow was falling, and there was the same crowding together of the boats as they set

sail. It was a red-letter day for the Stadslanders, who were going to haul in their nets for the first time this winter.

Out over the banks, however, it was impossible to see landmarks through the thickly falling snow, and the hundreds of boats wandered this way and that, hour after hour, each in search of its barrel.

They saw sails appear a couple of boat-lengths to the right or left, one going in this direction, another in that, and the men on board quite white to their very hair and beards; then they were once more lost in the falling snow, and another sail passed close by. They could hear shouts between boats that they could not see. "Have you found anything?" "No; have you?" "No." They felt that they were over the banks, but were they wandering away westward towards Stamsund, or eastward to Kabelvaag? They sailed upon the blue-gray waves, lashed by the snow from the low clouds. Some hove to or lowered the sail, so as to hold a consultation; others went on at haphazard, and nearly ran into a comrade. They groped about blindly, the weather did not improve, and they spent half the day in drifting hither and thither upon the gray water.

At last a Nordland man found his barrel, and others recollected how they had stood in relation to him yesterday, and managed to find theirs. "Damn-it-all-with-the-limp" was lucky to-day, too, and came upon his before the other Stads men; and as the *Seal* men had put out their nets west-southwest of him yesterday, it was easy for them to find their barrel now.

The sail came down, and the oars were put out, and the barrel was hauled on board. It was a great moment for Lars; he was going to help

in the drawing in of Lofoten nets. It might be a good catch or a bad, wealth or poverty; it all depended upon what was in the nets. And now they were beginning to pull them in.

Lars hung upon the oar to keep the boat still, but he watched the line as it ran in over the roller, with the water dripping from it. Then it grew heavier, and several men had to lend a hand as the net began to come out of the water. The fishing had begun.

Kriståver had let go the tiller, and stood with the gaff in his hand, ready to bring loose fish on board. The other men pulled and pulled, with faces that wore no expression of expectancy, but only of being absorbed in getting something heavy on board. Haul away! Haul, oho!

A gray heap now came over the roller—the first net. The water poured from it, and the men's broad, white, fingerless woolen gloves were soon as wet as the nets; but they hauled on with bent backs and stiffened legs and contorted faces, for it was heavy. Haul away, oho!

The chain of nets was hundreds of yards in length, and was now standing obliquely far down in the water. There was no mistake about its being heavy. It seemed determined to go down again, and to take Elezeus and Henry Rabben with it; but they resisted and hauled on successfully, the roller swishing and spurting water. But the first net is empty. It has been on a little pleasure-trip some score of fathoms down into the sea, and taken a look round, and has returned to say that it had seen nothing.

The six men in the boat understand it perfectly, and if the other nets tell the same tale, what is the use of their suffering cold and hardship on the sea?

They went on hauling, and at last something living was hooked on board—the first cod of the year. The gray fish, with the white belly, broad snout, and dull eyes, looked quite indifferent as to whether it was going to have anything to eat or be eaten itself. Henry Rabben took it out of the net, and held it up for a moment by the gills with its tail down. A medium-sized cod, but it was the first of the year.

Hour after hour they went on hauling, the perspiration streaming from their faces. A few more fish appeared at long intervals. There were perhaps a hundred altogether when the last net had been hauled in.

The snow had ceased to fall, and while they were putting out the nets again, it grew colder. The wind was from the land, so they had to tack all the way up to the station again. The cold increased, and the men, who had become so overheated with hauling in the nets, could now do nothing but stand still in the boat and let their wet shirts grow stiff upon their bodies.

They passed some boats without rigging and each with four men in them, sitting one behind another, and each pulling his line out of the water.

"They 're cheats," said Kaneles. "They fish with bait, those fellows; but no Stadslander would ever fool along with such rubbish."

Peter Suzansa's crew had fared no better, and when all the twelve men were gathered in the hut and sat in the yellow light of the lamp, the conversation was animated. The two head-men were by no means disheartened by the bad beginning.

"We must have fresh fish for supper to-night," said Peter Suzansa as he pulled off his high sea-boots. "If you have n't got enough, Kriståver,

I can lend you a hundred cod or so. That ought to be enough if we take the liver, too."

Kriståver laughed, saying that when twelve men had made a voyage as long as to America to come up here, they must allow that the fishing was capital when two boats in a single day could get enough for their supper.

Elezeus Hylla tramped about the room in his wooden shoes, and declared things were going just as he had expected; he would be a rich man, and would buy a large farm and a thick overcoat when he went home in the spring. Was there any one who would buy his nets, for which he had run into debt? Brand-new nets with ropes, glass balls, and cork. What offers? His white teeth gleamed between his brown mustache and beard, but his big, laughing eyes had a sinister look in them.

"I 'll buy them," said Kaneles.

"Splendid! But it must be money down. And then you 'll have a whole share of the supper, and I 'll take only as much as a half-share fellow. But it must be money down."

This, of course, Kaneles could not do, so there was no sale.

"But we 've got a scaurie here!" said Peter Suzansa, looking at Lars. "You must fetch some brandy, man, and treat us, for upon my word we need something to cheer us up."

Lars tried to laugh the suggestion away, for he would never ask his father for money to buy brandy as long as the fishing was so bad.

They tried to keep their spirits up, but as the evening wore on, their chins sank lower on their breasts. It was hardly likely that they would sleep well to-night, for they would probably dream of being sold up. The begin-

ning was bad, and supposing it did not improve, what then?

Henry Rabben related, however, how the last time that the fishing had been very good, nothing was taken throughout Lofoten all that January and half of February; but that then the cod came in on their way out to sea, and there were so many taken in a fortnight that the fishermen made more than they could ever remember having made before. "So we must n't be anxious," he said, stroking his blond mustache, and glancing from one man to another.

Next morning they awoke to find that the weather was such as to prevent their going out. The storm raged all day, ships broke from their moorings in the bay and were thrown upon the islands, the forest of masts in the sound and the harbor swayed and shrieked, and tiles were wrenched from roofs and blown about the station. Above, in the gray sky, white gulls battled on heavy, stiff wings against the wind, and their cries were like warnings of evil from heaven itself.

The fishing-station had become a prison in which several hundred men were confined. The shop was full of men in blouses and sou'westers. Now and then a few of them would fight their way up to a rock, and stand there with their oilskin coats flapping in the gale, and their hands pressed upon their sou'westers to keep them from flying away, while salt spray and seaweed were driven in their faces, making their cheeks tingle and their eyes smart.

There was nothing to be done indoors. Nets and lines needed no mending yet, but they would never see again what they had put out yesterday, with such weather as this.

It was not a good beginning; no, indeed it was not.

Among the thousands of men gathered upon these four or five rocks out in the sea there were only one or two dozen women. Some fishermen lived here all the year round, and they had wives and daughters; and there were maid-servants in the houses of the station-king, the doctor, and the priest, besides one or two Nordland girls who had come with one or another boat's crew to cook for them. There were also a few married women, who wore hats and had a distinguished appearance, and two young unmarried ones, the one a governess at the doctor's, the other a telegraph assistant who wore pince-nez.

When a maid-servant or a fisherman's daughter was blown along in the wind, she would pass through a hail of eager remarks from the men she met; but when the women-folk of the more important men went by, not a word was said, but all eyes turned to stare. If they had only been as high up in the world as a shop assistant or a wharf-overseer, but it was no use for a simple fisherman to try to make up to the fine ladies.

There is always a swarm of birds of prey hovering over the shoals of fishermen, and they had already arrived. There were Jews who sold watches, peddlers, colporteurs, jugglers who gave performances on a large wharf, missionaries who preached in the Fishermen's Home, and a man with a barrel-organ and a shivering monkey in a red frock. There were also agents for the best and cheapest steamer-routes to America, travelers in agricultural implements, and a big man with a sackful of ready-made clothes in front of him, and another

on his back. But what was the use of them all? No one had made any money yet. It was only the emigrant agent who attracted any interest, now that the fishing looked as if it was going to turn out badly again.

But down the wind came sailing a huge bundle of petticoats and shawls surmounted by a fiery red face emerging from a voluminous hood. She was a personage for whom doors always opened, for she was Barbara, the fortune-teller. She was welcomed everywhere, and was treated to coffee and strong drinks. If a man had a frost-bitten toe, she put on cupping-glasses in order to draw out the bad blood, and to a nose with an inflamed sore she applied a leech; and she could tell fortunes both in coffee-grounds and with cards. Most of the birds of prey lived in her little house at the extreme end of one of the islands, where the fun was kept going until far on into the night both in stormy weather and in calm.

"Hey, there 's Barbara! Come here, and you shall have a dram! You must look at the cards, and see whether there 'll be any fish this year!"

For several days the storm compelled the fishermen to remain on shore; and when the local steamer came in on her way along the Lofoten Wall, she reported having seen boats drifting on the sea, keel uppermost.

## § 2

Sleeping all day, even if there is nothing to do, becomes tiresome. The men have said all that there is to be said in an ordinary way to those with whom they are living in close quarters in the hut. They know one another by heart; they might say something more, but they know the answer

beforehand. If a man is forced to open his lips, it is only to say what he said yesterday. They have listened to one another's watches; they have looked at the calendars engraved on one another's oblong brass tobacco-boxes. One man lights a pipe, and leans out over the edge of the bunk, and another makes a remark about the weather. It is the same weather as the day before, and there is nothing different to say about it to-day.

At last it is four o'clock, the hour of the afternoon meal, and this is not eaten at the common table. No, each man is now the guest at his own provision-chest, and this meal is something special. It is not merely taking a piece of bread and smearing butter upon it and eating it. No, it is like going away on a little visit to one's home far away in the South.

It is probably a mother or a wife who has packed the chest, and a breath of home seems to rise from it when the lid is raised. One feels almost shy because others are present, and so one turns one's back to as many as possible, and, bending down, tries to imagine one's self alone.

When Peter Suzansa looks into his, he sees a large wooden butter-tub in which the yellow butter is sweating tiny drops of water over the salt that is mixed with it. His wife has filled this same tub for many a Lofoten expedition, but now she lies in the churchyard, and this time it is his daughter who has pressed the butter down until it is as hard as a rock. She is the daughter who is expecting a baby some time this winter, but the fellow has gone off and left her, and she probably shed many a tear while she packed the chest. Beside the butter-tub there is a large cheese,

which his wife, Birgitte, had managed to make before she took to her bed; and as he cuts a slice of the cheese with his sheath-knife and lays it on the bread, it seems to him that, after all, Birgitte and he are not altogether separated from one another. And then the big man with the stiff, gray beard makes some remark about the weather, just so that no one may imagine that he is in low spirits.

Under the cheese is a layer of "flat bread," hard and soft, which is real Christmas fare when one puts treacle on it; and there are bags of brown and white sugar for coffee, and then salt meat and sausage and brawn and such like. In the small compartment in the chest there are little bottles of medicine, one of Hoffmann's anodyne for colds, another of Riga balsam for the stomach, and a third of spirits of camphor for wounds. Then there is a little bottle of turpentine for pain in the chest, and beside it lies the prayer-book, which his daughter has placed there because her mother would have done so. Every little thing has its separate odor, which mingles with those of the rest of the things, and creates this atmosphere of home and care for his welfare.

And with each man it is the same. They bend down and retire into solitude. Scarcely a word is uttered; they are all far, far away from Lofoten and the storm; they are among their own people and are happy.

Elezeus Hylla sits silently munching, bending down now and again over his chest, and feeling all the time that he is with Berit and the children. He certainly would not beat his wife now; they are the very best of friends. Little Olea, who is four years old, has put in one of her doll's garments for

father. She had cut two little holes in it, and told him to remember to put it on if he had a cold in his chest. He takes it up carefully in his rough hands, watching to see that no one is looking at him; but to his eyes it is not merely a bit of rag, but a picture of the little girl herself. He eats sparingly of the sausage and dried meat, thinking it would not be a bad thing if he had some left to take home to the others in the spring.

The wind is blowing outside and in through the cracks in the walls, but the men do not notice it now, for they have themselves come out of the Arctic Ocean, as it were, and are as tough and hard as seaweed. There they sit, digging their sheath-knives into the butter that their wives have churned, and the bread that they had got on credit; but it will be just as well not to eat more than they need, considering what the fishing seems likely to be. Kriståver and his son bend over the same chest, which is big enough for two, the fair, close-clipped boyish head beside the curly hair of the grown man. The contents of the chest bring to both the thought of the same woman, and they wonder how she is getting on.

Occasionally, an eye steals a glance at a neighbor, for in a way you may judge of a man by his provision-chest. Is it poverty that makes Arnt Awsan eat lard instead of butter with his bread, or is he going to stint and save and put by something there, too? Henry Rabben sits clearing his throat softly, and smiling all over his face; but then he has such a pretty wife that she is the talk of the country-side, and he is with her now. He likes everything that she had thought of putting in for him. It certainly does not matter being only a poor man

when you had such a clever wife.

Olaus Trøen belongs to Peter Suzansa's crew. It is probably only in a spirit of boastfulness that he makes an exhibition of delicacies on the lid of his chest, for he does not touch them, but only munches bread and treacle. He probably means to take it all home again with him, and perhaps sell it at the fair. Who knows?

There is one man who crouches down in front of his chest, and that is Kaneles Gomon. He has neither mother nor wife to manage for him up on the little mountain farm, but only his old half-blind father and the little sister who is not yet old enough to be confirmed. There was not much for her to choose from, poor little thing, when she was going to pack the chest for her brother; for they had had no milk just at Christmas-time, and had nothing to make either cheese or butter with. If there are no fish this winter, it will go badly with that little farm before the year is over.

Lars had already guessed how matters stood with Kaneles, but he did not like to offer him anything out of their own chest. His father, however, had also guessed the state of affairs, for he now took a large lump of butter out of their own tub, and cut off half a goats'-milk cheese, and then whispered to Lars, "Put that into Kaneles's chest when he goes out."

Henry Rabben was the first to finish, and he banged down the lid of his chest and turned the key, and then, rising, stretched his arms straight up above his head, and took seven deep breaths through his nose.

"Is that good for the health, too?" asked Elezeus.

"It 's good for the lungs," Henry replied.

"Lars," said Peter Suzansa, "will you row over for a barrel of water when you 've finished?"

"Yes," said Henry Rabben; "that water in the creek over here is nothing but filth. It 'll make us ill."

It was not Lars who had to do the cooking that day, but any one may send a "scaurie" anywhere he like. He was at the age when a lad likes to rank as a man, but when the men treat him only as a boy. "Go and do that, Lars!" "Fetch that, Lars!" It was the same refrain from morning till night, and a "scaurie" must put up with it. He quite dreaded returning from an errand performed; there was always another awaiting him.

On this occasion he had to put on his sea-boots and oilskins and start off again. The wind beat in his face, and he had to tie his sou'wester on. There was a deafening noise from the sea and from the vessels and boats that tugged at their chains and ropes. He jumped down into the boat, and began to fight his way through the storm-lashed sea to the mainland to fill his water-barrel. He had to pass vessels that were almost invisible in the flying foam and spray, and at one moment dipped their anchor-chain deep into the sea, and at the next jerked it up so violently that if the little boat had been rowing past, it would have been flung into the air and capsized. Even here in the bay Lars had waves to contend with, one of which would have been enough to dash the little boat to pieces against the side of a vessel. At last he reached the beach at the foot of the precipitous mountain-wall, from which the fishing-station out in the sea looked like some horrible animal wallowing in white foam beneath the dark sky.



Cleaning fish at night

High up in the air two eagles came sailing in over the sea, crying from time to time, and, with wings aslant, wheeling in toward the grim rocks.

The storm raged on for days, until one morning the fishermen awoke to find it was calm weather. Out on the

banks they found their nets a long way from the place where they had been put out, most of them torn to shreds and tangled up with other nets. This was indeed a good beginning for all their hopes!

But then the cod came in.



They came so suddenly! And it is just the weather one would wish to have when the incoming is at its height.

## § 3

The West Fiord lies under a heavy swell, crisped by a light breeze, and sprinkled over for miles along the banks with a multitude of black dots—the boats. In the air above hover clouds of white gulls, and loons and cormorants, shrieking, fly hither and thither. There is a stir in the sea, and yet not a wave disturbs its calm.

The line-fishermen are pulling up cod on every hook, and the "cheats" keep on hauling in big, lively fish. The nets are heavy to-day, and the men have to pull hard; the gray stream coming in over the roller is bristling with fish. Now and then one drops off and lies floating belly upward, and the head-man nearly falls head first into the water in his efforts to take it up with the gaff. They will be out a long time to-day, for the nets must be quite cleared of fish, so that they can be put out again. Oho-o! Oho-o!

It became difficult for Arnt and Lars to keep the boat steady as it sank deeper and deeper in the water with its ever-increasing load. The stern compartment and midships were already full, and it began to be full everywhere, and there were still several nets to come in. Pull away! Oho-o!

What did it matter that the day was passing without their having had a bite of food? Wonderful things were happening; which of them noticed that it was beginning to grow dusk? The men were in a perspiration, and that they were accustomed to; but the rest was something new.

They looked at one another and laughed, and then went on pulling. At last Elezeus Hylla could no longer contain himself and began crowing like a cock. It was infectious, and a man from Ibbestad in the North, on board one of the "cheat's" boats, answered with a cockcrow that was still better. There was scarcely time or opportunity to look up, but a third cock crowed about a mile farther out, and goodness knows how many miles it may have spread!

Here and there a dispute would arise between two boats whose nets had become entangled with one another.

Lars's hands were blistered with manipulating the heavy oar all day, but he did not notice it until the nets were put out again and they began to row back in the dark.

There was a good seven miles to row against the current, and with a heavily laden boat, and the rowers would have to put their backs into it. Lars soon felt that the whole palm of his hand was covered with blisters, but he had to go on rowing the same as the others. All the fish would have to be cleaned before the men had supper and went to bed. It was of no use considering whether he was tired. They had fish now, and that was what they had come to Lofoten for. Lars felt that the blisters broke, and that the skin was rubbed up so that his woolen glove stuck to the raw flesh; but they were a long way from land, and there was nothing to do but to row. The boat seemed to grow heavier and heavier, but they must pull with a will, for it was late and there was still much to be done. Behind them stretched the dark surface of the West Fiord, crossed by a broad path of moonlight in which

the water rose and fell in a long, slow swell.

There was the sound of oars and boats in all directions. Far away in the darkness a Nordlander began to sing, and Kaneles Gomon, tired though he was, joined in while he plied his oar. On the shore side stood the Lofoten Wall, with its snowy peaks looking like silver in the moonlight, and below on the water beacon-lights, and lights in fishing-stations, every here and there for mile upon mile, shining through the still air. Lars felt that his gloves were damp with blood from the sores on his hands, and there was still a long way to row, and the current was against them. The harbor lights showed green and red in the distance, and a steamer passed them with a row of lighted port-holes. For a moment Lars let go his hold of the oar, and it was like laying his bare hands upon red-hot iron; but a shout from his father made him grasp it again. It was anything but pleasant to go on rowing and rowing, and rubbing up the raw flesh; but for the moment the one important thing was to come ashore and set to work on the fish.

There was already a great noise going on around the purchasing vessels in the bay, where the fish was being thrown on board; and the few crews that had finished their work and had come ashore had presumably drunk a dram or two, for there was singing and yelling on the islands in all directions.

The Stadslanders always cleaned their fish before they sold it, removed the roe and liver, and cut off the head. The roe they salted in barrels, to be sold when the price was sufficiently high in the spring; but they sent the liver home, for they earned more by making it into fish-oil themselves.

So the next thing to be done was to stand on the rocks through the greater part of the night, and by the light of a lantern clean fourteen or fifteen hundred cod before there could be any question of eating or sleeping.

The weather was fine, but cold. The knives were busily cutting open the fish; but the men could not have their gloves on, and their fingers, the backs of their hands, and their wrists became coated with blood and slime, which turned to ice. Arnt Awsan had to be taught this, too, and it took some time, and he was nearly crying over the numbness in his finger-tips. It was quiet on the sea, and was growing quieter in the bay, too, for the night was far advanced; but the Stadslanders still worked on at their fish. However long it took, they would have to finish it, at any rate by the time they had to put to sea again.

Lars found the smarting of his hands become almost unbearable with the handling of the sea-salt fish, and he could have danced and howled with the pain; but this was not the time for childish whimpering: he was a Lofoten man now.

The stooping position was trying, especially for men who were already weary, but their knives slashed away, liver in one tub, roe in the other, and the rest of the intestines pitched into the sea, and the fish is thrown to one side. The moon was reflected in the sound, the snow creaked beneath the feet of a solitary night-wanderer, and the whole station slept; but the men went on silently preparing fish.

It was not until the approach of morning that Kriståver called to Lars: "Go up and put the coffee-kettle on to boil, Lars!"

The boy staggered away, his head

confused, his body bruised and aching, and his hands swollen and bleeding. He is in Lofoten now, and there are fish now!

At last the lamp in the hut shone down upon the twelve men seated round the table with their cups of steaming coffee, and pieces of bread which they scarcely gave themselves time to butter. Their skin was chafed with the cold and the sea-water, and their eyes were red with looking at the riches of the sea and with their greed for more, but above all with toil.

When they had finished their meal, Lars staggered to his bunk, and, throwing himself upon it without removing his sea-boots, fell asleep instantly.

It seemed to him only a minute later that he felt his father shaking him.

"Up with you! We're going out again!"

Lars opened his eyes and stared. Was he not to be allowed to sleep a few minutes, either?

"Come now!" said his father. "Don't you see that the others have gone down to the boat already? We can sleep when the fish have gone again. Here's a drop of coffee for you."

The boy drank it, and seizing a piece of bread, he stumbled along behind his father, to start upon a new day at the oars.

It was only later that he found out that, after all, he had slept a few hours while the others were on board a trading-vessel that was relieving the *Seal* of fourteen hundred fish.

After this followed days in which the whole of Lofoten lay in a fever. The fine weather continued. Steamers passed, hooting, in and out of the harbor, fish-vessels sailed away

loaded, others came empty and proceeded to buy, floating fish-oil boilers cast anchor and wanted liver, and every evening the fishing-fleet returned heavily laden from the banks to the station. Fish! fish! This was going to be a golden year.

It was not until late at night that the sea became quiet. There was not a wave upon the scarcely moving surface of the West Fiord as it lay in the moonlight. Some black birds, cormorants, had settled on the most distant rock, whence nothing was to be seen but the dark water and the shining moon, and far in at the foot of the Lofoten Wall, for mile after mile, harbor-lights and beacons. The snow-drifts on the mountain-glaciers gleamed white against the blue of heaven, where the stars of the arctic night sparkled, and the long, milky streaks of the aurora glowed and paled.

When the gray dawn began to appear, the cormorant took flight with a scream over the water, answered a mile off by the loon. Not until later did the gulls rise and sail out with their first "Ah-oh! ah-oh! A fine day! a fine day! Ah-oh-ah! ah-oh!" They ran chattering about the rocks, where flocks of white-breasted auks and ducks were diving into the water and rocking on the waves. "Morn! morn! morn!" they cried. At last it was light enough for a flag to be hoisted on the station, and as it ran up, an avalanche of boats and shouts was let loose over the smooth, gray water.

The shoals of fish had now come almost in to land. Women and children rowed out a few boat-lengths from the rocks and fished for cod. In a little boat lying to the north of the bay sat Barbara, the fortune-teller, wrapped up in her woolen shawls, hauling in

cod on a line; and with her was Moses the Jew in his brown overcoat, with his curly black locks and large, hooked nose, pulling up the "shplendid beeg feesh" one after another. "Vot vill man do mit ze cod?" Why, eat it, or else sell it. Why not do a little business? He cannot sell watches on shore when every one is on the banks. He was a Lofoten man now, and Barbara and he were going shares in the fishing. At a little distance there was another little boat containing a missionary and a woman of disreputable character whom he was trying to reform. They were both fishing busily. The priest and the doctor were out fishing, and the shop assistants had got hold of a cockleshell and a line with a hook at the end of it. The cod would bite even if there were nothing more than a reel upon the hook.

The days passed, and Sunday came at last.

#### § 4

The men in the hut were asleep. It was Saturday night, and in view of the coming Sunday the twelve men were at last sleeping soundly, knowing that they would not have to get up again in an hour or two.

There were six bunks in the one room, in threes, one above another, and two men in each. They lay with their heads thrown back, so as to breathe freely in long, deep breaths; and the various nasal sounds from the twelve men were like the breaking of waves upon rocks. Here a coverlet was raised by a knee, there a foot appeared over the edge of the bunk. They snored and they muttered in their dreams, but they slept.

Thoroughly worn out, the perspiring, sea-hardened men drifted further

and further off into unconsciousness. Their sleep was as soft as wool, and they sank deeper and deeper into it; and no one was coming to wake them, for they were not obliged to get up: they slept on and on.

Just at first one or two of them were perhaps too tired, and the thoughts and images that passed through their minds too persistent to allow them to lie still. They were rowing so that their fingers were chafed to the bone; they saw the cod rise out of the sea and darken the sky like a multitude of birds. Well, cod could fly, and, look! they were made of silver; no, of gold. It was riches! So come, good people, and tell us what we owe you, for this time we can manage to pay. And all the world's splendor floated before their eyes, and they bought it all, and the money, money in hand—everything was sent home to the little cottages on the beach. If there is anything else you want, children, just say so, for the fishing is better than any one can remember. They buy farms with a garden and avenues of trees and horses and carriages, just as at Lindegaard. Now there would be an end to that everlasting complaint of poverty and having no money in one's pocket.

Little by little the visions faded, and the men were sufficiently rested to feel their weariness, and lost themselves in a pleasant haze, a quiet landscape, a paradise of rest. The dawn crept into the hut, and they slept; it grew light, and they still slept; mid-day came, and no one woke, only turned over and slept on.

The doctor was an energetic man, and had made up his mind that he would teach the fishermen cleanliness, and to-day he was going round among



The bunks of the fishermen

the huts to speak a few words of wisdom to the men. He ran into a temperance-worker at the door of the Stadslanders' hut, and both men stopped.

"Were you going in here, sir?" asked the temperance-man.

"That was my intention. And you?"

"Yes, I had thought of doing so."

"Well, we can go in together. There may be something for both of us to do."

The doctor went in first, and both remained standing on the threshold as though arrested by a vision. The floor was one confusion of wet sea-boots and leather clothing. The table was covered with half-empty cups,

spilt coffee, and fragments of food. Round the stone-cold stove hung damp oilskins and woolen vests, and the odor of fish-oil, leather, damp wool, and exhalations from human bodies made the two gentlemen gasp for breath. They turned and stole softly out, with a peculiar feeling of respect for the sleep they witnessed, and carefully closed the door.

Twilight was falling over the station, and the men slept on. The tiny windows grew gray and then black, and they still slept. At last Peter Suzansa sat up and rubbed his eyes, and then took a match and struck it on the wall. It was seven o'clock by his watch. That was too early to get up on a Sunday morning; so he drew

the coverlet over him, and went to sleep again.

Next Elezeus heard sounds of talking outside, and, getting up, went out. When he returned, he cried:

"Get up, men! We've slept all day, and it's Sunday evening! Do you hear? Wake up! I'll make the coffee."

He lighted the lamp, made a little clearance in the hut, and put on the kettle. The others went to sleep again, but Elezeus was in a good temper, and was splendid now that things were going well. It did not take him long to think out a little surprise. He would take a little of his soft flat-bread, spread butter and treacle on it, cut it neatly up into pieces and put it on a plate, and then serve the company with early-morning coffee in bed—at eight o'clock in the evening.

He washed himself, combed his hair and beard, and made himself spruce, and then hunted up a blue check shirt that would do well as a housemaid's apron, and tied it round him. And when everything was ready, and coffee steaming in twelve cups, he began singing a Christmas hymn to wake them up, for there could be no mistake about its being Christmas when they were served with such fare in bed.

When at last they sat up and were quite awake, a neighbor came in and told them that there had been no one at church except the priest and the sacristan. The whole station had been asleep. This made them at last understand that it was not morning, but evening; and they looked at one another, and found out that they were ravenously hungry. They had not tasted hot food for a whole week, and had gone hungry for several days, so they needed something more than coffee and flat-bread now.

Some one said, "Melja!" and instantly there was a chorus of "Melja!" That was a dish to set before a king, and they had not had it yet this year, so of course it must be "melja."

"Henry," said Peter Suzansa, "I know you're a good hand at that, so you must set to work."

While Henry Rabben was busy over the hearth in the kitchen, Lars had to take out pen and ink and write Lofoten letters for the men.

Most of the men had arrived at the age when they no longer ventured to use a pen, for the many years of Lofoten fishing had made their hands stiff and swollen. "Now you must show us whether you can write," they said to the "scaurie," for now their wives and children must have a little news, and perhaps a little paper money inside, too. "But don't write outside the envelop that there's money inside, for then there'll be such chatter and gossip about it all over the neighborhood."

Lars sat under the yellow light of the lamp, trying to keep his eyes open while he scrawled what the men wanted to say. His hands were terribly sore and stiff, but Kaneles Gomon had taught him to rub them well with tar and tallow.

"What do you want to say, Elezeus?"

"Oh, you must say that we're working as hard as we can." Bending closer, he added in a low voice, though every one in the hut could not help knowing it, "And you can say that we can't complain about the fishing, but it'll be just as well if she keeps that to herself."

They came one after another, with a crumpled envelop in one big hand and a sheet of blue-lined paper in the

other, bought at the shop for two *øre* one day when they had been kept on shore. "See here, you must scribble a few words for me, too." And every one of them wanted to say that they could not complain with regard to the fishing, but they always added this in a low voice, bending down to say it.

A certain shyness came over these big fishermen when they had to go to their chests to take a bank-note out of the small compartment, with the others looking on, and it was still worse to have to go forward into the light and say that was what the wife was to have. It was almost like showing an engagement-ring when it was meant to be secret. When he came to the table, the man would make his back as broad as possible toward the others, and push the note toward the boy as invisibly as he could manage to do it, saying, "Perhaps you 'd better put that inside."

While this was going on, Kriståver clattered out into the kitchen in his wooden shoes and closed the door behind him, so that he and Henry Rabben were alone.

"Ah, I shall be glad of a little help," said Henry, who was busy with the fire and saucepans.

Kriståver looked at him.

"There 's something I want to talk to you about privately," he said.

"Is there? Is it anything unpleasant?" Henry had already found time to comb his hair and beard, and in all probability had been out and snuffed up a little sea-water as well.

"You were one of my guarantors, so that I saved my boat."

"Aye, but was that too much? A clever fellow like you must have his own boat."

Kriståver insisted, however, that

Henry should accept a service from him in return.

"I? Well, if you 'll train me to be as good a head-man as yourself, I 'll—"

"You must see that it 's quite out of the question for you to be a 'half-share man.'"

Was it? But he had no nets and no share in the boat, so he *was* a "half-share man," like the others. Was n't that all right?

Kriståver told him that he could have nets from him, so that he could be a "whole-share man."

"You *must* agree to it!" he said.

It was no small matter, for the head-man was doing nothing less than doubling the profits of the other man.

Henry looked first at him and then at the pan on the fire, his lips smiling, but his eyes serious.

"You want me to take payment for a service I did you," he said at last.

"Well, you lost your nets last year, and now you have an opportunity of getting them back again. We can make a new agreement. Now you must be good enough to say 'Yes.'"

"H-m. But you took the risk for us all together, both for nets and boat, and he who makes the venture takes the prize. We people at Rabben can't eat more than our fill, and we won't take the money that you 've the right to. Thanks all the same; but come in to supper now."

Kriståver stared. Henry need only hold out his hand, and he could have nets and double the profits on his share, and the fellow goes and says, "No"!

Melja! "Get away from the table, men! Here 's supper at last!" Henry brought in several plates of broken-up flat-bread, and then, taking in the saucepan full of boiled, steaming hot

liver, he ladled out a liberal helping into each plate. The oil glistened as it flowed over the piles of flat-bread, and over it was strewn grated goat's-milk cheese, after which treacle was poured all over in long, golden-brown, sinuous lines. The next thing was to stir it all up with a spoon, and there you had a mixture that was worth tasting.

The twelve men seated themselves round the table and set to work. It was not easy to say when they had last had a spoon in their hands. It seemed to them that they had lived upon coffee and bread as long as they could remember. But this was not simply food; it was like a wedding.

The plates were emptied in an incredibly short space of time. Oh, yes; Henry Rabben had more liver, and he had soon prepared new platefuls; and then the spoons went at it again.

What! were the dishes empty already? They were only just beginning to enjoy their meal. One or two let out their belts a hole or two, but all felt that there was not a wedding at the station every day. Faces, beards, fingers, shone with oil, treacle, and cheese.

Lars had to go out to the snow-drift where the liver was kept fresh and bring in another saucepanful. It took some time to boil, but now they could have a smoke and a dram while they waited.

There were footsteps outside, and Jacob came sailing in, swinging round his long leg as he turned to shut the door behind him.

"Good evening, men! Why, damn it all, could n't I tell by the smell that you were having something good for supper!"

"Come in and sit down," came

from the smokers sitting round the room.

The men winked at one another, for wherever "melja" was served on the station, Jacob never failed to get wind of it, and would put in an appearance there, even if he had already eaten his fill of that delicacy in his own hut.

"You must find a place at the table," said Peter Suzansa, an invitation to which Jacob was not slow to respond.

He brought news, however.

"There 's another tax to be laid upon us fishermen," he said, helping himself to a spoon, which he polished on his sleeve just as the fresh supply of "melja" was brought in.

"What 's it going to be now?"

"Why, every boat 's got to hand over fifty fish to the hospital for medicine. That 's a nasty one for the fishermen!"

The others said "H-m!" and were of the same opinion.

As Jacob sat there, the difference between him and the others was very apparent. His straight black hair and beard were in marked contrast to their fair hair and blue eyes. They wore homespun, woven in their own homes from the wool of their own sheep; but Jacob had no one to weave for him. He had to go to the shop for all that he clothed himself in, and was now dressed in an Iceland jersey and leather waistcoat, and the blouse outside these was blue.

Whom had he to fish for? No one. He belonged to Lofoten, and was with the others on the way north and home again, and he belonged to the same neighborhood down there; but his real home was in the cabin of the *Sea-Flower*. There was only one thing that could explain his not as yet hav-



ing been killed in a fight or ruined by drink or drowned through mad sailing, and that was that he was Jacob. And here he sat, in the best of tempers, eating "melja" and drinking drams, the immortal lame Jacob, Damnitall-with-the-Limp, the stormy petrel on shore.

He told them that a new preacher was expected to arrive. The priest was furiously angry, but the fellow was said to be very good at explaining the word of God; and as he said "the word of God," Jacob put his head on one side and looked at the lamp, and almost fancied he tasted something sweet.

When the dish was empty, he rose and took his departure. He had an inkling that there was another hut where "melja" was to be had, and when he came out into the dark he steered his course through the snow straight for a light that shone from a rocky knoll. His sou'wester and broad back certainly swung a little too much to the right, but this did not prevent him from singing his favorite song, "Oh dear, Maria! Oh, ho!"

The hut to which the scent now led him was occupied by Andreas Ekra, head-man on the *Storm-Bird*, and here there were both "melja" and spirits to be had; but the men were sleepy and wanted to go to bed, for they would have to be up early to begin a week of toil.

Once more Jacob turned out into the dark night. By this time he had put away a great many small drams and taken a good cargo of "melja" on board, but he steered for the harbor-light, and remembered more or less where his little boat lay. Of course, as he staggered along past the little, dark huts, he had to sing his song,

"Oh dear, Maria! Oh, ho!" Hullo! he had tumbled into a snow-drift! But what was there to prevent his lying there for a little while quietly, and looking at the stars, and then scrambling up again? The lights on the wharves and in the huts were out, and no one saw that Jacob was white on one side and dark on the other. Ha! there was a fellow stealing along with a girl! He! he! did he think that Jacob had never been young himself?

At last he reached his boat, unfastened her, and, tumbling in, got out the oars. Beneath him lay the water of the sound, dotted with stars, and above him was the sky, sparkling with still more stars. And now the wharves began to move backward, away from him. Well, well, let them go!

Ships and boats on the harbor, the noise of breakers out at sea, darkness and peace on land and water. "Oh dear, Maria! Oh, ho!"

#### § 5

It was winter, too, with snow and storm, on the gray shore far down in the South. Wives and children were each busy in their own way, but their thoughts were with the men upon the sea, far, far up in the North.

High up among the hills, on a little mountain farm, there lived an old man with a white beard, the father of Kaneles Gomon. He groped his way about, out and in, and grew more infirm every day. Was it not strange? Once he had had such capital sight that he could distinguish the sheep one from another miles away on the mountain, and he could follow the boats and ships down below on the fiord, and knew them all and could give them their right names. Even in the low-

lands at the foot of the West Mountains, right on the other side of the fiord, he could see a boat lying on the beach, and the smoke rising from the red and gray farms.

And now he could scarcely see his own hand. Think of it! He used to earn a good deal of money by making birch-brooms and wooden shoes; but now he only cut himself because his hands trembled so, and besides he could not wade through the deep snow to find material. His little daughter fed the sheep, the two cows, and the little fiord horse, and he was not so bad but that he could find his way to the stable and feel the animals, to see if they were properly cared for. But except for that, all he had to do was to sit on a stool beside the stove and smoke a small iron pipe, keep up the fire, and let the time pass. The wind was always blowing up on the hills, and had gradually taken shape in his mind and become a person to whom he could talk. He had the child to talk to, and she did what she could; but at least one evening a week she went off on skees the three or four miles down to the nearest neighbor to chatter and enjoy herself with other young folk. No, the wind was far more to be counted upon; it was always about the house.

The old man was now sitting alone and talking to the wind about Kaneles. They were both agreed that he was a capital fellow, not afraid of either a dram or a fight, and was good for two if necessary, and kind-hearted if you only took him in the right way. They both agreed in this. And now the winter was passing, and soon he would be coming home with his earnings, and then they would be able to pay both the shop and the bank; and as far as

the bailiff was concerned, Kaneles would be able to shut him up.

As he sat there with his long, white hair and beard, and his face looking ruddy in the light from the stove, the wind and he were soon agreed about another thing; namely, that Kaneles must soon get married, for a grown-up woman was needed in the house, and he, the old man, though not getting younger, was still able to rock a cradle. "Rock a cradle? Yes!" said the wind. "Whee! whee!" "Rock a cradle? Yes!" said the old man, as he watched the flames; and then he wiped his red, watery eyes and shook his white head. "Hushaby, baby! If it were a boy, of course he would be called Ola after his grandfather." "Boy? Yes!" said the wind. "Ola? Yes!" said the wind. "Hushaby, baby!"

The wind that the old man was talking to was the northwest. It came in from the sea, took a leap over Blue Hill, and began to thunder and roar in among the mountains, and covered the fiord and the low-lying districts with spray and driving snow day after day. White snow-wraiths were whirled up sky high, and carried headlong through the gloom. Down on the beach the lights in the cottage windows could scarcely be seen; the cottages seemed to be crouching down and trying to hide in the snow from sheer terror of the storm.

On one such evening the fourteen-year-old Oluf Myran was coming on skees from the shop, which was also the post-office, with a bag upon his back, and his cap drawn down over his ears. He had with him a number of letters that had to be distributed about the neighborhood that evening.

Lofoten letters! It is quite an



Mountain farm-house

event when one drops into a little cottage.

"Bless my soul!" says the wife, "it can't surely be true!" She has been waiting and longing, and there it is at last. Is it really true?

Andreas Ekra's wife, Anna Martha, had been to the bog to get some peat, and on her way back had a hurricane to struggle against upon a road that was nothing but snow-drifts, into which both she and the load sank. She pulled with all her might, and waded in snow up to her hips; and if any one imagined that she was such a follower of fashion as to be wearing cotton unmentionables under her petticoat, he would be very much mistaken. Then the sled pitched on its head, and had to be pulled up; then its hind part sank deep in, and seemed

to be sitting looking at her like some animal; and the lashing and whirling of the wind and snow in her face were enough to make any one take God's name in vain and swear. Deuce take the drifts! She was only a woman, and she was covered with snow from head to foot. And there! If the sled did n't upset again, and the peat slide off and lie in a heap on the snow! No, when once the devil is let loose— But home it should go, and she swore once more, and then set to work pushing and pulling and struggling as if she were raging and clawing and fighting with seven hundred little devils.

The fire was burning on the hearth in the kitchen and there was a light in the window when she at last came through the drift close to the kitchen-door, and at that moment a boy on

skees came past the corner of the cowshed.

"Hullo!" he cried.

"Is that you, Oluf? You 're not going round with Lofoten letters, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"There is n't one for me, I suppose?"

"No, but nearly every one else in the neighborhood 's got one."

"Letters with money in, too?"

"Yes, there are some with sealing-wax on that I had to sign my name for." And the boy went on his way through the wind.

Oh, that Andreas! It was just like him! He never wrote home from the beginning to the end of the winter, and he never sent her a penny, even when the fishing was so good that he was rolling in money. It would serve him right if she left off taking any trouble about him, and upon her word she would make up his bed in the cowshed when he came home in the spring, and she would sleep in the bed in the living-room herself with the two children! The horrid fellow!

His old mother was sitting beside the stove, smoking chewing-tobacco in a clay pipe. She was always scolding, and nothing that her son's wife did was right; but she herself had to be looked after and cared for like a baby. Anna Martha brought in the peat and brushed the snow from her dress; and as soon as she had had her supper and put the children to bed, she sat down to spin yarn for the pastor's wife. *Some* one had to earn a little money if the man of the house did nothing for his family; and as she sat there in the lamplight, tall and fair, and made the spinning-wheel whirl, she actually began singing a love-ballad, even though the old woman

beside the stove growled and held her hands over her ears.

Meanwhile the boy on skees had stopped at a little red house, where he found Berit Hylla wading through the snow-drifts with water that she was bringing in for the evening meal.

"A Lofoten letter! My gracious! Then you must come in, Oluf!"

How was it possible that this beautiful woman could have taken Elezeus Hylla? It was true that she had had a child with another man who had gone away to America; but even after that, Brandt at Lindegaard himself had said that she looked like a princess, and that her hair was like golden sunshine. And then she went and threw herself away upon Elezeus! Since then she had never seemed to have time to sit down. She was running about, indoors and out, from morning till night, perhaps to keep herself from thinking, for Elezeus had forbidden her to let her child set foot in his house. "I won't have that bastard here!" he used to say. It was a little girl, and the poor board had sent her to a farm, where she did a maid-servant's work, although she was only twelve years old. It was hard for her mother never to see her, never to be allowed to visit her. The beautiful woman was becoming hollow-cheeked and thin, but her hair was the same as before, and when she let it down, the streams of golden sunshine fell almost to her feet.

Now a Lofoten letter had come for her, and when she sat down, cold as she was, beneath the lamp, and read the few lines it contained, her eyes filled with tears. There was a tenkroner note inclosed, and there were many wives who would be only too glad if they received no more than the

half of that. Now, was n't it true, as she always said, that Elezeus was very good?

Oluf Myran glided on through the wind and the darkness from house to house with Lofoten letters. At home at Myran there was great excitement, for the letter to Mårya was a real, true money-letter with many seals upon it. When she took it in her hand, she turned it over and over, and held it under the lamp to see if it were Kriståver himself who had written it; and round her pressed several heads, fair and dark, trying to get a view.

When she opened the letter, several bank-notes fell out, which she hastily replaced in the envelop. Her husband wrote that the fishing was quite extraordinarily good, so that things might go better at Myran after this.

The bedroom-door opened, and the old woman with spectacles upon her long nose appeared.

"A Lofoten letter? Well, I declare!" Mårya's mother, Lava Rootawsen, happened to be staying there just now. She was to have gone home several days before, but how could she in such weather and with the roads in such a state? She now appeared beside the other old woman at the bedroom-door, and asked if it was a "money-letter."

"Yes," answered Mårya. The two old women came nearer with inquisitive faces, but Mårya had already hidden both letter and notes in her bodice.

"How are they getting on?" asked Kriståver's mother.

"Oh, they 're getting along all right." There was nothing more to tell the two old people; a little secret between her and Kriståver did not concern others.

"And Lars?" asked Lava again.

"Yes, he 's working as hard as he can, too."

"And the fishing 's so extra good, people say. Is that true?" It was her mother-in-law who made the inquiry.

"Oh, it can vary so!" said Mårya, clambering up on to her weaving-stool and beginning to weave. Old people should not be told too much.

When Oluf had eaten his supper, he had to go out into the storm again, for there was still one more Lofoten letter, and they are not things that you allow to lie until the next morning.

It was for Siri Skaret, who lived away up on the hillside with a lot of children, and had very little of either food or firing.

No one in the neighborhood would have her husband, Severin, on his boat, because he was always swarming with vermin; but he went north by steamer, and shipped with a line-fisherman year after year. It was not much that he brought home, but it was better than nothing.

Both winter and summer the little gray cottage on the hillside presented a poverty-stricken appearance. The buildings were in such a state of disrepair that the cows in the cow-shed were almost up to their knees in water, and the children wore caps pulled down over their ears, and woolen gloves, indoors, because the wind blew right through the walls.

It was hither that Oluf at last made his way. On opening the door, he ran into a skin coverlet that was hung up to keep out the draft. Within was a room in which stood three beds full of shivering children, while a pale woman sat carding wool by the light from the stove. She was wrapped in

a large, faded woolen shawl, but she, too, was blue with the cold. She was not much more than thirty, but her face was pale, worn, and lined, and her eyelids so heavy that she seemed hardly able to raise them to look at the new-comer.

"A Lofoten letter!" And as she opened it, a five-krone note dropped out. "Dear me!" This was wealth indeed!

"Sit down, and I'll get you some flat-bread and cream," she said, feeling that she must do something in return for the blessing he had brought them all.

Oluf could not wait, however. He was the man of the house at home now, so he had to be off again. There were many other things for such a lad to do in a neighborhood where all the men were away. A little while ago a girl went out of her mind, and he had to go and watch over her for a day and a night, and then go with her and her mother to the asylum. And when old Tröen had inflammation of the lungs, Oluf had had to get a horse from Lindegaard and go for the doctor. People felt that they must go for help to the men-folk that were left.

He forced his way through the northwest wind, his face lashed with snow and sea-spray and with sand and seaweed that the wind whirled up from the beach. As he opened the door at Myran, the wind tore it from his hand and swung it back against the wall; the house shook, the sudden gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and the children began to cry.

It is unpleasant to be out on such a stormy night. It is bad enough down by the fiord, but what must it be for those who perhaps are out on the sea! Lofoten! Lofoten!

Mårya had relighted the lamp and

put the children to bed and had returned to her weaving. The house shook with the wind, and it was a relief to her to have her fingers occupied when the gusts of wind threatened to lift the cottage and carry it away through the night. Was she afraid? No, but she felt inclined to sing, to cry out wild, incoherent words, only to drown those shrieks of anguish out in the darkness, where the storm was like the howling of evil spirits.

She worked on with busy fingers. It was no ordinary piece of weaving, not homespun or linen; it was a hanging with figures woven into it, and she had learned how to do it from the master-forester's wife up the valley when she was a girl. This lady had lately come to her with a pattern for her to weave from, and had explained the figures to her, though she had learned about them in her school-days. It represented the legend of Siegfried, and at present she was doing the part where *Siegfried* was riding on his horse *Crane* through a great, crackling fire on the mountain in Franconia.

As she sat there with the storm about her, she seemed to be looking at her own life as she wove the great legend of long ago into her web. She was condemned to live here by the sea, which she hated. It would almost be a rest to go out of her mind some day, but she would have to take Kriståver with her. She could easily throw herself into the sea in weather like this, only she must have Kriståver with her. On such a night she sometimes felt as wicked as a witch, almost as when *Siegfried* drank the blood of the dragon. She wanted to do evil, she wanted to kill, but, but she must certainly have Kriståver with her.

It was near midnight, and the storm

was increasing, but she sat on, weaving the saga into her web.

The two old women had gone to bed in the bedroom, and the children were whimpering in their sleep; the cottage shook, and the spray dashed against the window.

Suddenly Mårya's mother-in-law appeared at the bedroom-door in her night-dress, without her spectacles.

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, "don't you hear the storm? What must it be like in Lofoten! Oh, good Lord!" The tall, old woman came in and began to walk up and down the room with folded hands. Her black cap was still on the back of her head, with wisps of white hair escaping from it. "There 'll be dreadful things happening to-night, Mårya; there 'll be many sleeping to-night never to wake again. God help those who are on the sea to-night! And God be merciful to every sinner that has to stand before his Judge to-night! We are in danger wherever we go. To-night, Mårya! Oh, Lord Jesus!"

She had experienced many such stormy times in years past, and on a night like this she forgot that she was old and rheumatic, and became young and active from the great things she saw. It was as though the Almighty Himself came down and took her with Him in all His power, as though she could almost open the door and fly out into the awful storm. "Lord Jesus! What a night, Mårya! What a night!"

Mårya went on with her weaving, her face pale and hard. The old woman began singing the hymn for those at sea, and it sounded weird in all the noise outside. Mårya turned to look at the old woman in her night-dress, walking up and down the room

with wide-open eyes, singing to what she saw. Her face seemed to be the face of the very storm itself, and her voice the voice of drowning men.

They dared not put out the lamp when at last they went to bed. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" sighed Mårya, too, as she pulled the clothes over her head; but it was not a prayer to Him, for God was only the power for evil in storm and disaster. Pray to Him! No, she closed her lips tightly, and hardened herself in defiance. Pray to Him! Never! never! Away up the valley He was quite different; He made the ground fruitful and ripened the corn. There He represented still, moonlight evenings, the call of the blackcock on the hill, the trickling of the brook, light nights and warmth; but here beside the sea He was a different God, Whom to know might be to lose one's wits.

Oh, if she could only take the children and move up into the valley some day! What a good woman she would be! But Kriståver would have to come, too.

There was a noise in the porch, and some one tried the door. Or was it the wind? No! is it possible that any one can be out in such weather!

It was a neighbor, Olina Tröen.

"Don't be afraid!" she said; "but Peter Suzansa's girl's taken ill."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mårya, sitting up.

"You must get up and go there with me," said Olina. "She can't be left to lie there and die! And Oluf must go for the midwife."

A little later two women and a boy were struggling through the storm and the snow-drifts as they made their way along the road by the light of a lantern.



# Old Wisdom in a New Tongue

*George Ade: Moralists in Slang*

BY CARL VAN DOREN



IF Samos, or whatever Grecian neighborhood it was, had its Æsop, so has Indiana its George Ade. His business is to give flesh and blood to maxims. Making maxims is next to the oldest business in the world. As soon as any creature has learned an art or trick which helps him to prosper in his affairs, he sets out to tell others how they too may prosper; and the sum of such advice is wisdom. Fish in their wet caves, one may imagine, concisely counsel their offspring what banks to hunt along and what glittering baits to shun. Birds teach their fledglings how to spread their new wings at a proper angle, how to be architects of nests, how to observe a happy economy with regard to worms and beetles. Bees propound the advantages of buckwheat over clover or of honeysuckle over morning-glories and tell how stings may be planted with the most desirable consequences. Bears, while they are licking their cubs into proper shape, growl neat secrets into their ears about the taste of roots and nuts and about the nicer points of successful hibernation. Though such biology is rather picturesque than trustworthy, it serves to hint at the long antiquity of human wisdom, which comes down from a time earlier than literature and virtually as early as speech itself. Cavemen, squatting safe behind the fire which kept out the

sabertooth, doubtless invented or repeated guttural aphorisms for the benefit of their sons. The swart Egyptians working in their annual mud and the fair Sumerians setting up their towers of Babel gossiped in the evenings, it is reasonably certain, about the ways of life. So Æsop, when he made his fables, or Solomon, when he made his proverbs, had only to add his own wit to the wisdom of many others observers and philosophers.

## § 2

Wisdom, it may be argued, is the same in all generations, but the idiom of wisdom varies. Since Solomon chose proverbs, and Æsop fables, most popular moralists have followed one or the other of these two. Among the older Yankees there was a Franklin who, knowing that most of them who were not shopkeepers were farmers, told the one group to "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee" and warned the other that "The rotten apple spoils his companions." Among the newer Yankees there is a George Ade who, intimately kin to the folk and yet detached from it by genius, puts his observations into moral tales such as "The New Fable of the Toilsome Ascent and the Shining Table-Land" and "The Fable of the Wise Piker Who Had the Kind of Talk That Went." Between them lies a long



tradition of vernacular philosophers, —Jack Downing, Hósea Biglow, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Mr. Dooley,—each the continuer of the old wisdom and the inventor of a new idiom. George Ade, indeed, was so immersed in the tradition that he was slow in emerging as himself, with a form and dialect which fitted him as the garments of such a satirist should. He tried stories of a nearly orthodox manner and plays for which other dramatists furnished him the molds, and only gradually hit upon his natural device, perfected it, and settled down to working within its ample limits.

But though he had to hunt ten years for a form, he was very ready to use it when he found it. His mind was crowded with observations made on a plane which was intensely typical of the established American folk. He had been born and had grown up among the farms and villages of Indiana, tightest of the Mid-Western States; he had put on a larger cunning in Chicago, a village which had become a city too fast to lose its old traits at once; he was always bent on returning to the original neighborhood where he was most at home. In his almost simultaneous "Fables in Slang," "More Fables," "Forty Modern Fables," and the later volumes which their quick success called for, he walked close to a fertile soil, along accepted folk-ways. What was first apparent in his work was an amused distrust of all who leave the beaten highway by any but the beaten by-paths. The parents of *Joseph* and *Clarence* are so fussy with the elder and so slack with the younger that both boys go wrong, having left the comfortable middle ground of ordinary

custom. *Lutie*, who pesters the village with her voice, imagines she is a great singer until she submits herself to the test of the box-office and an impartial critic; the *Coming Champion*, likewise, passes for a whirlwind until he puts on the gloves with a real pugilist, who blithely knocks the youngster out and sends him back, humbled, to a safer occupation. Handsome *Jethro*, who scorns rough work, manages in ten years to save up nineteen dollars of his salary in a five-and-ten-cent store, while his brother *Lyford* in that same time buys and stocks a valuable farm. The magnate who in his youth aspired to be a congressman barely misses apoplexy when, at the peak of his success, he comes upon his high-school oration and remembers that he once urged "all young Patriots to leap into the Arena and with the Shield of Virtue quench the rising Flood of Corruption." The *Benevolent Lady* who looks through a lorgnette into the case of the poor discovers that they regard her attentions as an insult, and returns, though in a huff, to concerns which are less philanthropic.

### § 3

To put it briefly, the central moral of George Ade's fables is that those get along best who best mind their own business. But these fables are less simple in their application than the maxims, say, of Franklin. Assuming no less than Franklin the merits of industry and economy and temperance and foresight, Mr. Ade knows that the times have changed. The folk he speaks for has heard the old prudential maxims so long that it has begun to note exceptions. One of his characters, a caddy, hurts his head trying to figure out why his hard-working

father "could seldom get one Dollar to rub against another," while the golfers whom the boy sees forever playing "had Money to throw at the Birds." In another fable the brother who is the book-worm of a certain legal office does the drudgery and looks shabby while the brother who is the butterfly of the firm has the fun and gets the credit. In still another, *Luella* the busy, but homely, girl rises no further in the world than to the post of cook in the household of her lazy, but pretty, sister *Mae*. Perhaps, the fables keep hinting, honesty is not always the only policy. Perhaps it is true that "Early to Bed and Early to Rise and you will meet very few of our best people." Perhaps there is more topsyturvy in the moral world than the maxim-mongers have made out.

As a satirist of genius Mr. Ade goes, of course, beyond the folk in his perception of the ironies which attend prosperity, and yet he derives the body of his wit from a very general Yankee wisdom. His fulcrum and his point of view are Yankee. His people no less than he, whatever illusions they may cling to, have a steady suspicion of saints and poets and reformers, of snobbishness and eccentricity and affectation. Like him, they are tickled by tales of townsmen who come off second best in bargains with rustics or with villagers; of rude Westerners who do not suffer by comparison with Easterners of a higher polish; of simple Americans who, having tried the shining routes of Europe, come joyfully back to the familiar habits of their inland home. They like to laugh at windy statesmen, but are willing to smile at politicians who hoodwink the populace cleverly. They encourage aspiration, but they snicker at the

mean arts by which mean persons seek to make themselves conspicuous in the world without real excellence. They look askance at rhetoric, at rebellion, at ecstasy. For the most part they confine their talk to the essential topics of work and play and love, but they will take none of these too seriously: they hold that work must have its interludes, that play must not degenerate into hard labor, and that love must be regarded, or at least discussed, as one of the aspects of comedy. Inveterately middle class themselves, they feel for proletariats a contempt which is modified by democratic sentiment, and for aristocracies a contempt which is modified by nothing but a sneaking curiosity. Inveterately nationalist themselves, they despise all foreigners and new-comers and do not pretend to understand them. At the same time they are sure enough of their position in a settled order to delight in jokes at their expense, or at the expense of their neighbors, provided the jokes are in their own language and are made by some one whose standing is established.

#### § 4

It is here that a personage like George Ade comes into the picture. He belongs so unquestionably to his folk that he has a license to ridicule it. Being a part of the country, he is himself a victim of any laughter which he may bring upon its inhabitants. Then, too, he knows its prejudices. He knows what types of folly are regularly mocked and what are not. He does not challenge any of the pro-founder doctrines; he only grins at shallow doctrinaires. He troubles no one by following the reason too far, into territory where it radically dis-

sents from the very bases of popular belief. And even when he goes beyond his public in his criticism of its accepted notions, he does it with such evidences of kind familiarity that his superiority is forgiven in the pleasures of recognition that he gives. He is minutely conversant with the ins and outs of common households; with the wiles of maidens and their swains; with the ways of men with dogs and horses and motors and stenographers and customers and competitors, in the bleachers, on the golf links, at the poker table; with the ways of women with servants and pets and clergymen and house-cleaning and candy and cosmetics, in cotillions, on picnics, at bargain counters; with all the comic nooks of average American life which may be looked into by an observer whose eyes have every sharpness except that which comes from passionate insight.

That Mr. Ade is primarily a moralist appears in his practice of seeing his characters all as types. Though they may have names and local habitations, they do not particularly need them; their being typical is what makes them significant. Yet he is too much an artist to be entirely satisfied with what is general. He multiplies concrete detail with an abundance rarely to be found in moralists. One of his best fables may serve to illustrate his method in all of them. "The New Fable of Susan and the Daughter and the Grand-Daughter, and Then Something Really Grand" is a comic history in little of American luxury. *Susan*, who was seventeen in Pennsylvania in 1840, married *Rufus*, and with him "decided to hit a New Trail into the Dark Timber and grow up with the Boundless West." In Illinois, when

they had been settled a few years, *Rufus* once on a trip to the nearest town "thought of the brave Woman who was back there in the lonesome Shack, shooing the Prairie Wolves away from the Cradle, and he resolved to reward her. With only three Gills of Stone Fence under his Wammus he spread his Wild-Cat Currency on the Counter and purchased a \$6 clock with jig-saw ornaments, a shiny coat of varnish, and a Bouquet of Pink Roses on the door." *Jennie*, their daughter, the fable proceeds, married *Hiram*, money-changer and merchant, and lived in the county seat. "Hiram was in rugged Health, having defended the flag by Proxy during the recent out-cropping of Acrimony between the devotees of Cold Bread and the slaves of Hot Biscuit. . . . The fact that *Jennie* was his wife gave her quite a Standing with him. He admired her for having made such a Success of her Life." Once "while in Chicago to buy his Winter Stock, he bargained for two days and finally bought a Cottage Melodeon, with the Stool thrown in." Their daughter *Frances* married a Chicago man named *Willoughby* who had inherited a part of State Street and spent his time watching the "Un-earned Increment piling up on every Corner." Having filled their house with period furniture, *Willoughby* wanted to do more, and bought his wife a "rubber-tired Victoria, drawn by two expensive Bang-Tails in jingly Harness and surmounted by important Turks in overwhelming Livery." Therefore, in 1913, the daughter of *Frances* and *Willoughby* arrived in Reno and began proceedings for a divorce against her husband *Hubert* because he had refused to buy her an eighty thousand dollar necklace. The

moral, the tale concludes, is that "Rufus had no business buying the clock."

In this humorous allegory of the clock and its consequences Mr. Ade moves through an expanding century, touching each of the generations with a sure, if hilarious, hand, using the most specific and most temporary illustrations and yet investing them all with a wide comic significance, playing the light of his observation everywhere and setting off the fireworks of his language in celebration of the absurdities he encounters. In the same fashion he moves through his own time. Very notably he possesses the courage to be characteristic of the folk which he represents in his fables. His hand might have been stayed by the desire to make his folk appear a little more intelligent, a little more witty, a little more decorous, a little more quaint and curious than it is. But Mr. Ade has the disposition as well as the knack of candor. If he is enough detached from his native country to be able to see across it, he is also close enough to it to feel no need for apologizing because it, like other native countries, is not different from what it is. He cuts the garment of his satire to fit the figure for which it is intended. That the figure is often angular and awkward he would not deny, but he would deny that it is his business to disguise it. Nor would he make any particular effort to correct it. Coming as he does with laughter, not with anger, to his job, serious, but never impassioned, he yet takes a hearty pleasure in demolishing by his ridicule the reformers, climbers, Bohemians, zealous or shiftless souls of all denominations who secede from the homely circle of the average. To

look into his vernacular fables for poetry, elevation, denunciation, tragedy, subtle processes of the mind or the emotions is simply to look for them in the wrong place, as it would be to look for them in any of the ancient or modern fabulists. Mr. Ade's fables deal with the visible ways of the tangible world in which the vast majority of Americans live.

### § 5

In no respect is he at once more representative and yet more distinctive than in the dialect he employs. He is representative because he has that sixth sense for language which is one of the marks of Americans. Like his compatriots of various grades of learning, he revels, he rolls in breath-taking metaphors, jolting surprises, swashbuckling exaggerations. He is a voice for those Americans who, generally without knowing it, feel that their native tongue has suddenly been released from the bondage of a stiff mandarin classicism, or rather, to put it more idiomatically, has been turned out to grass and is scampering around the pasture kicking up its heels. He is distinctive because he outdoes a nation of slang-makers at their own game. In part he relies upon the mere trick of capitals for his effect; in part he gathers racy phrases from many quarters and fits them into astounding mosaic patterns. But besides doing these relatively easy things, he also creates. "I have been working for years," he says with a broad and possibly not uncomplacent grin, "to enrich the English language. Most of the time I have been years ahead of the dictionaries. I have been so far ahead of the dictionaries that sometimes I fear they will never catch

up." And yet it is not so much that he has invented actual words themselves as that he has invented new combinations, new short cuts. Thus he says that a certain man and wife and daughter were thriving: "The Fairy Wand had been waved above the snide Bungalow, and it was now a Queen Anne Château dripping with Dewdads of Scroll Work and congested with Black Walnut. The Goddess took her Mocha in the Feathers, and a Music Teacher came twice each week to bridge the awful chasm between Dorothy and Chopin. Dinner had been moved up to Milking Time." By only one word ("dewdads") is Mr. Ade here ahead of the best American dictionary; "took her Mocha in the Feathers" is a fairly ordinary equivalent for "had her breakfast in bed"; but only George Ade would have hit upon this way of saying that the family now dined six or seven hours later than their agricultural forebears, or that *Dorothy* had not been born with much gift for music. If it is the luck of Mr. Ade to have issued from a nation which breeds and encourages such verbal pyrotechnics, it is his own merit to have devised a dialect which mingles the rapture of surprise with the satisfaction of comprehensibility. One of the simplest tests of an ingrained American is to try whether in reading these fables he instantly understands even those locutions which he has never met before.

For outlanders it is different. "Andrew Lang," declares Mr. Ade, "once started to read my works and then sank with a bubbling cry and did not come up for three days." This suggests a question which should be noticed: Will posterity, at home or elsewhere, have any better fate than a transatlantic contemporary like Andrew Lang? The chances are, must be the answer to the question, that the dictionaries will never quite catch up. They salvage only the survivors among those many fresh-coined words and phrases which race for an hour against oblivion. Much of the flash and pertinence of stories told in slang must evaporate as its ephemeral items fall and die. To put the reverse English, as Mr. Ade might pun, on what Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare, the fables are not for all time, but of an age. Yet they have a promising vitality. After nearly a quarter of a century the earliest among them are still racy, though most of the newspaper laughter of their day has turned rancid or has perished altogether; and the latest show a decided gain upon the earliest in body and significance. Lacking the wings of poetry or readily intelligible wit which carry books to the ends of the earth, they incomparably fit certain phases of their own place and era which cannot be neglected. The comic spirit, hopeful as love and as recurrent as hunger, has its Hoosier incarnation.





# An American Looks at His World

*Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank*



## THE CULT OF THE DABLERS

I AM convinced that one of the pressing necessities of our time is a generation of dabblers to correct the astigmatism and sterility of the specialists. Mr. A. R. Orage has suggested that we are perhaps on the eve of "a revival of dilettantism in all the arts." But I am speaking now of more than the arts. I am thinking of the part the dilettante, or dabbler, will play in that renaissance of Western civilization which, as I have been saying in these columns, I believe to be both possible and probable. We need dabblers, or dilettantes, in every field. I know that the word "dilettante" is invariably used in a depreciative sense, but I purposely use it here in a complimentary sense as indicating the man who has the audacity to try to know a multitude of things and to understand them in their relations. There is, of course, the more accurate word "polymath," which means a person of much or varied learning, one acquainted with various subjects of study; but I do not want to run the risk of being charged with pedantry by saying that the approaching renaissance of Western civilization will depend for its initiation upon our turning ourselves more and more into polymaths. So I shall content myself with saying that we stand in sore need of more dilettantes, or dabblers. I shall speak particularly of the need of a revival of

dilettantism among our teachers, and reserve for later discussion the need of dilettantism among our statesmen and our business men.

The plain fact is that the excessive specialization which has for the last generation or two dominated our intellectual, political, and business life has tended to make men less and less fit to furnish this constructive leadership, which Western civilization must have if it is to realize that vast renewal which I have been discussing in terms of a possible renaissance. I see no hope of such leadership unless we can recapture the spirit of Leonardo da Vinci in twentieth-century education, politics, and business. Leonardo da Vinci was the apostle of all-round expression rather than of specialized expression. He was a sculptor, an artist, a poet, an epigrammatist, an engineer, a statesman, a soldier, and a musician. Here my memory of the catalogue fails me. I think Giovanni Papini misses the real meaning of Leonardo when he says: "It sometimes saddens me to think that the man who left us the 'Adoration of the Magi' is famous also for the canals of Lombardy. . . . I could wish that Leonardo had painted one more canvas and left a hundred less precepts. . . . It is sad to think that so much of his time was spent on things unworthy of his powers." I am sure

that Mr. Orage is nearer right when he says of Leonardo, "Truly enough he was not equally successful in an objective or critical sense in all these fields; but, quite as certainly he owed his surpassing excellence in one or two of them to the fact that he tried them all."

It is a platitude, a somewhat new platitude, to say that the blight of specialism has fallen upon our education. On all hands educators are calling attention to the fact that the sense of unity has been lost out of the curriculum and teaching methods of our colleges and universities. Our colleges and universities are, in many instances, merely a collection of self-determined departments of knowledge separated by what are in effect barricaded frontiers. A student may go through one of our colleges and universities and come out possessor of not a little information regarding biology, psychology, economics, and kindred subjects, but with no vital sense of the relation of these subjects and their bearing upon human life. This water-tight-compartment aspect of modern education, this system under which, to steal a phrase from M. Ernest Lavisse, a fragment of an educator teaches a fragment of a pupil a fragment of a subject, is a favorite topic of discussion among creative educators.

The thing that strikes me most forcibly in all this discussion is the fact that the majority of critics hope to redeem the situation by reforming the curriculum. I think that a great deal can be done by further limiting the anarchic elective system, and by turning toward a more wisely correlated course of study that will insure the student's contact with the necessary fields of knowledge and give him

some sense of their relation. But every day I am less convinced, despite the flood of articles and books on curricular reform by American and French and English educators, that the peril of specialization can be met by mere readjustments in a course of study. Three years ago, when I wrote on this subject, I was feeling my way toward my present conviction when I said that I thought every university should have at least one professor of things in general. That statement was the beginning of what is now my firm conviction, that we must reform the mind of the educator before we can hope for more than transient gains from reforms of the curriculum. At least in our colleges of liberal arts we must restore the general scholar to the place out of which he has been crowded by the specialist.

To quote a word from President Meiklejohn: "Out of the purposes and acts of many men, society must make a plan, a scheme of common living. Out of the thoughts of many men, our scholarship must make a plan, such common dominating scheme as can be made. . . . If it is not nonsense to seek for unity in knowledge, then it is nonsense not to seek it. And in fact this seeking is the great intellectual undertaking of this time and of a renewing civilization. Just as each science within its field brings facts to unity, attempts to understand them, just so these separate sciences are facts which we must unify if we would understand them at all." But the thing that needs to be said, repeated, and emphasized is that this unification of knowledge, this giving of a sense of the meaning of life as a whole, cannot be achieved by specialists. In his recent article in "The New Republic,"

from which I have been quoting, President Meiklejohn goes on to say: "The essential fact is that we, the college professors, have no philosophy. We are the devotees of 'subjects'. We live and think amid the fragments of an intellectual world which has been broken down. Ours is the task of building up again another view of life to hold the meanings which we had and have. And if we shirk that task in study and in teaching, no unifying courses will repair the damage. If teachers think in fragments, they cannot teach in wholes. Devices of teaching technique will never remedy defects of thought. All that a teacher has to give is just his way of thinking about the world. And if we mean to give a liberal education, then we must be ourselves a group of liberally educated men."

I do not want to seem to be putting slight emphasis upon the importance of present-day attempts to reform the curriculum in the interest of doing away with what Giovanni Gentile in his "The Reform of Education" calls "this scrappiness of culture and education." Columbia College has instituted two interesting and important devices for giving the student some general sense of his cultural heritage and his contemporary world. The first is a course under the name of "General Honors" in which students meet with a group of instructors for two hours a week to talk over one of the masterpieces in the field of literature, economics, science, or history which has been assigned as the book of the week and which the students are supposed to have read. In addition to this, Columbia College provides a compulsory course in "Contemporary Civilization." This is all to the good.

But, after all, the value of such courses must depend upon teachers who, to use an old phrase, see life and knowledge steadily and see it whole.

In short, we need a revival of dilettantism among our scholars. I think it is an encouraging sign of the times that H. G. Wells has refused to be awed by the mere bulk of modern knowledge and has dared to try to write an outline of human history. I know all the criticisms that scholarship flings at men like Buckle, Wells, and others who have attempted to bring a sense of synthesis to the scattered, incoördinated, raw materials of knowledge. But, personally, I believe that it would be far better for the average student to attend the classroom lectures of a Buckle, an Adam Smith, or a Wells, with all the inaccuracies and personal bias involved, than to spend four years working away on that vivisection of knowledge that has bent the mind of the world over a microscope when it should have been looking through a telescope. I am not suggesting, of course, that our college courses should be turned into a series of glorified ball-room lectures in which the students would be provided with a sort of predigested intellectual breakfast food. Our colleges must learn how to use both the dilettante, with his scanning of far horizons, and the specialist, with his delving into details.

May I repeat that this end cannot be reached by any mere rearrangement of courses of study? It means nothing less than the creation of a new type of teacher. It means the evolution of a new sense of values among scholars, so that the general scholar will not lose caste simply because he has not seen fit, as Stephen Leacock has suggested,



to spend his entire life upon a study of the left hind foot of a garden frog or the first thirty minutes of the Reformation.

I think I know most of the arguments against the lecture method of teaching, but I am convinced that we struck a blow at general scholarship when we began to substitute laboratory drill for academic lectures. Thirty years ago Woodrow Wilson, then professor of jurisprudence in Princeton University, asked, "Will not higher education be cut off from communion with the highest of all forces, the force of personal inspiration in the field of great themes of thought, if you interdict the literary method in the classroom?" I think that time has answered Mr. Wilson's question in the affirmative. But I believe that the influence of our turning away from the lecture method has been more serious in the case of the teacher than in the case of the student. The old lecture method compelled teachers to achieve a general culture without which it is impossible to illuminate any specific subject in a fashion that will keep students awake. After all, in earlier days the academic lecturer had to be interesting as well as scholarly in order to attain both popularity with students and distinction among colleagues. With the decline of the lecture method it has become possible for an assiduous mediocrity that knows how to count and to classify to achieve academic distinction. We are not producing great inspirational scholars like Adam Smith, for instance, because, for one thing, our scholars are not compelled to achieve a broad general culture by the challenge of the lecture-desk. I

am not suggesting that we go back to the lecture method entirely. I am suggesting only that it should no longer be shunted off into our extension courses and confined largely to that adult education for which scholars shout, but at which they frequently smile in condescending fashion as an adventure among the superficialities.

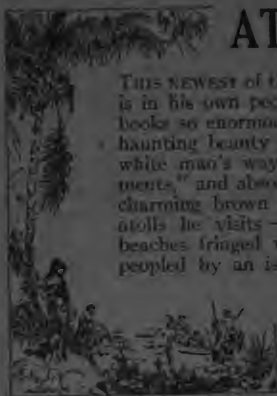
I think I can conclude this discussion in no better way than by quoting what Mr. Wilson wrote thirty years ago in his essay on Adam Smith, from which I have already quoted. Mr. Wilson says of Smith: "He was no specialist, except in the relation of things. Of course, spreading his topics far and wide in the domain of history and philosophy, he was at many points superficial. He took most of his materials at secondhand. . . . Certain separate, isolated truths which served under him may have been doing individual, guerilla warfare elsewhere for the advancement of science; but it was he who marshalled them into drilled hosts for the conquering of the nations. . . . Education and the world of thought need men who, like this man, will dare to know a multitude of things. Without them and their bold synthetic methods, all knowledge and all thought would fall apart into a weak analysis. Their minds do not lack in thoroughness; their thoroughness simply lacks in minuteness. . . . In this day of narrow specialties, our thinking needs such men to fuse its parts, correlate its forces, and centre its results; and our thinking needs them in its college stage, in order that we may command horizons from our study windows in after days."

# CENTURY

*for* FEBRUARY 1923



## The Famous Frederick O'Brien Books



### ATOLLS OF THE SUN

THIS NEWEST of the South Seas books of Frederick O'Brien is in his own peculiar vein which has made his previous books so enormously popular—the same combination of haunting beauty and romance, pungent anecdotes of the white man's ways "where there ain't no ten commandments," and absorbing narratives of experiences among the charming brown peoples. This time it is the Paumotu atolls he visits—low, circular coral isles, their white beaches fringed with palm trees, lashed by hurricanes, peopled by an isolated fragment of brown folk who are either copra-gatherers or pearl divers. He revisits the Marquesas, too, and we meet old friends, like Mouth of God, Malicious Gossip, hospitable Great Fern, and lovely, wicked Flower. We hear further of the Golden Bed. *Illustrated.*

[ \$5.00 ]

### MYSTIC ISLES OF THE SOUTH SEAS

THIS, the middle book of Mr. O'Brien's South Seas triad, he devotes chiefly to the Society Islands and to a very large extent to flowery Tahiti and to the curious, teeming, Coney Island-Paris-native life of its capital. But there is much, too, of the beauty of far and lovely places, of the strangeness of world-far islands. There is the irresistible Kelley and his most hilarious I. W. W. strike, in which brown fishermen refused to fish, surely saying "I dobb-dobb-dobbeddely"; there is a marvelous chapter of fishing on the thundersome reef with spear and net; a stay in the house of Ori, where R. L. S. once lived; and there is the miraculous fire-walking. *Illustrated.* [ \$5.00 ]

### WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

THE most successful travel book of the last fifteen years or more. On publication it immediately grew to be a sensation, and it has remained the book of that South Seas "rage" which will be long remembered. It continues to be a steady favorite, and bids fair to be read as long as the demand for good travel books continues. Its stories of the Golden Bed, of Lyin' Bill Poucher, of Exploding Eggs, O La La, Seventh Man Who Wallows in the Mire, are famous. *Illustrated.* [ \$5.00 ]

At All Bookstores  
Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

333 Fourth Avenue  
New York City



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*



VOL. 105

CONTENTS for FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 4

Head of Lincoln . . . . .	BOARDMAN ROBINSON.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Youth Movement in Germany . . . . .	CHARLES MERZ	483
The Cross-Beam. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	BERNICE BROWN	489
<i>Drawings by F. LUIS MORA</i>		
Adventures of a Scholar-Tramp . . . . .	GLEN MULLIN	507
<i>I—Among the Friendly Tankees</i>		
When the Ram Wins the "Palio" . . . . .	CAROLINE SINGER	516
<i>Drawings by C. LeROY BALDRIDGE</i>		
Mercury and Apollo in Chicago . . . . .	WEBB WALDRON	528
Chinese Procession. <i>Verse</i> . . . . .	WITTER BYNNER	533
<i>Decorations from the Chinese</i>		
Back to Africa . . . . .	W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS	539
Wax of the Abruzzi. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	ADRIANA SPADONI	549
<i>Drawings by W. EMERTON HEITLAND</i>		
The Real Revolt against Civilization . . . . .	NATHANIEL PEFFER	559
Faint Perfume. <i>A novel. III</i> . . . . .	ZONA GALE	572
<i>Woodcut by BERNHARDT KLEBOR</i>		
Five Woodcuts of New York . . . . .	L. F. WILFORD	587
That Elusive West . . . . .	BURGES JOHNSON	592
The Last of the Vikings. <i>A novel. IV</i> . . . . .	JOHAN BOJER	600
<i>Drawings by SIGURD SKOU</i>		
The "Other Woman" in Egypt . . . . .	GRACE THOMPSON SETON	621
The Soil of the Puritans . . . . .	CARL VAN DOREN	629
<i>Robert Frost: Quintessence and Subst. Drawing by JAMES CHAPIN</i>		
An American Looks at His World . . . . .	THE EDITOR	637
<i>When John Smith Overbears the Philosophers</i>		
The Century Survey of Current Books . . . . .	G. F. and C. V. D.	<i>Front advertising pages</i>
Among Our Contributors . . . . .		<i>Front advertising pages</i>
Investment and Banking . . . . .	JOHN K. BARNES	<i>Front advertising pages</i>

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: Published monthly; 50 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year in the United States, \$5.60 in Canada, and \$6.00 in all other countries (postage included). Publication and circulation office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and advertising offices, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions may be forwarded to either of the above offices. Pacific Coast office, 327 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California. W. Morgan Shuster, President; Don M. Parker, Secretary; George L. Wheelock, Treasurer; James Abbott, Assistant Treasurer. Board of Trustees: George H. Hazen, Chairman; George Inness, Jr.; W. Morgan Shuster. The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. All material hereto published under copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Entered as second-class matter August 18, 1920, at the U. S. post-office, Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered also at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Printed in U. S. A.

# *In the* MARCH CENTURY



## BROKEN

*by Sherwood Anderson*

The story of an inarticulate woman, here made subtly understandable, though she hardly speaks a word.

## THE GREEN INTERNATIONAL

*by Charles Merz*

Into the kaleidoscope of world politics, with its "red" internationalists and "white" guards, comes the "green" international, the result of the new class consciousness of the peasants of Europe. Mr. Merz tells how this renaissance of the ruralists is regaining the land for the landless.

## THE MURDER IN THE FISHING CAT

*by Edna St. Vincent Millay*

A vivid prose story by one of the most vivid of the younger American poets.

## HIS RELIGION AND HERS

*by Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

The first of two papers that proceed from the contention that the religion of the masculine is mainly concerned with the world to come, while the religion of the feminine is concerned with the world that now is and might be. The grounds of this contention are stated in the first paper.

## THE PATRIOT OF THE PLANET

*by Gilbert K. Chesterton*

Mr. Chesterton pits his mockery and his shrewdness against Mr. Wells's world state.

## EAST VIEW OF WEST

*by Nathaniel Peffer*

A sequel to Mr. Peffer's stimulating paper on the real revolt against civilization.

## PICNICKING ON PERILOUS

*by M. E. Ravage*

What does the debacle of European money-values mean in terms of human life? A document of rare human interest here answers the question.

## A. BONAR LAW

*by W. H. Crawford*

An enlightening analysis of the personality of the typical Covenanter who is now England's premier.

---

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

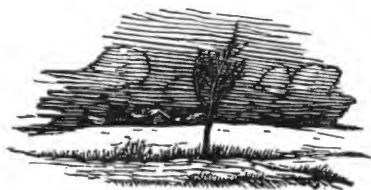
c. 2-23

I am enclosing \$5.00, for which please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one full year.

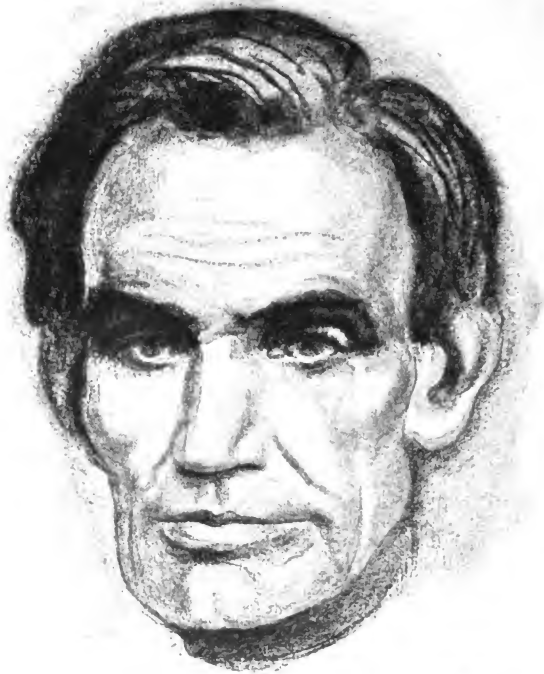
Name.....

Address.....

**THE  
CENTURY MAGAZINE**



**FEBRUARY  
1923**



D.R. 17

Head of Lincoln, by Boardman Robinson



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 105

February, 1923

No. 4



## The Youth Movement in Germany

BY CHARLES MERZ

NOT very long ago ten thousand Germans gathered at the palace of their war-lord to affirm their faith in peace. They were not Germans as you may sometimes think of them, big red-faced fellows in cast-off army clothes and steel-rimmed glasses, converted to a sudden doubtful pacifism by the most disastrous war on record. These were little Germans scarcely tall enough to reach your waist—little Germans twelve, fourteen, sixteen years old who had come to shout for peace beneath these windows that were once the kaiser's.

Here and there in the crowd that overflowed into a dozen side streets you saw a bluebird hoisted on a homemade banner. Long white pennants flew slogans such as "Give us peace!" And now and then some shock-haired youngster climbed a balustrade to wave his banner for "Nie wieder Krieg!" ("No more war!")

No doubt those bronze generals who sit so fiercely on their Prussian pedestals in the Lustgarten must have thought the world was ending. Here, in their very faces, young lads of thirteen flaunted banners boasting, "Never shall we be your soldiers!"

This was *Jugend*. Now, *Jugend* is

the German word for "youth," and you may perhaps have heard of something new that bears this name, something new that filled the Lustgarten with these young crusaders and their banners—the German "Youth Movement." I had heard of it before I went to Germany a few months ago. I had never read a real account of it. What I knew was gathered piecemeal. Now and then some one who had been in Germany brought me a stray fact or two. Germany's youth was militant; it was organizing a revolt against old age. That was the way all my stories started, but after that no two of them agreed.

And now that I have tried to hunt out the answers to these questions for myself, I understand why any two observers can easily disagree. The only things certain about this new Youth Movement in Germany are the facts so obvious that you can't miss them. It is easy to discover, for instance, that there is such a thing as the Youth Movement, and there is plenty of evidence that its influence reaches into far corners of the new republic, villages down in the Black Forest, hamlets up behind the Müritzer See. But the movement is chaotic,



unorganized, a riot of cross-sections without head or tail. Germans themselves usually judge it by whatever angle happens to be uppermost in their own neighborhood. I have heard it compared with the Lutheran Reformation, the Boy Scouts, and the Bolsheviks, and I know of one American newspaper man in Berlin who is convinced that the whole affair is just a cyclists' club.

Germany's Youth Movement is an untidy venture, difficult to understand because it lacks structure, difficult to appraise at its proper value because it lacks a central drive. But it is real enough despite all that. It has genuine vitality, and potentialities as wide as all outdoors. It is a unique movement, with a parallel in no other country on the Continent. Above all, it is creative.

I remember reading, just before I went to Europe, an essay by the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in which he expressed his belief that we were "in the morning hours of a renaissance." The raw materials, he declared, were lying all about us, waiting only for some leader to bring them together and touch them into life.

That may be too large an order for any leadership yet in sight; and certainly, on its own score, the Youth Movement of Germany could never be called a renaissance. And yet, for all its incompleteness and its juvenility, it does belong definitely to those morning hours.

## § 2

Those who see in the *Jugend* only a sort of glorified Boy Scouts have at least this much to go on: in something that existed before the war, something

not a great deal different from the Scouts, the *Jugend* found its pattern.

It was about fifteen years before the war, in 1900, that there appeared in Germany an organization called the *Wandervögel*—"Birds of Passage." Like the Scouts, it found its opportunity in the obvious need of a new generation for physical and mental exercise. The *Wandervögel* lacked the military features of the Boy-Scout movement; it had no uniforms or drills or corporals. Nor did it place anything like the same emphasis on the ultimate achievement of "good citizenship." It was interested chiefly in fresh air and holidays—these two, plus a certain touch of mysticism.

For the *Wandervögel*, in those pre-war days when the Prussian colonels were making their own plans to use this new generation in quite another way, turned to the old theory of finding happiness in "back to nature." Their excursions—Saturdays and Sundays—took them out into the country-side not for sham battles and encampments, but to romp without a rule-book and to explore the brooks and meadows. In the pamphlets of the men whose teachings led the *Wandervögel* in those days you will discover a great deal about finding God in some flower on a river-bank.

They used to troop the country roads of Germany, the *Wandervögel*, boys and girls together; for these little clubs that sprang up all over Germany drew no line between youth of one sex and youth of another. Off they'd go on every holiday, searching for old early-German towns, wearing old early-German costumes, stopping in one village or another for their songs and dances.

They were an ineffective company.

They learned no camp-fire tactics, no sixteen ways of tying knots; but with their songs and holidays, their groping after simplicity and an "old Germany," they were in sentimental revolt against something which they never quite identified—Prussian Germany.

Here and there some schoolmaster or some local bailiff grew very much excited. These *Wandervögel*, he decided, were bent on breaking loose from parental authority and state discipline.

There was no need for this consternation. The Birds of Passage were not wild enough to fly. And yet, if you think how firmly by the collar an ideal Prussian system has to hold its younger generation, these critics had the right idea. They saw what might come later.

It was the war that transformed the rambling *Wandervögel* into the *Jugend* movement as it stands to-day.

The first break, as might have been expected, came over the question of what to do about war aims and domestic politics. It is difficult to keep attention focused on the simplicity of nature and the lilies of the field when a war is raging. The Birds of Passage were mere youngsters. Even so, they could not remain aloof from the same two issues that had begun to stir not only Germany, but the whole world as well: pacifism *versus* fighting, and radicalism *versus* the existing order.

As a matter of fact, the actual break in this case came on a certain family issue: in the week-end outings of the *Wandervögel* was it meet and right that boys and girls should tramp together on the country roads, however far apart they camped at night?

The "Left" said yes, the "Right" said no. And that quarrel was the focal point for a much wider difference of opinion, involving war and peace and politics. A few months after the war's end, the radicals broke away from the conservatives, and founded their own movement. They called it the *Freideutscher Jugendbund*.

The old *Wandervögel* kept on going, but at this point in the story its importance dwindles. The trouble with it was its membership: it had grown too large for comfort. For by this time any one in Germany could become a *Wandervogel* simply by calling himself one. That helped to get a good many young people out of doors and interested in something beside the routine of schools or farms or factories, but it was bad for the *Wandervögel* as a movement, for the organization lost its cohesion and its claim to any peculiar character of its own. It became as catholic as New Year's day or marbles. It could not resist the inroads made on it by the more militant organizations, each keyed to some more definite objective, which crowded down upon it in the months following the end of the war.

That was the next step, this crowding down, and the real début of *Jugend*. For despite two decades of the *Wandervögel*, the whole Youth Movement may be said to have developed in the four short years since 1918. War, fruitless and devastating, sent the youth of Germany knocking at the door of a new day.

### § 3

I do not know how many *Jugendbunds*, or "Youth Societies," have blossomed out in Germany since the armistice. There are at least forty of

them organized on a national basis and boasting members in every part of the country. Probably there are five hundred of them altogether, if you score the ones whose influence is purely local. New ones are always starting, for the minority generally goes off and starts its own society after it has had a quarrel.

No central organization links these various associations. Each one is as free as air. There is n't even any line of demarcation. You may belong to half a dozen *Jugendbunds* if you wish.

Certain characteristics they usually share in common, and share with their foster-parent, the old *Wandervögel*. Their membership, for instance, usually includes girls as well as boys. It is drawn, ordinarily, from young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, though the age limits at both ends, like everything else about the *Jugendbunds*, are usually elastic. Again, all these Youth Societies owe their impetus to the same set of circumstances.

A good many adult Germans were wiped out in the war; a good many of those whose contribution was to stay at home, direct policy, and bring disaster on the country have lost standing. Youth, by the default of age, won prestige for itself. *Jugendbunds* sprang up naturally in the wake of war. Sometimes youth itself took the lead in starting them; sometimes the initiative came from some older group of men and women—teachers, ministers, or social workers. In either case the underlying, half-admitted logic was the same: "They made a mess of it. Let's see what youth can do."

That much the Youth Societies usually have in common; but for the rest they are no more alike than maple

leaves in autumn. There are some societies, for instance, that simply try to carry on the old holiday mysticism of the *Wandervögel*. They are a little like the Gandhi revolutionists, far away in India, protesting against too much machinery in twentieth-century civilization. There are others whose objective is primarily religious. For example, there is a *Katholische Jugendbewegung*, strongly organized, with two hundred thousand youthful readers of its weekly paper, which aims at the education of German youth to a Catholic view of life.

And alongside of societies like these there is a great host of *Jugendbunds* whose chief interest, despite the tender age of their constituents, is in German politics. Thus the reactionary pan-German "Right" is represented by the *Deutsch-sozialer Jugendbund*, which, looking somewhere for a scapegoat, has singled out the German Jew; by the *Christlicher Pfadfinder*, the *Junge Eiche*, the *Jungsturm*, the *Jungdeutschlandbund*, and a long string of others, beginning and ending in the *Deutsch-nationaler Jugendbund*, which flies the old imperial flag, cheers beligerently for the kaiser, and is accused by the Socialists of having a connection with the secret "Ehrhardt Society," which plots for the restoration of the monarchy.

Meantime the "Center" and the "Left" are right up in the running. They have their own *Jugendbunds* to match against the royalists. The Centrist Democrats have one, bearing their own name. Then there is a *Republikanischer Jugendbund*, not identified with any party, but pledged to the support of a republic. There are *Jugendbunds* for the Communists and Syndicalists, and one for the moderate

Socialists, this one being the strongest of them all because of its experience. It is the only one that dates its organization back to days before the war. Incidentally, it is a fact of some interest that Fritz Ebert, now president of the German Republic, was once the leader of this association.

Organized for action years before they have the right to vote, capable at best of a support belligerently vocal, a good many young Germans of fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen are already enrolled as partizans in German politics.

#### § 4

This champing at the bit of politics is spectacular, but I doubt that the real importance of the *Jugend* movement lies here. There are certain cultural and esthetic phases of it that seem to matter more. Go into a book-store in any part of Germany, and you will find a shelf of *Jugend* books, often written by its own young authors: a green-covered pamphlet by Fritz Klatt, for instance, called "The Changing Time," and proposing a new relation between the young scholar and his studies; a book of essays by Elizabeth Busse-Wilson, discussing the place of the young girl in this youth movement; "Pamphlet 38," a thick volume wrapped in bright blue covers, exhorting German youth to what it calls the reconstruction of the state.

There is a growing literature in Germany that centers on the *Jugend* movement. It may be a more important consequence than the political interest which these societies arouse that they start some of their members reading books or writing them. *Jugend* acts as an accelerator for the young German mind, quickening its interest

in the flood of new ideas that are sweeping into Germany, as into every other modern country. There is a close alliance between *Jugend* and many of Germany's younger novelists and poets. Sometimes these Youth Societies are wholly literary in their interests. Sometimes literature is a by-product. Often the only "club-house" a *Jugendbund* can boast is some book-store in a village street. In fact, if you want to hunt for the Youth Movement anywhere, a book-store is the place to start.

Much the same thing may be said of *Jugend* and the arts. There are Youth Societies, groups of young painters and sculptors, who claim to have "turned German art upside down." I went to several of their exhibitions, and it looked as if they had done all of that. They were using not only paints and marble, but bits of glass and moss and leather, painting with materials and with dimensions that would have turned an ordinary Futurist green with envy. There is a good deal of the sensationally faddish in the work of some young *Jugend* artists, but there is also a good deal of energy and eagerness for experiment.

Then, again, if you are counting up its interests, you have to add the enthusiasm with which this Youth Movement attacks various problems in education. In the book-stores you will find the *Jugend* critics active. More than that, you will find Youth Societies of still another type from those I have already sketched which make the German schools their chief concern in life. The *Freideutsche Jugend*, for instance, fights stalwartly for educational reform, slashing away at the old Prussian doctrine of "Ver-

*boten.*" It has a lively ally in the *Frei-sozialistische Jugend*.

There have been some rather startling innovations in the German schools in these last few years since the Youth Movement appeared upon the scene. In many parts of Germany school courses have been liberalized, new systems of instruction introduced. The rigid discipline that was the pride of the old régime has sometimes had hard sledding. In many of the universities, for example, there is now such a thing as a "*Studenten-Parlament*," an elected body of young men and women largely responsible for student discipline, student economics, and other affairs of student life.

The old inventors of a cast-iron Prussian system of education must have been busy of late years turning over in their graves.

### § 5

Too high an appraisal ought not be set on any enterprise so callow and experimental as this *Jugend* Movement; and yet, what is this quickening of youth's interest in a dozen different latitudes of life if not "the morning hours" of some sort of renaissance?

There are two ways of looking at the young members of this movement. If you stand with them, and watch their eager, naïve, sometimes clumsy efforts to reach out for a new order, you are likely to tell yourself that whatever else this *Jugend* is, at least it is creative. To that its varied interest in schools and literature and politics all testify. The very complexity of the movement—its lack of structure and its jumble of rival enthusiasms—is evidence to the same point; for here is something growing up spontaneously, without too much coaxing from on

high. In the mere defiance of the Prussian *status quo* there is something that deserves the word creative—this attempt to serve notice on the old-timers that there is a new generation coming.

This much you see inside the ranks of *Jugend*; but it is possible also to stand outside of it and note from that point, too, a recognition that youth in Germany is advancing to a new prestige. All this rushing to organize young Germans into various political *Jugendbunds* is something more than a mere extension of the professional campaigner's zeal; it is also a clear recognition of the power of a new generation, and a lively competition for its votes.

Youth has a new prestige in Germany. The constitution of the republic recognizes that as frankly as the leaders of the country's politics. "Youth is to be protected against exploitation," declares that constitution in an attempt to write a Magna Charta for young Germany. There must be more schools, assistance for those who are without means enough to obtain a secondary education. "The rule for guidance is the multiplicity of life's callings; and the acceptance of a child in a particular school shall depend upon his qualifications and inclinations, and not upon the economic and social position, or the religion, of his parents."

Youth gains in prestige, youth stirs restlessly, and pushes with its fingertips against the future. It may be a happy thing for Germany. It may help rebuild what war destroyed. For Germany has her own "devastated regions" no less real because the devastation is the smash of a political and social code that had outlived its day.



# The Cross-Beam

BY BERNICE BROWN

DRAWINGS BY F. LUIS MORA



OLAF NELSON stood by the kitchen window and stared out across the acres of Minnesota prairie. It was November, and the ruts in the roads were already stiff with frost. The sky, too, was low and gray, with a mist prophetic of snow-clouds.

Ever since he was twelve years old Olaf had stared across those acres and he had always hated them. Back in the old country he had lived in the hills. They were green hills with rushing freshets, and the trout stream that turned the mill-wheel in the village was a gay one. Sometimes the trout leaped up into the sunshine and flipped a shower of iridescent drops into the air for one dazzling second.

The village, too, was gay. All day one could hear the distant tinkle of cow-bells on the hills, and at night there was often a dance at the inn. Olaf had been happy there. The people were friendly; there were chickens and pigs to play with in the tiny garden behind the house, and in the evenings his mother had told him stories about the trolls who lived just over the hill. Olaf's mother and father loved each other, and Olaf had been raised with the gentleness of their love about him. For a sensitive boy it was a heritage prophetic both of great happiness and of even greater suffering.

Then Olaf's father was drowned;

six weeks later his mother died of the fever; so when the Tegners moved to the States they took Olaf along to his uncle. Swen Bjorkman had gone over in the eighties, and the rumor was that he had prospered. No one had ever cared much for Swen, but no one doubted that he would be successful.

When the village heard that Mrs. Bjorkman had died, they were sorry they had sent Olaf. It would have been better to keep him there and bring him up with the other children, hard as it was already to make both ends meet. Swen Bjorkman was no man to bring up a child. Even Rudi Djursen hated him, and Rudi was the best-natured man in the village.

"He's a hard man, with no blood in his veins," Rudi had said, "not even amiable in his liquor. I will never drink again with a man with fish eyes."

To the child of twelve Swen Bjorkman had seemed like one of the wicked trolls out of a fairy-tale. In the twenty-six years he had spent under Swen Bjorkman's roof this antipathy had strengthened, but it was based no longer on a mere freak of childish aversion. Olaf Nelson had every reason for hating the old man lying in the next room.

For there lay Swen Bjorkman, and Olaf thought he was dying. Luke Weller, the doctor, had been there an hour, and old Mother Petri had been

called in to help. The stove in the kitchen needed refilling, but Olaf did not move.

He was thirty-eight, too old now to think of doing any of the things he had hoped to do. But he was free. He could sell the farm and move to Minneapolis. Lillah had been once in Minneapolis. Then he thought, perhaps, she would n't want to be reminded of any of that. Well, then they 'd go to Chicago or maybe to Denver. Denver would be better for her. The old man could n't now beat him out of the farm, or the money in the squat wooden bank in Black Cloud. Swen Bjorkman had no one else to whom he could leave his property. Thirty-eight was no tender age at which to become one's own master, but it was better than never being free at all.

True, twenty years before, the night that Swen Bjorkman had had his first stroke, Olaf Nelson had made a desperate, baffled lunge for freedom. It had seemed to Olaf like a judgment of God that the cross-beam of the barn had fallen on his uncle as Swen had lashed out at him with the iron-buckled halter. Olaf had planned to leave that night. The flier for Duluth always slowed down at the Christian Bridge. Any man with agile limbs and no fear in his heart could board it—any driven man.

Instead, Olaf had galloped into town on the back of old Walli, the plow-horse, to fetch Doctor Weller. He remembered how exalted he had felt as he rode, the mare jogging him from side to side on her broad back. He had lifted the beam from his uncle's shoulder and had laid him out straight on the wooden floor. Swen Bjorkman's face was gray, and the eyelids

did not flicker. As Olaf had drawn the torn buffalo robe up over him, he had thought that would be his shroud.

But Swen Bjorkman had rallied. Luke Weller had never heard of a case like it. The old man was paralyzed, to be sure, but his mind remained unaffected. Strapped to his bed, he became even more diabolically tyrannical than before. He continued to run every detail of his farm with the same unsparring ruthlessness. The old devil seemed to have developed a psychic insight. He would know in some way whether the roof of the cow-barn had been mended, the cattle turned out up on Section Four, the hogs driven in to be slaughtered. There was something uncanny about him, and terrible. In his physical impotence he seemed to possess the boy even more completely than he had as a giant of strength. Because he was dependent on his nephew for every mouthful he swallowed, he had made him just that much more his vassal. Olaf never dreamed any more of the midnight flier, with its white banner of smoke against the starlight, but he dreamed of the time when Swen Bjorkman would cease to breathe.

This day he had had a second stroke, and Olaf Nelson had galloped into town through the twilight of morning to fetch out the doctor. His heart did not beat so fast this time. He was older, and the years had done something to him. They had mocked him out of his birthright. Simple people know no methods for shirking any of the brutalities of duty.

From the room where Swen Bjorkman lay the door opened, and Luke Weller came into the kitchen. He stood a moment, undecided, then he rattled the grate of the cook-stove and put in another stick of wood.

"Kind of cold that gets you," he said. He did n't want to answer Olaf's unspoken question. "Remarkable case," he said finally, "remarkable." He still did not catch the eye of the man beside him, and his words came slowly. "Looks like he might live to be a hundred."

For a long moment there was silence in the kitchen. Luke Weller was used to the heartbreak of life; he had watched suffering often and it had left him untouched. But he did n't want to look at Olaf Nelson now. At one time he had believed Olaf had a future; there seemed a little different strain in him than in the other Swedes in the neighborhood. Olaf had borrowed books from him and from the minister and from Judge Santaline. The judge had wanted Olaf to go to the university at Minneapolis; but Olaf had been caught as surely as though he had been locked up in a prison—caught by the terrible, unescapable exigencies of the poor.

Luke Weller was not a man oppressed by the vagaries of conscience. Life was a fairly simple and brutal affair, on the whole. It was n't often that any one aroused in him a sense of rebellion against the inexplicable blunderings in the ordering of human lives, but Olaf Nelson had done that. Luke Weller had liked the straight set of Olaf's eyes, the blond curls that fitted close to his well shaped head, the grave forehead, the sensitive mouth, even the chin, which held refinement rather than determination. He would probably never amount to much; he was neither ruthless nor lucky enough. But he possessed potentialities.

Luke Weller was also oppressed by the conviction that he had aided in the conspiracy against Olaf's future.

Twenty years before he had promised Olaf the death of Swen Bjorkman, just as surely as he had ever promised anything in his life. The old man was doomed, and if Olaf only waited patiently a little time he would inherit enough to take him away from Black Cloud, put him through the graded school, and later through college. Heaven knew he had earned every cent, too, of that inheritance, for he had drudged on Swen Bjorkman's farm since the day he had come there from Sweden. Why run the chance of losing everything when another six months would see the whole thing finished? Besides, somebody had to take care of the old devil. Twenty years before Luke Weller had begun to say this, and the boy had believed him. The old man might outlive them both.

Then Luke Weller wondered about the Lillah person. She called herself Montgomery, but Sam Dillon, who claimed he had seen her up at the Soo, said that up there she had called herself Raphael. Luke Weller had no reason to doubt Sam, and yet Luke knew that his townsman was a judge only of what meets the eye. Since Lillah had come, from no one knew where, to wait on table at Gus Lieber's chop-house, Luke Weller had formed the habit of dropping in there for supper instead of eating it at the Black Cloud House, where for twenty-odd years he had dragged out a not too desolate existence.

## § 2

Olaf Nelson refused the doctor's invitation to ride to the village with him, but a mile behind Luke Weller's livery team Olaf was driving old Ringer to the spring-wagon. There were three prescriptions he must fill



that evening. Old Mother Petri left to-morrow. She had to get back to her daughter-in-law, and Olaf Nelson would again be alone. This would be his only chance to get into town for a week at least.

He sat hunched forward on the driver's seat, the reins held loosely in his hands. The mare knew the way in without any guiding. There was nothing now to divert Olaf Nelson from facing his situation. The copper-colored pastures, sloping away to a black, grass-tufted swamp or lifting into the higher land that had been sown to winter wheat, held nothing to catch the eye.

He had ceased to see these fields years ago. He lived with only half his consciousness; it was a defense, perhaps, against even greater suffering. The less of him that lived, the less of him there was to be hurt. It was not a very brave philosophy, and he knew it. That was the trouble with him: he did n't have any spunk. If he had had, he would have broken loose long ago. But always there had been the hope that fate would one day rescue him.

To-day Luke Weller had read Olaf Nelson's death-sentence. There was no use going on any longer dreaming of a rescue. All he could do was to farm. He was thirty-eight. He had neither education nor money, nor was there any longer in his make-up the bravado that challenges fortune and refuses to be dismayed. He was tied to a bed-ridden old man whom he had once feared, whom he still hated, as a sailor who has been hurt by the ocean can hate it, as a lumber-cruiser, driven a little touched by the isolation of the forest, can hate the timber.

There was no use, either, thinking any longer about Lillah. He could n't

bring her out to be also a slave to the whimsies of Swen Bjorkman. Besides, there was something in Lillah too delicate, too luxury-loving. True, there was nothing esthetic about Gus Lieber's chop-house, but one felt that she had never belonged. She worked as hard as the other girls,—Gus Lieber saw to that,—but she served the food with a grace that made the task seem easy.

Olaf did n't know how old she was; perhaps thirty, perhaps older. Her cheeks were a little sunken, there were shadows under her eyes, and her body, though still graceful, was thin almost to the point of scrawniness. Her mouth was straight, the lips thin, and her chin was a trifle projecting. Lillah's eyes were gray, and her lashes curled slightly and were very dark. Her hair was an undecisive blond and had been crimped until the ends about her face were stiff and short. Her skin, too, had the unhealthy creamy softness of a skin much massaged.

For Lillah Montgomery the decline had set in some time before, and yet never before had she possessed so definite or so insistent an appeal. Because her loveliness was going, it was recaptured and bestowed anew upon her by every man who saw her. Just as the face that is almost beautiful makes a creative artist out of every beholder.

But the old fire was gone, for Lillah saw only the face the speckled, square, mirror that hung over her wash-stand gave back to her. She did not know she possessed that mystic quality of creating a gracious imagination in all who beheld her. She only knew she was tired and poor and not very strong and that she had gambled away every chance for security.

Olaf Nelson had never told her he loved her. It had not been necessary for either of them to put it into words. Indeed, he had never been to see her more than a dozen times, but she seemed to him a person less fortunate than himself. His feeling for her, however, was not only pity. Her delicacy, her wistfulness, would have conquered alone. She ought to marry some one who could give her all the things the suggestion of which she seemed able to create out of such poor scraps. Lillah Montgomery may not have been either very good or very intelligent, but there was about her something of the artist. Luke Weller knew this through his mind; Olaf Nelson knew it even more truly through his instincts.

With a stolid conscientiousness Olaf Nelson finished all his errands in the village. At the drug-store he had the liniment prescriptions filled. Luke Weller had told him he would have to rub the paralyzed legs and back of the old man. He bought, also, Swen Bjorkman's favorite brand of chewing-tobacco and the licorice-drops, cheaply doped, that Swen thought put him to sleep. At the general store he bought coffee and sugar and tea and flour. He was like a man stocking up for a trip in the Klondike. After all his purchases had been made, he carried them out to the wagon and deposited them safely under the seat.

Across the road from the Black Cloud Emporium shone the windows of Gus Lieber's chop-house. Olaf had not intended to cross over, but he did. Well, he did n't need to go inside. The room had been an old grocery store, the walls of which were still scarred with the marks of the shelves. In the middle of the room was a horseshoe

counter of dark-painted wood the top of which was covered with a sticky down left in the wake of some one's old petticoat now used as a mop. On the walls hung advertisements of soft drinks not carried by the establishment, and gaudy calendars with no regard either for pictorial value or date. On the counter stood a scraggling line of catsup-bottles, sugar-bowls of heavy pressed glass, and squat mustard-jars on which the contents had caked so long before as now to have become part of the container. To the left of the door stood a round-bellied iron stove surrounded by a boarded parking of sawdust stained brown with the juice of tobacco. As a background for beauty Gus Lieber's chop-house left virtually everything to be desired.

The counter was full now, for the flier from Fort Pierre was just in, and there were many passengers this evening. Olaf watched the girls as they brought in the orders of beans and hamburger steak and fried potatoes, piled dangerously the length of the arm. Every time the short swinging-doors into the kitchen flickered open he expected to see Lillah stand in the doorway, but every time the door disclosed only Sina or Annie, whose substantial bulk shut out all view beyond.

A long time Olaf waited. The passengers from the flier bolted their food and left. Sina and Annie stacked the greasy plates and bore them off to the kitchen. Finally Annie swabbed the counter, leaving great untouched scallops along the outside edge, stuck a toothpick from the pink glass dish into her mouth, and went away. The room was empty now, but Olaf did not move from the square of light outside the window.

Finally the kitchen door opened, and

Lillah came out. She wore a soiled kitchen apron too big for her, and she was carrying a tray of glasses. Olaf saw her stop and her whole body tremble. Then she made an effort to reach the counter and deposit her burden, swayed again, and her body shook with a paroxysm of coughing. Off the tray reeled the heavy tumblers, like things maliciously endowed with life. By the time Olaf reached her the coughing fit had passed, and she smiled at him across the tray, half empty now of its burden.

"Lillah—"

"Gosh!" she said, "this is the second time I've done this. Yesterday it was soup." She smiled again, shyly.

Olaf took the tray from her and put it on the counter. When she leaned over to pick up the broken pieces, he stopped her.

"Sit down," he said and he pushed her toward a stool. Then he knelt down before her, and put the jagged fragments into an empty peach-basket he found behind the counter.

"Yesterday," she repeated, "it was soup. No kidding." She waited a moment. "To-day they put me in the kitchen, where it don't make such a scene if you—sneeze."

Still on his knees before her, he looked up at her.

"Lillah!"

A long moment they stared at each other. Then, very gently, she reached out toward him and drew his head against her side. Her arms were so soft he could hardly feel them, but they were warm and they held him with a strength he had never suspected. Then his arms groped their way around her, and he could feel her lips against his forehead.

"Lillah!" he repeated, "Lillah!"

Her fingers stroked his hair as though he had been a child. He had no idea there could be so much gentleness in the world.

"Olaf," she said at last, "I'm not good enough for you. And yet I'm not sure it matters. I love you."

Again there was a moment of silence, while their arms gave each other the reassurance their words would destroy.

"You know all about me," he said finally, "and old Swen."

She nodded.

"I know. It's a damn' shame."

They were both standing now, but their hands held each other with an agony of tenderness.

"It will be hard work out there even with me to help. You'd be tied, just like me. And you'd hate him. And he'd hate you." Again he stopped, struggling to hide nothing from her. "I've got nothing of my own. It's all his. And Luke Weller says he might live to be a hundred."

Lillah Montgomery smiled.

"Luke Weller don't know everything." Then she drew toward him softly, and her arms sought the curve of his shoulders. "It's even Stephen," she went on. "I reckon there are those that would n't think you were getting a prize package in me."

"Don't say that!"

She pressed her temple against his cheek.

"Oh, it don't matter, does it, so long as we've got each other? We've got more than our share, I reckon, right this minute."

"Lillah!" he repeated, "O Lillah!" There seemed so little to say when one was happy.

Luke Weller knew he would be late for supper. Still, Gus might get the old woman to fry him up something,

and Lillah might bring it in to him—Lillah. He was a fool to think about her the way he did. Then, before he pushed open the door to Gus Lieber's chop-house, he looked up. A long moment he stood there. They had not heard his footsteps, he decided, or his hand on the latch. Well, perhaps it was lucky he had looked up just in time before he had pushed the door open. Yes, perhaps, after all, it was lucky.

## § 3

There was a great deal to say in the village when Olaf and Lillah were married. Sam Dillon still insisted she had once called herself Raphael and that he had met her up at the Soo. But no matter what the men of Black Cloud may have thought of Lillah's past, there was no one who spoke unkindly of her. There was no one who did n't wonder how she happened to choose Olaf Nelson, who from every worldly point of view was the poorest bet among them. There was no man, too, who was not in his heart a little jealous of Olaf, for Lillah Montgomery had the trick of doing something to a man's imagination.

The day of his marriage Olaf went in to tell old Swen. Over Swen was drawn a red quilt, frayed and soiled where his beard and chin had rested upon it, and over his useless legs lay summer and winter a robe of rusty-looking buffalo-skin. Twenty years before the room had been added to the shack. The walls had been plastered, but they were still unpapered, and on them had been pinned the chromos and calendars of the early nineties. Nothing in the room had been touched, for Swen Bjorkman had developed an invalid's irritability with even the

slightest innovation. Olaf had once started to straighten a picture of the Swiss Alps that hung above the what-not facing Swen's bed, but the old man had screamed at him to let it alone.

"*Tanklös varelse,*" he said, "cannot you mind, perhaps, your own business? That is as I have looked upon it forty months now. That is as it shall always be."

On the table stood a jar filled with cattails. Olaf remembered how he had brought them home from the swamp, and his uncle had laughed at him and ordered him to throw the weeds away, but he had put them in the front room. No one ever came in there then. Now they had become as immutable a part of the room as the Swiss Alps. Olaf wondered sometimes if the things would not endure forever. He remembered the marsh had been dyed with sunset where he picked them, and they had looked like elfin wands. He thought now he had never seen anything so ugly.

That Saturday Olaf brought Swen his dinner of beans and bacon and black coffee as strong as a drug. Swen seldom spoke now, though his speech was unimpaired. Some day the paralysis might reach his throat; he might go that way. Luke Weller had predicted it. But, as Lillah said, Luke was n't always right.

Before he took the dishes away Olaf waited. He still wore his overalls and the coarse Mackinaw jacket. He would have to hurry if he got to town by three o'clock, and yet he could make no move to speak. Old Swen would have to know this evening, anyway. It would be better to get through the scene now. All the time he knew Swen's eyes were on him—the eyes that were the cold light blue of a

moonstone. "Fish eyes" the folks in the village called them. Finally the old man stirred, and his voice had all the resonance of twenty years ago.

"I won't have two fires burning," he said, "and you can't bring her in here."

Something went cold around Olaf Nelson's heart. The old man was uncanny, and the blue eyes became at once like nothing human.

"We 'll sit in the kitchen," he said finally.

There was always a terrible moment of waiting before the old man spoke—a moment in which one awaits the words, as a traveler at sea awaits the shriek of the fog-siren.

"You cover the kitchen fire at eight, as always."

A terrible flush of humiliation crept from Olaf Nelson's throat to his temples. That any man should dare to speak to him like this! At that moment he could have strangled Swen Bjorkman. But he did not move. It was better to answer nothing. The old devil might take it out on Lillah. No, after all these years, it was too late to make a stand.

As he drove into town he saw dirty-looking snow-clouds lumber across the sky. There had been a few flurries already, but it was too cold to snow. At any rate, it would be warm back in the kitchen. He had brought in some boughs of spruce and evergreen to make it festive, and there was a new red table cloth on the table. Also he had bought some cakes and cheese and a bottle of spiced wine. He remembered the weddings back in his village in Sweden. He wanted his own to be like them in some way; only, of course, there would n't be any fiddle or dancing.

At Pastor Nordlie's house he met

Lillah. Gus Lieber and his "old woman" had come, too, to be witnesses. Pastor Nordlie had put on his Sunday coat, and Mrs. Nordlie wore her dress of black silk. But Olaf Nelson saw nothing but Lillah. He thought she looked pale, but her eyes were on fire. He wondered suddenly how she could care for him as she did. He knew for the first time the humility of one who loves with completeness.

"Lillah," he said, "are you sure that you love me, dumb ox that I am?"

She did not touch him, but her eyes were caress enough.

"I am sure," she said.

After the service Pastor Nordlie said a blessing, and then Mrs. Nordlie invited all of them to come into the dining-room and drink coffee before they started back. She even used her china cups that had come all the way from Stockholm. Olaf hoped he would not break his before he could set it down. He had never touched anything so fragile before. Lillah, he noticed, held her cup as easily as though she had never drunk out of the great white mugs in Gus Lieber's chop-house.

"Luke Weller's gone to Minneapolis to-day already," Gus Lieber offered. "These Yankees don't like us Germans drink. They got no sense. It will be a week already before he comes back." He made an explosive gesture. "Whoof! Then he be for a year sober maybe."

When they started home it had begun to snow. Olaf wrapped the buffalo-robe around Lillah and bunched the straw up thick under her feet. It was twilight now, but still light with the flakes of whiteness. Olaf watched them fall upon the ragged lap-robe, upon the sleeves of Lillah's coat, upon her gloves.

"Put your hands here," he said, "where the snow can't get at them," and he drew the robe up closer around her. "I am jealous, I think, of the snow."

She laughed softly, and leaned her cheek against his.

"It is very nice here," she said. "I hope we have a long way to go."

"It is as white to-night as a night in the old country. In my village in winter," he said, "it was twilight all night long, like some nights here in the summer."

Again she laughed softly.

"Go on; tell me any old thing. I'll believe it."

"Lillah!" Their arms held each other fast, as though they had found each other for the first time. "Lillah! Lillah!" he whispered.

Her hands pressed his head against her cheek, and her lips touched his eyes and his temple.

"Silly!" she said. "You are happy, and you're not very used to being it."

At last they drove into the farm-yard. There were no lights from the windows, and the house looked black against the new whiteness.

"Want to come out and help me unhitch?" he asked finally. He knew he did not want her to be without him in that house, but he did not want to depress her with his own apprehensions.

Lillah felt the concern behind the question and also the gallantry that prompted his lightness.

"Surest thing you know," she said. "I reckon you'll be having me do it all alone soon, eh?"

They both laughed, and he kissed her, as light-hearted at once as a school-boy. After all, things were n't so bad. They had each other. What did all the other things men set their hearts on matter?

Lillah sat in the wagon while Olaf found the lantern and lighted it. The barn became at once a place of fantastic, lunging shadows as the lantern swung slightly from the nail against the cross-beam. Olaf Nelson looked up at it.

"It was that beam fell," he said, "the night I almost caught the flier." He stopped a moment. "That was twenty years ago."

Lillah Nelson looked down at him.

"Help me out," she said at last. He lifted her over the wheel and held her to him. For a long moment neither spoke.

"Except for that cross-beam we never would have met," she said. Silent, he looked up at it.

"I used to think it was me it fell on," he said finally. "What if it should fall on her, too?" he thought, and his arms drew her to him again in an agony of apprehensive tenderness.

"Come on," she said at last, "we're never going to get these birds unhitched at this rate."

Olaf set about the business, letting Lillah delay him with mocking attempts at assistance. Finally, the horses were led into their stalls, fed and watered, and the sticking door rolled almost shut for the night. On the way back to the house they walked slowly, Olaf with Lillah's trunk on his back. They were happy now, but inside those walls lay a helpless man whose strength was as baffling as the east wind that drives the wild geese from their course.

At the kitchen-door he stopped. It was warm inside, and the air was fragrant with the smell of the cedar-branches. He wondered if Lillah would think he had been silly to try to decorate the place in this way for her.

He put down the trunk, and on the kitchen table he lighted the kerosene-lamp. The room was different at night. She came toward him and looked around.

"Olaf," she said, "it 's just like Christmas." She sniffed exquisitely. "And, golly, how it smells!"

A flush of pleasure mounted slowly on his cheeks. She did n't think he was silly. She never would. It was a moment of perfect reassurance, as complete as it was trivial.

She took off her hat and coat, finally, and he shook down and refilled the cook-stove. It was pretty nice here, he thought. He would get some red calico curtains for the windows, and he would buy a caster set, with pale pink bottles, for the center of the table. After all, he had a little money of his own. He earned at least as much as the hired man.

Suddenly there came a sound like the tapping of a blind man's stick. Lillah looked up at him, sharply.

"Old Swen," he said. "He wants something." He opened the door out of the kitchen and stood an instant in the doorway. "What is it?" he asked.

For a moment there was silence.

"Bring her here," he said at last. "I want to see her." His words came slowly, full of malice. "I want to see the woman that would marry you."

"Lillah—"

She joined her husband in the doorway.

"Get the lamp," the voice commanded. "I want to see her face."

Olaf brought the lamp and held it high in the doorway. The old man lay like a log on his bed, but his face gleamed out of the shadow. He and Lillah greeted each other only with their eyes. It was a moment of un-

endurable silence when anything monstrous might happen. It seemed to Olaf at once as though Lillah were no longer breathing, as though she were an image from which all life had departed. He wondered if the moment would go on forever, if indeed it had always existed.

Then the old man's eyes blinked again in the shadow. They were like the eyes of a cat caught for an instant by a lantern at night on the highroad.

"That will do," he said at last. Then, after a moment, "I will live longer than she will." It sounded as though he chuckled, but perhaps it was only the rustle of his wiry beard against the bedclothes.

Slowly Olaf closed the door behind them.

"Lillah—"

She took the lamp out of his hands and put it on the table. Then she set her hair to rights and drew up a chair toward the stove. Finally she looked up into his face.

"Gosh! he certainly can throw a scare into *you!*" She laughed, and tried to believe that her laugh sounded natural. "Cheerful old party, ain't he?" Finally she drew Olaf over toward her. "You ought to stand up to him, silly. Why, I 'm not afraid, you can bet."

This time his arms did not answer her entreaties, and he shook his head dully.

"I know," he said finally. "I don't stand up to him. It does seem sometimes for sure like it was on me the cross-beam landed."

#### § 4

For the first winter since his childhood Olaf Nelson was happy. He was not so busy out of doors but he could



**"It was a moment of unendurable silence when anything monstrous might happen"**



do most of the work for Lillah. He liked to think her cheeks had rounded out a little and that the lines of fatigue had gone from around her eyes. Old Swen he still tended like a baby. He had forbidden Lillah ever to enter the front room. It seemed, in some way, with the door always closed between the two rooms, that the old man's curse must lose its power. The food Olaf took him Lillah had cooked. It was better than Olaf had ever prepared, or old Mother Petri. Olaf wondered sometimes why she fussed so to have the napkin on the tray clean and to warm the plate in the oven. She at least owed him nothing.

About the woman Olaf Nelson had brought back Swen Bjorkman never asked. Olaf wondered if perhaps he might not have forgotten her, and his heart gave a bound of relief at the thought. But old Swen had not forgotten.

"She was coughing this morning while you were gone to the cow-barn," he said. "Put some more ointment on old Hulda's neck where she rubbed it against the stanchions." The old man's eyes had a way of never quite focusing, and his face remained always as inscrutable as a mask.

With slow precision Olaf smoothed the sheet and readjusted the bedclothes. His face, too, did not betray him, but there was cold fear in his heart. It was true about old Hulda and the stanchion, and yet no one had ever told Swen Bjorkman. It must also be true about Lillah and the fit of coughing. He wondered whether, after all, he might only have imagined she looked better. She seemed so happy! All afternoon as he mended harness in the corner by the stove he would steal long glances at her. Sometimes she

was sewing. Sometimes she read out loud, foolish romances, cheaply written, but from her lips they became the songs of poets. He anticipated for her every wish. When it seemed she had no appetite, he brought her twelve oranges from Black Cloud for which he had sent all the way to Minneapolis. When she saw them she turned away her head, and he knew there were tears in her eyes.

One night at supper he suggested they invite Luke Weller out some time to eat a meal. Lillah neither met his eyes nor answered.

"It 's some trek," she said finally, "no matter how swell the food."

For a moment Olaf was silent.

"It might perhaps be that he was coming this road, anyway."

"It might perhaps be," she mocked. "Maybe a breath of fresh air, now that it 's twenty below, would be just what he 's wanting. He gets so little chance to be out!" She laughed.

Olaf blushed foolishly, but he refused to be dissuaded. He was only afraid she might force him to put into words the reasons he had for wishing Luke Weller to come. At once the thought occurred to him, "What if old Swen might be the reason for the doctor's journey, what if at last the paralysis might one day creep as far as his throat?"

But it was no use hoping any longer for a miracle. Old Swen was as well as that first day. He was enchanted. Like the king with the red beard, he would go on living, perhaps, forever. A spasm of anger passed through Olaf Nelson, and his hands shook so violently that he was ashamed. How easy it would be to do murder in such a moment! One would simply perform the act, as detached and un-

moved as a professional pig-sticker. It is not safe for men whose blood is cool and runs slowly ever to give way to passion. They have no temperamental defense against its mercilessness and its madness.

Lillah Nelson watched his face.

"Tell Luke Weller to come," she said, "as soon as he 's called out this way." Then she laughed, and it was a valiant attempt at naturalness. "I reckon he misses me to put a brace of fried eggs in front of him every now and then."

It was February when Luke Weller appeared, one of those days that has within it the mocking prophecy of April. The snow over the fields was soggy, and here and there black, wet patches of earth showed through. Back in New York State, Luke Weller thought, one might find to-day the first crocus. Funny thing, his being out here. He had stood second in his class at the medical school. It had been predicted that he would go to Syracuse or maybe Buffalo and become a great surgeon. But here he was in Black Cloud. He was almost fifty. The facts of his life were so dreary that he refused ever to review them: his hideous, uncomfortable room at the Black Cloud House, the outrageous, greasy food he ate three times a day, the complete lack of gentleness or beauty or intellectual stimulation. And yet he was neither bitter nor scarred with self-flagellations.

He played as good a game of poker as any man in the State; he had never gone back professionally. Indeed, as a doctor he had little to his discredit and much to his advantage. He was conscientious about his work and interested in it. Once every six months he disappeared to Minneapolis

and there were never in Black Cloud any questions asked. From the point of view of his endowments his life was a failure, but from the point of everyday living it could not be said, to him at least, to be without interest.

He had never been a man who cared for women even though the facts of his life were by no means above criticism. Only one woman had ever captured his imagination, had ever caught at his throat when he drove back at night from a late case, alone beneath the stars. She was the only woman who was to him more than a biological function. She was some one who could give significance and beauty to existence, who by her very presence bestowed a magic over all the grossnesses of living.

Luke Weller knew why Olaf had sent for him. It would be the first time he had seen Lillah since that night he had almost burst in upon them at the lunch-counter. He had thought about her often. He knew in some way that she was one of those women whom marriage would not change. He knew, too, that she was one of those even more rare persons capable of only one tremendous and complete adventure. She belonged in that same group of women who can love with artistry and without restraint, with Rachel and Isolde.

Olaf was at work in the barn when Luke Weller arrived. He was early, and Lillah met him alone at the kitchen-door. He knotted the reins about a poplar sapling and knocked the mud stolidly from his boots on the kitchen-step. Then he and Lillah looked a long moment at each other. Finally, she lifted her shoulders with quaint irony and smiled.

"It 's no good, is it?" she said.

But Luke Weller's expression never changed.

"Do you cough much?" he asked. She shook her head.

"Not much. I feel pretty good." Again she stopped. "But it 's no use hoping, really, is it?"

He refused to meet her question, and his eyes retreated, beaten.

"Well, I was invited here to-day," he blustered. "Are n't you going to ask me in?"

"Luke,"—she forced his eyes to meet hers again,—"Luke, before he comes, tell me." It seemed in some way as though her eyes were the only things in the universe. "It 's no use, is it? Tell me."

"Look here,"—he made a brave attempt at swagger,—"I 'm no sooth-sayer. Besides, my job is full of miracles. Things happen all the time, amazing things. Not that I do them. They just happen."

"Luke—"

The swagger was all gone now. She was stronger than his will. Still her eyes held his with hypnotic earnestness.

"How much time do you give me?"

It was no use trying to evade her.

"Another six months," he said, "in this damn' climate."

She did not move, and her face did not change expression.

"Another six months." It did not seem that she was speaking to him. "That 's a long time, a long time." Then at once she came down the steps toward him. "Luke,"—her fingers touched his sleeve,—"don't say anything to him. See? There 's nothing he could do, and he 's happy, and so am I. I feel fine, honest. Not weak or anything."

It was unbearable to face her pleading.

"He could send you West. Perhaps in Colorado—"

She laughed suddenly, and the sound of her voice startled him.

"Send me! Luke, you 're crazy. He 's no bank president."

Luke Weller's eyes wandered to the jutting ell where old Swen Bjorkman lay.

"He could," he said, "damn him!"

Lillah Nelson's hand dropped to her side, and all the tension went out of her body.

"Well, I reckon that 's out."

When Luke Weller left that evening, Olaf Nelson came out to the buggy with him. After the doctor had clambered in and Olaf had tucked the robes around him, he still held his hand on the driver's box. Luke Weller could not see his face, but he could feel his presence as distinctly as though he could watch every change of expression.

"I heard what you said to Lillah this afternoon," Olaf said finally.

Luke Weller knew the darkness covered his surprise.

"He told me when I took him in his supper."

"He told you?" A strange feeling seemed to lodge around Luke Weller's heart. And only this afternoon he had said that the world was full of miracles. But it was always terrifying to have one happen. "He did, eh?"

Again there was an interval of silence.

"He laughed, too." Olaf Nelson's voice had the dead level of one telling a monstrous tale he does not expect to be believed. "It 's been a long time since I ever heard him laugh." Still he did not take his hand off the seat of Luke Weller's buggy, and yet it was by more than physical contact that

Luke Weller was bound. Had he lifted his whip and lashed at his team, he had a conviction that they would not have moved until Olaf Nelson was willing to let him go. "Sometimes it seems to me"—Olaf's voice came as steady as a pastor's reading the lesson—"there can be nothing sinful in murder."

As Olaf walked back to the kitchen he did not hear the telltale click of the cautiously closed door. Lillah was standing in front of the stove when he entered, her hands behind her and her slim body struggling not to betray the agony of shivering.

Olaf walked over to her.

"You 're cold."

She did not let him touch her.

"I—I just took the butter and eggs down cellar. It 's no Palm Beach down there, you can bet."

Olaf's eyes narrowed; he was puzzled.

"Why don't you use the box in the pantry—like always?"

Lillah shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, it don't matter, does it? Besides, I thought I heard the cat down there." She stopped, frightened lest she overdo the plausibility of her story. Then she turned toward him. "Olaf!"

He stood facing her, the light of the lamp behind him. Never had he seemed so large to her or of such potential strength. What if he really intended to do the thing he had hinted at to Luke Weller! "Olaf!"

She drew close to him, and her arms wound about his neck. He had n't done anything yet, she thought. Perhaps she could still save him. "Olaf!" she repeated. His arms held her against him, but there was no passion of response in the gesture. He was

not thinking about her. It was the first time Lillah had not been able to make him forget all the rest of existence in the joy of her body.

"Olaf," she said, "big goof, listen to me." She shook him sharply in an effort to concentrate his attention. "Olaf, sweetheart, do you ever think how many months we have been happy? What a long time there still is for us? Olaf,"—her hands swept over his hair and shoulders; she strained to him with every part of her mind and body,—“remember, we have been happier in one year than lots of people who live to be a hundred. Olaf, it is n't the years that matter. It 's the moments."

He untwined her arms from about his neck and put her from him gently.

"Olaf!"

He could not see the terror in her face.

"Don't touch me," he said. "I don't want to think about you to-night. I don't want you to make me forget—something."

His words came slowly, but with terrible distinctness. For a long moment there was silence in the kitchen, and Lillah Nelson looked at the man who stood opposite her. For the first time she had been unable to control him with the hypnotism of her love. For the first time his will had been stronger than hers. She was beaten. In that moment Lillah Nelson accepted the inevitable.

"Olaf," she said at last, "you must go out and see the new calf." Her voice was calm. "Put down plenty of straw and cover it with gunny-sacks." He got up slowly to obey her. "While you are gone I will set the bread and then I think I 'll—turn in."

Half an hour later, when he came



“There they could see the dawn turn the gray rocks to coral”

back to the kitchen, she was no longer there. Late that night, as he stared up into the blackness, it occurred to him that he had not noticed the big yellow bowl on the kitchen-table in which the bread-dough was always raised.

The next day Luke Weller made the same journey across the prairie from Black Cloud to Bjorkman's farm. It was winter again, as bleak as though yesterday's mocking promise had never been made. Luke Weller shivered, and closed the eyes of his mind against the gray sky and the level acres cheerless under the dirty snow.

Swen Bjorkman was dead. One of the Lenning boys had ridden in to tell him. Olaf Nelson had met Rudi Lenning on the way into town, and had asked him to fetch out the doctor. It was too late for the doctor, though. The old man was cold. Rudi Lenning reckoned no one would miss him and that it would be a good riddance. He said Olaf seemed sort of dazed, but he did n't seem sorrowful. Well, Lord knew he had no reason to mourn the old devil.

No one answered his knock, and Luke Weller pushed open the door into the kitchen. It was empty. Then he heard footsteps outside, and Olaf stood in the doorway, a pile of wood in his arms.

"You—" Olaf said. He still stood, as though all power of motion had left him.

"Yes, me." Luke Weller looked away from his eyes. "I—I suppose I had better look at your uncle." He put his medicine-bag on the table and attempted to appear casual.

"Yes," he said, "he 's there. Where he 's been for twenty years." Then suddenly he came forward. Olaf Nel-

son was a big man, but now, with the great pile of wood in his arms, he seemed like some character out of a Norseman's legend, some one fabulous and terrible and elemental. "If you don't understand it,"—his eyes indicated the room where the dead man lay,—"remember all the time I can explain."

Luke Weller closed behind him the door of the front room. He heard Olaf Nelson tumble the wood into the wood-box by the stove. Then he heard him cross the kitchen and close the outside door behind him. After a moment Luke Weller walked over and looked down into the face of Swen Bjorkman. He was dead, that was obvious, as dead as the Ptolemies. It looked as though it had happened easily; his fingers still touched the frayed edge of the quilt, and the bed-clothes were smooth. Yes, it had surely happened without any struggle. Luke Weller bent over to draw down the blanket when the door from the kitchen was opened, and Lillah stood in the doorway. Her eyes were the color of iris, and her cheeks were white. She closed the door quickly behind her and came a step into the room.

"Where is he?"

"Olaf?"

She nodded.

"I don't know. Gone to take care of the animals, probably." Luke Weller came close to her. He was afraid she might fall.

"I 'm all right." She held up her hand to ward him away. "I 'm all right. I tell you I 'm strong enough to take on somebody twice my size." Her eyes glittered strangely, and two spots now glowed on her cheeks. "You 're all wrong about me, you and Olaf. I 've got more strength than

you take me for." Her eyes finally sought out the dead man. "More strength than he took me for. He said he would outlive me. He yelled it." Again she stopped, and her breath came in gasps. "Well, he did n't. He did n't. He 's dead now, and I 'm strong. He 's dead now because he could n't struggle against me. I did it. It was easy, honest. He did n't even whimper. Just one little squeak, and he was gone."

"Lillah!" Luke Weller was beside her now, and held her in his arms. He could feel the quiver of her body and the sobbing of her breath against his throat. "Lillah!" he repeated, "Lillah!"

"Olaf has n't come near me all day. He won't even look at me. He don't know anything—definite. He 's only afraid for me; and all the time he acts like he was the one that 's guilty. But he ain't." Again she stopped. It took so much energy just to speak now. "He ain't. No matter what he says, he ain't."

He carried her out of the room and up to her bedroom, and he covered her over with a blanket he found in the closet. Then he returned to his work. This was not the first autopsy Luke Weller had made. He was clever at that sort of thing. It was twilight when he went out to the kitchen, and Olaf Nelson had just lighted the kerosene-lamp on the table.

"Go get Lillah," he said; "I want to speak to both of you."

He wondered at first whether Olaf would obey him, and whether Lillah would. But she came. In the shadow-filled room Luke Weller faced them, and this time he knew Olaf would believe him.


"It was very simple," he said, "and understandable—a broken blood-ves-

sel. Not unusual at all in this sort of case." He turned to Olaf, suddenly, "You said he laughed yesterday, laughed heartily for the first time in years." Again he stopped. "Well, he paid for his joke. He paid for it." Luke Weller snapped his satchel together, and put on his coat. At the doorway he turned toward them; they had not moved from the table. "You know, I told you strange things happened sometimes, miracles. Well, this is one of them. You 're free now, both of you. Free."

Lillah slipped her arm through Olaf's, and in her face was the peace of complete self-forgetfulness.

As he drove home that night under the starlight Luke Weller, too, was at peace. He had seen her for the last time, but he had held her once in his arms. She said he had n't struggled any when it happened, old Swen. He had only given one little squeak, one little tiny squeak. He remembered Olaf with the pile of wood in his arms. Olaf would have done it differently, very differently. Lillah knew this, too. Both knew that this time Olaf Nelson would have taken a stand, and Olaf would have had so long a time to go on living.

Then Luke Weller remembered some pictures he had once seen of the Colorado mountains. They said the air was clear out there, and the sky was as blue as June's, and there were purple shadows in the gorges. They would get a cabin somewhere high up in the sunshine. There they could see the dawn turn the gray rocks to coral. They could watch the crimson ball of sunset and the first star come out of the blue beyond the ridges. Yes, a year, two years; that was a long time in which to be happy. A long time.



# Adventures of a Scholar-Tramp

## *I. Among the Friendly Yankees*

BY GLEN MULLIN



WHEN Frisco and I decided to leave New York for Boston, we meant to "hop" a freight; but as a fast express conveniently arrived first at the New Haven freight yards in Harlem, we crawled up on the tender of the engine and concealed ourselves behind the iron side walls that rise above the reservoir. When well out of town we deserted the tender and slunk back to the first blind. The wind was chilly that night, and we were very uncomfortable. To cap the climax, in about an hour the engine took water on the fly. I know of no more surprising and lively experience a hobo can have than to be "riding the blind" when an engine takes water on the fly. As we snuggled against each other for warmth in the shivering blind, we suddenly felt a fine spray of water pecking at us from below. Frisco let out a warning shriek and made for the little ladder on the tender, and I followed with a wild leap, though I did not know what was about to happen. We were both too late, for a lurching mountain of water struck us head on head like a tidal wave. It pitched at us with such force that had we not been clinging tightly with both hands, it would have swept us from the train. Soaked to the skin, we crept back into the blind. I think there was n't a dry thread in my clothing.

What happened was this. At cer-

tain intervals on the New Haven Road, set deep in the middle of the track between the rails, is a trough filled with water. Automatically, a scoop drops from the tender, and the water in the trough shoots into the reservoir while the train is still in motion. When the reservoir is filled before the end of the trough is reached, the surplus water of course overflows the tender, and creates such a tidal wave as I have just described.

When, nearly paralyzed with cold, we reached New London, we hopped off, our teeth chattering dismally, and let the train go where she would. We ran races with each other at top speed for an hour up and down the railroad tracks before our congealed blood began to flow.

As morning was several hours off, we looked for a shelter from the wind. The only retreat we could find that was fit for human habitation was a cattle-car filled with musty straw. It did not afford much protection, for the wind nipped at us through the open slats and made us so uncomfortable that we could n't sleep. We were vastly relieved when morning came, and with it a chance to look for breakfast. We managed to get what we needed most—hot coffee; then we tried to "bum" tobacco, but without success. Eventually, I secured two packages of a cheap mixture through



the exercise of such patience as would have done credit, I am sure, to an Oriental sage. I happened to pass an alley where three men from a neighboring pool-room were tossing coins. I paused idly to watch. A dime was flipped recklessly, and lost in the sparse, dusty grass. I thought I knew about where it went, but I said nothing as the men paced to and fro, their chins tucked in their shirt-collars, looking for it. I sauntered across the street and, sitting on a sewer-pipe, watched them for a long time as they scratched vainly with sticks for the lost dime. Finally, two of them gave it up and went away, but the third stuck doggedly. I thought he would never leave the spot, but, finally, he too grew discouraged and reluctantly departed. I lingered tactfully another ten minutes, and then, crossing the street, made a few turns about the spot and found the dime.

We were not so much interested that morning in getting out of New London as in finding a place to sleep, for after our miserable night we felt scarcely more than half alive. On a siding we found an empty box-car invitingly new and clean; so into it we plumped, our bodies now agreeably warmed by the sun, and fell into profound slumber. A jerking and rattling of wheels finally awakened me, and I sat up, rubbing my eyes, dimly conscious that I had heard the noise for some time. Our car was in motion. Certain that we were now being shunted about in the yards of New London, I ran to a side door and saw a far stretch of New England landscape rocking pleasantly by. I realized at once that an engine had coupled on to our car, and, after planting it in the middle of a long train, was whisking us off to God only

knew where. I returned to Frisco and gouged him into a dim semblance of attention. My tidings did n't interest him in the least.

"Lemme alone," he grumbled. "I don't give a tinker's dam if she rambles off to Baffin's Bay; all I care about is snoozing." He flopped over with an irritated thump, and began to snore immediately. I looked out again, and presently rejoined him, and pillowing my head upon my coat, I too fell asleep.

## § 2

It was nearly noon by the sun when we awoke simultaneously in the midst of a dead silence. Heavy-eyed and heavy-limbed, we crawled out of the car, and found out that we had been switched off in a little town. We had n't the remotest idea where we were, but inquiries soon apprised us that we were off the main line. We had n't been on the New Haven at all, but on the Central Vermont. The place in which we were anchored was the quaint little town of Norwich, Connecticut.

It was pleasant to wake to the sweet security of Norwich after the grime and weary fuss of New York City. A great peace descended upon me as we strolled along the quiet, sunlit streets. Frisco was in the same frame of mind. Neither of us felt any urgent desire to go on to Boston. We were content just to loaf and ripen in the rich atmosphere of the country-side, like vegetables. The town, being off the main line, seldom encountered bums; so it was great for "eats." I shall never forget the juicy "poke-outs" that we stuffed liberally into our pockets, and the invitations to come back for more. May the grim specter of want never visit the kindly people of Norwich!

The first person I "hit up" for a "feed" in that town was a white-haired old lady watering flowers. I told her an abominable pack of lies—"a fairy-story," as we call such fabrications on the road. My fairy-story was a "peach." The cruel blows that fate had dealt me made the misfortunes which the Lord heaped upon Job appear like the punishments of a naughty boy. The old lady listened with a sympathy and courtesy that caused me to feel like a cur. When she repaired to the kitchen, I knew I was in for a liberal feed. It was indeed an enormous parcel she gave me. I opened it when I was a safe distance up the street, and found a pint bottle filled with coffee, meat sandwiches, raisin cakes, bread and jelly, doughnuts, and an apple. Frisco, whom I met at the end of my walk, had fared equally well. He had fried egg sandwiches, currant pie, bread and jam, cold baked potatoes, and two bananas. We walked out along a country road, and, spreading our feast beneath a tree in the midst of a meadow, made a hearty meal. After we had finished it and lighted cigarettes, Frisco pointed to a little bush just behind me. I turned, and saw a monstrous orange-and-black spider squatting in a web littered with flies, many of them dead, others still alive and struggling. The bloated spider seemed to regard them apathetically.

"I know just how that old boy feels," said Frisco, yawning, and shying a piece of cake at a perky little peacock butterfly that fanned its wings nervously on his shoe for a moment. "Old John Spider is so stuffed with grub he ain't interested in nuttin'."

Frisco was interested in the sights

and sounds about him, however, for he did n't go to sleep immediately after feeding, as I had expected him to do. The sky was chipped with myriads of tiny clouds, each one brilliantly capped with sunlight. They shredded into puffs of lilac, and then bigger ones came drifting marvelously into ever-changing shapes. From the hazy distance came the wistful cry of a locomotive lost somewhere beyond the far-away rim of the hills, and a faint rift of smoke trailed the sound. The shifting clouds stained the meadows with swift shadows, and out of the snowy sweep of daisies and Queen-Anne's lace bobolinks rose, trilling richly as they flew. Along the road below us the white berries of the sumac were just bursting into fuzzy blossoms. In the crisp wind the sharp spears of grass, broken here and there with red-top and thick beds of flaming devil's paint-brush, catching cold reflections from the sky, shimmered like rime. Columbine's shook their scarlet hoods about the scaly rocks, a clump of locust-trees crowned the hill. We uttered no word; each was absorbed in his own reveries. The strenuities and hardships of the road were forgotten, its violent action, its haunting fears. We were no longer railroad "bums" in an age of factory smoke and iron, but wanderers self-banished into Arden, and rich beyond avarice in the golden hours of time.

Finally, about five o'clock, Frisco rose and yawned so prodigiously that I could hear his jaws crack.

"Say, Slim," he announced, "I've got one belly ache from eatin' that hog's load of cake, but they 's one thing that 'u'd go pretty slick right now, and that 's a nice steamin' cup of Java. Suppose we shake a leg down

to the village and bum some ground coffee and sugar; and we can get an old can somewhere and bring it up here and cook the Java ourselves. There 's a brook over there,—see, where all the skeeter hawks are flying,—we can get water there, and there 's lots of dry wood around. How about it?"

## § 3

I agreed that it would be a good plan; so off we hiked, Frisco explaining that we had plenty of grub left not only for supper, but for breakfast in the morning. He took one quarter of the town, and I another. My pockets were soon stuffed with small parcels containing coffee and sugar, for I "bummed" at least a dozen houses successfully. I also managed to scrape together a large tin can and two small ones. When I rejoined Frisco an hour later, I perceived from afar that he had picked up a companion, whom he was clutching familiarly by the elbow. As I drew near, I saw that the newcomer was a dried-up wisp of an old man clad in a ridiculous, baggy blue-serge suit, sawdust clinging to the seat of his trousers and to his shoulder-blades. He wore a faded straw hat, with a tattered section of the rim missing, as if a hungry horse had torn it out with a vicious bite. His stubbled gray chin quivered pathetically. As I came up to them, Frisco introduced his friend with studied ceremony. He was as solemn as though he were introducing the Prince of Wales.

"Slim," he croaked, "permit me to present the Honorable Cap'n Bohunkus, late of his Majesty's bloody, blinkin' Fusileers. The cap'n was jus' wounded in a bloody engagement with

a bulldog. The cap'n wuz forced to make a strateegic retreat, but he bears honorable scars. Show the gentlemen yer scars, Cap!"

The captain made no reply, but bent over a little, his face rather pale, pressing his hand against his midriff and grunting now and then, with a gasp.

"What 's the matter with him?"

"Got the wind knocked out of him," explained Frisco. "You see, it was this way. I was batterin' a back door, and all of a sudden I hears an ungodly commotion. I looked over a board fence into another back yard, and I sees the cap'n here a-strippin' it across the grass like hell bent for Texas, his coat-tails flying so you could 'a' played checkers on 'em, and yammerin' at his heels wuz the all firedest biggest bulldog I ever clapped eyes on. And, lucky it was for the cap'n, the dog had a long chain on 'im that was clamped to a dog-house; for that bull was comin' so hard that when he got to the end of his chain, he makes a big lunge that turned him a summerset in the air and dragged the dog-house about a yard. The cap'n was sure lucky he did n't get the seat of his britches chawed up."

"But he seems to be hurt, just the same," I said, glancing at the old man.

"He got his feet balled up in some loose wire as he was goin' over the top of the fence. When I runs over to him, he was lyin' on his back in a sawdust pile suckin' for air, and I guess he 's still suckin' for it. Ain't you, Cap?"

Then the cap'n spoke up in a wee, strangled voice:

"I 'm all right now, thankee. I got a right tidy fall off 'n that fence, though."

"That 's the stuff," Frisco blathered on encouragingly, brushing the sawdust off the old man's back. "If you can make it up the hill, Slim and me 'll give you a shot of Java. That appeal to ye? How 's yer wind now? Better?"

The cap'n straightened with a jerk.

"Leave off talkin' about it," he replied rather testily. "Cup of cawffee 'll put 'er all hunky-dory. Whereabouts is the place?"

As we led him off up the now familiar hill road, the conversation not unnaturally turned on the subject of vicious dogs. The cap'n, pausing a moment to catch his breath, gazed earnestly in our faces.

"Boys," he said, "they ain't but one way to treat a bad dawg when he comes at ye with his mouth opened up. When ye see 'im a-comin', jes jerk yer hat off right quick." Here the cap'n pulled off his hat and began to illustrate for us in spasmodic pantomime. "Ye dass n't run, o' course," he went on excitedly; "ye stand still and hold out yer hat. The dawg, it don't matter how ornery or savage he be, he 'll allus poke out his nose and sniff at yer hat; an' while he 's a-sniffin' of it, ye kin fetch up with yer leg, and afore he kin snap 'is crunchers on ye, ye kin kick 'is hull jawr off." At this point the cap'n, working up to a dramatic climax, let fly a kick at an imaginary dog with such energy that if I had n't caught him, he would have kicked himself off his feet.

"Easy, Cap'n," warned Frisco. "But, say, where d' ye get that stuff—holdin' out yer hat? I did n't see you holdin' out no hat when you was playin' tag with the bull a little while ago."

"Yes, but ye 've got to ketch 'em comin'," retorted the cap'n, emphat-

ically; "an' if ye don't see 'em in time, ye don't git a chancet to pull yer hat off 'n yer head, let alone a-stickin' it out at 'em. Ye got to see 'em first afore they git too much of a head start on ye."

"Sure, sure, that 's right, Cap'n; they got a right to be accommodatin' and let a man know when they 're gettin' ready to charge. But suppose a guy ain't got a hat, nuthin' but a cap on. What 's he goin' do then?"

"Don't make a tarnal bit o' dif-f'unce," panted the cap'n; "dawg 'll smell one jes same as t' other."

At length we reached our camp at the top of the hill, and while Frisco collected sticks for the fire, I went off to the brook in search of water. It did n't take long to fill the cans and hurry back to where my companions had by this time coaxed up a blaze. After the coffee had boiled, we poked what was left of the "poke-outs" and made an excellent supper.

Later the sun grew red and disappeared, drawn into a maelstrom of gold and crimson clouds. I heard the call of a wood-thrush, then another, and still another, until the hillside echoed with a tumult of clear, ringing cries. The wood-thrush seems always to reserve his most triumphant vocalization until toward night-fall. Despite the clamorous thrushes, it was not difficult to hear the excited squeaking of swallows whose wings flickered all about us in eccentric pursuit of insects. These birds vanished as twilight crept on with a misty trail of stars; then the whippoorwills, mastering all other sounds, sang piercingly, unendingly; and where the most portentous shadows crouched the friendly fireflies swung their tiny lamps.

As Frisco and I were wide awake from having slept much during the day, we kept our blaze alive until late. We sat beside it, poking up the sparks, and listened to the loquacious cap'n, who amused us mightily with his ceaseless chatter. His real name appeared to be Claphorne, "Cap'n Bohunkus" being merely a jocular stroke of Frisco's, which the old man accepted without a mite of resentment; in fact, I think he rather liked the title. He told us that he was a shoemaker by trade. Time evidently had slowed him down, so that work was no longer easy for him to find. Until about a year before he had been an inmate of a county poorhouse in or near Fall River, Massachusetts; but the confinement not being to his taste, he had slipped out one dark night and run away.

"Did n't they treat you well there, Cap'n?" I asked.

"Well, yes," he replied grudgingly, "treated me good enough; but there wa'n't nuthin' to do. I like a job o' work, specially if it 's a-messin' with leather; but them folks would n't give me no shoemaker's outfit to putty aroun' with, and, besides, I did n't care shucks about the company neither. Lot o' fool ol' women there jes lazin' aroun' complainin' and a-whimperin' and a-naggin' an' knittin' socks. And alongside o' 'em was a parcel o' dribble-mouth ol' fellers that spent the day a-settin' roun' on their hunkers, doin' nuthin'—jes dribblin'. By cracky! I like somebody with good sense to talk to. Why, them ol' buggars, if ye say sumpin' to 'em, they 'd jes look at ye. I used to cuss 'em, but it done no good. It was jes wastin' good terbacker breath on 'em. Come to think of it, I 'll be dogged if

I did n't git purty sick o' champin' beans, too; an' the cawffee wa'n't nuthin' but chicory."

The cap'n carried a big wad of strong Scotch twist tobacco that he had picked up somewhere. It was as black as tar and braided as tight as a rope. I tried a bit of it in a cigarette paper, and a few puffs of it nearly killed me. He smoked it in a clay pipe with a reed stem. Smoking offered but one difficulty to the cap'n. As most of his front teeth were gone, he would tuck his pipe into a corner of his mouth to get a firmer purchase on it. Occasionally his gums were unequal to the task of clamping it securely, and the bowl would suddenly turn turtle, filling his bosom full of fire. Then the cap'n would leap to his feet and caper about, scattering sparks and swearing. The first time he did this, Frisco, to my surprise, suppressed his laughter, and addressed the cap'n blandly.

"See here, Cap'n," he drawled, "why don't you set still and smoke your pipe like a gentleman 'stead o' usin' such nasty language and hoppin' around like a—like a—damned squib? Or was you pullin' off some kind o' Indian powwow to make yer pipe suck better?"

The cap'n only glared at him. The old fellow had a lot of spunk and spirit; one could see that in his snapping little black eyes. As he chattered on with great gusto about the things he had done, the people he had mingled with, one could perceive with half an eye that he had led a life of immense activity in a circumscribed way. No wonder that he regarded the moribund inmates of the poorhouse as unfit associates. He was never quiet for a minute. He was always poking at the fire or foraging for wood, and talking,

talking a steady stream. I can see him now as clearly as I did then, his swart, wizened features glowing with animation, his shiny, shaven pate bobbing, his eyes sparkling. He spat into the fire with a swagger that was regal to see, and he had a habit of wrinkling his forehead like a monkey and chewing industriously at his hangnails whenever he paused to think.

Conversation lagged after a time. Even the cap'n shut up, and, bringing some fragments of newspaper to the fire, settled himself to read. The newspapers had contained food, and were liberally bespattered with butter stains. The last thing I remember before falling asleep was the cap'n holding pieces of newspaper before the flames and trying to spell out the patches of print which had been glazed by the butter.

#### § 4

Sometime in the night I was awakened by the sound of some large creature moving about and munching noisily in the darkness. Then the cap'n's voice rose shrilly.

"Get out o' here! Drat curse ye!" I heard the whang of a missile thrown, a sudden colliding whack, and the beast lumbered away with a snort.

"What was that?" grumbled Frisco, sleepily.

"Horse, I guess," the cap'n complained. "Them ole jaws o' hisn was chawmpin' so loud it woke me up. And there I was a-layin' right twixt his front legs, and him croppin' so close to my head I could smell his breath. Reckon he 'd 'a' got some o' my hair if I 'd 'a' had any. Say, I 'm a-goin' over by that tree an' sleep where it 's safe. They ain't no grass over there." In two minutes, how-

ever, he returned to the embers, announcing that the black ants were too thick around the tree, and that his ears were full of them. "Them ants kin run faster than a roach kin, too," he finished with challenging dogmatism.

"Y' ought to have an ant-eater staked over there, Cap'n," said Frisco, turning over preparatory to going to sleep again.

"Oh, yes," blatted the cap'n, settling himself once more on the grass; "seed one o' them fellers once at the Bronx Zoo. Walked back and forth on 'is knuckles, an' kep' a-lookin' down like he was ashamed of 'isself. And a whoppin' big tail on the hind end of 'im, like a branch o' weepin'-willow."

Silence fell once more. We had n't slept fifteen minutes before a blood-curdling whoop rent the air. Panic-stricken, Frisco and I stumbled to our feet. A huge beast was again plunging through the dark shrubbery. A moment later the diminutive figure of the cap'n came bustling back to us.

"For the love of God, Cap'n," roared Frisco, "why don't you leave 'im alone! Every time I shut my blinkers, I hear you yappin' and that bloody horse rippin' around. A guy can't get no sleep for ye."

"Looky here," snapped the cap'n, "ye ass, ye, he 'd 'a' tromped that thick head o' yourn into raspberry jam if it ain't been fer me a-hollerin' at 'im. He was right on top o' ye, jes' gettin' ready to come down on yer face with 'is foot when I ketched 'im at it."

"Hell! I 'll get 'im out o' here fer good." Frisco seized a club and dashed off into the shrubbery.

"That 's right," the cap'n called after him, approvingly. "He 'll tromp

the puddin's out o' the whole caboodle o' us if we don't git 'im out o' here."

Presently Frisco returned.

"I run 'im up the crick," he announced. "The old skate 's blind; leastways he acts like it, the way he keeps blunderin' into things when he 's runnin'."

The cap'n stood silent for a moment, as if in deep reflection.

"Boys," he ventured finally, "it was the sugar that drewed 'im. He smelt it, like as not. Come to think of it, I heard 'im nosin' aroun' the can where we stowed the victuals. He 's gone now, but he 'll be back ag'in." The cap'n listened hopefully. "He 'll be back," he went on. "I hear 'im a-clearin' of 'is throat up the crick now."

"Well, carry the can over to the tree, and let 'im lick up all the sugar in it if it 'll keep the sucker away from here," irritably exclaimed Frisco, throwing his coat over his head and lying down.

The cap'n, taking Frisco's injunction in all seriousness, seized the canister and carried it over to the tree. The night passed without further interruption. Evidently the prowling horse managed to suppress his keen longing for sugar, for in the morning we found our provisions undisturbed.

When Frisco and I woke in the morning, we found that our brisk little cap'n had the fire going and the coffee boiled. After breakfast Frisco and the old man set out to find a lard can or a discarded bucket and to "bum" some soap, for we had decided that morning to convert our camp into a temporary laundry, and "boil up" our dirty clothes. After my companions had gone, I examined my shirt and underwear. They were depressingly sad-

looking garments. I doubted if there was soap enough in all the neighborhood of Norwich to restore them to a plausible freshness.

How to keep reasonably clean on the road is a difficult problem. "Weary Willie," as he is popularly stenciled by the professional jokesmith, faints dead away or is seized by rabies at the mere sight of a piece of soap. The fact that the majority of hoboes are dirty most of the time perpetuates the notion that they like to be dirty, or at any rate that they are sublimely indifferent to cleanliness. But they are by no means indifferent. The common run of hoboes will go to a lot of trouble for the opportunity to take a bath or "boil up" their clothing. Outside some of the larger cities are "jungles," or hobo camps, usually beside or near a stream, fitted out with pots and pans. Here the hobo may turn laundryman without fear of police interference. In lieu of the jungle, or of such a camp as Frisco and I had established, there is nothing except the cheap hotels of the cities where a hobo may scour his epidermis and his garments, if he has the price.

Unless you have been on the road, you will not understand how difficult it often is for the hobo even to wash his face and hands. He crawls off the train grimy from the smoke and soot of the engine, or covered with brick-dust, coal-dust, or what not from the floor of the car he has chanced to occupy; and his first thought is a spot safe from the suspicious eyes of the police where he can remove his travel stains. His only immediate recourse in his need is usually a saloon or the washroom of a railroad station, and from these places he is as often kicked out as not.

In half an hour Frisco returned alone with two old buckets and a pocketful of soap. The cap'n, he said, had landed a job mowing lawns and doing other chores for several Norwich families who had pooled his services. He had been furnished an old summer-house, with a cook-stove and a good bunk. We were both delighted at his good fortune, for we had become attached to the forlorn old fellow. We were relieved of a dilemma, too. The cap'n had announced his intention of going to Boston with us. We did n't have the heart to ditch him, and at the same time we did n't want to be burdened by an aged man. Now the difficulty was satisfactorily settled.

### § 5

Down by the brook we filled the buckets, and while our clothes simmered and bubbled, we bathed, and then dried off in the sun. Soon we received a visit from our ramping friend, the horse of the night before. He was a broken-down gray draft-horse, with ridiculously bushy feet and a loathsome blind eye. He came stumping over to us, nodding his head in friendly fashion as if he had forgotten all our nocturnal abuse of him. He nuzzled my shoulder with his grass-stained lips, and stamped at the flies. Frisco proposed mounting him, but desisted upon my pointing out the menacing spines of the horse's backbone.

After several hours the hot water

and soap made some impression on our dirty garments, and after scrubbing until our knuckles were raw, we spread our wash out on the grass and bushes to dry. We loafed around rather discontented and restless all that afternoon. The departure of the cap'n had somehow taken the fun out of the camp. All at once we decided to resume our interrupted journey to Boston. Our souls were itching for the rattle of wheels. Strange how quickly the road fastens on one! The zest of being always on the go, the hanker for strange cities, new faces!

We should have liked to see the cap'n again, but we did n't have time. We walked into Norwich just as a rattler was lumbering out, and of course we nailed it without parley. A few moments later we sat, our legs dangling out the side door of a box-car, watching the world stream by. There came a long hill, and on its summit a troop of leaning trees sloped past like bears doing a lock-step. Blackbirds "sassed" us from the top of a haystack that resembled a colossal bleached fungus whose stem had been neatly whittled out by the teeth of cattle. Groups of white farm-buildings trotted away from us in great arcs. The trucks hammered joyously beneath us; our car rammed ahead suddenly with a swift spurt as the engine far beyond began to kick out more speed. I took a long breath. Gee! it was great to be on the road again.







## When the Ram Wins the "Palio"

BY CAROLINE SINGER

DRAWINGS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE



THE bell in Torre del Mangia of the Palazzo Pubblico shed its midnight resonance upon the city's tile roofs and the Tuscan olive-groves beyond the ancient wall. Noiseless mechanism, like a ghostly hand behind the flat, white face of the clock, carried away the "28" of the calendar numerals and replaced them stealthily with "29." The new day was no more than an orange streak along the eastern horizon when a great hammering arose in Il Campo. This is Siena's public place, formed by the junction of three hills, which spreads itself before the *palazzo* doorways like a wide up-tilted fan, a hundred yards along each stick. Over the first-floor fronts of former palaces that line this semicircle tiers of wooden seats were being erected, and behind them the little shops of cobblers and coppersmiths disappeared. These seats overlooked a track of brown earth freshly dampened and packed upon fairly level paving-stones along the whole irregular margin of the place, the track for the *palio* of July 2, four days later.

In the *pensione* a handful of Ameri-

can and English tourists who had discounted tales of devastating heat sipped the essence of chicory and boiled milk, munched the unbuttered bread, and read the fine print of their guide-books. Some of them had come to gather thrills, others to rush in where scholars fear to tread for the collection of facts. They had come to see Pisano architecture, Lorenzetti frescos, Sodoma paintings—and the *palio*. Horse-race or religious festival, which the *palio* was they were not sure. A pardonable skepticism of *festas* tinged the conversation, the result of partial disillusionments such as the "twelve per cent. off for cash" offered by Paris merchants along the Avenue de l'Opéra as a feature of the fête of Jean d' Arc. At the end of a mercilessly hot and dusty pilgrimage from Avignon in the chamber of commerce buses to Saintes-Maries-de-la-mer on the Mediterranean some had found moving-picture actors using the solemn procession to the water's-edge with the effigy as part of the dramatic action of a scenario, also an unwarranted sale of squatting celluloid kewpies and imitation jewelry

by the taper merchant at the church door during the day of miracles. Likewise, the Broadway blaze of incandescents outlining the *duomo* during the *fiesta* of San Giovanni, patron saint of Florence, as a substitute for the traditional oil-lamps, was fairly destructive to tender dreams.

Their mistake was that they talked of the *palio* in terms of modern entertainment and progress, in language suited to dramatic spectacles and sport, not knowing that while they slept more than four centuries had slipped away from Siena. Things which they expected as faint-hearted survivals of quaint customs were already palpitating realities stalking about the streets.

The Siena *palio* is a horse-race. It is also the annual renewal of neighborhood jealousies and moldy feuds. More than this, it is an expression of lingering religious fervor the existence of which has made the Florentines say of Siena that "it is a sect and not a city." The July *palio* is the celebration of the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. In August there is a second to celebrate the Ascension of Mary.

Preparation for the *palio* is inescapable. From hollows and hilltops come the bleat of horns and the roll of drums. Two men pass beneath the *pensione* windows, a wash-basket of old armor between them, followed by a ragged gamin who struts with plumed helmet cocked over one eye and carrying two others in his thin arms. Far-away dots moving slowly along dusty white roads are transformed by closer inspection into country people who filter through the nine gates of the city and lose their identity in the jostling, chattering crowds. Up steep

streets, down gentle slopes and stone stairs that empty into the slanting concavity of Il Campo, they come to watch the choice of horses for the five preliminary races and the final running. Those who have not engaged seats mass themselves within the barricade encircling the center. The heat of the sun blazes down from overhead and quivers up again from the paving-bricks; and the people huddle tightly within the narrow shaft of shade cast straight across Il Campo by the *torre*. Here and there in pairs, with methodical irregularity, are stationed *bersaglieri*, the mountain troops, with cascades of glossy cock feathers trailing over their hat-brims. From the windows all about hang old tapestry strips. Balcony-rails are concealed by fabrics once rich, now faded. From the eaves flutter the emblems of the *contrade*, and everywhere hang the city's three shields. The stage is set and peopled.

The *palio* originally indicated the prize alone, once so rich a thing as a golden bowl, now only a silken banner blessed before the race in the church of Santa Maria di Provenzano. Usage has expanded the term to include competition, festival, and prize. As festival or horse-race it cannot be interpreted apart from its history and the history of Siena. The frequent repetition about the city of the sculptured figures of Lupa and the suckling twins enthroned upon pillars symbolizes the city's legendary origin. Senecus, son of Remus and founder, is said to have set up the first images. But as the history of those times is dim, so does the early history of the *contrade* elude chroniclers. That they correspond to ancient military divisions has been stated. Before the plague of 1348,

which impaired forever Siena's commercial, artistic, and military superiority, there were sixty. One thing certain is that the seventeen existing to-day perpetuate alliances, antagonisms, and customs more than four hundred years old.

In the sixteenth century the *palio* was often a bull-fight beside which the similar sport of present-day Spain and southern France is anemic diversion. Not one bull, but as many bulls as there were competing *contrade* were led simultaneously into the arena of Il Campo by gloriously appareled teams. The animals were tortured by swordsmen to the last degree of madness, then stabbed to death. Combatants vied in dexterity and in the number of bulls slaughtered, the entrails of which were hung by the victors upon miniature fortresses. These fortress refuges were built in the shape of animals, and are continued as the emblems of the remaining *contrade*.

A most amazing banquet is recorded as a *palio*. A table was laid in Il Campo. When the diners were in their places, armed only with swords, forest animals both wild and tame were driven within the barricade. The aim of each man was to kill as many terrified beasts as possible without at any moment removing both hands from the table simultaneously or failing to do justice to the viands, while Siena looked on through the palings and applauded.

Another *palio* less lusty, but more

absurd, was the racing of small asses. In this event, called a "race," the animals were placed upon the track, and at a given signal the riders, assisted by their teams, attempted to reach them. Bedlam ensued. In the *mêlée* ass and rider were often carried bodily from the track and thrust into one of the side streets. Thus ousted, they could not reënter except at the point of enforced exit.

White long-horned oxen, the draft-animals of Italy, also were raced, but with danger to the spectators. For a similar reason, because of fatalities among onlookers, the horses had to be reduced from seventeen to ten when horse-racing was established. The present *palio*, though modified, retains its own peculiar dangers, and is forever fraught with the glamour of past ferocities and recklessness.

"Of no importance is the first tryout of horses and preliminary racing," writes one scholarly person. Of no importance events which twice daily empty a city's population upon the plains of Il Campo! Were the musty documents piled about the author so thickly that he could not hear the tramping of feet upon the stones, the trumpets, the drums? Was his brain so befogged by data that it was insensible to the atmosphere of mounting excitement which grips even the Anglo-Saxon and makes him stranger to himself? A story which lives on like a folk-tale in the *pensione* is that of a dear old Scotch lady, a Presbyterian, who said when she arrived that as the



holiday fell that year upon a Sunday, she would go only to the preliminary races on the week-days. On Sunday she would return to her room directly after the pageant, thus avoiding the race. But the medievalism of the Sieneese was too potent for her prejudices. The riotous end of the running found her still in her seat, weeping a little from excitement, the pious restrictions of the day forgotten.

The customs of the *palio* have never encouraged the breeding of fine stock except once when for a brief period races were the fad of nobility. These animals, however, must have been sturdy to endure a race through the streets with starting-points in the country-side and Il Campo as the finish. Under a strain of a single preliminary trial a nervous horse would develop hysteria.

The horses, thirty of them, are loaned by owners for the *palio*. By threes these are run about the track until the ten strongest and most likely are chosen. The ten are assigned by lot to the *fantini*, or jockeys, representing the ten *contrade* which are entered. The integrity of the drawing is unassailable, and the jockey who despises his fortune utters not a word to the judges; for hot words about unwelcome mounts have been known to debar *contrade* from the race for years at a time.

Following the assignment, there is a lull. The babel of discussion is transferred to cool interiors of Chianti

shops, to the public fountains, where the housewives fill their shining copper pots which have grotesque dolphin spouts, to the public wash-houses, amid the din of wooden paddles flaying wet fabrics. Wherever a horse is stabled gathers a vociferous mob of small boys, some men, and not a few women who wait to watch the jockey curry his mount. Aged women caretakers in the small churches of the seventeen districts with trembling fingers mend and press brilliant old costumes, so often renewed with bits that hardly a hand's-breadth of original brocade or velvet remains as a memento of the past. Old men polish the armor. Small boys are sent on breathless errands to the cobblers' with the fine kid boots. In the Selva's chapel an ancient arquebus is taken from its wrappings with reverent pride, for it is the only one permitted to be carried every year in the pageant.



By six o'clock the streets are again seething. There arises a pleasant medley of voices. The track in Il Campo has become a promenade around which the bareheaded crowd slowly flows. Shoulderlines are dotted by the smaller heads of infants in arms. No one is too young for the *palio*. Maidens in black school frocks, unformed bare throats rising from fluted white-lawn frills,

are shepherded in charge of an older girl, and reappear upon a third floor balcony above a shrine. Beneath wide-brimmed hats their faces show that peculiar chastity of line found in



early Sienese Madonnas before art turned its attention away from painting the spirit to the study of high lights upon pink flesh. School-boys in gray or blue denim uniforms, the tiny ones against the rails, tall ones in the back rows, are jammed so tightly into other balconies that they can neither raise their arms nor squirm.

A detonation comes from the center of Il Campo, and ricochets from façade to façade of the palaces. A man steps back from a mysterious metal box set upon a camera tripod, and rubs his singed eyebrows. He has given the signal for the exit of the boat-shaped ice-cream wagons and the caramel-hawkers, with their gracefully curved baskets in pyramids, and the bits of looking-glass and polished brass to divert the evil eye from themselves.

A second fuse dangling from the extraordinary metal box is lighted; another explosion. And a squad of *carabinieri*, the splendid-looking militarized police of Italy, whose applications for appointment must be accompanied by spotless reputations and

equally unquestionable records for both parents and grandparents, tramp by, scattering the crowd until the track is clear.

A few moments later there is the flash of a white flag in the arched doorway of the Corte del Potesta, the courtyard of the Palazzo Pubblico. A third signal, and the riders come forth one by one, riding bareback, holding their mounts down to a slow walk till they stop near the judges' stand. Here they take position by lot between two ropes stretched across the track, and as the last nervous horse is reined into place, the starting-rope is dropped, and they are off.



After a short run along the edge of the fan-shaped space, the track hits a right-angle turn, and plunges downhill into the straight stretch across the front of the *palazzo*. Into this perilous

turn tumble a horse and rider, both falling against the padded fence which now blocks a street. The rider half rises and creeps along, holding to the rail of the outdoor chapel of the *palazzo*. He is surrounded by young men of the volunteer first-aid station who in their self-conscious rigidity succeed in looking more like mourners than nurses. The horse kicks, struggles to his feet. Another rider is thrown. Two riderless horses, always terrible to see, pound along wildly beside the others. Of the few rules governing the races there is one that prevents a riderless horse from winning, formulated to meet two situations in the past. One was the winning of the *palio* on several occasions by a veteran horse too old to run well with a burden, but wise enough, when his jockey toppled off, to win alone. The other was in 1864, when two jockeys jumped into the track to settle their dispute with fisticuffs as one horse, riderless, raced in first, and its *contrada* claimed the *palio*.

Half a lap behind in the race, cantering prettily, is a mincing creature which surely cannot, will not, run. Its familiar appearance wrings the heart of the American tourist. A brown-and-white pinto with white eyes, it cannot be disengaged from nostalgic memories of other pintos, cow-ponies and Indian ponies common to the Western cattle ranges. Three times around, and the Pantera wins the first trial.

The next day, and the next, races are run morning and evening. Siena

has no time, no inclination, for anything else. The small shopkeeper closes his shutters and goes to the races, and keeps them closed while he stays away to practise on the trumpet or have his new costume fitted at the church.

Each *prova*, or trial, had its riderless horses, and men carried from the track. By the fifth race the jockeys plunged from the starting-rope, their eyes hard. On the second turn one *fantino* succeeded in crowding another against the fence, then in the next awkward moment he cut directly across his opponent's path, so that the already confused horse reared, stumbled, and fell. The jockey of the Istrice (Porcupine) paused for an awful second in mid-air, and then crumpled like a stuffed doll upon the track, striking upon his neck.

Said the Siense, with his joy of the *palio* undiminished, "No one is ever killed in a *palio*," and shrugged away the accident.

All the preliminary races except two were won by the Pantera. It is said that the *fantino* is a Roman jockey, a strong man on a strong bay horse who rides cleverly, taking intelligent advantage of the start and the track's peculiar curves. His face is sun-blackened. Long mustaches sweep away from his upper lip. At no time is he at any pains to conceal disdain for such amateurs as the young charcoal merchant of the Selva (Forest). Once the Montone (Ram) wins, and the final preliminary is won by the Oca (Goose).

It is a rash person, however, who prophesies the end of the *palio*, for no



one knows what horses or jockeys will do under the buffalo thongs supplied for the real race; and also there is always the possibility of bribery. One



thing only is certain: the pinto will come in tenth. The Oca, it is rumored already in *caffè*, *gelati*-shop, even in the *pensione*, has raised a sum of sixty-thousand *lire* with which the Pantera's jockey will be bribed to lose by bad riding or a fall.

Bribery in this instance is not the ugly associate of intrigue and foul play. It is

neither a secret nor disgraceful deed for a rich *contrada* to "buy off" the jockey of the poor *contrada* if he is a better rider and chance has allotted him a swifter horse. Such bargaining is done by appointment and publicly. The sum accepted is shared by rider and *contrada*. You may be sure that no jockey has ever succeeded in getting beyond the environs of Siena with the entire bribe.

It is well known that the *Contrada del' Oca* is a rich ward, belonging for centuries to the nobility. This year a victory is especially desired. Their colors, red, white, and green, are those of the young prince whose presence will make more auspicious the occasion for raising the number of their victories from forty-nine to fifty. A bribe might reduce the obvious superiority of the Pantera's riding; but, after all, is there not Montone (the Ram) which had also won once? The reply of the Oca to this begins with, "When Montone wins—" and ends in

a shrug of the shoulder and a curl of the lip, which projects the possibility of that feat into a period when the moon will be hot and the sun will be cold. The roan given to the Montone was an ordinary knock-about-town steed, while the Oca not only had a well known jockey, but by some miracle had received a spirited carriage horse from its own district.

At dawn on the day of the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin the air throbs with a new sound—the great bell in the *torre*, mute between *palios*. Through the gaps in the coping nearly two hundred feet above Il Campo can be seen the bare arm of the man who swings the clapper by hand. Through the livelong day it sings a contralto deep and audible below the soprano bells of San Francesco and the *pizzicato* of the trumpets. In from the country-side, twenty miles or more, handkerchief bundles of bread, cheese, and wine on their arms, skirts and trousers thick with dust to the knees, the women wearing the flopping yellow moons of Leghorn hats, trudge the peasants.

Squads of Fascisti parade with a great clatter and shouting. They are bold-eyed young persons who affect hair, artificially kinked, as long and upstanding as that of untamed Africans. A skull and cross-bones



decorates every black sateen shirt, indicating membership in the "Battalion of Death," which has volunteered to maintain "law and order" in Italy, as recommended by the Government, even at the cost of their own lives. First it was an organization limited to war veterans, but these youngsters who go larking about the streets in the hill towns of Italy are not old enough to be veterans of the World War or of life. Handbills, often renewed, blotch Siena's walls and announce that Italy has been saved by them from revolution.

Suddenly a company of *bersaglieri* comes into via Cavour from the direction of the railroad station, and as suddenly their famous quick-step carries them away; so that boys who follow are forced to run.

There is a patter of hands, which grows into a loud clapping, as the crowd is pressed against the walls by a slow-moving auto to which Fascisti cling importantly. In front their banner is carried, a white skull and bones upon a black field. In the car the prince's teeth gleam constantly in the brown of his smiling young face. When a prince rides down Fifth Avenue there is a convulsion of salutation, but in Siena a prince at *palio* time, though a welcome visitor, is merely an aristocratic tourist. Not for an instant does his arrival interrupt the scheme of things.

Because the people are waiting, he must go straightway to mass at the Church of Santa Maria di Provenzano for the blessing of the *palio*. Here little girls, with gauze wings sprouting

from white frocks, flutter about like clumsy moths. To this same church it is customary for the winning *contrada* to return and offer up thanks to the Lord for the joys of the holiday.



B.

To-day there is no noonday siesta. The scurrying of the preliminary days is quadrupled. Shortly after dinner, in seventeen small churches there begins a great hustle and bustle. The grocer, the barber, the cobbler, the baker, and all the rest who will represent the *contrade* in the pageant

are being crammed into doublet and hose and buckled into armor. About them there is no air of sheepish apology for this business, such as there would be if the iceman, the druggist, and the ticket agent of Kewanee, Illinois, or Visalia, California, were making ready for the lodge carnival. The difference is that the pageantry of the lodge carnival is a transient superficiality, while the *palio* and Siena are one. The young mother bounces the babe upon her knee and imitates the *palio* drums of the *contrade*; cherubim not yet promoted to the dignity of trousers practise "flag throwing," for which only Siena is famous, with rags tied to sticks. The small boy's marbles are painted with the colors of the *contrada* in which he lives and are raced in a *palio* with other youngsters down the stone gutters. Young people of unfriendly *contrade* rarely intermarry. Tourists, annoyed by the impertinences of certain small boys, have been known to complain to adults in doorways, and to have received the answer: "Ah, yes, we, too, desire to punish them; they are bad. But they belong



to another *contrada*, and we can do nothing."

The drug clerk may choose to take part in the lodge carnival, but when the participants of this pageant are chosen by the *contrada* captain, with the counsels of both parish priest and the *contrada* chief, elected for life, a public honor is bestowed. The chief selects the captain, and if he is not too small of stature or too elderly for the ordeal, it is he who wears the heavy suit of steel armor and the visored helmet with plumes, and rides a large caparisoned horse in the procession.

By four o'clock the medieval costumes have been donned, women have given a last vigorous polish with apron corners to sword-hilt, shield, and breastplate, that their men may shine with greater glory before archbishop and the prince. And every horse has been curried again, and is now ready to be led into its *contrada* church.

In the Selva district the jockey has not had time to exchange his work clothes for the green-white-and-orange gorgeousness of his costume of the Middle Ages, but the young priest is already lighting the altar candles; and so, dressed as he is and smelling of the stable, the jockey leads the horse gently through the door and up to the rail. The animal capers upon the stone floor, and it takes both priest and jockey to coax him back to tranquillity. But the horse is only a horse after all,



and treats the house of God as merely another stable. At this episode there is a gust of rollicking laughter. With the prayer, however, the mood passes to one of intense solemnity; the sign of the cross is made over horse and rider.

Thus were all the horses being blessed for the race. The scene in *Contrada del' Oca* is different. The *fantino* is in costume. There is an odor of imported scents and toilet powders, as the women have come by way of their wardrobes and mirrors, not directly from their kitchens. And there is an air of formality both religious and social. The service is celebrated in a chapel of the house of St. Catherine, one flight down from the tiny inner room where as a prodigious child she dreamed dreams and beheld visions.

Siena is saturated with the rich murmur of the bell in the *torre*, and tingling with the sharp voices of the dozens of other bells from her multitudinous churches. Now the roll of drums sweeps over her slopes. Faintly they are heard in the distance, louder as they shift from street to street. The *contrade* representatives, more than two hundred men in silk and brocade, are coming through the winding streets with their jockeys and banners.

As the first drums reach the square



before the *duomo* two men step forward. They are the *alfiere* (flag-throwers). As lightly as a band leader twirls his baton, they twirl these silken banners. Under the arms, under the legs, round the body fly the colored folds to the drums' beats. The geisha does not manage her fan or the Spanish dancer her skirts with more grace. High into the air the flags are tossed, and in that moment the men touch their velvet caps and look up to where in a second-floor window of the palace the archbishop stands. He is like an old painting, his black robe melting into the darkness of the room behind him, leaving only his patrician face, with its hooked nose, his white hair, the magenta cap and sash, and his thin ivory-colored hand definitely visible. From every side street comes the rumble of drums, bursting at intervals into a thunder when other *contrade* enter the square. The salutation of the archbishop lasts until the seventeen pair of flags have been tossed beneath his window.

Fonte Nuova and the other public wash-houses are deserted; no women chatter about the fountains. Only the sick and the old crones left to attend the infants in swaddling-clothes, the nuns, and priests, and the bent old dame who herds her goats across the city twice daily are left in the deserted houses and the empty streets.



In Il Campo not a seat is vacant, not a space uncrowded; on roofs, in balconies, in windows are over fifteen thousand people. The prince is in his balcony, his smile undiminished. Everywhere more *bersaglieri* than ever before, and more *carabinieri*, magnificent in scarlet, blue, and silver, with cockaded hats.

After the second signal a dozen of them, mounted, clear the track, and from some corner comes the scream of trumpets. The medieval past files in from via del Casato. Before the judges the seventeen sets of flags once more are thrown, again before the prince, and yet again under the *torre*. For two hours these *alfiere* have never once rested their arms. Finally, flag-throwers, knights, pages, are a bank of blazing color against the wall of the Palazzo Pubblico. The drums cease; the bell is silent. Across the hush cracks the last signal.

To-day the *fantini* wear metal jockey caps, with ear-protectors painted in the *contrada* colors, because to-day they are also allowed their buffalo-thong whips, which need not

be limited to horse-beating. The starting-ropes drop; the Pantera leads. The second lap a rider cuts in front of another. Horse and rider of the Tartuca (Tortoise) go down, the hoofs of the injured animal beating against the still form of the jockey with crushing blows. The horses bunch; out of the confusion is thrown another rider, the Selva. Undisturbed, the little pinto, nearly a lap behind, gallops and prances.

In the third lap Pantera slips back; Oca is ahead. This change in position is greeted with whistling, popular sign of derision. Did the Pantera rein in? Was a bribe agreed upon in the afternoon? Evidently the Oca would carry the colors of the prince to victory. There would be a carnival in the district. The street before the House of St. Catherine was prepared. Great wooden geese ornamented the buildings at crossings, smaller oil-torches in the shape of geese were stuck into the walls. On the morrow, the next night, and for another twenty-four hours the church rooms would be filled with folk retelling the story of the victory; the priests would be exhausted with the talk and secondary excitement; on the boundaries of the *contrada* men, women, and children of the unfriendly *contrade* would sing ribald songs and shout insults. There would be many a scuffle; the women would scream, perhaps pull hair.

Pantera is no longer second, but third; the dark-skinned Roman has tumbled off. The Oca is no longer

first! From nowhere has come the Ram. The Ram has won!

People go mad, some with amazed joy, others with outraged disappointment. *Bersaglieri* surround the jockey and protect him from attack and adoration alike. He is carried to the judges. A fat old man, a "protector" of the Montone, shakes hands with the tourists and lets his tears roll down his nose and over his cheeks. A woman whispers something in the ear of a pettish-mouthed cavalier from the Oca, whereupon he strikes at her. His long-haired wig goes awry. They are separated by *carabinieri*. Two men lunge at each other with



canes; half a dozen join the rumpus and belabor the head of one with their sticks. His straw hat collapses, but saves his scalp. The Selva jockey, his face stone gray with pain, is taken away on a stretcher. Blubbing and hysterical, a youth strikes this way and that. His small and frightened sister and the *carabinieri* get him out of Il Campo to recover in an empty street.

Thanks for the holiday is not offered up in the Church of Santa Maria di Provenzano, and the prince and his party are compelled to follow *palio*, horse and jockey. For the people of the Ram *contrada* have forgotten custom, and are hurrying to have the banner blessed by their own priest. In the *contrada* of the Oca no one is abroad; the dim outlines of the wooden geese are barely visible in the dusk: but the flames dance in the torches of

the ram. Young people dance about the brass band before the church. Linking arms, they weave a pattern around Lupa and the twins enthroned upon their Roman column as they sing:

"The Goose and its millions;  
The Ram and its farthings;  
Poor little goslings have made them-  
selves sick;  
I told you so,  
I told you so, little Goose.  
Nothing is won by spite!"

Two small casks of Chianti are opened in the back room of the church at the left of the altar. It is the Ram which holds high carnival for three days and nights.

Within their plaster casts and bandages the three *fantini* stir, and from the hospital comes their defiant proclamation that next year they will ride again. What matters a damaged spine, a fracture or two?

The Ram feasted, more than three hundred men, at long tables set in the narrow street which ends at the Church of the Servi, the yellow façade rising

above the cypress-trees in the moonlight like a stage setting. From the house-doors on each side waiters rushed with tureens of soup from one kitchen, macaroni from another, plates of chicken from a third. Children crept out to caress a live ram which worried and reared in a small pen, trying to throw off rose garlands and pink draperies. At the end of one table the winning horse blinked at the lights and solemnly munched a service of hay, while in another place of honor the *fantino* held high his glass. At dawn the wine still gurgled from the casks. Thumping the tables, the men roared that song which begins, "*Beve! Beve! Beve!*" while the proud women at windows above added a shrill treble. A great feast indeed, with no representative of the chamber of commerce, a promotion association, or even a moving-picture photographer.

Siena slips forward again, but not so far forward as a factory system replacing her individual artisans, not so far as a multiplicity of talking-machines, automobiles, pianos, and flappers.





# Mercury and Apollo in Chicago

BY WEBB WALDRON



IN a tiny shop tucked away in a corner of an upper floor of a State Street office building a little gray-faced watchmaker sat bent over his table. He glanced up busily as I entered, evidently expecting me to pull out a watch for repair. But I said:

"I've come to ask you about your painting, Mr. Brookins."

A soft light came into his face.

"Oh, my pictures," he said, rising and smiling gently.

Propped up here and there among old clocks and racks of ticketed watches were rectangles of compo-board bearing oil sketches—trees, fence corners, river meadows.

"When did you begin to paint?" I asked.

"Oh, I always wanted to be an artist. But I could n't; I had to earn a living. After my family was gone and I was left alone, I started to dabble with paint. Then I heard about the club. I sent in an application for membership, and I was elected. They said they were glad to have me."

He picked up a study in soft gray and brown,—two swaying elms dappled with sunlight—a picture of real charm.

"I got this last Sunday," he said. "I was starting this one,"—he turned the board over, showing a half-finished sketch on the other side,—"and it did n't go very well, and some Boy Scouts came along the road and asked me whether I'd seen these two tall

trees. They were just over the hill, they said. So I went and found them."

"Do you go out with one of the sketching parties or—"

His eyes twinkled.

"I usually go alone. The younger fellows in the club could n't keep up with me."

Brookins is seventy-six.

"You see," he explained, turning the compo-board over again, "I paint on both sides. When I have all my boards full, I paint everything out and start in again."

"But surely you won't paint this out?" I seized the sun-dappled elms.

"Well, I might save that one." He squinted his eye. "But they're only student's sketches. Some day"—his face glowed—"I may be able to paint real pictures. Now, have you seen Mr. Colby's pictures? He paints real pictures. The great thing about this club," the old watchmaker went on, "is that we're all students together. Some of the fellows are millionaires, and some are poor men, but we're all students together."

"The club must mean a lot to you, Mr. Brookins," I ventured.

"It's everything to me," he said. "It's all I have, that and my painting."

## § 2

Brookins, the State Street watchmaker; Perry, secretary and treasurer

of the Elgin Watch Company, around the corner on Randolph Street; dignified Judge Dupuy down at the Illinois Central offices; Drew, over at the Telephone Building; Wheeler, the wholesale fish-man on Fulton Street; Colby, down at Donnelley's printing-shop; Babize, the busy editor of "Investment News"; Valentine, the furniture man; Colburn, the prosperous physician on Michigan Avenue; Torrey Ross, who manufactures time-clocks; George Alexander, the stone-cutter; Clarke, the jewelry man; Lowe and Watson, lawyers; Ullrich, the department-store proprietor up in Evanston; and more than a hundred others of every profession and trade and age and station in life are all students together in the Chicago Business Men's Art Club, one of the most interesting organizations in the Middle West.

"Credit for the existence of this club," said Elbert G. Drew, its president, "belongs mainly to two Chicago men, Edward B. Butler, president of Butler Brothers, and Wallace De Wolf, the real-estate man, who gave the Zorn collection to the Art Institute. These two men have been painting for years. Butler took lessons from Frank Peyraud, one of our best known Chicago artists, and received so much encouragement from his teacher that he submitted pictures to the Art Institute exhibitions under an assumed name. They were accepted and hung, and critics praised them highly. De Wolf was just as successful. A few of us in Chicago who had the hankering to paint knew about Butler and De Wolf, and so we got the courage to start out ourselves. After I'd been painting for a year or so, some of the officials here in the telephone company heard about my work, and persuaded

me to hang a dozen or so of my sketches in our new assembly-hall.

"The effect of that exhibition surprised me," Drew went on. "Several men in the company came to me and said just about what I've just said to you. 'I've always had a hankering to paint, Mr. Drew, but—' 'Well, why don't you start in?' I asked them. They gave various answers. A sort of shamefacedness had kept some of them back, a feeling that painting was thought a little queer, almost ridiculous. Others seemed to be afraid that if their employers heard that they were painting pictures in their spare hours, it would count against them. You know, some employers do not appreciate the fact that a man working at a cultural recreation outside of the office is gaining beneficial knowledge and resourcefulness. Well,"—Drew laughed,—“the result of my little exhibition was that several of us in the telephone company who were interested in painting organized a club. We secured Karl Buehr of the Art Institute as a teacher, and the class met in the Telephone Building

"Then one day Buehr said to me: 'There are a lot of men here in Chicago who would be delighted to do what you're doing. Why don't you organize a business men's art club?' So Barrie of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company and I sent out invitations to every one we thought would be interested. Eighteen of us met one night at the Hamilton Club and started this club. That was in March, 1920.

"During the winter we rent a room at the Art Institute and take lessons there. Once a month we have a meeting and dinner and invite our wives and friends. We bring along our

month's work, and usually have a well known artist as a guest to lead the criticism. Everything is good-natured, of course, but we rip into everybody's faults. In the summer we break up into groups and go sketching around the city and out into the country."

## § 3

At Donnelley's printing establishment I was shown to a desk in a big noisy room where telephones jangled and boys rushed to and fro with proof and copy. An angular Yankee with a sharp little gray beard darted to the desk, answered the telephone cryptically, darted away. A copy-boy thrust some proofs at him, a foreman caught his arm and asked a question, a man at a distant desk shouted, "Oh, Mr. Colby!" The telephone jangled again, he darted back, answered it, then sank into the chair with a sharp questioning look.

"You came to see me about my painting?" He smiled. "I always wanted to paint, but I had to earn a living. Now this club gives me a chance to get instruction and criticism and, best of all, to work with men with tastes like mine. It's the greatest thing that has come to me in my old age—a real joy."

I asked him what subjects he liked best.

"Outdoor subjects," came instantly. "You'll find that most of the men in the club choose outdoor sketching. We get just as far away from business as we can. It's remarkable what a change this thing brings over a man's mind. Now, when I am driving through the country, instead of watching the speedometer and trying to pass the fellow ahead of me, I go slowly

and look out for pictures. You'd be surprised how many pictures you see where before you saw only trees and fences.

"One of the pressmen here has joined the club. He came to me and said, 'I've always wanted to paint pictures, but I never had the nerve to start out.' Now he has started and he's doing good work."

"In other words, you made painting respectable in the printing business," I suggested.

"Yes." Colby laughed. He added: "Then, the thing has a practical side. We learn how to judge art. The advertising man can't put over any bum art on us any more. But the great thing about the club is that it takes us absolutely out of business and widens our minds. Most other clubs are simply places where men talk shop. We never talk shop. We're too much interested in our painting. This club has recreated me."

I don't know what Colby was before he joined the Business Men's Art Club, but I can say that he is the youngest man of sixty-five I ever met.

"Have you any of your work here?" I asked.

"No. Oh, you would n't be interested in my pictures," he remarked. "But have you seen any of Perry's pictures? He's a real artist."

And so I went on from member to member. To Perry in the elegant, tranquil offices of the Elgin Watch Company—Perry who started out by wishing to be a writer, and proudly exhibited the item in his note-book showing that he had sold a poem to "The Cosmopolitan" in 1892, when W. D. Howells was editor, and who afterward sold stories to THE CENTURY, "Harper's," and "Scribner's," a

scholarly type fascinated by technic. To Dr. Colburn on Michigan Avenue, who has made his office into a gallery of his own work. To Babize, florid, foreign-looking, sentimental, in his office on La Salle Street.

"Come here." Babize drew me to the window and pointed upward at the patch of sky visible between two skyscrapers. "Did you know that there was green in the sky? No; and I did n't either till I studied art. I've learned dozens of things. I've learned to see pictures everywhere. I can go down here in La Salle Street and show you a picture on every corner—the crowd, the newsboys, the light falling down in the cañon between the buildings. Everywhere a man goes he sees pictures.

"It's curious how much a man gets involved in a thing like this. When a noted artist said about a certain water-color of mine, 'You have just missed it,' he gave me more pleasure than I've ever had from any success in my own business. There is something peculiarly satisfying about painting. A man can go through life and be moderately successful or even very successful in business, and yet never have the satisfaction of saying that he has created something his own, something individual. But painting gives him that chance. He can create something individual. It's a rare privilege."

One Tuesday at five I went with Drew to join the sketching group that met once a week down at the lake front.

"I'm going to show you a bit of old Gloucester," said Drew.

He led the way down Randolph Street and across Michigan Avenue, over the wooden bridge that spans the

Illinois Central tracks, then turned to the left, threading along strings of freight-cars and rubbish heaps till suddenly we emerged on a long, narrow slip between two coal-pockets. Moored along the wharves were several fishing-boats, two or three dingy, picturesque house-boats displaying the sign "Fresh Fish," and in the shadow of a water-tank a fisherman was reeling up his nets.

Some of the group were already on the scene, with easels set and palettes mixed, busily sketching in the subjects they had chosen. There were striking subjects enough, the fishing-boats and nets, with the coal-pockets and water-tanks looming above them, and in the background the late afternoon sun pouring over the jagged cliff of Michigan Avenue. A shout hailed Drew.

Now and then a sketcher rose, stretched his legs, relit his pipe, and then settled swiftly to the task of catching the changing light on slip and fishing-boat and water-tank. Field, telephone engineer, came over to ask Watson, attorney, just how he managed that peculiar reflection of the copper sky in the silky gray-green water of the slip. Clarke, jeweler, and Torrey Ross, time-clock manufacturer, fell into a discussion of the relation of drawing to painting in which every one in ear-shot joined.

Ross was painting on sheets of aluminum. He had found that by far the most satisfactory material, he said, because it didn't stretch. Besides, it was absolutely permanent, and he explained to me how much of the work of the old masters was endangered by the rotting of the canvas on which they had painted. Yet he would have to go back to canvas when his present supply of aluminum was exhausted,



he added ruefully. The Aluminum Company would n't sell their product in less than one hundred pound lots any more.

#### § 4

Probably none of the members of the Chicago Business Men's Art Club will become a world-artist, but the influence of the club in widening the interest in, and increasing the respect for, art is bound to be enormous. That is why professional artists welcome the club and encourage it. Of course there are exceptions. One day the club was having lunch together. Joseph Pennell was lunching at another table, and Drew, being introduced to him, asked Pennell to come over and talk to the club. Had Drew known that Pennell thinks that most modern professional artists are bunglers or charlatans and fiercely resents the amateur in the art world, he would have hesitated; but he knew nothing of Pennell save his greatness as an etcher. He said:

"Pennell laid it into us. 'What business have you fellows meddling with paint?' he shouted. 'Get out and clean up the ugly bill-boards. Get some beauty into your manufactured goods. That's your job. Don't meddle with paint!'"

"We are interested in those things," Drew commented. "We hope more and more to help manufacturers to improve the appearance of their goods; but it happens, also, that we want to draw and paint."

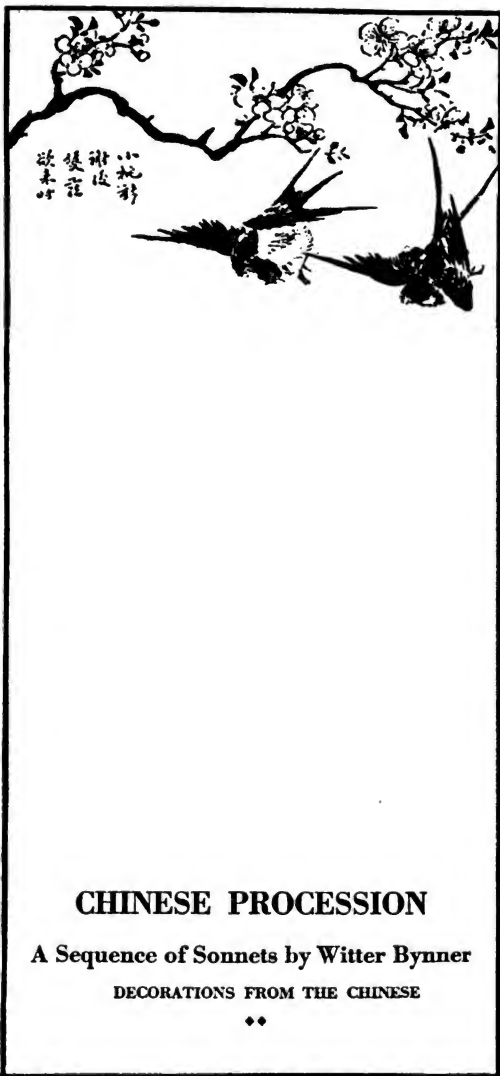
In this country we are too apt to sit on the side-lines and let the professional do it. We crowd by the hundred thousand to base-ball and foot-ball

arenas, to operas and picture galleries and concerts and theaters, but it rarely occurs to us to try for some of the fun of performing ourselves. The Business Men's Art Club of Chicago is a counteractive to that national tendency. The movement is spreading through the Middle West. In January, 1922, a similar club was organized in Minneapolis by Russell A. Plimpton, director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and it is growing rapidly. Last summer a group of the club made a tour through the Lake Superior country and came back with a wealth of sketches for their winter's work. In October a Milwaukee club was founded under inspiration of Dudley Crafts Watson, the energetic director of the Milwaukee Art Institute, and a few weeks later followed a club in Indianapolis.

This winter a notable exhibition of the work of the Chicago club is being held in the galleries of Marshall Field & Company, and Drew writes that arrangements have been made to present the best of this exhibit to the hospitals of Chicago "in the hope that these pictures will carry a message of cheer and help to popularize art among every-day folks."

"Physicians and psychologists advocate a hobby, an avocation, for every business man," says the year-book of the club. "He needs the stimulation of a change of ideas, the calling into use of unaccustomed faculties. To this end painting offers an unparalleled opportunity. There is inspiration in it; a freshening of energies; a reopening of long-forgotten avenues of thought; a new appreciation of the beauty and wholeness of life."





## CHINESE PROCESSION

A Sequence of Sonnets by Witter Bynner

DECORATIONS FROM THE CHINESE

♦♦

### OUT OF PEKING

Elaborate procession! Some one dead,  
The red insignia topping many a pole,  
Comes through an arch in China, charioted  
By shuffling men, each with as much of soul  
As haunted yesterday this body borne  
Across the desert mounds out of Peking.  
His hired mourners, ragged and forlorn,  
But still alive, pass, with the wind of spring,  
A fallen temple. And beyond the gate  
I see the remnants of five broken gods,  
Unroofed, untended now, grown desolate  
And harsh with posturing mud and iron rods  
And ends of straw. Am I as dead as they,  
Or shall newer gods arise from this old clay?

沈  
石  
田  
碧  
梧  
清  
者  
園



BY THE LAKE

The quiet dead are their own sanctuary,  
And mine as well, from life and living men.  
Doubtful of other gods, I bow the knee,  
Before the vaulted universe again,  
To all the anointed: to a little tree,  
Whose leafage by the lake becomes a store  
Of young and ardent anonymity,  
Where virtue is not virtue any more;  
To the brook that by no toilful agony  
Is risen round my feet, but by a rain  
High on the mountain, as unknown to me  
As dead men having nothing to explain.  
Yet, had they never lived, would they be dead,  
Or I have thought at all what I have said?

山口  
分  
泉  
法



### ON MOKANSHAN

Where marble fragments of imperial time  
Lie now with any stone in Peking's wall,  
I saw a severed dragon try to climb  
Against his degradation. Stupas, tall  
In honorable days, lay passive there,  
Dipping their horizontal victories,  
Whose lost inscriptions were the futile care  
Of builders of such monuments as these.  
But here am I, alive, on Mokanshan,  
Where rainbow arches, pinnacled with cloud,  
Erect a wall and roof more honoring man  
Than any tomb the heavens have allowed,  
And fill the air with tablets of the pride  
Of all the living men who ever died.

續黃少文



THROUGH THE BAMBOO

Rain comes abrupt, but undisturbing, here,  
Blown through the bamboo circle of my nook.  
And opening my eyes, I close my book,  
Perceiving some things dark and others clear.  
Here, in a world of ardors overcast  
And cooled again, a breath of dawns uncaught  
Has touched me to the very root, and brought  
The future raining on the gathered past.  
I put away my book of ancient men,  
Whose leaves were blown and wet with dropping tears  
Instead of with this rainfall that endears  
The whole young earth. And I am new again—  
As if an opening tender leaf could sing  
The multitude of leaves that make the spring.

一為其人  
過此  
雲來  
於風舒  
無下筆  
負質順  
楊說文



### INTO SPACE

The rain has ended. Tiny moths and swallows  
And poising dragon-flies flit one by one  
Before a long processional that follows  
Of all the dynasties under the sun.  
I watch the Tatars and the Mongols pass;  
The Mings, the Manchus, and the Japanese;  
And then the Europeans; and then, alas!  
Even Americans go by like these.  
And, later, shadowy things, before my eyes,  
File among twinkling willows into space,  
Leaving the swallows and the dragon-flies  
And tiny moths and me to run our race  
As ever, at the ends of periods,  
With the deathless laughers, the forgotten gods.





## Back to Africa

BY W. E. BURGHARDT DuBois



IT was upon the tenth of August, in High Harlem of Manhattan Island, where a hundred thousand negroes live. There was a long, low, unfinished church basement, roofed over. A little, fat black man, ugly, but with intelligent eyes and big head, was seated on a plank platform beside a "throne," dressed in a military uniform of the gayest mid-Victorian type, heavy with gold lace, epaulets, plume, and sword. Beside him were "potentates," and before him knelt a succession of several colored gentlemen. These in the presence of a thousand or more applauding dark spectators were duly "knighted" and raised to the "peerage" as knight-commanders and dukes of Uganda and the Niger. Among the lucky recipients of titles was the former private secretary of Booker T. Washington!

What did it all mean? A casual observer might have mistaken it for the dress-rehearsal of a new comic opera, and looked instinctively for Bert Williams and Miller and Lyles. But it was not; it was a serious occasion, done on the whole soberly and solemnly. Another might have found it simply silly. All ceremonies are more or less silly. Some negroes would have said that this ceremony had something symbolic, like the coronation, because it was part of a great "back-to-Africa" movement and represented self-determination for the negro race and a relieving of America of her most

difficult race problem by a voluntary operation.

On the other hand, many American negroes and some others were scandalized by something which they could but regard as simply child's play. It seemed to them sinister, this enthroning of a demagogue, a blatant boaster, who with monkey-shines was deluding the people and taking their hard-earned dollars; and in High Harlem there rose an insistent cry, "Garvey must go!"

Knowledge of all this seeped through to the greater world because it was sensational and made good copy for the reporters. The great world now and then becomes aware of certain currents within itself,—tragedies and comedies, movements of mind, gossip, personalities,—in some inner whirlpool of which it had been scarcely aware before. Usually these things are of little interest or influence for the main current of events; and yet is not this same main current made up of the impinging of these smaller swirlings of little groups? No matter how segregated and silent the smaller whirlpool is, if it is American, at some time it strikes and influences the American world. What, then, is the latest news from this area of negrodom spiritually so foreign to most of white America?

### § 2

The sensation that Garvey created was due not so much to his program as



to his processes of reasoning, his proposed methods of work, and the width of the stage upon which he essayed to play his part.

His reasoning was at first new and inexplicable to Americans because he brought to the United States a new negro problem. We think of our problem here as *the* negro problem, but we know more or less clearly that the problem of the American negro is very different from the problem of the South African negro or the problem of the Nigerian negro or the problem of the South American negro. We have not hitherto been so clear as to the way in which the problem of the negro in the United States differs from the problem of the negro in the West Indies. For a long time we have been told, and we have believed, that the race problem in the West Indies, and particularly in Jamaica, has virtually been settled.

Let us note the facts. Marcus Garvey was born on the northern coast of Jamaica in 1887. He was a poor black boy, his father dying later in the almshouse. He received a little training in the Church of England grammar-school, and then learned the trade of printing, working for years as foreman of a printing plant. Then he went to Europe, and wandered about England and France, working and observing until he finally returned to Jamaica. He found himself facing a stone wall. He was poor, he was black, he had no chance for a university education, he had no likely chance for preferment in any line, but could work as an artisan at small wage for the rest of his life.

Moreover, he knew that the so-called settlement of the race problem in Jamaica was not complete; that as a matter of fact throughout the West Indies the development has been like

this: most white masters had cohabited with negro women, and some had actually married them; their children were free by law in most cases, but were not the recognized equals of the whites either socially, politically, or economically. Because of the numbers of the free negroes as compared with the masters, and because of their continued growth in wealth and intelligence, they began to get political power, and they finally either expelled the whites by uniting with the blacks, as in Haiti, or forced the whites to receive the mulattoes, or at least the lighter-hued ones, as equals.

This is the West Indian solution of the negro problem. The mulattoes are virtually regarded and treated as whites, with the assumption that they will, by continued white intermarriage, bleach out their color as soon as possible. There survive, therefore, few white colonials, save new-comers, who are not of negro descent in some more or less remote ancestor. Mulattoes intermarry, then, largely with the whites, and the so-called disappearance of the color-line is the disappearance of the line between the whites and mulattoes, and not between the whites and the blacks or even between the mulattoes and the blacks.

Thus the privileged and exploiting group in the West Indies is composed of whites and mulattoes, while the poorly paid and ignorant proletariat are the blacks, forming a peasantry vastly in the majority, but socially, politically, and economically helpless and nearly voiceless. This peasantry, moreover, has been systematically deprived of its natural leadership because the black boy who showed initiative or who accidentally gained wealth and education soon gained the recognition

of the white-mulatto group and might be incorporated with them, particularly if he married one of them. Thus his interests and efforts were identified with the mulatto-white group.

There must naturally arise a more or less insistent demand among the black peasants for self-expression and for an exposition of their grievances by one of their own group. Such leaders have indeed arisen from time to time, and Marcus Garvey was one. His notoriety comes not from his ability and accomplishment, but from the Great War. Not that he was without ability. He was a facile speaker, able to express himself in grammatical and forceful English; he had spent enough time in world cities like London to get an idea of world movements, and he honestly believed that the backwardness of the blacks was simply the result of oppression and lack of opportunity.

On the other hand, Garvey had no thorough education and a very hazy idea of the technic of civilization. He fell easily into the common error of assuming that because oppression has retarded a group, the mere removal of the injustice will at a bound restore the group to full power. Then, too, he personally had his drawbacks: he was inordinately vain and egotistic, jealous of his power, impatient of details, a poor judge of human nature, and he had the common weakness of untrained devotees that no dependence could be put upon his statements of fact. Not that he was a conscious liar, but dream, fact, fancy, wish, were all so blurred in his thinking that neither he himself nor his hearers could clearly or easily extricate them.

Then came the new economic demand for negro peasant labor on the Panama Canal, and finally the Great

War. Black West-Indians began to make something like decent wages, they began to travel, and they began to talk and think. Garvey talked and thought with them. In conjunction with white and colored sympathizers he planned a small Jamaican Tuskegee. This failed, and he conceived the idea of a purely negro organization to establish independent negro states and link them with commerce and industry. His "Universal Negro Improvement Association," launched August 1, 1914, in Jamaica, was soon in financial difficulties. The war was beginning to change the world, and as white American laborers began to be drawn into war work there was an opening in many lines not only for Southern American negroes as laborers and mechanics, but also for West-Indians as servants and laborers. They began to migrate in larger numbers. With this new migration came Marcus Garvey.

He established a little group of his own Jamaica countrymen in Harlem and launched his program. He took no account of the American negro problem; he knew nothing about it. What he was trying to do was to settle the Jamaican problem in the United States. On the other hand, American negroes knew nothing about the Jamaican problem, and they were excited and indignant at being brought face to face with a man who was full of wild talk about Africa and the West Indies and steamship lines and "race pride," but who said nothing and apparently knew nothing about the right to vote, the horrors of lynching and mob law, and the problem of racial equality.

Moreover, they were especially incensed at the new West-Indian conception of the color-line. Color-lines

had naturally often appeared in colored America, but the development had early taken a far different direction from that in the West Indies. Migration by whites had numerically overwhelmed both masters and mulattoes, and compelled most American masters to sell their own children into slavery. Freedom, therefore, rather than color, became the first line of social distinction in the American negro world despite the near-white aristocracies of cities like Charleston and New Orleans, and despite the fact that the proportion of mulattoes who were free and who gained some wealth and education was greater than that of blacks because of the favor of their white parents.

After emancipation, color caste tended to arise again, but the darker group was quickly welded into one despite color by caste legislation, which applied to a white man with one negro great-grandfather as well as to a full-blooded Bantu. There were still obvious advantages to the negro American of lighter hue in passing for white or posing as Spanish or Portuguese, but the pressing demand for ability and efficiency and honesty within this fighting, advancing group continually drove the color-line back before reason and necessity, and it came to be generally regarded as the poorest possible taste for a negro even to refer to differences of color. Colored folk as white as the whitest came to describe themselves as negroes. Imagine, then, the surprise and disgust of these Americans when Garvey launched his Jamaican color scheme.

He did this, of course, ignorantly and with no idea of his mistake and no wit to read the signs. He meant well. He saw what seemed to him the same

color-lines which he hated in Jamaica, and he sought here as there to oppose white supremacy and the white ideal by a crude and equally brutal black supremacy and black ideal. His mistake did not lie in the utter impossibility of this program,—greater upheavals in ideal have shaken the world before,—but rather in its spiritual bankruptcy and futility; for what shall this poor world gain if it exchange one race supremacy for another?

Garvey soon sensed that somewhere he was making a mistake, and he began to protest that he was not excluding mulattoes from his organization. Indeed, he has men of all colors and bloods in his organization, but his propoganda still remains "all-black," because this brings cash from the Jamaica peasants. Once he was actually haled to court and made to apologize for calling a disgruntled former colleague "white"! His tirades and twistings have landed him in strange contradictions. Thus with one voice he denounced Booker T. Washington and Frederick Douglass as bastards, and with the next named his boarding-house and first steamship after these same men!

### § 3

Aside from his color-lines, Garvey soon developed in America a definite and in many respects original and alluring program. He proposed to establish the "Black Star Line" of steamships, under negro ownership and with negro money, to trade between the United States, the West Indies, and Africa. He proposed to establish a factories corporation which was going to build factories and manufacture goods both for local consumption of negroes and for export. He

was going eventually to take possession of Africa and establish independent negro governments there.

The statement of this program, with tremendous head-lines, wild eloquence, and great insistence and repetition, caught the attention of all America, white and black. When Mr. Garvey brought his cohorts to Madison Square Garden, clad in fancy costumes and with new songs and ceremonies, and when, ducking his dark head at the audience, he yelled, "We are going to Africa to tell England, France, and Belgium to get out of there," America sat up, listened, laughed, and said here at least is something new.

Negroes, especially West-Indians, flocked to his movement and poured money into it. About three years ago he had some 80,000 members in his organization, and perhaps 20,000 or 30,000 were paying regularly thirty-five cents a month into his chest. These numbers grew in his imagination until he was claiming 4,500,000 followers, and speaking for "Four hundred million negroes"! He did not, however, stop with dreams and promises. If he had been simply a calculating scoundrel, he would carefully have skirted the narrow line between promise and performance and avoided as long as possible the inevitable catastrophe. But he believed in his program and he had a childish ignorance of the stern facts of the world into whose face he was flying. Being an islander, and born in a little realm where half a day's journey takes one from ocean to ocean, the world always seemed small to him, and it was perhaps excusable for this black peasant of Jamaica to think of Africa as a similar, but slightly larger, island which could easily be taken possession of.

His first practical step toward this was to establish the Black Star Line, and here he literally left his critics and opponents breathless by suddenly announcing in 1919 that the *Frederick Douglass*, a steamship, had been bought by his line, was on exhibition at a wharf in New York, and was about to sail to the West Indies with freight and passengers. The announcement was electrical even for those who did not believe in Garvey. With a splendid, audacious faith, this poor black leader, with his storming tongue, compelled a word of admiration from all. But the seeds of failure were in his very first efforts. This first boat, the *Yarmouth* (never renamed the *Frederick Douglass* probably because of financial difficulties), was built in the year Garvey was born, and was an old sea-scarred hulk. He was cheated in buying it, and paid \$140,000 for it—at least twice as much as the boat was worth. She made three trips to the West Indies in three years, and then was docked for repairs, attached for debt, and finally, in December, 1921, sold at auction for \$1625!

The second boat that Garvey bought was a steam yacht originally built for a Standard Oil magnate. It, too, was old and of doubtful value, but Garvey paid \$60,000 for it, and sent it down to do a small carrying trade between the West Indies Islands. The boat broke down, and it cost \$70,000 or \$80,000 more to repair it than Garvey paid for it. Finally it was wrecked or seized in Cuba, and the crew was transported to the United States at government expense.

The third boat was a Hudson River ferry-boat that Garvey bought for \$35,000. With this he carried excursionists up and down the Hudson dur-

ing one summer and used it as a vivid advertisement to collect more money. The boat, however, ran only that summer, and then had to be abandoned as beyond repair.

Finally, Garvey tried to buy of the United States Shipping Board the steamship *Orion* for \$250,000. This boat was to be renamed the *Phyllis Wheatley*, and its sailings were advertised in Garvey's weekly paper for several months, and some passages were sold; but the boat never was delivered because sufficient payments were not made.

Thus the Black Star Line arose and disappeared, and with it went some \$800,000 of the savings of West-Indians and a few American negroes. With this enterprise the initial step and greatest test of Mr. Garvey's movement failed utterly. His factories corporation never really got started. In its place he has established a number of local grocery stores in Harlem and one or two shops, including a laundry and a printing-press, which may or may not survive.

His African program was made impossible by his own pig-headedness. He proposed to make a start in Liberia with industrial enterprises. From this center he would penetrate all Africa and gradually subdue it. Instead of keeping this plan hidden and working cautiously and intelligently toward it, he yelled and shouted and telegraphed it all over the world. Without consulting the Liberians, he apparently was ready to assume partial charge of their state. He appointed officials with high-sounding titles, and announced that the headquarters of his organization was to be removed to Liberia in January, 1922. Such announcements, together with his talk

about conquest and "driving Europe out," aroused European governments to inquire about Garvey and his backing. Diplomatic representations were made to Liberia, asking it how far it intended to cooperate in this program. Liberia was naturally compelled to repudiate Garveyism, root and branch. The officials told Garvey that he or any one else was welcome to migrate to Liberia and develop industry within legal lines, but that they could recognize only one authority in Liberia and that was the authority of the Liberian Government, and that Liberia could not be the seat of any intrigue against her peaceful neighbors. They made it impossible for Garvey to establish any headquarters in Africa unless it was done by the consent of the very nations whom he was threatening to drive out of Africa!

This ended his African program and reduced him to the curious alternative of sending a delegate to the third assembly of the League of Nations to ask them to hand over as a gift to his organization a German colony in order that he might begin his work.

#### § 4

Thus the bubble of Garveyism burst; but its significance, its meaning, remains. After all, one has to get within Garvey to know him, to understand him. He is not simply a liar and blatant fool. Something of both, to be sure, is there; but that is not all. He is the type of dark man whom the white world is making daily, molding, marring, tossing to the air. All his life whites have laughed and sneered at him and torn his soul. All his life he has hated the half-whites who, rejecting their darker blood, have gloried in their pale shame. He has stormed

and fought within, and then at last it all burst out. He had to guard himself before the powers and be careful of law and libel and hunger, but where he could be free, he snarled and cursed at the whites, insulted the mulattoes with unpardonable epithets, and bitterly reviled the blacks for their cowardice.

Suppose, now, for a moment that Garvey had been a man of first-rate ability, canny, shrewd, patient, dogged? He might have brought a world war of races a generation nearer, he might have deprived civilization of that precious generation of respite where we have yet time to sit and consider if difference of human color must necessarily mean blows and blood. As a matter of fact, Garvey did not know how to approach his self-appointed task; he had not the genius to wait and laboriously learn, yet he pompously seized the pose; he kept extremely busy, rushed hither and thither. He collected and squandered thousands, almost millions. He would, he must, succeed. He appeared in the uniforms of his dream triumphs, in 1921 with an academic cap and gown, weird in colors; in 1922 with cocked hat, gold lace, and sword—the commander-in-chief of the African Legion! He did not quite dare call himself King Marcus I, but he sunned himself awhile in the address of "your Majesty." He held court and made knights, lords, and dukes; and yet, as he feverishly worked, he knew he had failed; he knew he had missed the key to some dark arcanum. He grew suspicious, morose, complaining, furious at the "fools" and "scoundrels" who were "plotting" his ruin and the overthrow of his cause. With all the provincial backwoods love of courts and judges,

he rushed into and reveled in litigation, figuring in at least fifty suits, suing for libel, breach of contract, slander, divorce, assault—everything and anything; while in turn his personal enemies sued him, rioted against him, and one shot him, so that to-day he dares not stir without a sturdy body-guard.

Beaten and overwhelmed with loss and disappointment, he will not yet surrender, and seeks by surrounding himself with new officials and by announcing new enterprises—a daily paper, a new line of steamships, and the like—to re-form his lines. So he sits to-day. He is a world figure in minute microcosm. On a larger field, with fairer opportunity, he might have been great, certainly notorious. He is to-day a little puppet, serio-comic, funny, yet swept with a great veil of tragedy; meaning in himself little more than a passing agitation, moving darkly and uncertainly from a little island of the sea to the panting, half-submerged millions of the first world state. And yet he means something to the world. He is type of a mighty coming thing. He voices a vague, formless, but growing, integrating, human mind which some day will arrest the world.

Just what it has cost the negro race in money to support Garvey it is hard to say, but certainly not less than a million dollars. And yet with all this there are certain peculiar satisfactions. Here has come a test to the American negro which he has not had before. A demagogue has appeared, not the worst kind of demagogue, but, on the contrary, a man who had much which was attractive and understandable in his personality and his program; nevertheless, a man whose program any-

body with common sense knew was impossible. With all the arts of the demagogue, Garvey appealed to crowds of people with persuasive eloquence, with the ringing of all possible charges of race loyalty and the bastardy of the mulatto and the persons ashamed of their race, and the implacable enmity of the whites. It was the sort of appeal that easily throws ignorant and inexperienced people into orgies of response and generosity. Yet with all this, coming at a critical time, when the negro was hurt at his war experience and his post-war treatment, when lynching was still a national institution and mob-law a ready resort; when the rank and file of ignorant West-Indian negroes were going wild over Garvey, the American negroes sat cool and calm, and were neither betrayed into wild and unjust attacks upon Garvey nor into uncritical acceptance.

His following has ebbed and flowed. Its main and moving nucleus has been a knot of black Jamaica peasants resident in America as laborers and servants, mostly unlettered, poor, and ignorant, who worship Garvey as their ideal incarnate. Garvey is bold. Garvey lashes the white folk. Garvey downs the mulattoes. Garvey forever! no matter what he does. Does he steal? Better let him steal than let white folk. Does he squander? It's our money; let him waste. Does he fail? Others have failed.

It is this blind and dangerous nucleus that explains Garvey's success in holding his power. Around these are a mass of West-Indians, resident in the islands and in the United States, who have honestly supported Garvey in the hope that this new leader would direct them out of the West-Indian *impasse*

of low wages, little educational opportunity, no industrial openings, and caste. Especially they seized upon the Black Star Line, as isolated islanders would, as a plan of real practical hope. This group reached sixty or seventy thousand in number during Garvey's heyday, but with the failure of his enterprises it is rapidly falling away.

With these groups have always been a number of American negroes: the ignorant, drawn by eloquence and sound; the grafters who saw a chance of sharing spoils; and with these some honest, thinking folk who paused and inquired, "Who is Garvey, and what is his program?" This American following, though always small, grew here and there, and in centers like Norfolk, Chicago, and Pittsburgh reached for a time into the thousands. But, on the whole, American negroes stood the test well.

Garvey's proposal of such a new, autonomous, and hostile black world in league with the brown and yellow peoples brought from American negroes a simple Missouri "Show us." They asked: "What are you doing, and how? What are your concrete and practical proposals?" They did not follow the more impatient counsels of "Garvey must go." They did not slander or silence or ignore him. The two hundred negro weeklies treated him fairly, and audiences listened to his words and read his literature. And right here lay his undoing, for the more his flamboyant promises were carefully compared with his results, the sooner the utter futility of his program was revealed.

Here is a world that for a thousand years, from the First Crusade to the Great War, had been breaking down

the barriers between nations and races in order to build a world-wide economic unity and cultural solidarity. The process has involved slavery, peonage, rape, theft, and extermination, but it is slowly uniting humanity. It is now proposed to turn back and cut out of this world its black eighth or its colored two thirds. Not only is this virtually impossible, but its attempt to-day would certainly involve the white and colored worlds in a death-struggle whose issue none can surely foretell. The power of the yellow, black, and brown worlds to-day is the economic dependence of the white world on them, and the power of the white world is its economic technic and organization. The super-diplomacy of race politics to-morrow is to transmute this interdependence into cultural sympathy, spiritual tolerance, and human freedom. Not in segregation, but in closer, larger unity lies interracial peace.

Not with entire clearness and yet with a certain fundamental and tremendously significant clarity the American negro realizes this, and as yet no demagoguery or pipe dreams have been able to divorce him from the facts. The present generation of negroes has survived two grave temptations, the greater one, fathered by Booker T. Washington, which said, "Let politics alone, keep in your place, work hard, and do not complain," and which meant perpetual color caste for colored folk by their own coöperation and consent, and the consequent inevitable debauchery of the white world; and the lesser, fathered by Marcus Garvey, which said: "Give up! Surrender! The struggle is useless; back to Africa and fight the white world."

It is no ordinary tribute to American negro poise and common sense, and ability to choose and reject leadership, that neither of these programs has been able to hold them. One of the most singular proofs of this is that the latest support of Garveyism is from the notorious Ku Klux Klan. When Garvey saw his Black Star Line disappear, his West-Indian membership fall off, and his American listeners grow increasingly critical, he flew South to consult the Grand Cyclops of the Invisible Empire. Whether the initiative came from him or from the Klan is not known, but probably the Klan invited him. They were indeed birds of a feather, believing in titles, flummery, and mumbo-jumbo, and handling much gullible money.

Garvey's motives were clear. The triumph of the Klan would drive negroes to his program in despair, while the Klan's sympathy would enable him to enter the South, where he has not dared to work and exploit the ignorant black millions. The Klan's object was to encourage anything that would induce negroes to believe that their fight for freedom in America was vain. Garvey's secretary said that the Klan would probably finance the Black Star Line, and Garvey invited the Grand Cyclops to speak at his convention. But Garvey reckoned without his host. A storm of criticism rose among negroes and kept Garvey explaining, contradicting, and repudiating the unholy alliance, and finally drove it under cover, although Garvey openly advertised the Klan's program as showing the impossibility of the negro's remaining in America, and the Klan sent out circulars defending Garvey and declaring that the opposition to him was from the Catholic Church!



Again it is High Harlem, with its music and laughter, its conversations shouted aloft, its teeming, bantering, pushing crowds, its brown and black and cream-like faces, its crisp and curling hair. As the setting sun sends its last crimson light from the heights that hold the Hudson from the Harlem, it floods 138th Street and lights three blocks. One is a block of homes built by the Equitable Life Assurance Society, but now sold to negroes, some crowded, some carelessly kept, but most of them beautiful, even luxurious, perhaps as handsome a block as middle-class America, white or black, affords. Next the sun softens the newness of a brick block on Seventh Avenue, stretching low and beautiful from the Y. W. C. A., with a moving-picture house of the better class and a colored five-and-ten cent store built and owned by black folk. Down beyond, on 138th Street, the sun burns the raising spire of Abyssinian Church, a vast and striking structure built by negroes who for a hundred years have supported one organization and are now moving to their newest and luxurious home of soft carpets, stained windows, and swelling organ. Finally, the dying rays hit a low, rambling basement of brick and rough stone. It was designed as the beginning of a church long ago, but abandoned. Marcus Garvey roofed it over, and out of this squat and dirty old "Liberty Hall" he screams his propaganda. As compared with the homes, the business, the church, Garvey's basement represents nothing in accomplishment and only waste in attempt.

Yet it has a right to be. It represents something spiritual, however poor and futile to-day. Deep in the

black man's heart he knows that he needs more than homes and stores and churches. He needs manhood—liberty, brotherhood, equality. The call of the spirit urges him restlessly to and fro with all men of the despised and forgotten, seeking, seeking. Misled they often are, and again and again they play in microcosm the same tragic drama that other worlds and other groups have played. Here is Garvey yelling to life, from the black side, a race consciousness which leaps to meet Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard and other worshipers of the great white race. It is symptomatic and portentous. If with a greater and more gifted and efficient Garvey it sometime blazes to real flame, it means world war and eternal hate and blood. It means the setting of the world clock back a thousand years. And yet the world's Garveys are not solely to blame, but rather every worshiper of race superiority and human inequality. On the other hand, back of all this lurks the quieter, more successful, more insistent, and hopeful fact. Races are living together. They are buying and selling, marrying and rearing children, laughing and crying. They are fighting mobs and lynchers and those that enslave and despise, and they have not yet failed in that fight. Their faith in their ultimate and complete triumph are these homes, this business block, this church, duplicated a hundred thousand times in a nation of twelve million. Here, then, are the two future paths, outlined with a certain sullen dimness in the world's blood-crimson twilight, and yet to be descried easily by those with the seeing hearts. Which path will America choose?



# Wax of the Abruzzi

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

DRAWINGS BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND



WITH a groan La Nonna lifted her aching foot from a pail of hot water, and the girl, kneeling beside her, began to rub it gently with the thick ointment. But even that soft touch was too heavy, and La Nonna cried out in pain:

"Enough! Enough, little pigeon! It is not possible."

"But, *cara*, the doctor—"

"The doctor! A thing so young that he has still the milk wet on the lips. One week have we made this stupidity—to boil the foot like a leg of pork and then rub the grease. Bah! In the winter he tells, 'When the sun comes in the spring,' and in the spring he tells again, 'In the hot sun of summer.' Can the sun be hotter than to-day or the pain worse? Three thousand wolves grind the bone."

The girl sat back, her great dark eyes under the long black lashes shadowed with anxiety, the scarlet curve of her lips soft with sympathy.

"But, *Nonna mia*, he said ten days at least. Perhaps to-morrow—"

"Enough, little one; neither one day nor one hour more. With the hot water we scrub the floor and with that grease we clean the stove. It does as much good upon the iron as upon the foot. We rest a little and then we go out."

"Out!"

"*Ecco!* And may the Blessed Mother

forgive an old woman who wasted time with the concoctions of the devil on this, Her feast day. A few moments of rest in the sun, and then we go to make the pilgrimage to our Lady of Carmel."

"But we have no offering, *Nonna mia*. Neither a foot of wax nor even a fine candle. Nothing."

"*Ai, ai*, little one, I know, and the heart is heavy. But perhaps Holy Mother hast not forgotten the old days when I took always a rich gift to Her feast. For Her gracious help in a pneumonia I suffered the first year in this cursed climate, two fine lungs of purest wax. And, when I broke the wrist, a hand. What a hand! White and beautiful, like the hand of a duchess. But now! *Dio mio*, only millionaires can seek the favor of heaven. Yesterday Nicolena pays two dollars for one toe, and that with a dent in the nail."

"Two dollars!"

"*Ecco!* It is to eat for a month in the old country. Two dollars for a broken toe at the stall of that thief Pepe. Pst!"

The girl rose and stood looking anxiously down upon the old woman. With damaged toes at two dollars apiece and ointments fit only to clean the stove, the situation was serious.

"Trouble not, little pigeon. The circle of the church I will make upon



the knees, and thou wilt say aves and Hail Marys at Her altar. *Ecco!* Now we put the stocking and the old slipper on, and I sit for a few moments in the sun. Then we go."

When the stocking and slipper were adjusted, leaning upon the girl, La Nonna hobbled to the fire-escape, where, resting her weight on the iron railing, she could look down upon the spectacle below. Strung across the narrow street as far as the eye could reach, satin banners of red and green and the Virgin's own blue hung limp

in the scorching July sun. Along the edge of the curb stood two vanishing lines of stalls glorious with tinsel and gilded nuts and brilliant paper flowers.

Above the laughter and rumbling talk of the crowd, working slowly along between the booths toward the great stone church at the end of the block, rose the voices of merchants crying the potency of their waxen wares; heads, arms, legs; fingers, toes, feet, the frail human mechanism in whole or part; candles ten feet high, with saints in crimson and blue winging upward, of such value that they stood incased in glass-fronted boxes.

"*Madonna mia*, what a feast!" murmured the old woman. "Never in all the thirty years in this country have I seen a finer."

Beside her, the girl leaned from the railing, lost in wonder.

"There are more people than in the whole town of Santa Marta, *Nonna*, when they come from the hills on Easter."

"To be sure." The old woman's voice was not without pride. "And when thou hast been another month in this country, Gemma, thou wilt have seen more people than in one hundred years, sitting all day and all night in the plaza of Santa Marta." Here a twinge in the aching foot recalled her wandering allegiance. "But bodies only, Gemma, without hearts. Only heads to think of new ways to make money and greedy hands to hold it. Two dollars for a toe! There is not in all the Abruzzi a robber like that."

Suddenly Gemma turned and clutched her arm.

"Look, *Nonna!* look! That man! With a beautiful baby of wax and a candle three feet long."

"Ecco,"—the old woman smiled bitterly,—“Signor Malanotti, the banker, with the purse full of money and the heart full of wickedness. He seeks favor for his son, who is three times run down by an automobile and not a bone in the body of the little devil broken, although that brigand, his father, collects much from the company each time. *Ai, ai*, sometimes I think that even the saints in heaven are a little blinded by the gold of this land. And there goes Mariaucc’, the wife of Paolo, the butcher, with a fine comb in the hair and the eyes of a spider. Look, *cara!* Look at the heart she carries! Big enough for an ox, with drops of gold blood. To some comes fortune, to others nothing.”

For a little longer they stood, then the girl sighed softly, like a child before marvels beyond its grasp.

“To-night I write to Santa Marta, *Nonna*, and tell of this. They will not believe, for never have they seen such.”

The old woman nodded.

“No, they will not believe. They know only the mountains and the kind valleys and the charity in the hearts of all men. Two dollars for a toe with a dent in the nail! Bah!”

There was another short silence, and then *La Nonna* turned.

“Come, little pigeon, we go now, for this miserable foot has the speed of a dead snail, and I would return while the sun is high.”

Clinging with one hand to the banister-rail and with the other to Gemma, the journey to the street was finally accomplished, and they stood resting for a little against the house.

From the stream moving slowly before them, all men turned to look, and many stopped to gaze openly at

the beauty of Gemma, her dark eyes wide with wonder, her red lips parted in happiness. Old acquaintances approached *La Nonna*, but she stared coldly at them, unseeing.

“*Bene*,” the old woman murmured to herself, “‘the unknown,’ ‘the world’s desire’— So she is, and so she will remain to all you thieves and brigands and robbers.”

For in the two months since the girl had appeared suddenly one warm night upon the fire-escape of *La Nonna*, the midwife, the fame of her beauty had spread through all Little Italy. Nightly, in the café of the Rose of Napoli, Felipe swore suicide unless he could look at least once into the eyes that tortured him in cruel ignorance of his existence. Twice Paolo had fought with Giacomo, the brother of Rosa, whom Paolo had taken every Saturday night to the movies before the coming of the “unknown.” And now that Giuseppe, the poet, could no longer obtain space in the daily paper, he mailed his agonies to—“The Most Beautiful in all the World, Third floor, Front,” and *La Nonna* always read them before she burned them. Sometimes she sighed, for Giuseppe was a good poet, and she also had been beautiful, although not with the beauty of Gemma. The soft darkness of those shadowed eyes had never been hers, nor the velvet smoothness of that pale skin, like the petals of a magnolia-blossom yielded to full moonlight. The promise in *La Nonna*’s black eyes had flicked the senses, but the mystery in the eyes of Gemma crushed the heart. “An angel lost on earth,” Giuseppe called her.

When the agony of the stairs had yielded somewhat, *La Nonna* took the girl’s arm again.



"We go now, little pigeon, slowly and with care. Praise be to the holy saints that the church is not far!"

But, short as the distance, it was too great for La Nonna, and when they reached the foot of the long stone steps, she was forced again to rest. Watching the stream that swept by and up into the church, bearing offerings of thanksgiving and propitiation, the bitterness in her heart deepened. None had pain greater than hers, and none came without gifts.

And then, suddenly, through a rift in the crowd, she saw Antonio, at whose difficult birth she had assisted unaided five and twenty years before—Antonio in a new suit of fine green cloth, a shining new hat of straw set far back on his well oiled hair, a bow of crimson perched perkily beneath his chin, like a tiny bird upon a twig. He was leaning far across the counter of his stall, unmindful of customers and thieves, his black eyes riveted upon the face of Gemma, his mouth a little open, "Staring like a stuck sheep," murmured La Nonna.

"Bene," she whispered, "if the fly wishes to enter the web, who blames the spider?"

"One moment, *cara*; we go to buy a small candle. It is a blasphemy that we enter with hands quite empty, like infidels. There, at that stall—with thy help—just a step."

With a stifled groan she clutched the edge of the counter, dislodging a little heart, which fell to the pavement. But Antonio did not see.

"A thousand pardons, Tony," La Nonna apologized as Gemma returned the little heart to its place. "A great feast, is it not, and an honor that our people forget not their religion?"

But, at the proximity of Gemma,

Tony had passed beyond the consideration of religion or the recognition of La Nonna, with whom he had had speech only once since the day of her obstetrical triumph—the moment when she had caught him tying a can to the tail of her cat, and while she held him by the ear explained to the whole block how easily she might have allowed him to perish.

"And you make a good business to-day, Tony?" She went on, rummaging unrebuked among the stock. "Ecco, it is well. *Macchè*, it is a strange world. If I, now with the foot like a ball of fire, had been less quick to run here and there, bringing the hot water, the baked flannels—who knows?"

Certainly not Tony. He did not even know that she had found a foot and was holding it toward him. He knew only that Gemma, whom he had never seen nearer than the fire-escape, was there within a touch of his hand; that the eyes that had pierced his heart from that distance were now burning the whole surface of his body, although they were lowered so that he saw only the long lashes resting softly on that ivory skin.

Not until La Nonna had three times inquired the price in a crescendo of impatience, did her voice reach into his consciousness and, like a hook, draw forth the formula:

"A foot of finest wax—wax from the bees of the Abruzzi, not the false wax of America. Imported from Italy—"

"Enough, Tony. Leave such tales for those who were born yesterday. Waste them not on an old woman to whose brains alone you owe life. Wax from the bees of the Abruzzi! Wax from the mosquitos of New Jersey. How much, boy? How much?"

"Straight from the old country," continued the chant, "and robbed by the custom-house—"

"Cease! Dost think I am a rich American from the settlement house? Thirty years I have lived in this country and done a good business before the foolishness to have a doctor at the coming of the babies turned the heads of our girls. Enough. The price of this miserable foot—a disgrace to offer the blessed Virgin?"

With an impatient shrug, as if disturbed in his sleep, Tony glanced at her.

"Thirty dollars, and it is to give away. Imported wax—"

"Thirty dollars!"

The tone jerked Tony to full consciousness, and with a long, lingering look at the still averted cheek of Gemma, he turned to the old woman.

"Thirty dollars, and I lose money. In all this street there is not a finer foot. Am I liar that I tell, like Pepe, 'wax of the Abruzzi,' when he buys last month in Chicago dozens of feet from a Jew? Thirty dollars, and I make a charity—"

"No doubt," interrupted La Nonna; "no doubt. And there is perhaps a diamond or a piece of the true cross concealed within the foot? Or the holy father himself went first to the Abruzzi and blessed it? Besides, I shame not the Blessed Mother by a gift so small. Hast not a foot for three hundred, three thousand, three million dollars? A foot of gold or precious ivory or—"

But Tony's tortured nerves could stand no more. With a last, despairing look at Gemma, he leaned toward La Nonna.

"Go," he cried angrily, "run here and there through the whole city, and

you find not another foot like this. Real wax of the Abruzzi. For thirty dollars! Holy Saint Peter! I have a heart like warm milk to make such a price!"

"The warm milk of an ass," cried La Nonna, and again she bewailed her unfortunate skill which had been responsible for Tony's existence. "And may holy Saint Anthony bear witness," she ended in a staccato of fury, "that if I had known I was bringing into this world such a thief to disgrace his name, thou wouldst not now be standing there cheating widows and orphans, but, an unbaptized infant in purgatory, would be waiting the fires of the inferno. Enough. Come." Gathering her shawl about her, she took the girl's arm, and they moved away.

For a second Tony stood, staring at the soft whiteness of Gemma's neck where the little black curls nestled on the nape.

"Twenty-five! Twenty! And I am ruined."

La Nonna glanced back. "No, no, Tony *mio*, I desire not thy ruin. Perhaps, in a few moments, the landlord Ravelli or the President of the United States comes to buy the foot of—Chicago paraffin."

As they disappeared through the great door at the head of the stairs, Tony's eyes filled with tears.

"Would to God that I had died before to be born!"

And the same wish filled the heart of La Nonna, even as she knelt within the holy place itself; in the cool, dim silence broken only by the sibilant whisper of petitions, the click of beads, the soft shuffle of feet advancing to the high altar to lay more gifts beside the huge bowls overflowing with bank-

notes, the discarded crutches and splints, the effigies of wax, and satin banners sagging under the watches and rings and necklaces hung upon them.

Even with the ivory beads of her best rosary in her hand, and her eyes on Gemma, bowed in devotion far down the nave at the very chancel-rail, La Nonna did not cease to lament the skill responsible for the existence of Tony; until at last the shawled figure beside her touched her arm, and Elena, once the fashionable dress-maker of the quarter, now a worker on overalls, murmured in sympathy:

"*Ai*, Filomena, I know of whom thou speakest. It is of that brigand Tony, with the booth at the foot of the stairs? Is it not, Filomena?"

"No other," murmured La Nonna. "Would that his mother had called that upstart Catterina at the hour of his birth!"

"*Ecco*. He has within the breast a stone. I know, for I also have suffered at his hands. Am I made of money that I can pay one dollar and a half for a finger? Look!"

From the swathing of her shawl Elena held out her right hand, the index-finger bound in gauze.

"All day I work in that factory where the machines go ziz-z-z until the brain whirls like a drunkard's, and it is a miracle that the needle goes only through the finger and that I lose not the head; and I make only enough to pay the rent and buy the spaghetti and perhaps a little meat on a feast-day. And now for many weeks I eat only bread, for the finger grows worse,

although I pray all night and many hours through the day. Ah, *Dio mio*, I think that in this country even the saints grow a little deaf listening to the clink of gold."



La Nonna nodded. And, eased in the sympathy of confidence, Elena went on bitterly:

"*Ecco*. I who once had chairs of red velvet and fine pictures in gold frames, and those who now pass in the street, the nose in the air, once waited like servants while I made beautiful dresses so cheap—*Madonna mia*, it was to give them away. And now that I am old and poor and work like a slave for a fat Jew—*ai*, *ai*, it is better to die at forty. This land is only

for the young and strong."

"Neither for the strong nor the young," interrupted La Nonna, "if they have in their bodies the heart of a man. Only for those with heads cunning like a fox, and the heart soft like a tiger's."

And, bending nearer, she whispered her scorn of youth whose passion melted not the price of its wares.

"Like a stricken man, he stood, the lips pale with love, the eyes like fire. But a fire that guards the purse, Elena, as the flaming sword of the angel the gates of paradise. Bah! Such passion! For ten minutes his eyes drown in the beauty of Gemma, and then he asks thirty dollars for a foot. Such desire is like the flame of one small candle, without heat."

"It is as thou sayest," agreed the other, and then, slowly, a light began to gleam in her eyes, her lips drew



close. Twice she nodded before she spoke again, this time so close that the words stirred the tiny gray curls about La Nonna's ears. "Ecco, compatriot, we, born in the old land, understand not such love; but—I have married three men, Filomena, and many things have I learned. One man of Abruzzi I took, one of Piemonte, and one born in Pittsburgh, also with the love at first—like a little candle. But it is possible, even with the flame of one small candle, to light a great fire. I know."

La Nonna shrugged.

"One must blow very long and very hard, and I have neither the time nor the wind."

"I understand," whispered Elena, softly; "but I, compatriot, have much time, also much wind. For a small consideration, between friends, I can blow like the terrible wind in that State of Kansas."

For several moments La Nonna did not answer, then from the capacious pocket beneath her skirt reluctantly she drew forth a thick purse.

"One dollar and a half he asks for a finger, friend?"

"One dollar and a half for a finger of poor wax. For the best wax of the Abruzzi, two."

Slowly, La Nonna drew two bills from the purse and handed them to Elena.

"Blow hard, compatriot, for that foot is indeed of finest wax and cheap at thirty dollars in these days."

"Like the sirocco," whispered Elena, and broke off quickly, for at the end of the pew Gemma stood waiting.

"The foot is rested, *cara*? We make now the pilgrimage?"

"Nay, nay, little one; it is much worse. May the Blessed Mother for-

give that to-day I cannot keep the vow. Perhaps to-morrow. But now we return to the house."

Assisted by Elena, she rose and, leaning upon Gemma, motioned to a side door.

"This way, child. I wish not to hear the cries of those robbers, or see the fortune of others, lest envy enters again the heart."

So it was that, ten minutes later, when for the third time that day Elena came again to the booth of Tony, he no longer glared and ordered her away. Instead, he stood gazing upward toward the great door, longing, dreading, praying for one more glimpse of Gemma.

"Art sick, Tony?" she cried anxiously when at last he turned his eyes dull with misery upon her. "Why, the eyes are empty like the eyes of the dead, and the lips white like linen."

"Ecco, Elena, with a terrible illness, with a fire that burns the body like the flame of hell, and a pain like many knives."

"Hast had the doctor, Tonino mio?"

"The doctor! Is it to quench the fire of a city with one drop of water? No man can cure this illness in the heart. Would that I were ill with a mortal illness, with the black plague, with smallpox, with—"

"So," murmured Elena—"so thou, too. There is only one sickness like that. Would that I were again young to burn with that fever! I know. I—"

"No, no, no," cried Tony, "neither thou nor any other can understand. Since the beginning of time no man suffers as I, for no man is tormented by such beauty."

"Thou art young, Tony, and I am old. I have lived many years and seen many things. There is much beauty in the world, my son. There are many—"

"Silence! It is a blasphemy. In all the world there is none like her. Eyes like stars on a summer's night when the air is heavy with the smell of roses; hair like the darkness of a deep wood; the lips—the throat—*Madonna mia!*"

"It is true," whispered Elena; "thou art right. There is much beauty, but none like the beauty of Gemma."

"Gemma! Is that the name? Gemma—Gem—ma!"

Elena drew back a little.

"Is it not of 'the unknown' thou speakest? She whom Filomena, the midwife—"

"Who else?"

Elena leaned to him, both hands outstretched.

"Then indeed thou art fortunate, Tony, for men go mad in Little Italy for love of her. Thou hast won the most beautiful—"

"Won her! Never once have I touched the hand or heard the voice, although only one half hour ago she was there close, and it was like to be on another planet. Guarded by that old cat Filomena, who comes to beg that I give her a foot, she—"

"And thou didst give the foot, Tony?"



"Give the foot? An imported foot of finest wax!"

"*Ai*, what a country!" sighed Elena. "It squeezes love from the heart as the press crushes oil from the olives. The 'old cat' comes to ask a small bone, and you chase her away. Knowest not that the little one worships La Nonna, and that the key to the heart is kindness to *her*? For one foot of wax thou wilt give into the arms of another the beauty of those lips? Perhaps even now, *Pepe*—"

But already Tony was wrapping the foot in tissue-paper, cursing his stupidity, beseeching heaven to withhold its just punishment until he could reach the house of La Nonna. When the foot was finally tied with narrow green and red ribbon, he held it out to Elena.

"For a moment, while I close the booth. To-day there are many robbers, and I trust no man."

And so quickly did he run up the boards that it was almost closed when Elena laid one hand in sympathy upon his shoulder.

"It hurts the heart, Tony, that I cannot stay and guard the stall for thee, but I have in the finger such a terrible pain and only the prayers for medicine. So I return to the church to—"

Through the opening of the last board Tony reached, snatched a hand, and thrust it toward her.

"May the blessed Mother relieve thy suffering!" he mumbled, snapped the board into place, padlocked it, and hurried away.

At Tony's knock Gemma opened the door.

"*Donna Filomena*?" Tony managed to mutter between dry lips.

"Who comes?" cried La Nonna; but already Tony was across the threshold, moving to her, the package in his hands.

"One thousand pardons, signora, that I venture this great freedom to come to the house, but thou didst go so quickly, before I had time—" His trembling hands tore at the paper, and the foot gleamed softly yellow upon the table.

"Oh," cried Gemma at last—"Oh, *Nonna mia*, a miracle!"

"In—truth—a miracle," murmured La Nonna, and hobbled to the table. It was the same foot, delicately shaped, of purest wax. Balancing it upon her left palm, with her right she caressed the cool smoothness, while Tony gazed, lost in happiness, into the eyes of Gemma smiling upon him.

Nor did he turn his eyes until La Nonna, the foot pressed against her breast with her left hand, as if she could not bear even for an instant to lose the soothing contact, was before him, holding her right to him.

"Never can I thank thee; never. But many prayers will I offer each day for thy happiness, and Gemma also. And when Felipe comes—"

"Felipe!"

"*Ecco*. Felipe, the grandson of my beloved sister, who lives still in the old home at Santa Marta."

"He comes here—here—to live with you?" Tony murmured.

"Most surely." La Nonna laughed at the blush that swept Gemma's face. "He comes next week on *L'Italia*, and if it were possible, he would have flown. For the great ship goes slow when it brings a husband to the arms of a young wife, and it is now two months since they have kissed."



# The Real Revolt against Civilization

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER



Much has been written lately about the rising tide of color against white-world supremacy, and the revolt of the under man against Western civilization. We have long thought that a deeper revolt against Western civilization is under way—a revolt that is inspired not so much by a hatred of the white man's power as by an utter disbelief in the white man's philosophy of life. If there is such a revolt, we should know about it. Mr. Peffer is an American who has become thoroughly Easternized, and his paper is the soul of the East become articulate. We may differ from him in many details, but we cannot read his paper without being shaken out of our complacency, our greatest besetting sin.—THE EDITOR.

THIS latter-day self-consciousness about civilization is a good enough sign in itself; better yet that it is cast somewhat in the mood of depression. Even the dawning of the suspicion that the Hebrew-Christian morality-idealism is not the last revelation, that God in His unfathomable purpose may have had some higher design for the scheme of things than the Henry Fordization of all life everywhere and always, and that the battle-ship, the missionary, and the commercial traveler are not His agents direct, or quantity production His highest manifestation—all this is promise of the white man's coming of age, a suggestion of growing pains. The promise were a little less dimmed, however, and the sign a little clearer, if it were of such stuff alone that our melancholy were made. But it is not. Our melancholy is only in slight measure inward turned.

There is this flood of literature on civilization, for instance, and it is indeed a literature of melancholy; but the melancholy is tinged with other

elements. Thus the white peoples are pictured as awaiting doom and the non-white peoples as preparing to swarm over the barriers; wherefore, it follows, civilization will pass from the earth, and darkness enfold us again. Or, according to another school, from God's substratum are rising sinister, mephitic non-Nordics to embase our Nordic purity and make us, as the ancient Greeks, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Hindus, and the Chinese, dwellers in barbarism. Of such is our melancholy, breathing a sadness that is not a little satisfying.

Now, it is patent even to him who runs about the continents on Cook's tour schedules, making notes for magazine articles and books as he runs, that new currents are galvanizing the masses of non-white peoples all over the world. In the Far East, in India, in Africa, in Turkey, and in the whole Near East the native races are responding to these stirrings. They are indeed becoming self-assertive, restive, even threatening. You get the key to the meaning of most of this, however,

when you observe that these are also subject peoples or at least imperialistically exploited peoples. I mean to say that in so far as there is any hostility to the white nations, it is against them not as white people, but as conquerors guilty of political and economic abuses. It is a nationalistic movement for independence but little different from the historic anti-German, anti-Austrian, and anti-Russian hostility of the Poles or the anti-Austrian hostility of the formerly dependent Slav nationalities. It is political, not racial; defensive, not aggressive, and I see no evil portents therein unless, of course, we mean to continue playing the bully and allowing no choice but fight to the death or enslavement.

The political explanation alone is not sufficient. There is another factor, seen in its most dramatic form in the Gandhi movement in India, but also existing elsewhere. It is the spreading disenchantment with white superiority, the superiority of Western civilization. A reaction has set in against the blind worship, the avid imitation, and the gulping of everything Western just because it is Western that had characterized the younger generation of the colored races. The reaction had begun at least a decade ago, longer ago in India, but was caught up, given form, and articulated by the World War. The war revealed the West naked of pretenses. It marked a turning-point in the attitude of the non-white peoples toward the white, and therefore in the relations between them. There is now not only skepticism, but affirmative criticism of the Western system; a cry for the arrest of its advance, though simultaneously with increasing Westernization, for reasons to be discussed later.

Even this feeling is not anti-white or racial at all. It is against the concept of life we have brought into the world and insist on spreading. It is a challenge to our civilization and not a threat, and a challenge not to a test of strength, but to a comparison of merits. If our magazine- and book-writing Cassandras cried their unhappy auguries out of fear for the outcome of such a test, there would be no quarrel with them. As I have said, that would be a sign of health. But they do not. Their whole case is therefore vitiated and, in fact, is productive of more harm than good, since it misleads thinking into wrong channels and falsifies the issue. You cannot discuss civilization intelligently or profitably—and at this stage, before we drive any further with economic and cultural imperialisms, it is necessary that we do take stock—if you beg the question or if you do not see that there is a question. You cannot discuss civilization at all unless you ask first, What is it?

## § 2

What is civilization? For the purposes of this discussion one need not go into anthropology, sociology, philosophy, or metaphysics. In this connection what is implied always is Western civilization. What, then, is Western civilization? What, concretely, does it signify? If the Western peoples were suddenly and miraculously removed from the planet, what would be withdrawn out of life; or, if they never had existed, what would be missed out of life? What is it that has distinguished Western culture from that of other peoples? If a Chinese should say, "What is it you have that is superior to ours, that we need, and

that it is worth giving up our own for?" what answer should be made?

Science, of course; scientific discoveries and their application to production through inventions and machinery. Science first and principally; secondarily, because abstract and of smaller influence in men's lives, Christianity. When these two are stated, the contribution of the Western world is stated, Western civilization is stated. All else—art, literature, codifications of conduct, philosophical systems, all the refinements of life, in short—older cultures had, too, and still have; it might even be argued successfully that theirs is superior. There is the distinction, then, only of the stupendous material superstructure built with steam and steel and electricity. This distinction and the ascendancy it gives date only from the industrial revolution, say a century and a half ago; that fact must never be overlooked. Up to that time the white race, measured even by material standards, was backward, as one can find in two hours' reading of the travels of the first European visitors to the East, notably Marco Polo, and the accounts of contemporary conditions in Europe. By comparison with the cities of China in such matters as roads, pavement, cleanliness, sanitation, imposing buildings, fine shops, and business organization, European cities were rude and primitive.

Here it may be recalled in passing that the span of life has been long, and that there is no reason why man and his works should be judged only from 1800 A.D. to 1921. God, when taking the balance for His creation, conceivably begins at the beginning. One is not unjustified in assuming that if He ever grades the different branches of

His creation on the basis of their achievement through all time, He will place the white lower than the yellow and the brown, and higher only than the black. We Occidentals are all too absorbed in the now. Plitudinous, this, of course; but the platitude is one of which the premise of every action of white nations and every postulate of Occidental thinking is oblivious, as witness missionary endeavor, imperialism, and international finance and commerce.

We are absorbed in the now and also in things. Science is a word, so is progress, so is efficiency. Translate them into meaning. The material superstructure is stupendous, and its processes are gigantic, but put against it the question, To what end? Test it from the view that life values must be measured not only by size and volume, but also in content. What, then, is its meaning?

One night shortly after my return from the Far East I was dining in a Japanese restaurant in New York in an old brownstone house in the decayed West Fifties. The food was Japanese, served by Japanese waiters in the chaste red-and-black lacquered bowls and trays, the simple things to which the Japanese can give so much of beauty. All was Japanese, even the guests, all except the physical surroundings—the gilt and gingerbread woodwork and flowered wall-paper of an earlier elegance, and in one corner a radiophone ceaselessly droning facts and speeches, broken suddenly by a vaudeville number, a whistling solo.

I imagined myself sitting there with an elderly, cultivated Chinese of the old régime, one new to mechanics and modernity, and knowing only the tranquillity and leisureliness of the East,

where time and space have not been annihilated by invention. It might as well be a Japanese, a Hindu, or an Arab; I say Chinese only because I know China better. I imagined myself trying to make him understand the significance of the radiophone and that solo, to make him understand the glory of the conquest over nature, whose highest triumph is this, that through the atmosphere and across all space there might be brought to us as we sat there, "I 'm Just Wild about Harry," whistled. I saw myself trying to explain to him why it was worth while pulling electricity out of the clouds and harnessing waterfalls, grid-ironing the fields with railways and blackening the sky with smoke, making the air and the bowels of the earth highways, penning men up in bleak factories away from sky and growing things, driving them at fiendish pressure in big industrial cities—to explain why all this was worth while in order that we might hear jazz whistled through the air. And if he said to me: "But all these prodigious achievements, this harnessing of all nature to man's driving, the railroads and fast steamers and aëroplanes and high buildings, and now this last miracle whereby man's voice can leap oceans and continents in converse, is this their fruit—the whistling of a vulgar tune? By what is life enriched out of all these giant processes of supermen?" If he had said that to me? For him who would take up the brief for progress it is necessary first to answer that question.

Granted, as no doubt it will be said, that the radio is still in its infancy, and that it has wonderful potentialities—and all the other things generally said on such a subject. Granted, but the

radio is not unique, nor is "I 'm Just Wild about Harry" so inaccurate a symbol of the results of progress. However, it may be fairer to take the machine age at its highest. Let us take it, then, according to our own valuations, as determined by our own choice of the boons we are most eager to hand on to others, by forcible conversion if necessary. There are universal education, sanitation, representative government, and the press, all distinctive products of industrialism, all but sanitation existing purely by virtue of rapid communications.

### § 3

Universal education, then. But where is there universal education? Where has there ever been universal education, or even education for the majority, or for more than an infinitesimal minority? I do not mean literacy. I am not confusing the two. There is no more fatuous and common fallacy in our thinking than that illiteracy and ignorance are synonymous and that a man who cannot read and write necessarily cannot have more of wisdom, a surer perception of the relation of fundamentals, and a keener discrimination between truth and error than one who can read and write. No man could know peasant Russia or peasant Italy or China or Japan or India and suffer that delusion. Given a human situation, I should as soon trust a group of illiterate Chinese rustics to find a decent and intelligent solution as a group of Colorado high-school-graduate business men. Or Harvard alumni, for that matter. I mean education, then, not literacy.

This that passes in America for education is only literacy. There is no education yet. Neither a science nor

a philosophy of education has been worked out. One finds reading, writing, ciphering, the mechanical stuffing of a vast mass of facts unrelated to one another, and a rigid body of dogma forever indurating the mind against new ideas or a new outlook. Judged not by the complexity of its processes and the number of units it handles, but by the quality of its product, it is as the laboring of mountains. It has borne better bond salesmen, advertising writers, and organizers. It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that the main result in America of the educational system and of the press and similar means of communication as well has been to make more easy the implanting of prejudice and the recruiting of popular bigotry and to increase the striking power of the mob. If I were a Hindu Machiavelli with sinister designs for the control of my people for my own ends, I should first introduce the Occidental educational system and establish a press. No other machines could so effectively facilitate the regimenting of the nation for my purpose.

I am not, of course, making the stock argument against education. I am not repeating the dicta of Tories and imperialists that education only unfits the masses for their station in life and makes them discontented. There is no higher good than education. To realize it a people are justified in remolding their whole society. Nor can it be realized without a remolding of society, because schools everywhere are impossible without easy intercommunication of persons and ideas, which in turn is impossible without mechanization. I am only saying that there is no education and there are no educated men excepting always the minority

that there is everywhere. I am only saying that literacy is not worth the price. To produce a generation educated in the manner of the Americans or the English of the present generation is small return for so heavy a social outlay. And whatever may be the truth for our own people, who have no choice but to go ahead and make literacy a foundation for education, certainly I should say that for China and similar countries to adopt an educational program such as ours and produce a generation such as ours would be a monstrous calamity. Better, far better, the Chinese or Hindu or Turk peasant who now holds a newspaper wrong side up. Far better that than to take the same peasant and at a tremendous social cost teach him to read Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Anatole France, the Apostle Paul, and Aristotle, and absolutely misunderstand them; or, if you like, to read the yellow journal and the success magazine and propaganda and also misunderstand them, though in an opposite direction. Think of the children of four hundred millions in China and three hundred millions in India doomed generation on generation through all time to recite the footnotes on Venus sprung from Jupiter's brow, "Phœbus 'gins arise," and "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee"! Think of fastening on them forever and ever the pompous jargon of political economy! To American missionaries and others similarly engaged I wish the most colossal failure.

The same principle applies to railways, steamships, and other means of travel. There, too, it is necessary to judge not by complexity of process and units handled, but by the product. I do not see why wisdom or enjoyment



or the higher life is in any way proportional to distance covered or speed. The unseeing eye and the insensitive imagination comprehend as little in a hundred thousand miles as in a hundred. The seeing eye, the sensitive imagination, and the pliant mind comprehend more in a hundred thousand than in a hundred, but they are not dependent on distance. It was not impossible to travel nor was communication non-existent before A.D. 1800. The difference is only in speed and ease. Does one who has visited a hundred cities understand them a hundred times as well or even one city twice as well as one who has seen five? And has he assimilated more who travels sixty miles an hour than one who travels six miles? Consider the Sunday motorist. Consider the American tourist. Or ask whether ease of travel and the wiping out of distance have made for a greater mutual understanding among peoples. If anything, hostilities have been exacerbated. A good case might be made for the proposition that the facilitation of communication has been the greatest single factor making for war. Especially is this true when international trade is considered.

I need not carry out the same analysis and the same argument therefrom through the other variations on the theme of progress. With respect to the press, the same is true as of education. We now have news; the world is brought to the breakfast-table. But what news, and put to what purpose? We now fly. We travel even faster than by railway and motor-car, and drop bombs or advertising literature over cities. We telephone and telegraph and use wireless to transmit what is taught in schools and printed

in the papers. We have multitudinous publishing organizations issuing between boards what is printed in the papers and magazines. We have representative government whereby the suffrage of the people places in power the oligarchic groups who also wielded it before representative government. We have neither greater depth nor greater variety nor more understanding nor a wider play for the faculties. We have endless repetition with bedazzling speed. I think this simile not inaccurate as a comparison between life in the fifteenth century and life in the twentieth, or between the life of a modern native on the banks of the Ganges and the life of a modern native on either shore of the Atlantic. The Hindu on the Ganges describes through his life a circle with a certain diameter and circumference slowly once, and then dies; the New-Yorker travels the same circle, with the same diameter and circumference many, many times very rapidly, and then dies. The same circle exactly!

To the industrial system must be credited as beneficent the elevation of material standards. Sanitation, public cleanliness, the combating of disease by prevention and remedy, hospitals, control of epidemics, prevention of famine and flood, have been made possible by industrialism. They could not exist without industrialism. Without high technological skill and complicated machinery there could not be sewers, and the character of modern life has been shaped by sewers more than by schools and churches. Not without point has it been said that the white race has surpassed others only in music and plumbing. I do not minimize what has been gained by plumbing and cleanliness and the conquest of

disease; they constitute an unmixed good. The only question that may be raised against this good is whether a people may not pay too much for comfort and cleanliness and health. As fatuous as the confusion of illiteracy and ignorance is the platitude that "cleanliness is next to godliness." That is nonsense. The two have no relation whatever unless it be that they both make for extreme self-satisfaction. Athens was filthy, without sewers and drains and bath-rooms; its population more nearly approximated His image than Detroit's. It is instructive to read conventional travel literature and calculate the proportion given to description of the slovenliness found in "native" places, and weigh the solemn deductions made therefrom. No deduction can be made except that different environments breed different habits. I myself sometimes find the grime and stench of China unendurable, and luxuriate now in New York bath-rooms. From that is proved nothing at all except that I was reared an Occidental of this generation and have formed certain habits. Nothing is proved with respect either to China or America except that my habits are not provided for in China. It would be the crassest egotism to call China inferior for that reason. I should add that I should rather live in Peking, thrice as filthy, because it is interesting and touched with beauty and romance, than in New York, clean, because it is ugly and dull and blatant.

Just as sanitation is a good, so is the larger production of wealth and the saving of labor by machinery. Not only the filth and squalor of the East are appalling; it shocks no less to see the tragic waste of time and labor and the pitifully small return. There is

something inhuman at first in the sight of men harnessed as draft animals and women bent under torturous burdens and little children plodding at the work-bench. Sixty coolies stagger back and forth a whole day carrying from godown to wharf a load that an automobile truck could deliver in an hour. A farmer slaves all day in the rice paddy doing what an agricultural implement could do in thirty minutes. Housing is primitive. No American farmer who pays cursory heed to his agricultural journals quarters his poultry or his hogs so meanly. Food is scant. For millions the line that shades off into starvation is always in sight. Formal amusements and organized opportunities for recreation are almost non-existent. There is only what can be drawn from one's own resources and from nature. No automobiles, no schools, no telephones, no movies, no electric lights, no libraries, no Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums, no vacuum-sweepers, no canned foods or fireless cookers—no modern improvements at all. Exception is made, of course, for the few semi-modernized cities where foreign traders have come and brought in elements of Westernization.

You go from this to a small town in California or Kansas or Connecticut, and you find a new world, a visibly fairer world. Certainly the factory has created a standard of living undreamed of by even the possessing classes two centuries ago. What were exotic luxuries are now necessities even for the poor. Labor has been made physically easy, and working hours are short. For the resulting leisure there is a multitude of employments. The slums have their moving-picture theaters and radiophones. A hovel has its running water and electric light. The

ditch-digger can learn in the morning what Poincaré said at the reparations conference in Brussels a few hours before, what the Prince of Wales wore at the Ascot race meeting, and what Mary Pickford thinks of psychoanalysis and the Einstein theory. There are wealth and ease and comfort and health and a wide variety of interests. Is not the machine a gift of God? Truly, is this not a better, higher, fuller life?

#### § 4

Materially, yes. In quantity of things possible of acquisition, undoubtedly; but one may legitimately question whether it is in yield of happiness. Happiness is too intangible, too much a matter of definitions, for dogmatic statements or even rigid convictions; but it is proper to question whether the Oriental at his harsh labor and in his primitive home and without organized amusements or modern improvements does not derive as full a satisfaction as the American shopkeeper and factory worker. If he works hard and long, his work is not deadening. He is a craftsman, not a tender of machines. He makes something in which he can express himself. He does not spend his life turning one screw a thousand times a day, always the same screw, the relation of which to the finished product he does not know or care to know. His pace is not forced by a thing of steel driven by a power he cannot see. He has a personal relation to his work, his fellow-workers, and the product. He chats as he works, takes a cup of tea, stops to regard the passing excitement in the street, or greet a friend or to reprimand his children, his workshop being also his home. If he has not so

much leisure measured in hours, he has more of leisureliness. He has not the harried, glowering look seen on faces in American cities. He smiles easily. He is not ridden by the childish ideal of efficiency. If he can play at his work, as Americans cannot, also he does not work at his play, as Americans do. He does not need a multitude of sensations to stimulate him or give him enjoyment. He takes his ease at a little tea-shop, listening to a professional tale-teller, or in the temple courtyard gossiping with his cronies.

He does not, it is true, hear jazz whistled to him across mountain-ranges and rivers. He does not go to association luncheons. He has no civic spirit, expressing itself in braggart slogans. He can dine with four or more of his fellow-men without listening to a speech. He does not make a great show of hurry. He does not make a vast expenditure of energy to maintain elaborate organizations that are needed to maintain other elaborate organizations which are needed to maintain other elaborate organizations that create an artificial demand for needless commodities, the complicated American game of playing house that can be continued without end only because everybody agrees to make believe as seriously as everybody else. He is under no obligation to be optimistic. He suspects "he-men," chest-thumpers, and back-slappers. When you have seen one of his cities you have not seen them all; he does not model the street of his little hamlet in imitation of the metropolis. He does not have inspirational magazines and syndicated features. He does not say the same, do the same, think the same, feel the same as every other human being in his land. He has not been

regimented, and his life has not been standardized, stratified, dulled, and ironed out of every element of individuality until he is one pea in a huge, globular pod differing from the other peas in curvature, form, and external variations, but identical with them in flavor, taste, and texture. His life, in short, is not everything that life in America is, everything that the Menckens, Sinclair Lewises, and the young American *émigrés* in Paris inveigh against.

It is both pertinent and logical here to take issue with the whole Mencken school. All that they say is true, tragically true, and equally illogical. But they have leveled the indictment against the wrong offender; they have not even recognized the offense. The America of to-day—its monotony, tastelessness, vulgarity, and mob dictatorship—is not the product of a unique American race stock or race spirit. It is the product of the machine age, the inevitable product. America to-day is the England, France, and Italy of fifty years from to-day. It is what it is fifty years before them because it did not have to overcome the arresting power of a long tradition and implanted social forms. Here mechanization could establish itself unresisted, and America is the product, the inevitable product, of the machine age. You cannot have machinery without quantity production. You cannot have quantity production without standardization. You cannot have standardization of all material adjuncts of life without standardization of thought, opinion, conduct, and morals. When the first tie was laid for the first mile of the first railway, the road was started that ends in Rotary—in this or any other continent. The young

gentlemen who assuage themselves in the Americanized Latin Quarter in Paris and write sadly, but mordantly, to the American liberal weeklies can still their vituperations or vilify the proper evil. What they fled from in Denver and Dubuque will be also in Paris, London, Florence, and Constantinople.

### § 5

For the material benefits brought to mankind through industrialism there have been compensating evils. Every material good has had its price. The price may be too large for the good, it may not. Every man will reach his own decision by his own method of argument and according to his own temperament. My own belief is that it is too large. If I were a Hindu, a Turk, an Egyptian, a Chinese, or a Siberian, I should inoculate my social system against industrialism as I should against the plague. What has been paid for material benefits I have been trying to suggest: absorption in quantity and size, outraging of instincts by the fierce drive of machinery, standardization, the drugging of personality, and the slaying of beauty.

If these were all, a good case might yet be made for industrialism. Tranquillity, too, has its price. It is possible to be too sentimental about the romantic and the picturesque. They carry with them poverty, superstition, subjection of women, a ruthless struggle for existence, enslavement of all the energies to meet elemental needs, expenditure of effort in mere physical drudgery, and tragic human wastage by flood and famine and plague. Life in the industrially undeveloped lands is no Elysium either. In favor of the industrial system there must be ar-

rayed its potentialities; it is yet in its earliest stages. There is, however, still a greater price exacted by industrialism.

Modern science has affected life in two ways, in greater production of wealth by machinery and in greater destruction by war. In which it has been more efficient is at least questionable. Not only have there been created more instruments of war and each made more deadly, but the area of war has been extended, and the advantages to be gained by war increased. Imperialism is the direct outgrowth of industrialism. There was conquest of nation by nation in the Middle Ages also. Then, however, conquest could be held only by actual physical possession, sturdier stock, and larger numbers. Now conquest can be attained at long range by navies and financial penetration, and possession can be held by control of key ports, industrial centers, rail-heads, and supplies of raw materials. Improvement in communications has made the whole world the stake of those who can marshal the heaviest array of force, and the machine has made force more destructive.

The very newspaper records of the last twenty years, of the last twenty months even, are warrant for the question whether the one sure, clear result of the white man's discoveries in science will not be his extermination. The saturation point assuredly has been reached already. More, and the flood will engulf us. One more world war,—if it comes, it will be on a larger scale and more terrible in its destruction than the last,—and the white race will be left a fragment to huddle around its memories. There are potentialities in industrialism for greater good, as I have said; out of it may come a better,

more scientific, and more rational ordering of human affairs, and a liberation of energies from all lower forms of labor for finer pursuits. There are also its potentialities in armament and imperialistic rivalry. It is not unfair to say that the first proceeds by arithmetic progression, the second by geometric progression. Is it unfair to say that, as world forces are driving now, the chances are that the end will be suicide?

It is impossible to discuss Western civilization without heavily freighting this aspect. It is the aspect uppermost in the minds of the non-white peoples to-day. If there is among them a stiffening resistance to Westernization, if their more thoughtful elements are more outspoken in their criticisms of the Occidental civilization, they are being moved by this consideration. There is now more than a spiritual and philosophical reason for their distaste and their resistance to further Occidental encroachment. We are asking them to take not only Rotary, but suicide. It is bitterly ironical that now, when we are in a fair prospect of being slain by what we have created, we come to the races that have gone their own way contented and say to them, "Take this thing of ours, this thing of horror; take it, or we force it down you with the bayonet."

The same considerations are leading also to the very opposite of resistance, as I intimated in the beginning. Westernize or be annihilated, is the warning of the times to many of the present generation among the colored races; the white powers respect only strength and force. Japan's history is their substantiation. Japan abandoned its own culture and adopted industrialism in order to develop militarism for self-

defense. Only when it became militarily strong was it freed of the abuses that had been laid upon it by the powers. Only since then has it been treated as an equal and with respect. Japan's history carries further in application. Now that it has saved itself by militarism, it is in equal danger with the white powers of being destroyed by militarism. It is in the world imperialist race for gain. It has already been drawn into one world war, though slightly. It is now sitting in European councils. The next time it will be drawn in altogether and share the common fate.

Yet another policy commends itself, obviously, out of these forces now at work. That is to wait; to do nothing, resist Western encroachment wherever possible, yield where necessary to avoid physical conquest, and await the outcome in Europe and America. If science does not bring suicide through war, it will be necessary to capitulate to it, whether its evils have been exorcised or not. If it does bring suicide, the problem has been solved automatically. Looked at objectively and with perspective, this solution has much to commend it. Possibly, as some of the Oriental thinkers believe, the white man has flung too bold a challenge in the face of nature; possibly he has overreached himself and sought to subdue forces that human powers cannot combat. The fate of Icarus may await him. If not, if science can be bent to the use of man, it will not pass from the earth even with white supremacy. Some of science has already been transmitted. It can still be taken up by peoples less activist than the white (less savage, also might be said) and less inclined to proselyting and conquest, and thus be

put to more humane uses and a slower, gentler development for the enrichment of mankind.

### § 6

The contribution of the white race has been twofold: primarily, science; secondarily, Christianity. And it has been as eager and aggressive in seeking to impose its religion as its science. It has been resisted in that no less firmly. More firmly, in fact, because there has not been so moving and practical a reason for capitulation to religion. The powers are more interested in the heathen's resources than in his soul. They would forgive his clinging to his own religion if they could get his resources. He does not, therefore, have to become Christian in order to withstand enslavement, unless, perhaps, he wishes to facilitate the finding of moral reasons for doing what he wishes to do.

Whatever may have been the part of Christianity in the internal life of the white race, it has worn a different visage to others. I think if a group of men representative of the cultured colored races were asked to give their outstanding impressions of the white man, with due allowance for the elasticity of generalization, they would say that he is brutal and that he is hypocritical. The brutality is born of his materialism, the hypocrisy of his religion.

Christianity the non-white world has not known; neither has the white world. It has known only Christendom, and Christendom has made of Christianity a useful and profitable asset. To the rigid and ungracious Hebrew morality Christianity appended as a code of conduct a set of ideals of pure unworldly beauty, rarefied and uplifted beyond

the world of human passions, more sublime than those of any other prophet or teacher. Their beauty has never been disputed by Oriental philosophers, or the desirability of their fulfillment on earth. It has only been said of them that they are unattainable, a view which can hardly be refuted. That they have never been put into practice goes without saying, and Christian peoples have never pretended that they were being put into practice or could be; in fact, any attempt to make any one of the ideals a reality has always been suppressed with all the organized force of society, and ruthlessly punished. None the less, Christians have always accounted it unto themselves for righteousness and regarded it as a mark of their superiority that they accepted these aspirations, even in pretense, and without any effort to make them a test of conduct. Hence the missionary's disparagement of Confucianism as unspiritual; that is, it sets up a code of conduct that is attainable by human beings. In other words, men are to be judged not by what they practise or even hope to make their practice, but by the sublimity of the ideals they write down, but do not pretend to follow or desire to be followed. And, more important, Christendom has always made this pretense of a profession of ideals an acquittal of its obligation to act even remotely in accordance with them. Having vocalized its profession of faith, it has paid the Divinity and religion their due, and been freed to prosecute worldly matters with a clear conscience. Out of some such process as this has grown the dualism of conduct and profession that are conceded to be the white man's distinguishing mark. And the accumu-

lative effect on character of generations of the play of such dualism, exerted through customs, habits, and social institutions, has been hypocrisy.

Taking the white man in his religious aspect and considering Judaism and Christianity together, as historically and theologically they must be, it may be said of the white man that he first went out to murder, pillage, and conquer in the name of God. He alone has organized that into a formal technique. (The Moslems took their inspiration and practice ready-made.) To Moses is the credit for first realizing the possibilities of organized religion as a nationalistic, political asset. Under his leadership and at his inspiration the ancient Hebrews went out not to slay the Philistine for nationalistic purposes, but in God's cause to subdue them that were against God. But the Jews have been paid out. When Christianity had made enough converts to commend itself to the attention of contemporary Roman statesmen, Old Testament strategy was taken over with Old Testament theology and legendry. And the Jews were paid out, and handsomely. And in latter years it has been to spread the only true religion and the only civilized civilization that the white man has gone faring forth into distant and undeveloped and rich, but heathen, lands. First the missionary, then the trader, then the diplomat, and when the missionary has been killed for going whither he was unbidden, the war-ship and the marine have gone in to defend the faith. And now when white Christendom has had its sway for these many centuries, and the close of a cycle seems to impend, what appears on the horizon? Japan. Christendom may be paid out yet also. And observe:

when Japan set out, as I have said before, to adopt Westernization and militarism, when it set out to look over the white man's civilization to take what of it was necessary for success, what was among its first steps? It invented a religion. It constructed Shintoism. And Japan now, too, as a reading of recent history shows, goes out to spread a faith. The Mikado is the vicar of Heaven, and Japan is God's chosen vehicle. It cannot be denied that a true spirit of comedy seems to hover over the universe.

I hope I may not be understood in what I say here as reflecting on missionaries or on the motive of their work. Their theology, their methods, and their arrogation to themselves of ultimate truth may be open to question, but they serve a cause and give themselves freely and bravely in the most arduous circumstances without thought of personal gain. Of how many human beings in the world can that be said? Also, I am not making any invidious comparisons between religions or necessarily condemning the effort to spread Christianity. I might even say that it is quite likely the adoption of Christianity would benefit the Oriental peoples. It would freshen their impulses and revivify their spiritual life, which doubtless they need. Their own religions exist now only in formalism, and are dead in the spirit. If I say this, however, I must also say that I believe in Buddhism or Confucianism for Europe and America, and for exactly the same reason. What relation has Jewish dietetic ritualism to the ten commandments and the teaching of the prophets, what relation has the life of London or New York to the

sermon on the mount? Not only Oriental peoples need freshening of impulse and religions that live in the spirit.

To the whole argument I have made the obvious and most weighty refutation is that it is academic and futile. Industrialism has come and conquered. Its march is irresistible, the inexorable process of evolution. There is no turning back ever, and comparisons are vain, whatever they may reveal. The other races have yielded in part; they must yield altogether, willingly or as slaves. The latter may be true, but I do not think it so certain as surface tendencies indicate. Of the economically backward peoples those with the most marked cultural identity have much sturdier powers of resistance than is commonly believed. The power of passive resistance alone is underestimated by Occidentals. Even if it be true that they must yield willingly or under compulsion, that states a question and not a conclusion. Which of the two it will be is, I think, the most important question confronting the world now. On the answer turn the future relations of the white and colored races, and whether there will be peace or recurrent wars in the next hundred years. The question is for the white nations, the great Occidental powers, to answer. But the question cannot be intelligently faced or an intelligent answer reached as long as we obscure our minds with the self-delusion that ours alone is the way of light, that there is no civilization but ours, and that resistance to our concept of life is blasphemy or barbarism. The practical implications of this I shall take up in a succeeding article.







## Faint Perfume<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel in Four Parts—Part III*

BY ZONA GALE, AUTHOR OF "MISS LULU BETT," ETC.

WOODCUT BY BERNHARDT KLEBOE

FOR a time that night mama lay in her bed and was wakeful. She felt complacent, exultant. Dear little boy! But she was too old.

Her door was pushed open. Richmiel came in, her padded robe smelling of her perfumes. She sat on the edge of the bed. Mama's arms went round her.

"Dearest—"

"What is it? Tell mama."

"There 's another reason why."

"Another reason?"

"Yes. It is n't that I have n't enough, but—"

"I *thought* maybe he did n't give you as much as he should."

"Yes; yes, he did. It is n't that.

But perhaps I have n't been as wise as I should have been—"

"You refused it?"

"No; oh, no. I did n't refuse it. I took it, of course; it was mine, was n't it? Oliver's and mine. But, then, in New York I invested a little—I mean, borrowed and invested—"

"Reesha!"

"I 'm afraid I was badly advised. I held on too long. I did lose quite a bit."

"But California—"

"Oh, I 'm not a beggar. I 've enough for California. But I 'm thinking ahead. Oliver's education—"

"Of course his father is the one to 'tend to that."

<sup>1</sup>Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

"You really think I 'm right, Mama?"

"I think it 's much the best way for you, much the best."

"It is, is n't it? And you 'll try to make Tweet see it? I thought she—"

"What difference does it make what anybody thinks if you know you 've done right?" said mama, nobly.

"Darling little mama!"

"Dear lamb!"

In this whisper something lovely bound the two. Richmiel went away, trailing her fragrances, and in her flesh was freedom.

Mama thought:

"Every carpet in the house would have been worn to yarn by spring."

Oliver's tiny room was between Richmiel's and Leda's rooms. In the night Leda heard him sobbing. She herself had not slept. She had been looking into darkness toward a little well of light in her head where was Barnaby.

She rose, and found her way to Oliver's bed. He seized her, clung to her, wept, whispered:

"I thought if my daddy should go 'way!"

She held him, murmured to him. His body was shaken by his sobs; his hands were hot. Again and again he said:

"I thought if my daddy should go 'way!"

When she saw that she could not quiet him she led him to her room, wrapped him and herself warmly, sat beside the window in thin moonlight. But there it was cold, and she thought that his wild sobbing would wake the others. And she thought of their loud and terrible concern. The warm living-room and a picture-book presented themselves.

He went with her quietly, his clasp of her hand pathetically tight. The passage gas burned low. The trunk-room door opened. Grandfather Crumb stood at the end of the passage.

"What 's wrong?" he asked.

Oliver sobbed:

"I thought if my daddy should go 'way!"

There was somewhere a stir, and Leda held her breath lest there be loosed the naked anxiety of the Crumbs, roused from sleep. Hardly of Richmiel, but of mama, of Tweet, exclamatory, shrill, with no faculty for the casual, makers of drama in the night.

However, it was an upper door that opened, and the step was on the upper stair. With a broken breath Oliver ran forward.

Barnaby came down, grave, questioning. He was dressed and held a half-burned cigar. She loved his air of the casual, of participating in the expectable. He said nothing as his arms closed round the boy. Oliver nestled to him, murmuring:

"I thought if you should go 'way and leave me!"

Grandfather Crumb came tiptoeing up the passage. About his shoulders he had dragged an old army blanket. His terrible feet were bare. He thrust out a hand and shook it stiffly at Barnaby:

"Don't ye leave him! Don't ye leave him!" he muttered. "Don't you say so?" he demanded of Leda.

Barnaby's eyes questioned her. She stood pallid in her straight black gown, scarlet flowers embroidered on its sleeves.

"I think he will die if you leave him again," she said. She told how she had found him.

The four stood under the gas-jet in the dim whitish passage. They murmured not so much in deference to the sleep of the women as lest these should wake to their conversational violences. In the passage the four drew together, all in bondage of some sort to this house; as if the finer must be inescapably in bondage to the coarser.

"I 'm afraid he 's ill now," Barnaby said anxiously.

Leda asked:

"Shall I call some one?"

"No, for Lord's sake!" said he. Unabashed, he smiled into her eyes.

"I 'll take him up with me," he added; "I 've a good fire." He turned to Grandfather Crumb. "Dear soul! I 've arranged not to leave him for some time yet."

The old man faced about, as if his responsibility were ended, and padded back down the passage. Methodically, Barnaby transferred his attention to Leda, his incomparable attention which appeared to cherish every contact.

"You seem," he said to her gravely, "to be in place everywhere. Good night." With the boy in his arms he began to mount the stairs, tossing back: "You 're wonderful to him. I 've seen that."

She could say nothing; stood there for a moment dumb. As she heard his door close she closed her own.

Until dawn was in the room she lay awake. The pain was there, but unattended, like a flame in summer noon.

She bathed and dressed early and let herself into the street, a velvet corridor, new snow and early shadow, white boughs woven within an unearthly dusk. Here anything might happen. One might think and watch the thought come true. She felt a new technic of being.

She recalled the nascent sweetness of her former hours alone; it was as if that star had now swung near enough to declare itself a sun. She was permeated by Barnaby, interpenetrating, fusing. By the measure of her fineness she exceeded the experience of her kind; by her simplicities she was the more primitive. She noted, as of one apart, that her mind was almost in suspension. She had become an area of sensation, of song. She felt a new technic of apprehension, too. The sky, the country roads, were no longer surfaces; they were enfolding contacts. She ran in the snow, and felt both light and inexplicably heavy, glad and tearful. Laughter, tears, running, shouting, were not enough. There was more to do.

Returning in an hour, she entered the Crumb street and saw Barnaby Powers standing hatless at the gate, as if he had emerged, substantial, from her thought of him. She began to run again, unevenly in the now trodden snow, forced herself to walk, was keen to hurry away, faced him speechless, and at last heard herself asking for Oliver. And at herself she felt stark amazement. After her weeks of numb withdrawal, to be alive as she was alive now seemed a nakedness.

Oliver was still sleeping, Barnaby replied, and when she spoke of the beauty, yet thinking not at all of the beauty, he glanced about him with an air of query, and faced the growing glitter with the impersonal scrutiny of one in an unknown place.

"Is it? I see the outer beauty, but I 've lost—that other. Do you know? I mean my own relation to it. I mean—"

"Oh, that!" she murmured. "Yes, I know." Who did not know? That

inner correspondence to beauty had been lost to her, too, in those days at the Crumbs; but always it would return, as it had now returned. He must be wretched indeed if that had gone.

The clouds were low gray in many shining margins to the east. From these to the bright, dry down of the snow his glance swept. In any case, she thought, he was beautifully casual about being wretched, with a galantry to her feelings which touched her. He spoke almost idly.

"For years," he said, "I've not felt anything beautiful as clear sensation. I've looked at it only from the outside, as impression. Forgive me. You ask my attention to the universe, and I talk about myself."

She said:

"All one's universe is one's relation to it." And she was shot through with splendor when he asked:

"Do you mind my having observed that you appear extraordinarily related up with yours? You're seeing things here and now which I've lost the power to see and feel. I see line and mass, but their positives, their spirits, will have nothing to do with me."

Now that her own reality had returned upon her, she began to lose his. Her blind excitement in his presence was partly amazement at him. It was incredible that here, at the Crumb gate, some one should be talking to her like this. She looked hard at him. From his face, schooled, tired, marred, there yet peered a fiery, quenchless being.

She said:

"We're always running away from beauty, and being drawn back."

He lifted his shoulders, drew in a

breath of the cold, as if it could heal him.

"It's I who must get back," he told her, "and I seem to have lost the trick."

At the foot of the steps they paused in a shaft of light copper fallen from the east. She looked up at him mutely and thought:

"He's a god in a net. They've bound him."

"You have enormous power," he said abruptly. "I saw that last evening. I mean, you make me notice that we're divine beings. I don't know how you do that."

She said something flippant and was afterward wretched because of it. What an uncomfortable person, she said, she must be to have about! But he hardly heard her.

"I don't see how in the thunder," he observed sharply, "you come to be living here."

The house door opened. Mama stood there in the standard negligée and the white apron. In her preoccupation she offered no estimate of their appearance. She looked only at Barnaby and said:

"Oliver's awake. He's sick; he's crying for you."

## § 2

Richmiel's room was the Crumbs' "spare room." In this chaste domestic nest Richmiel had diffused a fragrance as of the Hörsel; sober lines were broken up by lacy garments in grotesque disarray. It was an odd place for a little sick boy.

Toward noon Leda entered that room. Mama was there, moving uncertainly about with a cup. Beside the bed was Barnaby, as he had been through the morning. Oliver was pale,

but more vivid than Leda had ever seen him. In sheer terror lest his father should leave him, some delicate mechanism had succumbed. But now he was better, was reassured, was to leave, if he was well enough, with Barnaby the following afternoon.

"I 'm going away with my father," he announced to Leda.

Mama fixed him, cup poised.

"And are you going to be a good boy?" she said.

Leda asked hurriedly:

"What shall I bring you from down town this afternoon?"

"Something for daddy," said Oliver.

They laughed, but mama asked:

"Where 's your manners?" and went out with her cup.

They were silent. Oliver was clinging to his father's hand. In the big brooding figure, elbow on knee and hand covering mouth, Leda saw without surprise that precise Barnaby whom she had in those days of expectation pictured; only his smoldering eyes were all for Oliver.

"An extraordinary relationship—fatherhood," he said abruptly. He went on, more to himself than to her—a kindling compliment: "I 'd like to have been the primitive man on whom it dawned that 'an unidentified act' was somehow responsible for the child on whom he looked. What bewilderment for him as he tried to understand! Discovery of life on the other planets is nothing beside it. Planetary life is expectable,—we 're fools not to take it for granted,—but that!"

"What?" asked Oliver, politely.

"You," said Barnaby. Now he looked at Leda. "A child feels so much nearer to his father than the father feels to the child. It's pathetic. A father is a poor detached cuss."

"Not you," Leda found herself saying.

"I was. I was till this appalling loneliness for him set in. But I 'm not sure *that* is n't three parts pure selfishness."

"No," said Leda; "you and he have something connecting you. I felt that last night."

"A kind of spiritual membrane—eh, dear boy?"

Oliver contributed that he had new shoes to wear when he went away.

"New everything," said Barnaby. "I feel new when I 'm with him. Everything else goes. Nothing else seems important."

"Nothing else is important," said Leda.

He smiled at her abstractedly.

"You," he said, "must be very important to every one who knows you."

Tweet entered. For some reason she tiptoed, a process which made her appear unpleasantly tall and irregularly contrived. She whispered, lifting her eyebrows as if for the purpose. She had, she said, brought something for Oliver.

"Aunt Tweet has brought you something nice—yes-s-s," with how many sibilants endowing her speech.

He looked at her languidly; he hoped that it was not food again. She unwrapped it, the paper rattling horribly, and disclosed a little painted duck having a squawk. She squawked it, so to say. Oliver wept.

"He 's in pain!" Tweet whispered, and ran tiptoeing to take the news that he was worse.

Barnaby gathered the boy in his arms. In his great strength he was more tender than a woman. It was too much to see that still, devouring tenderness. Leda rose.

"Don't go," he said gravely.

The door opened again. This time it was Richmiel. She ran in, dramatizing Tweet's news, stooped to the bed, cried, "My darling!" and touched him.

"You tickle!" Oliver shouted.

Her irritation at this Richmiel expended on Leda.

"I 'll relieve you now," Richmiel said rather grandly. "I 'll sit with my little boy." By the formality of her thanks she quite cut off Leda. Only in annoyance was a Crumb so scrupulous to the family. Leda closed the door on "Mama 's right here, Lover—right here."

The passages were dark. At the Crumbs' lamplighting was not a ceremony, lovely in its implication. Merely it was done or it was n't done. The lunette of glass above the front door showed faintly blue, the ground glass of the panels gray. In that delicate darkness proportion returned to the hall, and it attained to the beauty of the indefinite.

At the bottom of the stairs its voice seemed to speak:

"How 's the little feller? How is he now?"

"Better, Grandfather."

"I had summat for him—if he wanted it."

"Go up, Grandfather. Oliver would like that, you know."

"Who 's up there?"

"His father and his mother."

"Don't give 'em the same breath."

The voice manifested no more. He must have been sitting there in the darkness. She did not say, "Sit in here, Grandfather," feeling that there was too much of arranging everybody in that house.

She had an errand outside for Oliver, and, returning in half an hour, heard

mama and Tweet and Pearl safely laying the dining-room table; and she slipped into the living-room, dark save for a low fire. Invisible now the bars of the wall-paper which made of the room a cage. Blurred boundaries drew away, isolating a polished surface, a line of indeterminate color. The focal fire was as perfect as a temple fire. She tasted the lovely strangeness of early darkness in an ugly house.

As if the air were pricking with speech, another voice sounded, and some one rose from a hearth chair.

"Come and sit here. Ah, you did go for a walk. I came down to go with you."

"Oh," she said sharply, "I 'm sorry I missed that."

"This is better," Barnaby said.

He sat leaning forward, his hands loosely clasped, showing the blood in their veins. He was looking not at the fire or at the floor, but low in the air, as if at the feet of strangers. Abruptly the mystery of his breathing assailed her, the deep chest, the broad shoulders, moving like that over the intaking of life. This irresistible and importunate habit seemed suddenly to prove him godlike.

He was saying absently:

"Pity fire is n't human. How it would enjoy being human, would n't it?" She heard herself reply, "We can't spare it." And it was extraordinary how with a word like this they slipped into another place and closed the door. It was incredible, the intimacy established by this kind of speech in that house. For her, at his words, the gamut of being shared by them lay lightly revealed, stretching each way, curving upon itself—earth, air, spirit, and beyond. But perhaps,

after all, their intimacy was partly due to the pealing voices of mama and Tweet and Pearl, there in the dining-room and talking about salt-shakers.

Now they sat silent. The dining-room voices returned and retreated in a rhythm of their own. The fire failed, deepening the boundaries of shadow. It was an intense affirmation to sit there saying nothing.

Soon he lifted his look, a question in it; but was caught by her aspect and covertly watched her. She was so serene, so shining! He marveled at her, a normal human creature, yet with the poise and brightness and clarity of some other being. She felt his scrutiny, turned, smiled at him as one child smiles at another across the school-room. He thought, "Is she without sex? Then has she never reached it or has she transcended it?" He fell to speculating about the case of angels. "Perhaps they know something better."

He went back to his question.

"Do you know that it's quieter in any room when you enter it? Yes, I've noticed. If there are people there, you lower their emphasis. If there is no one there—well, it is the same. Objects must know you."

"That must mean low vitality. Nothing responds to me."

"The very highest vitality; something new. You tune folk differently. The only one in the house who is keyed with you is Oliver."

"Ah, Oliver. But he belongs to another kind of creature."

"Well," said Barnaby, and nodded, as if he were confirmed.

She thought that in his presence one became multiplied, arrived at more being. But she was afraid to tell him so; not afraid of him essen-

tially, but rather of his external and worldly self, the guest of that house.

Another silence, and from it he shot at her another question.

"You think I'm right to take the boy?"

"Oh, so right!"

"You don't feel that his illness was caused because he did n't want to leave his mother?"

"His illness came only because he thought you were going to leave him."

"If I could be sure of that—"

"But Richmiel says that he was so for days after you left him in Paris."

He averted his look of surprise, but not in time. She saw that this Richmiel had not imparted to him. Leda said no more of it.

Mama and Tweet and Pearl now reached a climax: voices flat, thin; emphasis arbitrary.

"Not like that, Mama. It looks so."

"I set table before you were born."

"Well, but now I *am* born."

"Your father always liked the way I set table."

"But you're not setting it for him."

Mama's voice broke.

"I'm thankful he can't know how you cut me." Dead for a decade, he was yet her defender. Abruptly Leda felt, in this constant reference of mama's, something winged.

Now, while the voices went on, Barnaby turned upon her that attention which seemed to take so exquisite an account of another.

"This morning I had the bad taste to ask you how you come to be living here."

As she answered, there was about her something terribly adult, as if time had overtaken her.

"Everything went—except neuritis.

They have taken me in until I feel well enough to work."

"But we've let you care for Oliver to-day. I'd no idea—"

"Please—I've loved it."

There was magnificence in his elision as he spoke of her relationship in that household and outrageously disregarded all else. "I wonder if you will be able to transcend it—I mean living here. You have power, but have you that much? Forgive me; don't answer that. What were you doing before?"

"Writing, but not very well."

"That's nothing to do with living. Where were you living?"

She told him. He said roughly:

"Can't you get out?"

She said that she was to go presently to Chicago for a week, that she was writing a little now, that she would be better by summer. He cut her short with:

"But you have the Almighty in your eyes. This that you're doing is n't enough. Can't you get out?" he asked again. The insistence was crude, deliberate, tender.

She was assailed by the wonder of being here with this man understanding. She forgot to answer, and sat silent, bathed in that adequate fact. The dining-room clock struck six, and she felt herself quite clearly there in the house as it would be when he had gone. She said brusquely:

"I wish for you and Oliver everything beautiful."

He answered curtly:

"Not so fast, please."

She thought that she had offended him by an impossible wish, as one offends who wishes a very old person many birthdays.

"Yes," she said earnestly, "it

will come to both of you—to you and to him."

"Please don't put so much farewell in your tone," he begged gravely.

Somewhere a door was opened, and a shrill voice of terror sounded:

"He's gone! My papa's gone!"

Barnaby rose, paused.

"You've given me a little while of rest—the first I've known—"

Her look met his mutely. He put down his hand, found hers, went.

Leda sat in that room which had witnessed the many ministries of the Crumbs upon her, playful rites, irritations. From the room some medium now separated her. Now also those marauding voices came blurred as in a more comfortable stir of preparation. In the room above she heard the tread of Barnaby. She caught the secret music of the house, had a starrier view of it, and in her there arose a sense of clear being. She felt able, she felt new. She had a fleeting impression of her essential self—the slow-breathing inner her.

She knew why. For all this was to be resolved into his words, "Please don't put so much farewell in your tone."

In the morning the Crumbs went off to church save Richmiel, who had sent for the Prospect hair-dresser; and Grandfather Crumb who, as Leda sat with Oliver at his late breakfast, entered and laid on the table a bright quarter. "A little summat," he said apologetically, and sat near the boy, head bent in attention, eyes given over to life. When Barnaby came into the room Grandfather Crumb cried, "How are you?" in a voice full and somehow modernized. These four were happy together.

When the dining-room clock struck



twelve, Grandfather Crumb rose stiffly, balanced, and went to the cellar "to split up a squash," he explained with his faint importance. The three sat silent, withdrawn to the sunny bow-window. But Leda had begun to be aware of dull blows—the recurrent thought that at three o'clock that afternoon all this would end. Switzerland—

Barnaby sat with his beautiful lusterless hand supporting his head, and his eyes, tranquil, impersonal, rested upon her. She knew that they were upon her and she was glad. Then she heard him speaking:

"You said something of Chicago."

"Yes."

"When?"

"Not for some days."

"If I stayed on in Chicago to pay a visit or two, would you let me know when you come there?"

It was spoken casually and as to a friend of years. It was so that she heard herself answering him.

### § 3

As if in coöperation, the February sun that day shone warm on melting snow. The air held spring, an inner perfume.

They all went to the station. On that barren platform of wet, red bricks, loud with junction traffic, certain rôles were presented. As:

"Is the blessed going away?" mama demanded, and played compunction, even felt emotion, too, that doubtful triumph of the not consummate actor. Above Oliver mama stooped in the tight wolf cape that papa had bought for her a generation ago, a curving hat over her lively wave, the youth in her incarnating a little more now that she was having her own way.

With his beautiful earnestness Oliver replied:

"Oh, yes. *Did n't* you know?"

"I wish he was n't going," said Tweet. Tweet's eyes were reddened, and in her face when she looked at Oliver there was beauty. She was in earnest and she was n't, for it was really a little girl with sashes that she wanted; yet she, too, gave signs of feeling her chosen rôle a bit too genuinely for art.

"You might have talked mama over if you had agreed to some responsibility in taking care of him," Richmiel brought out *sotto voce*, but with vigor.

"Don't regret it, Reesha," said Barnaby.

She replied:

"I regret nothing." It was impossible for any one else to catch the coldness of her glance; but when a Prospect group came by, Richmiel laughed up tenderly at Barnaby with a little *moue* and a sigh; acted the wife; aped the motions of one in a successful relationship, her veiled look at the Prospect group a master look of, "You see us." When Oliver asked her to button his glove, and she stooped to him, performed the service, touched at his collar, his cap, then it was as if from the child she caught something of reality and acted for herself alone.

The Gideonite, anxious to get away to a convention committee meeting, breathed *esprit*, said, "My stars!" clicked his watch. It was as if his only reality were this bright perpetual rôle of his. He had returned home early that morning for Sunday, for "the Sabbath," and had said: "I wish I'd known the little chap was sick. I'd have come home as tight as I could." He had not told what he would have done when he arrived, thus bursting in upon them, but his good-will was beautiful, his loose-lipped earnestness.

And now he had just presented Oliver with an antlered deer of felt, suitable to a child of lesser age. When Oliver told him facts in natural history regarding deer, "My stars!" was the Gideonite's keen reciprocal. Tweet said low and proud to Richmiel, "He 's always just exactly as you see him." And Richmiel murmured, "Incredible!"

Pearl, in calf-brown, her long arms functioning in locomotion, her gait betraying no goddess in her flesh— Pearl appeared to be in her usual unbroken struggle to present an effect of being a part of any scene in which she found herself. She played the rôle of playing a rôle.

"Why don't the danged train come?" demanded Grandfather Crumb, robustly. He stood peering up the track under his lean, bare hand. His gaunt body was cased in an overcoat of buffalo, perhaps the only one remaining in Prospect. "If you 're going, might as well go then," he shouted.

As if his strong willing had drawn down the train, it appeared. Already the moment held the connotation of a time past.

Leda looked little and cold, never less lovely. She felt the hand of Barnaby close over hers. For the first time she knew parting. About it there was no merciful sense of unreality; it was a terrible dilation of reality.

Four Crumbs grouped outside the car window, tried to talk through the double panes, called Oliver "Blessed"; but Richmiel stood apart, eyes inscrutably downcast. Occasionally she forgot, and looked toward the engine or appraised the strolling Prospect groups.

Leda was following Grandfather Crumb down the red bricks. She heard the car-wheels begin to turn.

She did not look back. She thought:

"It is possible that I shall not go to Chicago—that Alice Lebanon will not want me."

"It 's a hell of an old depot," said Grandfather Crumb, with wet eyes.

"If they repair it, they 'll never build a new one," Leda returned the trite Prospect phrase.

#### § 4

In the hall and living-room Richmiel's trunks yawned. And there were her beautifully colored belongings, and they so carelessly disposed that they lost the inadequate nature of garments and resumed the lovely estate of fabrics.

By a window Leda sat, sewing for Richmiel and watching for the post. The letter would have reached Alice Lebanon in Chicago three days ago.

"Cousin Leda is the one who ought to be going to California, really," mama observed kindly, kind to Leda at any expense of tact or the opportune.

"I may go to Chicago this week for a few days," Leda now said.

They clamored—Crumb clamor. What in the world was taking her to Chicago? The name of Alice Lebanon diverted them. They talked of her; an artist. Not much of an artist though, they opined, since she was said to paint only village pictures. And she was so queer! Did n't she get a job as janitor of her building for that old Prospect chap who had once had an eye shot away by a jealous husband and who for twenty years had been known as "Lover" Strong? That was all they wished to know about her.

"The woman was Effie Lumley," Tweet put in. "They say, since she 's a widow, Strong comes back and hangs

around there. But she won't look at him now that she's in mourning for her husband."

"Would your father have liked you to have anything to do with a woman of *that* stamp?" mama inquired confusedly, heavy black brows arched, head at one side and gently shaken.

"I don't know though," said Tweet. "Your father had one of Alice Lebanon's pictures in the parsonage parlor. But, then, he even approved of Barnaby."

Richmiel stood up among her beautifully colored belongings and said:

"Don't say 'Barnaby' to me. Didn't you notice how stodgy and deadly he's grown? And how he—"

To escape this Leda went to the passage to look for the post. And there was Pearl, moving uncertainly about, although the passage was chilly. She flushed, laughed, muttered something about a letter for the postman.

On the floor of the upper passage sat Grandfather Crumb. He had found there a rug of great thickness, known to Prospect as a "fluff" rug, and upon it he diligently polished his bright coins.

"Wait," he said when he saw Leda.

He toiled to raise the bulk of his splendid shattered body. Incautiously she put out a hand, felt his recoil, his repudiation.

"I can," he said with dignity.

In the gas-jet of that upper passage there was no burner, and the smoky stream of flame rippled and fluttered on his face, his impenetrable and intent face.

"You go to Chicago," he stated in some strong excitement.

"Yes, Grandfather. May I bring anything for you?"

He whispered:

"I want to go, too. I am going."

"Oh, but wait until it's warmer. Wait until—"

"No!" He was trembling. "I've got the money. Doctor says go. My eyes hurt me. Don't see good. He says go. I've got the money."

"You mean to see a doctor there?"

He fumbled in a pocket, brought out a paper.

"That one."

She divined that the family did not know or they would have talked of this daily. To suggest now that they should know would be a spiritual intrusion greater than her offer of physical assistance.

"I was going," he said with that faint importance, "but—kind of thought—be nice to have some company."

"It would be fine for me, too," she said now. "Yes, we can go together."

His face brightened beautifully. He said nothing.

"I'm so sorry about the eyes," she added. "You have just found this out?"

He mumbled, flushing:

"Might be six weeks."

She understood that he had dreaded to go alone, dreaded the loss of self-respect in asking any one to take him.

"We'll have a gay little trip in spite of the eyes," she said casually.

"We'll have tea somewhere together."

He settled his shoulders, nodded.

"Don't you tell them parrots I'm going, though."

She heard the lower hall door open, heard the voice of the postman. As she descended the stairs she stopped in fixed surprise. Duke Envers had stepped inside the hall door, had seized and kissed Pearl, who also seized and kissed him; and he was leaving in his own loud laughter.

Leda would have retreated, but Pearl came running up the stairs. When she saw Leda she laughed as if in vexation, said:

"Did you see that? *Is n't* he the worst?" thrust in Leda's hand the one letter which she carried, and ran on to her own room. She was breathing heavily, and her face was no less than irradiated with light.

"Pearl," Leda thought, "Pearl, too!"

It was with Pearl's emotion as much as with her own that her hands trembled as she opened Alice Lebanon's letter. It was written from a distant city. At its first words Leda saw her plan die and come to new birth. Alice Lebanon regretted that she was obliged to remain away over the Sunday, but she would return early in the following week. In the meantime would Leda not use the studio as her own? She was instructing the janitor to give her the key.

On a background of confusion below stairs concerning the finding of Richmiel's purple cloak the golden prospect sprang.

### § 5

The high, fireless room was in dusk. The green drugget caught late light from the sloping north window, gave to the room its only color; but the glass was warm with the scattered pink of clouds on a still lively blue.

At the summons on the door some tide of Leda's being literally changed rhythm; no physical current's recession, but a lovelier alteration. To its measure she crossed the room. But at the threshold waited only Strong, "Lover" Strong, the janitor, once of Prospect.

This man was enormous. Shoulders, chest, girth were those of Cyclops.

A black iris burned in his red face. The other eye was hidden by a leather patch, black, and as large as a saucer. It covered, too, the terrible furrows plowed by the powder about the socket. No one in Prospect had ever questioned the husband's right. The miracle, they said, was that "Lover" Strong had kept his bare life. Now he was forty. For twenty years the single act had defined him.

"Anything you want, Miss Perrin," he said, not as a question, but as one making an offering.

She greeted him whom since her little girlhood she remembered as a lonely figure on Prospect main street. He asked somberly about Prospect folk. When she told him that later Grandfather Crumb would be at the studio, the red face did not change, but the voice lighted. Mr. Crumb was a man with a heart, and might he see him "for a jerk" when he came in?

"Things are as usual with you?" she asked with her assent.

He answered:

"Eh, I 'm well used to living."

He went away with the tread of a land leviathan. She heard his great voice booming down a shaft. She thought, "He's a lion, trapped twenty years ago in a village as usually only women have been trapped." She thought of Tweet's words: "They say Strong still hangs round Effie Lumley since she's a widow. But she won't look at him."

Strong's appearance shadowed Leda's high spirit. Save for that shadow, she waited in a time stripped of externals. Her whole contact with life was now her momentary expectation.

Barnaby's step in the hall, his touch on the panel, lit her to shining life, as if some inner being arose in an experi-

ence of its own. As she opened the door, it was this being who shone in her.

They met without a word. Into each face came relaxation, as of two who have been running and have reached the goal, rest. They smiled, stood silent, withdrew their hands quickly, as if that contact were overshadowed by another contact.

He swung out of his coat, flung it away, emerged huge and animative. He was like a bell which has sounded and still gives out detonation. His seeking eyes, his large, nervous hands, the fabric and fold of the flawless clothes carelessly worn, had their appearance of an independent existence. He seemed more than one man, and his selves all incarnate. Yet he spoke like a little boy, looked up helplessly.

"I've been wretched. I've been certain you would n't get here."

"Nothing could have kept me away."

He scrutinized her almost as if she were unaware of him, and his "I beg your pardon" carried no conviction that he cared what she had said. He seemed not to need her words; rather to be feeding upon her voice. When she repeated them, he answered:

"That's Ajax—defying lightning. Life breathes once, and we're kept away for good."

And having taken first her voice and then her mere words, something of their meaning reached him. He cried:

"Oh, could nothing have kept you away, too?"

In their moment of silence she thought, "This is living as I've never known it could be." It appeared that she was no more concerned with his words than he was with hers.

At length he said absently and rather to himself than to her:

"I did n't think you looked like this."

"I really don't know that I do."

"But it's another face from the face I've been thinking of." He spoke as if it were understood between them that such had been his occupation.

"My poor face! Is it much worse than you feared? But don't bother with that unless you can tell the truth."

"You are in some way more. Principally you are different. You're probably magnified by every day. Some people are."

She weighed that and then recalled:

"Alice Lebanon used to say to me, 'You don't look like yourself *any* of the time.'"

This he did not hear either. He asked:

"You came down comfortably?"

She told him of Grandfather Crumb and his touching assumption of leadership. He would be there shortly; she had left him with the oculist, who was to order his cab. She said:

"When he's in town he's another being."

"He's free of the family," said Barnaby, and then cried: "Why, of course. That's why you're different."

"No. It's because I'm with you."

He heard that and met it with a look that was tenderness, as wide as light, specialized to relationship; and said:

"I expect it's only some of you that is ever in Prospect at all."

"It's only some of us that is ever anywhere, is n't it? We're hidden people, all of us."

"Oh, hidden; yes. But you, they won't let you be hidden there in Prospect. Don't I know? Your life there must be the very devil." He brought

it out savagely, and when she began her reply, he added brusquely: "Nonsense! How is any one to survive talk which leaves one physically faint from its unconscious breaches of decency?" He spoke as if some abrupt exhaustion had seized him—the exhaustion, say, of memory still coursing in him like experience.

She felt no surprise at his speaking so to her. It was they two against them all now.

He leaned on his hand, his eyes turned to the dusk of the room:

"If you could see yourself there, in the midst of that violence! To you indelicacy is violence."

At this her honesty troubled her own delicacy. She said:

"But it 's possible to get the color of that sort of indelicacy, is n't it? I can't do it; but is n't it possible?"

"I 'm afraid I miss it. The damned ineptitudes those people don't even know they make—color in those?"

She spoke with her occasional inimitable hesitation, which gave to her speech, when it came, a quality matchless.

"Well, I mean trying—not to see all the humor, and not to be superior and feel sympathy for them."

"You dear! you dear!"

"No; wait! Those are of the spirit; they 're simple. But irritation is in the flesh—like spiders walking over. That 's not so simple. And I 'm horrible. Sometimes I answer them with a calm that 's no less than devilish. Sometimes I use a soft answer in a mean way—"

"Good God! that 's what I mind. They take your very exquisiteness and turn it into flaws."

"It 's I," she insisted. "It 's because I can't transpose quickly enough—

can't transpose into their key. But the only time I ever shouted at them was when I came home from my walk the night you 'd arrived. Do you remember? Just as I came in the door?"

He shook his head.

"I don't think your shout could register. I remember only the heavenly careless stillness you brought in with you."

"If ever I once answer them in their own tone—sometimes I dream of doing that, like falling over a precipice."

"You may. Any one might. That 's why I should hate it for you even if I did n't love you."

This he brought out as if it were something long known to them both. The words carried no quality of confession; in them was no sense of entering a new place. He did not even look at her. He added, "You knew that."

"Yes," she said, "I knew."

Barnaby stretched his arms about her and held her, and he laid his head upon her breast.

"Let me be here." He was quiet, as if in some deep exhaustion beyond emotion, beyond breath. He said: "I wanted this when we talked there in Prospect. I could have died for the rest in one moment of it." And again: "You 're what a man wants. You 're woman love and more. What is it? Are you God?"

When they kissed each other it was still in that overpowering quiet. Some intense spell was on them beyond anything which either had known that emotion has to give. He said:

"I 'm so used to you! I 've held you like this forever. It 's eternity. It 's your breast that I remember."

She thought of the savage fatigue in which he must long have lived to come

to her in this rapt exhaustion. Not the boy, but the child, was here, the very little child who might literally draw from her life and being.

"Forgive me. I've not thought of you. I give you nothing. I've nothing to bring to your life but my own life, broken—"

She cried: "You give me myself. You are myself." And added in wonder, "Why, when people say that, it is true."

They sat silent. Consciousness as they had known it, low and dense, seemed abruptly outgrown. In its place came a deeper delicacy of awareness. Something of the unknown extensions of love pierced through to their common awareness, the body of that love the touch of whose vestment alone is high earthly bliss; only love's body yet, her spirit veiled for a race to come, yet raying through these two. For once he said:

"I want everything of you, but now I have you as if we were running through light—and as if we could n't bother till we get home!"

"Home, Barnaby—with you."

"You're such a thing of paradise I wondered in Prospect if you were conscious of sex at all. Good Lord! it's only one of the things you know about. You've a thousand contacts with love—"

Faint flashings of that which love might be; in all the influences released about them, of a few they had some divination.

And they had that hour, safe, immortal, broken now by a summons at the door.

Leda rose to answer, and saw how dark the room had grown. About them shadow and substance lay inert, without presence, as if they two were all that was ponderable. Where the wide north window stretched there was only a blue white flow. She had taken no account of the switches or the lamps. She opened the door upon the room in its darkness, and a great voice said:

"I'll lay ye a fire on the hearth, Miss Perrin."

"Lover" Strong came in with wood. His enormous bulk went down like a load of earth before the fireplace. He began to talk. He said that there was something about any one from Prospect which always did him good. "Homelike little town," he said, and sighed. Leda found her way about, and two lamps sprang into color. Now to Strong's powerful kneeling figure the black patch toward the room imparted the look of a creature with face half hewn away.

"Prospect has a certain beauty," Barnaby said.

Hearing that voice, "Lover" Strong swung about on his knees and first became aware of another presence. It was as if the black patch itself briefly glared and comprehended. Then he drew his match across the grate, and the wood threw up thin streams of orange. Without another word Strong rose to leave the room; but as he passed Leda he muttered:

"I'll watch out and keep the old man down with me a spell, Miss Perrin,"

At this terrible sympathy she trembled.

(The end of the third part of "Faint Perfume")



Five Woodcuts of New York  
By L. F. Wilford







The Public Library



The ever busy harbor



On the East Side



Statue of Abundance, the Plaza



## That Elusive West

By BURGESS JOHNSON



A BORN New-Yorker has got over his provincialism when he stops thinking of Chicago as a part of "the West." Just when a born Bostonian gets over his I have no means of knowing. Not long ago a Boston lady remarked regretfully, "My son has spent so many of his formative years outside of Boston that he is really quite provincial."

Though New England born and New York broken, I have had the good fortune to live in Chicago, and to visit from Kansas City to Texas and the coast; so, in my effort to locate "the West," certain preliminary surveys already had their bench-marks in my mind. I knew already that Chicago and Kansas City are "East." St. Louis I knew enough about to put in a category by itself. So much of Southern blood is there, and so much of personality appertains to it as the old-time fur market for the trapping frontier, that even a Nevada man does not identify it as wholly Eastern. But such little continental exploration as I had already done left me still possessed with a vague uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the West. In common with every other properly nurtured Eastern youth, the West meant to me in my boyhood something beside a region geographically located. It meant a realm spiritual as well as physical. Indians in war-paint had been there recently, cow-boys and horses must be there still, with vast

open spaces of mountain or plain; also the primitive virtues must obtrude themselves, standing out in high relief, like morals in old-fashioned Sunday-school-books; and, above all, a certain indefinable *informality* must exist, legal, political, social, with a lack of self-consciousness about it.

Age destroys many illusions, and I grew to know that old-fashioned bad men were almost nowhere outside the movies, while small motor-cars made in Detroit were probably everywhere. Yet still I have cherished a dream of a West that I should at once recognize wherever I found it, rejecting spurious imitations, however far across the Mississippi they might be.

Columbus believed that by traveling west one may attain the East. That old-timer was right in my opinion, for the West of my dream lies not on the Pacific slope. Different it is, and greatly stimulating, but its sins and its virtues seem to me those of my own region, with a local twist to them. And surely one landmark by which I sought to recognize my promised land is conspicuously missing—that certain lack of self-consciousness.

Somewhere in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, or Oklahoma is where the geographical West begins. So I attempted to pick up the trail there at its natural beginning. In Nebraska I chanced upon a town which boasts that it is equidistant to a mile from Boston and from San Francisco.

Perhaps there is legitimate pleasure in the thought that you are just as far from one as from the other. The West, they say, is given to bragging.

## § 2

This little city was not my West, but I made the hopeful discovery that it was a boom town. Visions of Virginia City came to mind, and Poker Flat and Roaring Camp. Here in Nebraska, however, was not a boom of discovered oil or precious metal, but of a more Eastern thing. It was the attempt to realize an extravagant manufacturing dream on the part of certain financiers. But something financial collapsed, and the new population stopped coming, and some of those who were there went away. And now, slowly, upon the foundation of crumbling hopes a solid, more normally established community is growing. They have the legacy of broad avenues, and the realization that there is room in the world for building; so there is less scrimping and crowding together of even the humblest homes.

Though the West of my dreams is nowhere in Nebraska, the country is a vast garden; one travels interminably through fields of grain, apparently without a fallow acre between the holdings. And I find here evidences of certain mental attitudes distinctly un-Eastern, where the people themselves think of the East as though it were a different and remote region. This alone would tend to prove that they belong to another province. What is the cause of this sensitiveness of geographical Westerners toward Eastern opinion? It must be merely a repetition of that old chip-on-the-shoulder attitude of dwellers on our

Eastern seaboard toward visitors from effete Europe. This is no subtle imagining of mine. Time and again I have heard some one say, "You must find us very crude out here." The statement is always a form of question, and in a tone of voice that varies with the temperament of the questioner from deprecatory to bellicose. Honest, unaffected simplicity of living, which is what one finds, is a very different thing from "crudeness."

Kansas is equally well centered, but my first glimpse of Kansas after getting well beyond the river boded ill for the finding of my promised land. From the railroad station in another little city I drove in a taxi up a narrow elm-shaded street past New England dooryards. The great branches actually interlaced above my head. The houses, with green blinds and inviting porches, cried aloud to me that I had strayed into the Berkshires. Truly, one gets East by going West! Those early settlers who went out from New England on a crusade into bleeding Kansas crawled across the country like snails in their day of inadequate transportation, and, like snails, too, they must have carried their houses upon their backs. No town in Massachusetts is any more like old New England than is this town in middle-eastern Kansas.

But since my West is partly a thing of the spirit, I must stop looking too sharply at the physical outlines. Yes, here in Kansas and Oklahoma, and to some extent in Nebraska, there is something new and strange in the attitude of the people, or, let me say, strange rather than new. One will find among the hills of New England and of the South fragments of pure English speech that have died out of

old England. So it is possible that some of the spiritual characteristics of this land where the West begins are characteristics of Americanism as it was in the East when the East was younger. Some of it I liked and some of it I did n't, and that which I disliked I was a bit ashamed of myself for disliking, as though I found that I had grown cynical and veneered with an unworthy cosmopolitanism.

People go to church to-day out there in the midland as they used to go in New England, with sectarianism still in the ascendant. A kindly old gentleman who was my host in one of these midway States catechized me.

"I hear," he said, "that denominationalism in the East is not as strong as it used to be."

I agreed cheerfully that I guessed that was so.

"It is too bad," he said gravely. "It means that some of the vigor is gone from their religious belief." Then he proceeded by tactful questions to locate, if possible, my own denominational anchorage. I evaded the issue, and he was courteous and soon desisted.

"Ah, well," he added in a conciliatory way, "all Christians are brothers, and you can divide them up into two great groups—those that believe in immersion and those that don't."

In one of these States there are the makings of a great state university, with all the auspices in its favor save a wide-spread and handicapping suspicion throughout the country-side that it may not be evangelically orthodox.

It is probably true that where there is greater narrowness of belief, there is more of what Mayor Gaynor termed "outward appearance of decency."

You see, I am trying to protect myself against the statement that this midland country is cleaner than the East. At least it acts cleaner. If I have not yet found even the beginning of my West, I am sure that I have left my East. These great schools and universities that I have glimpsed along my trail are different, utterly different. They are educating youth just as it comes by the wholesale, and adjusting their standards to that need. Many of them suffer from what I have dared to call educational elephantiasis. But it is absurd for any supercilious critic, trained in an old endowed institution of the Atlantic seaboard, to attempt to estimate the work of some of these institutions in terms of his own experience. They have selected certain problems to face, and they are new problems. How can one best administer the educational funds of a commonwealth in order to educate the largest possible number of that commonwealth's citizenry? The young first, of course, because they are more educatable; but the old as well, any one and every one. Here are new problems and large problems, and they are being faced in new, large ways. Leaders are handicapped by the miserable pettiness of state politics, but no one will maintain that that is a phenomenon peculiar to the West. In the summer school of one of these midland state universities I find more than a thousand students at work, mostly state teachers working to improve their chances for promotion. But scattered through those student ranks I find mothers who have brought their babies with them, fathers who have to get back to the farm at intervals, or even every day, sometimes two generations in the same family working

side by side. The sight cannot fail to inspire one. Then, to my astonishment, only twenty or thirty miles away I find a normal school, with its summer quota of about two thousand, all at work. I learn that in Nebraska alone there are ten great summer schools in action, including the one at the university; over the state line, in Kansas, there are eight more; and over in Oklahoma eight more. University extension courses and Chautauqua lectures are reaching farther still. I am beginning to get a sense of the largeness of things, and of the problems that accompany bigness, and I say to myself, "I am on the edge of my West."

Something else dominantly wins my attention here in Kansas, due doubtless to personal predilection. I am trying to read as I run, and I read some comfort to my soul out of the Kansas press. It is easy to become depressed over the state of American newspapers, and to lose that depression in Kansas. The sense of personal responsibility for the behavior of a personally owned and edited newspaper still exists here. The Atchison "Globe," the Emporia "Gazette," and a dozen others less well known, are published in towns of twelve or thirteen thousand population each. The Topeka "Capital" is issued in a city of fifty thousand. Yet they guide the opinions of a public spread over wide areas, and their judgments are quoted from ocean to ocean. They are institutions of dignity and power. Contemporaries in many a city of greater size in other parts of the country bristle with fraudulent advertising and serve up carelessly garnered news and dish-water editorials. I find an editor-owner of one of these small papers

sitting in his first-floor sanctum, with its bay-window looking out upon the street, greeted by all and sundry as they pass, accessible to all, and meeting to the full his share of the obligations of a free press in a democracy. Here are some of the primitive virtues and some of the informalities and a certain lack of self-consciousness; let a cynic find what he may on the reverse of the shield. I think a breeze is blowing strongly on me out of my "West."

### § 3

Once again one attains the East by traveling westward. Over the line in Colorado, on the eastern slope, one meets the tourist rampant. Motor-cars pause by the roadside, and indecently deliver themselves of canvas tents and cots and bedding, and people camp there, and their voices are voices of the East. Vast hotels offer all the conveniences of Atlantic City, with a mountain panorama from the front piazzas substituted for a seascape. Yet there are wide spaces, Indian curios are for sale, and great saddles with horns upon them. I must be headed right. Tourists climbing mountains or motoring toward "dude" ranches in Wyoming obscure my trail. Beyond the passes I become more confident. One may buy a burro for the price of an hour's ride in Central Park, pack through deserted mining towns, and fish for fish, and find mountain views unmarred by a hotel in the foreground or even a struggling motor-car.

Now I know that I am wholly west because of the attitude toward me and my tribe. So I am from the East? They, too, were east once to visit a grandfather in Ohio. "Chicago is a



fine city. From east of Chicago? Oh, are you?" I am talking now of the man in the grocery store, on the street corner, in the smoker of the local. Strange how provincialism still obtains in the face of a three-penny press and modern transportation! The man in the smoker is friendly, with the instinctive tact of his friendliness; more tactful, in fact, than your Eastern provincial talking to a Westerner, but he distrusts the East. It is the Englishman and the American all over again in a smaller circle. The Easterner must forever be displaying that "certain condescension" toward Westerners. The forms taken by this inter-provincial distrust are amusingly uniform. Before we entered the war I heard many an Eastern man express the belief that the great menace to national unity of action was latent in the West. "They are so wrapped up in their own selfish affairs; the war does n't touch them except to make money for them." The Western provincial, aroused at last to the need for war, said over and over on his street corners: "The threat against national unity of action is in the East. They are too busy making money. But we can do the job without them." Today I find my friend in the smoker concerned over the denationalization of the East, because of its surrender to socialism, Bolshevism, capitalism, and every *ism* save patriotism; and at once I recall the serious concern of my Eastern friends over farmer coöperative movements in the Northwest and any sort of legislation in Kansas. I am afraid the great power of the press, instead of bringing us together, sometimes helps to keep us apart, by making mountains of molehills and forest fires of burning refuse. Yet it was

not the penny press, but a commercially minded Eastern periodical with a large Western circulation, that recently capitalized sectionalism by making silly charges of disloyalty against a whole group of Eastern colleges.

But in my search I find that this great geographical West is made up of many lesser Wests. I am astonished at a Texan student's indignation because I thought his twist of speech like that of a man from Arkansas. I am surprised until I recall my first experience with a group of San Franciscans all simultaneously praising California—until I mentioned Los Angeles. There was a Texan present on that occasion, and he chose to tell the old story of a stranger in his town who looked in on a local funeral and offered to say something about California. You know the story. A Californian at once retorted with an account of the poor Mexican homesteader who strayed into Texas and wanted to barter his mule for a quarter section of land. A Texan landholder agreed and drew up the contract, but when he found that the poor fellow could not read, he worked off a half section on him. Wide geographical horizons are no cure for provincialism. I have met a New York farmer who distrusted any one born the other side of Lake Champlain, and a Maine woodsman with a sense of kinship to human kind as all-inclusive as St. Peter's.

#### § 4

Ask a Colorado tourist for the highest mountain in the State, and he will cry "Pike's Peak," and tell you there is a cog-rail and a fine motor-road to the top. But it was toward Sierra Blanca, to the south of the

greatest tourist activity, that my trail led me, and I knew it was the right trail. A mountain is in some ways as high as it looks. Yet when I have scaled a summit, it is more interesting to know how far I am above the level I started from than above some ocean I cannot see. For the same natural reason the Holyoke hills in the Connecticut Valley proclaim themselves far more dramatically than does much of the Coast Range in California. But Blanca is not only the highest summit in Colorado; it looks and acts highest. It rears its great bulk up from the plain in a majestic loneliness, robed in ever-changing cloud garments and crowned with snow. Southward from it runs the Sangre de Cristo Range of the Rockies far down into New Mexico. The first glimpse of that range was a hint of my promised land. The San Luis Valley, blocked at the north by Blanca, extends its fertile length for sixty miles or so, and merges with the valley of the Rio Grande, ending far to the south, near Santa Fé. The eastward wall for the entire two hundred miles of that fertile, ranch-dotted ribbon is the Sangre de Cristo, rising abruptly from the plain to summits above timber-line. Deep and narrow cañons cut into it at intervals, the final retreat of that romantic race, the old-fashioned bad men of blessed dime-novel memory, and the present hunting-ground of lonely prospectors, fingering their specimens of rock in isolated cabins.

From the summit of Lobo, ten thousand feet up in that glorious brotherhood of summits, I looked out upon my promised land. I had sought great open spaces. Below me lay the valley of the Rio Grande, in reality

a plateau seventy-five miles wide, bisected by a thread of brown that I knew to be the river cañon, five hundred feet deep. Far away to the westward, clearly defined in the clear air, were other summits parallel to mine—the Great Divide. Somewhere far down below, on my mountain-side, but seven thousand feet above the level of some ocean somewhere,—God rest its soul!—is a log cabin with a doorway commanding more sunset than I thought the sky could hold. The nearest railroad is forty miles away. A doctor? There is one at Taos. Sheridan once rode the same distance hurriedly in an emergency. Why worry about a doctor? The nearest chiropodist is in Sante Fé, and there is n't a delicatessen this side of Denver. One learns to adapt oneself.

Indians? Ask the artists of Taos. There never were such Indians in the most fanciful story-book. Tall, sedate, Oriental, garbed in white, as they were when the Spaniards found them; living still in their great pueblo on land the Spaniards respected four hundred years ago—truly, I have my Indians.

Does any one ever realize a dream to the full? I am trying to recall my specifications as I sit here on the edge of a stream in a deep cañon whose walls are painted red and gray and green with clay soil and sage-brush and piñon-trees. A few hundred yards away, half hidden by a projecting cliff, are the picturesque ruins of Turley's Mill, unaltered by the hand of man since the day when Indians and Mexicans laid siege there and finally captured and massacred all of the inmates.

Turley was avenged, as was the

murdered governor of the State, by a little body of soldiers who marched a hundred miles through a hostile county over trails that seem impossible to-day, dragging a small howitzer. They captured the Indian pueblo, hurling explosive ammunition by hand through the windows of the fortified church. It was such grenade action as had never occurred before or since, until the great war. The record of our little American army before its expansion teems with such dramatic episodes, and the memory of them, and the ghosts of such uncanonized heroes, help to make my West.

Yesterday evening after dark two cattle men of the old school tied their horses to the corral-gate and came in to take pot-luck with us. They had left their cattle in the cañon, and were riding home.

"It is n't the country it was," said one of them. Strange how we always bemoan the fading glories of the past, even while coyotes yap out of the darkness beyond the corral! "Taos is full of tourists; I saw two there yesterday, and the Indians are posing too much for their pictures. I've had some good times in that old town. I remember when a couple of Mormons brought a fast horse down there to race him against all comers. The Indians over to the pueblo had a pretty good trotter of their own, so they accepted the challenge. The Mormons were working their horse every day, getting him ready, so the Indians went in one night and stole him and tried him out against their own, back of the pueblo. They found out theirs was faster; so they bet everything they had, blankets, moccasins, money, crops, everything. All this betting worried the Mormons, so they brought in a professional

jockey. The Indians then shipped in one for themselves from Denver or somewhere. The day before the race the Indians got an idea the Mormons had tampered with the Denver jockey, so they had a little conference with him, and told him that three of the best marksmen of the tribe were sitting behind some sage-brush near the home-stretch armed with Winchesters, and that if he did n't come in ahead they was going to shoot him off the horse. That was the greatest race I ever saw," said our guest. "The Indians' jockey won by a neck, with his head craned around over his shoulder and his eyes fixed on those sage-bushes, and that night the Indians had the biggest party that ever was held in these parts, with everybody welcome."

One does n't need to believe everything a cow-boys tells. All one asks is that the cow-boy shall continue telling.

## § 5

What else did I say I wanted? Was it horses? They are cheaper to buy than to hire, and one of their uses is to pull an occasional stray touring-car out of a hole in the road. They are little beasts, inclined to boniness, particularly if a Mexican has owned them. Every properly reared American small boy knows the kind. He calls it a "cayuse" or a "bronc," and he talks to it in companionable fashion as he gallops around the back yard, oblivious to the fact that in this instance it closely resembles a broomstick. Except for the ponies of the Indians, which have been reared by them through generations past, these range horses are an unpedigreed lot, and would present a sorry, or at least a dejected, appear-

ance in an Eastern horse show. But who would n't? Their chief development is in the brain. They tease for salt, knocking with a front hoof upon the cabin steps, nuzzle against you as they plead for oats or ask to be scratched, and then nip a piece out of you if you draw the cinch too tight. They are as moody as a prima donna, one day coming at your call and the next day leading you an hour's chase around the pasture, or hiding behind brushwood to escape your notice.

Cow-boys, Indians in the flesh, the memories of old raids and the ghosts of old raiders, and—what else was it? Those qualities of the spirit, a pervading informality, and a lack of self-consciousness regarding it. This is not the Southwest that I am in. The Southwest means to me the alkali plains and cactus, the Grand Cañon and buttes and mesas. This is north of all that, wonderfully forested. Yet nine tenths of the people are Mexican, gentle, friendly, inconsequent, and the scattering of Anglo-Saxons are all the closer, kindlier neighbors for the reason of their scarcity. Informality, legal, political, social, it is all here. The self-assurance of the true West is in tone and conversation throughout these settlements on the Western slope and southward. No one asks whether an Easterner "thinks us crude." Nobody cares what an Easterner thinks.

A most notable characteristic of my West is its power of assimilation. Let a man from Ohio or Idaho or Kentucky move to New York, and he is always ready to plead not guilty to New York birth, unless he becomes one of the negligible members of that

circle once termed the four hundred. He is forever attending his annual state dinners, and contributing to charities and other community enterprises "back home." My West assimilates its immigrants in a month; in a year they pretend they are first settlers. Even back in Oklahoma, that State which is neither north nor south, but a product of all regions and all the world, I visited a town where unwritten law says that no negro shall be found within the city limits after six P.M., and the most earnest advocate of "this policy of ours," as he explains its causes and its beneficial results, is a man not long away from Cambridge, Massachusetts.

One of the worst things that happens to my West of the spirit is the Eastern tourist who refuses to be assimilated. Most tourists are such, of course. Tactless curiosity produces morbid self-consciousness. Coldness and unfriendliness must eventually force a like response. The East could produce no more pathetic spectacle than I saw in the smoking-compartment of a west-bound Pullman out of Denver. A cow-puncher, riding home in luxury after superintending a sale of cattle, was regaling a group of Eastern tourists with profane and silly stories of his own marvelous prowess. He had been to the movies night after night, and had discovered what a cow-boy ought to be in the eyes of Easterners.

I am sitting on the edge of a stream in the cañon. If the trout are biting to-day, surely they must, as the small boy complained, be biting one another, for they certainly have paid no attention to my casting. But what do I care? I have found my West.





# The Last of the Vikings<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel in Seven Parts—Part IV*

BY JOHAN BOJER

NORWEGIAN DRAWINGS BY SIGURD SKOU



IT was clear that Lars would have to stand treat. It was a custom as old as the Lofoten fisheries themselves that a lad who was up there for the first time must hold festival for the whole hut, and have a glass to offer to all who came in that evening.

One morning the fleet of fishing-boats lay waiting for the signal to row out when suddenly a noise of shouts and laughter began to be heard round the *Seal*. Men pointed up at the mast-head, and cried, "Look there!" And there hung a young gull by its neck, with wings extended.

"What in the world does it mean?" asked Lars.

"It means that we 've got a young gull on board that has n't stood treat yet," said Kaneles.

"Take down that carrion!" cried the head-man; and Lars had to run the gantlet of jeers as he climbed up through the rigging and took the bird down. "That 's him! That 's him!" came from all sides.

But it was his father's fault. Could he not understand that he must come of his own accord and offer his son the few pence he would need for treating? For some time no one in the hut said anything more about the matter, but then one morning Lars pulled on his

sea-boots in the dark without noticing what they looked like, and when they were once more in the crowd of boats waiting to go out, there was a fresh commotion round the *Seal*. Gloved hands pointed from all directions. "Oh, look! *He 's a feathery one!*"

"It 's you," Kaneles said to Lars. And then Lars saw that his boots had been rubbed over with tar and then rolled in feathers, gulls' feathers; and he looked like some big, strange bird with his feathered legs.

Lars felt as if he would choke, and threw an angry glance at his father. Was he to be jeered and laughed at all through the winter?

That evening, however, when they had come ashore, his father called him outside, and gave him two or three notes, saying as he did so:

"I suppose we must get this treating over." Then turning his face away as if in embarrassment, he added, "But take care, Lars; remember your mother."

In the course of the evening Kaneles and Lars rowed off in the little boat in bright moonlight. The water in the sound was so clear that the cod-heads lying on the bottom could be seen staring up with dead, fixed eyes, and the light twinkled from bones and

<sup>1</sup> Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

scales. The dark hulls of the steamers and other vessels lying in the bay were reflected in the water, with their rigging, lanterns, and furled sails. The mountains lifted their snowy peaks toward the clear, greenish-blue sky above them, in which hung a few soft, white clouds. The phosphorescence in the water was very brilliant. It glowed green in the wake of the boat and among the tufts of seaweed round the rocks, and turned the water that dripped from the oars every time they were lifted into shining silver flames; and when a movement on the surface sent a splash of water up on the bow of a ship, it left a bright patch of tiny, living stars. The tones of a concertina floated out from a great three-master, and from beyond the yellow harbor-lights came the monotonous moaning of the waves, which never slept.

"We 'll try the parson-galleass," said Kaneles. There were many vessels in the bay from which spirits were sold in all secrecy, but the day before a galleass had anchored that was known all over Lofoten because her skipper had been a theological student. He sold spirits to any one who wanted them, and preferred the payment to be in fish rather than in money. "That 's where we must go," Kaneles said.

But as they were rowing through this town of vessels he suddenly stopped to gaze at a sloop.

"Ha!" he said, "there 'll soon be the devil of a row in the camp."

"Why, what 's up now?"

"The Langmo fellows have come, it seems, and Henry 's probably out hunting for the Ranen man that knocked his eye out last year."

The "Langmo fellows" were three fighters from the same district as Kaneles and Lars. They had their

own sloop, and in Lofoten went by the name of "the big Stadslanders." Two of them had already lost an eye, and this did not make their mood gentler when they were in drink.

"We shall have some fun now," Kaneles added as they rowed on.

"And there 's the parson-galleass."

They rowed up to a dark vessel on the deck of which a man in a sou'-wester was walking up and down, whistling.

"What do you want?" he said, leaning over the gunwale.

"We came to ask whether you had any treacle you could let us have," said Kaneles, innocently, as he swung himself up on board.

Some bargaining went on in an undertone between the two on the deck. "I wonder if that 's the parson," thought Lars.

The boy was in a strange mood at the prospect of taking part in a carousel. "Remember your mother," his father had said; but there was some one else who now came into his mind, a fair, rosy little girl to whom he had once been married for fun in a barn.

How was it that her image should come before him so clearly just this evening? He had never cared very much for her, but now that he was going, as it were, into danger, he felt that he needed something beautiful to cling to. Her name was Ellen Koya. She was always teasing him, but that last evening at home, when she had sat in front of him on his sled *Lightning*, she was really quite like a little wife to him. Could she have come that evening on purpose, so that they might be friends again before he set out on the long Lofoten voyage?

"How much money have you got, boy?" It was Kaneles, leaning over between two shrouds.

The boy started, and awoke to reality.

"Fifteen kroner," he answered.

"That 'll be twenty quarts, if it 's to be the French," said the watchman.

At that moment the door of the cabin opened, and an old man in a fur coat and fur cap came out on the deck. His spectacles and gray beard were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

"What is it?" he asked in a hoarse voice, apparently without noticing any one but the watchman. "Oh, very well; but fish in return. Be sure to remember that—we 'd rather have fish. Good evening!" And he crossed to the other side of the vessel, and, panting, scrambled down into a little boat.

"That was the parson," thought Lars.

It certainly paid to take payment in fish, for most of those who bought brandy were not very good at reckoning. Jacob, for instance, would give a whole boatload for a barrel of the French, and it never struck him that he was paying five times its price.

But misfortune was at hand. Just as the keg, with its twenty liters, hung in the air preparatory to being lowered into the boat, one of the iron claws that held it slipped. *Bang* went the keg upon the bottom of the boat, then a splash, and the bright liquid began to pour out. "Oh, goodness!" cried Lars in dismay. "Damn!" said Kaneles, dropping as quick as lightning into the boat. "Does n't matter," said the man on the deck. "I 'll lend you an empty keg and a funnel."

While Lars rowed back to land, Kaneles was on his knees in the bottom of the boat, bailing up the precious liquid, and pouring it into the new keg, every now and then taking a

sip from the bailer to see whether it tasted of tar or sea-water.

"Now you must just hold your tongue," he said. "There 's no harm done. It only tastes all the fresher."

## § 2

So Lars stood treat.

The men were sitting in the hut, each busy with his work in the yellow lamplight. Not a word was spoken; they turned their backs to one another, most of them stooping over nets that they were mending. Elezeus Hylla lay in one of the uppermost bunks, complaining of shooting pains in his back. "Oh! oh!" he groaned, and raising the skin coverlet on his toe, he kicked it up to the ceiling. Arnt Awsan was busy putting the finishing touches to a new pair of wooden shoes for his wife, and making them so beautiful that he began to be quite fond of them. Henry Rabben was sitting at the table, stroking his beard and reading a book about cottagers' gardens. "H-m, h-m," he murmured, and nodded in agreement with all that the book said, although his face wore a doubtful expression. The fishing was not so good now, so they finished work at a reasonable hour. But what was there to talk about? They knew one another so well that they could tell before asking a question what the answer would be.

Suddenly the kitchen-door opened, and in came Lars with bottles and glasses, and after him Kaneles with a big, steaming coffee-kettle. The table was laid, and Lars, the "scaurie," went round, filling the glasses.

The men woke up. They removed the quids from their mouths, put their heads on one side, and looked almost bashful. "This is altogether too

much," they said. They emptied their glasses at a draft, and made sufficiently wry faces afterward; but Lars was terribly afraid that they would say something about the taste. But, no; it was all right. "That there 's a good brand," said one. "It 's French," said another, and Lars was greatly relieved in his mind.

It was the first time Kriståver had taken a dram from his own son, but he let him stand holding out the glass for some time before he took any notice. Arnt Awsan would not have any. He shook his head, and went on polishing his wooden shoes; and Lars thought how like a sheep he looked as he sat there, despite his goat's beard and gold ear-rings.

At that moment Kaneles let fall the words that for several days Arnt had been dreading to hear.

"You 're a 'scaurie' yourself, Arnt," he said. "You 'll jolly well have to stand treat, too, man!"

Arnt looked about him helplessly.

"I 'm not a 'scaurie,'" he said. "I 'm over thirty."

"Yes, upon my word you *are* a 'scaurie,'" said a voice from the top bunk, and Elezeus sat up and looked angrily down into the room. A glass was immediately handed up to him, and he emptied it in one draft, drew a deep breath, with his hand upon his chest, and said it was medicine. A-ah! he felt better already!

The men now began to see one another; the dram gave their comrades new faces to which they were not quite accustomed.

Henry Rabben did not care for drams, but he never spoiled sport by refusing.

"Fill the others' glasses first," he said. "I really like coffee-punch better."

"Punch?" cried Elezeus, looking over the edge of the bunk. "Do you mean 'doctor'?"

"Well, you can call it 'doctor'—or 'midwife' if you like," said Henry, smiling.

"Then make a midwife for us, too!"

Henry was quite equal to that, and was soon at work with the coffee-kettle. He had to have sugar, and he poured in brandy, stirred it and tasted it, and then portioned it out all round. He was becoming an apostle of good drinks. "Try that, my friends," he said. "Your healths, all!" The temptation was too great for Arnt Awsan. "Same to you!" he said, putting the cup to his lips.

"That 's right," said Kaneles. "It 's just as well you should have a little practice, for it 'll soon be your turn."

The men now left their occupations, and moved up to the table. Into their gray day, their gray toil, their gray life in the hut, had fallen a ray of light, a feeling of holiday, a festive touch. Pipes were lighted.

At first they began teasing one another, and Kaneles once more had a hit at Arnt Awsan.

"Is it true," he said, "that your wife shaves every Sunday—with a brush and a razor?"

Arnt stared.

"Shaves? Gurina?"

"Yes, for she has bristles on her face on week-days, but never on Sundays," said Kaneles, vaulting on to the edge of the table, and swinging his legs.

The other men looked at Arnt, and remained serious; but at last he hit back.

"What about all your girls?" he said. "Do they shave themselves, or does the bailiff make you do it?"

This stopped Kaneles's mouth for a





Trading fish for rum

little while, for it touched him on a vulnerable spot; but Henry Rabben toasted them again, and turned the conversation into another channel by beginning to tell what he had been reading in the book about cottagers' gardens.

This made them look at him and listen. The very thought of gardens, while they sat here, amid frost and snow, upon a bare rock in the sea, brought to them visions of spring, green fields, and sunshine. Every one, said Henry, who had a house should

have a bit of garden with trees and fruit-bushes, for it was not easy to feel contented where things were not pretty.

"When we go south in the spring, I'll show you how to do it as far as I can," he said. "Let's drink to it!"

Kristáver, with half-closed eyes, sat looking at this man, whom he could never quite understand. He could not help feeling that his liking for him was less since he refused to have a whole share in the fishing only because it was not the original agreement. Kristáver did not care to have to look up to his own men.

The door opened, and an unwonted visitor entered. It was Andreas Ekra, the head-man on the *Storm-Bird*, a small, but sturdy, man, with a tiny yellow beard under his chin, and wearing a red woolen cap.

"Good evening and a pleasant party!" he said in greeting.

He had scarcely sat down before Lars came to him with a dram, and then he had to move up to the table and have punch. This fearless seaman walked about on land with an embarrassed smile, as if every one was far above him; but they should just wait until he was in his boat! He now brought out a crumpled newspaper, and asked Lars to read aloud from it. It was the "Dawn," and the way it abused every one that could be called rich was splendid.

Lars stood by the lamp and read, the others all silent, listening. All these swells—priests, magistrates, bailiffs, and captains, to whom they had to take off their caps when they met them on the road—were getting what they deserved. They got it in every single number of the "Dawn," so the men on the stations clubbed together in taking it in, and let it go the round.

"But the paper's forgotten one thing," said Henry Rabben at the conclusion of the reading.

The others looked at him. Was that not good enough, either?

Henry smiled, and, stroking his beard, continued:

"It's forgotten that happiness and poor people they're good friends; but you'll never get me to believe that you'll be so much better off if you do get hold of the rich men's money."

There was one of the company who was absent now, and that was Peter Suzansa. At this moment he was coming from a building on the extreme point of the island in which one window was illuminated. It was the hospital, and the doctor was still attending to all the fishermen who had got hooks in their hands, or pains in their stomachs, or frost-bitten fingers and toes. This was all quite simple; but the elderly man who had just gone out, and was called Peter Suzansa, was not such an easy case.

Peter walked on and on, and the snow creaked under his feet; but all the time the word "leper" was sounding in his ear.

The doctor had been uncertain for a long time about that boil behind his ear that would not heal; but to-day he had no longer any doubt about it.

"You've been in too much cold and hardship on the sea," he said. "And now you must go home and go into the leper hospital, my man."

Leave his men, when none of them was capable of being head-man on the *Sea-Fire*? Peter begged so hard that at last the doctor yielded, and gave him permission to remain to the end of the fishing-season if he would promise to take certain precautions. It should remain a secret for the present.

But now Peter stood in the moonlight, looking out over the sea, which rose and fell as peacefully as if there were no such thing in the world as trouble.

It would be his last winter; he was done for; he would never come to Lofoten again. He knew now what would happen; his body would decay while he was still alive, and people would be frightened at the sight of him. His own children would be afraid of him. That was to be his fate.

The old fisherman's head sank upon his breast, and he stood motionless for a while in the moonlight beside the peaceful sea.

It had become really lively in the hut, for Jacob had come in, and there was more drinking, tales were told, and the walls shook with the laughter they evoked. Kaneles was still sitting on the table, with his legs dangling, and was in the middle of a yarn about the maelstrom. It was more than human, he said. The sea had begun to boil and rage on its own account, without troubling itself about wind and weather. That's what the maelstrom was like. It opens a mouth as wide as a lake, and swallows boats and ships at one gulp. It digs pits in the sea, where the water boils and whisks round and round just like a round-about; and when a vessel happens to get into it, she has a dance, round and round and round with her nose down, and then—good-by! It was no longer ago than last year that he passed that way in a fishing-sloop that was going out to Röst to fetch a cargo; and what should he see but a steamer, a big blusterer of an Englishman, standing on her head in a funnel like that, and waltzing round and round with her propeller sticking straight up behind

and whizzing with a noise like a steam whistle. She looked very like a pig digging with its snout in the ground, and waving its tail in the air—umph! umph! And then suddenly she was gone! The propeller was the last thing they saw, whirling round in farewell and sending greetings to inquiring friends. And then it disappeared with all hands on board; and it was no more than a mouthful of sausage to the maelstrom, Kaneles said.

"And you really saw that?" asked Kriståver.

"Saw it? Yes, just as distinctly as I can see you now," answered Kaneles, removing his pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other.

Jacob smiled, and shook his head at the lamp.

"Aye, but you're a good one, Kaneles!" he said. "You ought to get a medal for that, damn it all!"

The door opened, and Peter Suzansa came in slowly. His face could not be seen very clearly through the thick tobacco-smoke, and the men all shouted at once that it was high time he came, and that there was a coffee-midwife to be had.

Jacob had now started on an account of something he had seen up in Finmark. It's a strange thing is thunder! They were out fishing for halibut one day, and an enormous whale was walking all round about, just like Brandt at Lindegaard, when he goes out in the morning, smoking a cigar, and it almost asked them what they thought about the weather. Weather? Well, it was thundery, and all of a sudden it burst into a roar, and struck down; and the whale rolled over on its back, and never said another syllable. It was almost as if the fellow had been struck dead for blas-

pheming. And the men in the boat drew in their lines and rowed away to it; and they jumped right on to it, and sat there as if they were on an island, made coffee, and had a dram and a pipe.

"And you were one of them, Jacob?" asked Henry Rabben, looking at him, thoughtfully.

"Of course I was. It was just me that *was* one of them!"

"But it 's the lightning that kills people," Lars objected as he opened another bottle; but this remark was greeted with shouts of derision. Did n't he know any better than that? Was he trying to make grown-up men believe that it was n't the thunder that killed people? Ho! ho!

Peter Suzansa was standing with a cup in his hand, his head bent. His face was gray, and he had a bandage behind his ear. He who had spun the best yarns of them all, and had called forth many a peal of laughter in that room, had become old; but when he had emptied his first cup, he asked for a second, and when that was empty, he straightened himself and stood erect.

"You were saying something about thunder, Jacob," he began, and at the first sound of his well known, high-pitched voice, every one turned toward him and listened; "but that time it struck my cow's horns off—"

"What?" said several voices. Did the thunder strike the horns off Peter's cow?

Yes, indeed. It was up on the moor, when he had gone one day in terrible weather to fetch the animal down. There stood the cow with her back to the wind, and she had big horns with brass buttons on them. But just as he put out his hand to take

the animal by her bell-collar, there came a rattling peal, and carried both her horns away over the moor, the brass buttons flashing like lightning. And there stood the cow and Peter, looking at each other! And then the cow turned her head as if to ask what the deuce had become of her horns.

His hearers shouted with laughter and slapped their thighs. That Peter was the same as ever!

It was the musician playing for the last time. When some one else began to speak, he went and sat down in a corner, glad that no one noticed him.

Lars continued to go round, filling glasses. No one should say that he was stingy; his father might send him meaning glances, but this evening he would do as he liked. Men kept coming in, and at last the little room was so full that seats could not be found for them, and they stood shoulder to shoulder, accepting drams and drinking them. No one listened to what another said, for five or six all talked at once. Later on, Kaneles started a song, "Oh, hi and oh, ho! the pretty girls of Denmark!"; but as no one else knew that particular song, each joined in with one that he did know, so there was no lack of song, the loudest singer being Jacob, with his "Oh dear, Maria! Oh, ho!" And people began to collect outside, and tried to come in.

All at once Kaneles jumped down, crying:

"I say, Lars, let 's go up to the town and look up some girls!"

"All right. Come along," said Lars, sending his father a glance that said, "I shall do what I like now," and the two stumbled out by the kitchen-door.

The hut gradually emptied, and the singing became more and more distant

as the singers went their several ways. The last to take his bearings, first for the door, and then for the harbor-light, was Jacob. Lars had at last stood treat.

## § 3

Lars stumbled along beside Kaneles in a very gloomy frame of mind. He swayed his body as he walked, in imitation of his companion, put his hands into his pockets, and wore his cap on one side; but at the same time he felt as he had done the first time he jumped off a boat to swim. He was throwing himself into something dangerous, and he seemed to see little Ellen Koya again, and heard her say, "Take care, for my sake!"

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Oh, I know the way," answered Kaneles.

Most of the houses and huts lay in darkness, but the windows of one little white house were illuminated, and from within came the sound of singing, hymn-singing. Lars stopped involuntarily.

"Is it a prayer-meeting?" he asked.

"Oh, come on!" said Kaneles. "It's only the Methodists. There are swarms of them here."

The fresh air was good for their heated heads; there was no tobacco-smoke out here, no fumes of brandy and coffee, but only the frosty night and the sea, the sky and the moon. Now and again they stopped, only to stand still, throw back their shoulders, and draw deep breaths. But now Kaneles began to take the lead. There were houses where he knew the kitchen-entrance.

This was something new and exciting, almost dangerous and altogether splendid in the eyes of a boy of sixteen,

if only that little girl had not been standing somewhere in his mind, begging, "Do take care, Lars, for my sake!"

He followed Kaneles, and crept along in the shadow of the house-wall to the kitchen-door at the telegraph manager's. Kaneles was busy with the lock, quiet and careful, for it was not his first attempt, and he generally came to terms with locks; and they both started when a window above was opened, and a man's voice shouted: "What the deuce do you want at this time of night?"

They disappeared round the corner.

An hour later they were tramping homeward again. They had been unsuccessful everywhere; even where they effected an entrance, they found the bird had flown. There must be some fun going on somewhere or other, as the girls were out.

True enough, it was not long before they heard the sound of a concertina coming from one of the wharves, and on opening the door they found the place quite full, and dancing and noise going on, with four or five hundred men to ten or twelve girls. The concertina-player was sitting on a beam up under the roof, and the place smelled of fish, tar, and fish-oil. The faces of the men and girls were red with drink and dancing.

Kaneles sprang among them with a whoop; he was like an india-rubber ball, ready to bounce into the air.

Near the door stood a gray-haired, clean-shaven man in a thick overcoat with a sealskin collar, and with gloves and a walking-stick. He was the post-master, an old bachelor who seldom smiled, but who was always to be seen where there were young people and noisy fun.

The concertina howled out one dance after another, and it can readily be imagined that the girls had plenty of partners and certainly did not sit out any of the dances. When one arm let go its hold of a girl, another grasped her and carried her on, even if she was ready to drop with fatigue; and all the time there were hundreds of eyes all round, greedily following the pair and awaiting their turn.

"If you 'd like to be stuck with a knife to-night," said Kaneles to Lars, "you 'd better hold on to a petticoat!" But at the same moment he caught hold of a petticoat himself, under the very nose of a sailor, and, with a grimace at the man to make him the more angry, whirled away with his capture. How well Kaneles could dance and manage a woman, to be sure!

"There are the Langmo men!" some one said. There was a disturbance down by the door, and every one looked in that direction. Three big men in high boots, blue blouses, and fur caps came tramping in. They were all fair, but two of them had reddish beards, while the third had a yellow goat's beard and wore gold rings in his ears. Two of them were blind in one eye, all were chewing tobacco, looked gay and bold, and seemed only to be waiting for an opportunity to step forward and say, "Here we are, so you may go to the devil!"

"There are the big Stads men!" said a Nordlander, involuntarily retreating to the wall.

Kaneles had left his partner, and came up to Lars.

"I dare n't leave you now, boy," he said, "for there 's going to be some fun. Have you seen them?"

"Yes," said Lars. "I 've seen them at home."

"It 's the Ranen man they 're after. It 's to be hoped there 's another door to this place, so that he can get away."

The three men at the door were standing with their hands in their pockets, chewing and spitting. Were they going to dance or did they want to start a quarrel at once?

A bottle was going round here and there, and the concertina-player went on playing. The young women were hot and excited with being passed from partner to partner and being so much in demand. Every man who got hold of one, dashed off as if wild beasts were at his heels. At last he had his arm round a soft waist, a woman's breath upon his face, which at other times was lashed by wind and snow, the smell of a woman's hair in his nostrils instead of fish-oil. "Just let any one try to take her from me! I 've got a knife!" they seemed to say.

"Upon my word, if they have n't caught sight of the Ranen man!" said Kaneles, who was afraid to leave the boy.

Lars looked at Henry Langmo, who had had his eye knocked out the year before. It seemed as if the red scar under his eyelid were trying to see, groping round the room in search of something with which it had a little account to settle. There! it had stopped! And the sound eye flashed, although its owner still stood there, smiling.

The three brothers buried their hands deeper in their pockets, and watched a red-haired man, who had squeezed himself close up to the wall at the upper end of the room, where he thought he was well hidden. One of the Langmos lighted his pipe, and Henry took a step forward, chewed his quid rapidly for a moment, and slowly

advanced a few paces. The other two remained by the door to see that the Ranen man did not get away.

People shrank back and gazed. There was always room for a "big Stadslander" when he wanted to move forward.

It appeared, however, that he only wanted to dance. He had seen a girl in the crowd that he fancied, and when she and her partner swung past him, he caught the man by the shoulder.

"That 's my girl," he said good-humoredly.

"What the devil do you mean?" said the other, angrily, hitting out. To the wonder of all, Henry did not return the blow. It was of no consequence, for he was dancing now. People stared. A "big Stadslander" had received a blow and had not returned it!

Henry began to take up more and more space on the floor. He pushed couples aside, his boots being heavy and he himself both big and heavy, and several men stood still in a rage and swore at him. But he wanted still more room, and cleared a circle in the middle of the room, sweeping people out of the way with his partner, careless of the fact that he knocked men over, and that they swore and shook their fists at him.

"Chuck that blackguard out!" became the general cry. The floor was beginning to look empty, and Henry was now holding the almost unconscious girl under the arms, and using her as a broom to sweep every one out of the middle of the room. This was dancing indeed, and Henry began to enjoy himself. At last, however, a Nordlander dashed forward and tripped him up. He fell forward, and the girl with him, and he was instantly surrounded; but he rose, shook him-

self free, and as he began to swing his great fists with the blue anchors on them, the girl escaped. The women shrieked and fled toward the door. The other brothers had kept quiet as long as possible, but were now unable to contain themselves; they spat upon their hands, and wanted to know the meaning of this interference in other people's pleasure; and the next moment they were in the thick of the fray.

Kaneles was not one to let a good fight pass unheeded, but on this occasion he had the head-man's son to look after. The boy was carried away by the general excitement. He clenched his fists and swore and shouted and was on the point of dashing into the tumult, but for once Kaneles had to be fatherly, and making Lars mount on to an empty barrel, and climbing up himself, he took hold of him by his coat-collar.

"Now just you keep quiet, you idiot!" he said. "Oh, but look! That 's splendid! That was Gerard Langmo who knocked down a Bodö man! Did you see Henry? Deuce take me if he did n't break that man's jaw! That 's how you must take a man by the throat, like Peter Langmo 's doing—ha! the fellow's nose is bleeding! This is fine! At them, you fellows!" And Kaneles jumped up and down in wild excitement. If only he had been alone, he would have been in the middle of it.

But now it was no longer the three against all the rest. A Nordlander wanted to know what the hell those Southerners wanted up in Lofoten. Was n't it time they sent the whole crew home? This was like setting fire to a haystack. More Southerners joined in, and things began to be lively.

There was an account between

Southerners and Nordlanders that had long been waiting for settlement, and now the time had come. Lars and Kaneles leaped down simultaneously, and disappeared in the confusion of arms and fists and contorted faces, not to see each other again until the following day.

Outside there was the same calm, moonlight night, but in the houses round about people began to be wakened by the noise on the wharf, lights appeared, and half-dressed men put their heads out of doors and windows. A woman with her hair down her back came flying along, crying:

"Help! help! The Southerners are being killed!"

This was more stack-firing. The men who heard it were Southerners. They dressed hurriedly and, dragging on their boots, ran out bareheaded. The next moment a terrified tailor ran past, shouting:

"Help! help! The Nordlanders will be killed!"

Nordlanders heard it. Lights appeared in more huts, and there was more hurrying into clothes; and as they ran out bareheaded, they came upon a troop of Southerners.

"What the deuce is the matter?"

"It 's those confounded Nordlanders!"

"We 're Nordlanders, but we 're no more confounded than you." There was a rapid exchange of uncomplimentary remarks, but they could hear the noise on the wharf, and every now and then saw two figures emerge from the room with their hands at each other's throat. The one party ran to help. No, confound it! they should not escape so easily! So the other party followed them, and in another moment the fight was in full swing all over the island.

Then boats began rowing across the channels to the other islands, where the windows of the huts were all dark and the inmates asleep; but shouts wakened them, and startled faces appeared at windows. "What is it?" "Help! The Nordlanders are being killed!" Then a new voice: "Help! The Southerners are being killed!" Fuel was being constantly added to the fire. It was an old feud that had lain buried in men's minds, handed down from generation to generation, and now it had broken out on all the islands. Boats were darting across the sounds, full of men who had not had time to finish buttoning their blouses, and they made for the spot where the uproar was greatest. The Namdal men and the Stadslanders were friends now, and of the same race, for they were Southerners; the Nordlanders, with their high-pitched voices, did not begin until Helgeland.

Windows were being opened in all houses, and peaceable men came running out as if they had been wakened by an earthquake. In Kriståver Myran's hut several men were dressed and wanted to go out, but one door was barred by Kriståver and the other by Peter Suzansa, for the two head-men did not want their men to get mixed up in any trouble. Only to Henry Rabben Kriståver said:

"Will you go out and find Kaneles and Lars? And if they refuse to come, then stun them with a blow, and bring them on your back. You 're the man for that."

Henry was of course the man for that and for more than that. He went out into the cold, moonlight night, and drank seven drafts of fresh air through his nose. Ah! that did his lungs such good! He then walked



quietly through the little street, and saw men hopping about in the snow and fighting; and, oh dear! how he would have liked to go in among them and have a little real fisticuffing! What, indeed, was there among the things that reprobates have a liking for that he would not have liked, too—drink, girls, thieving, fighting, everything! His big nose seemed to snuff up everything that mankind ever thinks of doing; he was akin to it, of the same breed, only worse, if anything. It was only that nothing ever came of it just when there was an opportunity.

He had to step aside to avoid a number of men running at full speed. They were Nordlanders, a whole army of them, in flight, and after them another army, led by a lame man; and if it was n't Jacob, Damnitall-with-the-limp! He was whirling an empty bottle in the air, and shouting over his shoulder to his men: "At them, boys! Catch them! The devil take those Nordlanders! Catch them! At them, boys!" And on they went past the houses into the square in which the church stood. Here the snow lay deep and white in the moonlight, and into it dashed the flying Nordlanders, and sank in up to their middles; their pursuers followed, and also sank in, and the whole became a raging confusion of arms and legs and whirling snow. At last the two clans came together, but the leader of one of them, namely Jacob, was buried in the snow up to his armpits, and only able to wave his empty bottle and shout: "Catch them, boys! After them, boys!"

Just then a man came running, pursued by another. The pursuer was Lars, and he was quite wild, and had his knife in his hand. Henry instantly

caught hold of him, and when the boy, in his uncontrollable lust for battle, raised his knife, he received a blow on the side of his head from a hand that was heavier than his father's, harder than any hand he had yet felt. A few minutes later Henry entered the hut with him on his back, and dropped him beside his father, merely saying, "Here he is," and the next thing that the boy was aware of was that his father's hands, as he threw him into the bunk, were gentler.

Henry went out again to look for Kaneles. It was not impossible that he might get mixed up in a fight himself. In a little while, however, he came back with another burden on his back—Kaneles, gesticulating with his disengaged hand, and raging and swearing. He was sent head first into the room, and Kriståver threw him into his bunk.

Once more Henry went out, however; the air was so fresh, and he snuffed it up, and all this uproar was like wine to him.

A few frightened beings had crept out, well wrapped up, along by the house-walls, and stood gazing with terrified faces. They were a temperance-preacher, an agent, a Jew watch-merchant, and a peddler, all of them the fishermen's birds of prey, but now hovering at a distance.

At last the day began to dawn. It had been a lively night. The Ranen man had had one of his eyes knocked out and had been taken to the hospital; but when the police began to search for the Langmo men, they were already far out at sea on their sloop with its large white sail. They had omitted to leave word as to where they were going. They were in Lofoten to sell salt and buy fish, and were perhaps



Collecting their shipmates after the dance

going into a herring-fiord to take in a cargo of bait and, then returning to Lofoten, to sell it to line-fishermen; but it was not certain that they would come to that particular spot.

"Up with the topsail!" shouted the helmsman, Henry, the one with the fair goat-beard. It flew up, and the heavy sloop began to rise and fall upon the gray water.

The brothers looked at one another

and smiled. They were free! They had come on an errand to the fishing-station, and that errand was accomplished; and now they were out at sea again and were free men.

#### § 4

There is nothing to compare with receiving a letter. Every Sunday the men flocked to the post-office, and hung about there as long as possible.

They crowded round the counter, expecting news from a home that lay far up beside the Arctic Ocean or somewhere in Finmark or out on an island or up a fiord or down south, farther and farther off, an incredible number of miles. In all these places there were homes where a mother, a wife, or a daughter would be writing a letter that was coming to Lofoten. And then when the little white rectangle had found its way to the right person and lay in his big, swollen hand, it looked quite helpless. He had better get away somewhere by himself and try to find out what it said.

Lars had gone to the post-office every Sunday, and there were always letters for the other men in the hut, but never for him. From whom did he expect one, then? From no one and from every one. All sorts of things happen all over the world, and does not everything come by post? Perhaps a rich American has died, and proves to be an uncle of Lars, and here comes a million. A prince down in India is in need of a clerk, and has heard of a man who is made for the post, and here comes a letter to Lars. If good fortune ever comes, it will be by post.

"Lars Kristoffersen Myran!" called the man at the counter, and Lars was not slow to shout "Here!"

A letter for him! And the writing was so small and helpless! He turned red because people were staring at him so hard. It would be better to get away somewhere by himself; so he took the road across the island, north of the church.

There is nothing to compare with receiving a letter.

Was it not strange that just to-day the sun should be shining again after the long period of gloom? A coppery

glow illumined sea and mountain. Lars at last found a nook in which he could be alone, with only the gulls sailing overhead, and the sea at his feet.

"My dear friend:

"I will now take my pen in my hand and make it open its black mouth and write to you. I must first of all tell you the good news that I am quite strong and well, which I hope this finds you the same. I have no news to tell you except that grandmother has had a bad gathering on her finger this winter, and that Stub Lars has gone home believing in his Saviour at the age of eighty. There is much talk at school about Susanna Rønning, who goes to dances already, though she is not confirmed, and they are always teasing me about some one that I will not mention. But I hope that the slander will soon die down. I am sitting up in the cow-stable to-night and writing on the lid of the water-barrel, because Kranslin cast her calf yesterday, and the after-birth has not come yet, so one of us has to sit up with her to-night. There is often good tobogganing up in the glen, but I never go, for Lisbet Bruvold has been spreading such tales about that evening you and I were there. I have heard, however, that you have long ago written to others, and that is only what I expected. Dear Lars, you must be very careful, for we hear so much about storms and disasters on the sea, and drinking and fighting on land. I am working a pair of garters for a Christmas present next year, for by that time I shall be confirmed and can give them to whomever I like; but I've already decided who is to have them, only I sha'n't say who he is.

"Now good-by, for I must end this badly written letter; my hand aches,

my pen shakes, and this the letters crooked makes.

"With my best greetings,

"ELLEN OLSDAUGHTER KOYA.

"P. S. Burn this letter. Please write me a letter back."

Here sat Lars in his sou'wester and blouse, reading his first letter from a girl, and that is no trifle. When he had finished, he sat looking out over the sea, and forgot to get up for a long time.

He who had gone out with Kaneles to visit girls who were perhaps for sale among three or four thousand men, had been drunk and gone about flourishing his knife, and had bruises and scratches on his face from fighting—that *he* should get such a letter! It was inconceivable.

He could see now, at any rate, that he would have to turn his back upon this sinful life and become a different being. He painted himself in very black colors, calling himself a drunkard and an evil liver, and later on he found out that he was also a false swearer and a murderer. He saw salvation, however, in a young woman whose image in his mind began once more to grow brighter and brighter. He pictured her far more beautiful than she was, for that gave him a feeling of greater sanctity. That night he stole out of his bunk while the others slept, and sewed the letter to the inside of his waistcoat, so that it should always be with him like a good spirit. It became a remarkable time for him. He heard organ-tones rolling through him. If a good thought came into his mind, it flew at once to her. If he had a moment's longing for home and his mother and the others, it was like a little light over Ellen Koya, too. Tread softly, for there is a church-like

solemnity everywhere. One day he happened to see that Peter Suzansa had holes in his socks, and he made him take them off so that he could mend them for him. There was nothing he disliked doing more, but he wanted to show himself that he had become a different being; and while he plied his needle he thought to himself that in a way he was doing it for her.

One evening he rowed over to the Fishermen's Home, where the priest loaned books. Lars would now have to begin to read in earnest. It was all very well for himself to be a Lofoten fisherman all his life, like his father, but it was not good enough for Ellen Koya. He began to feel a vague yearning toward an indistinct light. There was a world with greater thoughts, more beautiful scenery, and wiser men in it than here where he worked, and that world was to be found in books.

The library at the Fishermen's Home was filled with weather-beaten men, who held out their hands long before their turn came. What did these storm-birds want with books? Did they want to escape from the perpetual thinking about fish and money by throwing themselves into an intoxication brighter than that which brandy causes?

"What do you want, my boy?" asked the priest when Lars came forward.

"Please, sir, a book," said Lars.

"Yes, but there are many books here, as you see. Do you want a story or a devotional book or history or travels?"

"Will you please give me what you think best, sir?" said Lars.

"Only don't lend him Shakspeare, sir, for it ought to be my turn to have

him now," said a young fellow in Nordland dialect.

"I think you 'd better begin with Björnson's peasant tales," said the priest, with a smile, looking at Lars through his spectacles. "And when you 've read them, we can have a chat."

As Lars left the room he heard the priest say:

"Do tell your comrades, my friends, that it costs nothing to borrow books. Bring them here. Good reading 's better than drink, tell them, and more amusing, too."

There came two or three days in which the fleet remained in harbor, and Lars spent them in devouring the stories. A book of this kind looks rather forlorn in a fishermen's hut. It becomes covered with finger-marks, but what does that matter? The edges are frayed and the cover is broken, but what does that matter? It is like a rare bird of passage that has strayed into the polar regions, and the fishermen think it almost a pity; but—well, well, be careful with it! It 's not always so clean and tidy here as it should be.

Kriståver was sitting with his back against the wall, busily mending nets. The boy might have helped him, but he just sat over his book, and could as well have been miles away; so Kriståver said nothing, but went on with his work.

"You must read aloud, lad," said Peter Suzansa, looking up from his net-mending.

Lars did not need to be asked twice; he was glad to let others share in all the wonderful things that are to be found in such a book. He turned again to the beginning of "A Happy Boy," but soon regretted having done

so, for this story of a poor boy who wants to raise himself in order to reach a young woman seemed very like his own. He felt as if he were shouting out to a crowd all that he was thinking to himself nowadays. He turned crimson, and read as if he would rather not let any one know what the book said.

The room became quiet. The men who were mending nets worked more slowly; those who were shaping things out of rough material with a hatchet let their hands fall; those who were patching shoes raised their heads and forgot to look down again. Outside the wind and the waves were roaring.

This was something they understood; it was their own life put into a book. It was almost like getting a letter from home. The only thing was that it had never struck them before that a house and land can be so beautiful despite their being small. They did not know that poor people could have so much sunshine, but it was evident that they could. This book raised them in their own eyes, without their necessarily hating any one else on that account.

They listened breathlessly to every word. Now and again some one said, "H-m!" which meant, "Did you ever hear anything like that?" They slapped their thighs and laughed. Elezeus Hylla could not contain himself, but exclaimed, "Upon my word!" Henry Rabben sat with closed eyes, stroking his beard and nodding now and then. He saw it all distinctly. Arnt Awsan once more made an unfortunate remark, though with a little hesitation in his voice, when he said, "But is n't that blasphemy?" The others started and turned toward him angrily, and Kaneles exclaimed, "If you don't hold your jaw, Arnt, I'll pitch you out into the snow!"

"Hush! Let 's go on reading!" said Peter Suzansa.

There they sat on these rocky islands far out at sea, with storm and darkness and cold around them, while the book unrolled before their eyes pictures of bright summer days, of meadows and woods, of beautiful women, of farms, and of herds with bells. To look at them was rest to these men, who saw nothing now but sea and rock, and it awakened in them a longing for the land.

But when they came to the part where *Oeyvind* and *Marit* are standing at the altar as bridegroom and bride, and the old schoolmaster sings with his cracked voice, Elezeus Hylla was obliged to wipe his eyes with his sleeve, although the expression of his face was one of anger. Confound a book that can fool grown men into behaving like women!

A little later Andreas Ekra came in with a new number of the "Dawn." There was another capital article in it that he wanted Lars to read aloud; but this time he was not even asked to sit down. It looked as if he had surprised them with something they wanted to keep to themselves. Oh, very well; he could go, then. "And take the paper with you!" said Kaneles. Andreas looked highly astonished, and, putting the "Dawn" into his pocket, left the hut.

The men looked at one another a little doubtfully until Henry Rabben said:

"Well, it 's strange, but that book makes us perhaps better than we are, and the paper makes us worse than we are; but in other ways, too, we often become like those we keep company with."

From that day there was frequently

reading aloud, and even Jacob, when he came sailing in, sat down in a corner with his head on one side, quite still, and listened.

One day Lars was cleaning an enormous cod that was going to be boiled for their dinner, when he felt something strangely hard in its inside. Curious as to what it could be, he opened the fish and could hardly believe his eyes when he found that it was a human finger with a ring upon it. The fishermen were still weather-bound, and he ran into the room where the men were sitting, and showed them what he had found.

The finger was passed from one to another, but when one of the men began to try to take the ring off to see if there was any name engraved in it, Peter Suzansa interposed.

"No! no!" he said. "Let it alone, you idiot! As the ring 's still there, I suppose it 's meant that it shall be there."

An uncanny feeling filled the hut. The men looked at one another, but were silent for some time. It was as if they had had a visitor whom they did not like to name. Peter Suzansa took the finger and went with it to the priest.

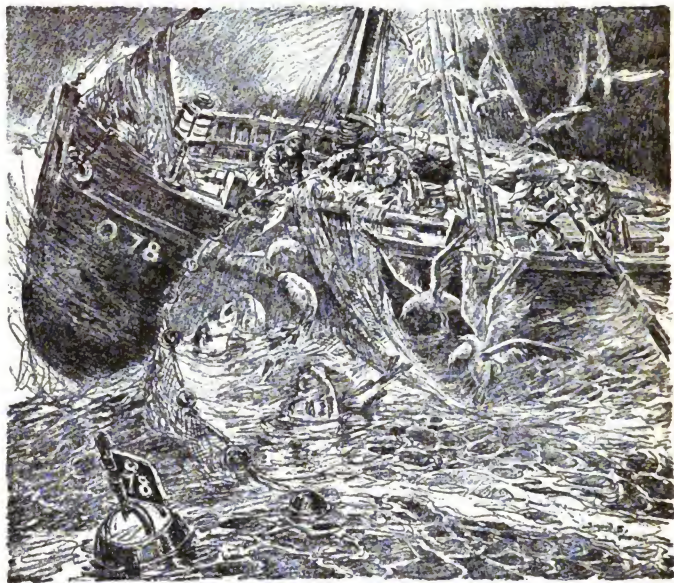
After a while Kaneles spoke.

"That must mean something," he said.

"Must it?" said Arnt Awsan.

"You 'll see there 's more where that finger came from," said Kaneles.

The next morning there was sea-going weather again, but Kriståver had had an attack of rheumatism in his back during the night, and could scarcely manage to get into his clothes. There could hardly fail to be some evil consequences from standing all day in the wind and cold out at sea, after



Hauling in the nets

being in a perspiration from rowing, and then sleeping in a hut with cracks in all the walls. He had pulled on his sea-boots, but when he tried to rise from his stooping posture, he gave a howl and put both hands on his back, quite unable to stand erect. He seized the edge of the table as a support, and his face was as contorted as if some one had put a knife into him.

"You 'll have to go to bed again," said Henry Rabben. "We must manage without you."

They set off, but just as they were putting out from the shore, Kriståver emerged from the hut, more bent than ever, and called to them to wait; and

then, going down on his hands and knees in the snow, he crawled down the rock.

"But, Father," cried Lars, "can't you stay in bed to-day?"

"Wait! I 'm coming with you." And it is best to obey the head-man.

He crawled on board, making grimaces all the time, for every movement gave intolerable pain; but when the others put out the oars, he wanted to take one himself, and persisted, although he groaned at every stroke. When they reached the bank and began hauling in the nets, he made Henry Rabben take the head-man's place with the gaff, but he himself

helped to haul in. The others exchanged glances. Had the rheumatism attacked his brain?

They began to haul in. It is hard enough work for a man in full vigor, but almost impossible for one with rheumatism in his back. Every time Kriståver took a fresh grasp and twisted his body as he worked with the heavy chain of nets, the perspiration broke out all over him with the agony. There were not many fish, but their nets had become entangled with others, so it took a long time to get them all in. They hauled hour after hour, and became silent, for it was hard to see the head-man suffering.

Toward evening, however, his face began to grow brighter.

"That 's just what I thought," he said. "The only thing for such pain is to work till you sweat." His back was less stiff and painful, but all he could do was to go on hauling.

The gray stream of net ran in over the roller, but the gray cod were few and far between. The weather was clear and cold, and there was the same swarm of boats all over the banks. Lars sat at the oars, looking down into the water and watching the nets coming up from the depths. Some large bubbles rose. "That must be a big fish," he thought; "a grampus, perhaps." Henry Rabben saw it, too, and got his gaff ready.

The next moment the net took the form of a long mass, which rose out of the water and came in over the roller. The men looked astonished, and Henry forgot to use his gaff. When the mass lay in the bottom of the boat, the men stopped hauling and looked in dismay at one another. The object wrapped up in the net was something with sea-boots on.

"I believe it 's a man!" said Kriståver, wiping his forehead.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Henry. Kaneles sprang up into the bow to get a better view.

A chain of nets cannot be stopped, however, in the middle of the sea. The men would have to wait until all the nets were on board before they could examine the object in sea-boots. So the gray stream continued to rise from the depths, now and then with a fish that leaped as it passed over the edge of the boat. The men went on pulling as before, apparently thinking of nothing else; and the pile of nets grew higher and higher over the formless mass in the boat. They lay there together, the fish with their dead eyes, and the unknown with sea-boots; and they would both have to wait there until there was time to take them out of the net.

A suspicion seemed to have crept in among the boats about them that there was something wrong on board the *Seal*. Her men were toiling at the nets without speaking, and yet something must have happened. The occupants of the nearest boats began to gaze at her, while farther off some sang, others called to a neighbor and laughed; but the circle of boats all gazing at the *Seal* became larger and larger. A heavy cloud of gulls was also hovering overhead, looking down and screaming. What was it?

Now they appeared to have got all the nets on board and to be busy with the fish; but even the men who were at the oars went aft to look.

They were working at the formless mass wrapped up in the net. They could not all get near it, but Kriståver and Kaneles had it between them. Some fingers became visible, so en-



tangled in the meshes that the net had to be cut to free them; and then a man in yellow oilskins and long sea-boots was distinguishable. They all gazed in silence until Kriståver murmured:

"He 's got a black beard." Kaneles added, as if in surprise:

"But all his fingers are there."

"What 's that you 've got on board there?" cried a voice from a Nordland boat.

It had been a day of sunshine, and now, in the twilight, a bank of red clouds lay upon the southwestern horizon, while yellow stars began to appear in the brownish-blue sky. The sea was perfectly calm, except for a tiny wave here and there that rose with a flash and sank again. The beacons and harbor-lights at the foot of the white-crested Lofoten Wall were being lighted. And through this twilight a wave of emotion passed from boat to boat. A dead man had been found in one of the nets! A Stads boat had pulled up a dead man!

The singing ceased, and the laughter died away, and there was no more shouting from boat to boat. Those who had quarreled over tangled nets

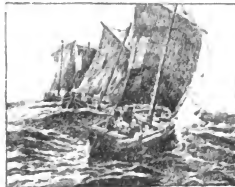
made peace. A church-like silence fell upon the sea, and enveloped the men and the boats; and almost the only sounds were from the flock of white sea-birds above the boat in which the dead fisherman lay. And as they flew, their white wings now and then caught a bright gleam from the sunset sky.

Not a boat came nearer. Some one had called, "Do you know him?" But Kriståver did not answer; he was busy with something in the bottom of the boat.

It grew dark as the fleet rowed in to land. It was as though all these hundreds of boats were taking part in a funeral procession, and little was said on board of them. The high masts and curving prows moved on over a phosphorescent sea, leaving a fiery trail behind them; but each boat seemed to have a dead man on board.

The dead man was laid upon two empty barrels down on the wharf, and it was not until the next day that they found out that he was a fisherman from Gimsøy who had capsized the year before and been drowned.

(The end of the fourth part of "The Last of the Vikings")





## The "Other Woman" in Egypt

BY GRACE THOMPSON SETON



EGYPT, of all lands to-day, is a country of paradoxes, of sharp contrasts, and of silhouettes. We have seen the new woman and her ultra-modernity. Even as yeast in time affects the mass with which it comes in contact, so the changing values and conditions of social and economic life in Egypt are permeating to the lowest stratum of society, the fellaheen, the Bedouins, and the lower bourgeoisie.

Along the banks of the Nile lie fertile fields, active little villages, and a network of canals where the fellaheen live in careless, even happy, disregard of the comforts of modern life. These workers of the soil represent about two thirds of Egypt's population. They are ignorant, illiterate, and happy. They are hard-working and home-loving. The women are trained to carry loads upon the head. This gives them a beautiful carriage.

At sundown the women make a picturesque sight going to the river or canal to fill the family water *ghoula*, their black garments trailing in long lines from head to foot. The water hour is the "five o'clock tea" for them, the fellah woman's club. They gossip and chatter, bathe their feet and often their dresses. The news of their little world and scraps from the great world are bandied about. Their faces are rarely sad. They cannot read and are superstitiously dominated by the priests, be they Mohammedan or Copt, and ideas about sanitation and hy-

giene are lacking. Until education fills the bitter-sweet twin cups of knowledge, these women accept the hard conditions of their lives much as the animals do.

Indeed, the first thing that impressed me was that the peasant family seems to have divided a small Noah's ark with its neighbor. A child, woman, or old man will be seen guarding a group of animals whose types have not changed since Joseph's time. There will be a water-buffalo, a donkey, a goat, and a brown sheep grazing upon a patch of clover or pulse grown for their benefit. The Egyptian animal, guided by its shepherd, is an intensive eater. Only so many square feet a day may be eaten, and the patch is left with roots intact to recover in three months for another meal. Verily, as in Bible times, the lower-class fellah family and its animals lie down together in the mud-walled inclosure called home. Their houses seldom have roofs; perhaps a shade of straw matting over one part of the inclosure to temper the sun will be all. There are no floors, no furniture, no water, no sanitary arrangements, and no provision for storing belongings other than a few holes in the wall. Indeed, there is nothing to store.

A small brazier, a handful of bean-meal, a porous water jar filled from the river every evening, and half a dozen copper or earthen pots constituted the entire equipment of a house I inspected

near the tomb of the kings at Luxor last February. It was built on a slope of the desert, without a tree or a green leaf in sight. Slipping off our donkeys, I waited while Shehata, my dragoman, knocked at a wooden door set in the rough wall. Nobody was at home but the goat. Immediately the deserted place swarmed with children, apparently running from nowhere. A woman, the owner, carrying a baby on her hip, appeared from a distant house and bade me enter.

This home consisted of four inclosures, each one on a different level. Two of them were roughly roofed over with poles of uneven lengths, with chaff sugar-cane laid upon them and weighted with stones against the desert winds. The walls were about six feet high and six inches thick, rudely built of mud and straw, with uneven tops, and formed irregular inclosures where the cattle, sheep, and humans lived together. An oven of baked mud, a water receptacle like a large shallow basin, and several pots and shallow dishes of baked mud comprised the entire furniture.

The floor was the desert sand, mixed with animal and human litter. There were no beds, tables, or chairs, and not even a mat for the family to sleep upon. They simply curled up on the filthy ground, often against the sheep, and endured the flies and fleas with equal indifference.

They had no clothing but the black rags on their backs. The small boys were naked. One brown garment, an *abayeh*, of coarse woolen weave, doubtless plucked from the back of their sheep, twisted into a rope by means of a spindle, and woven on a hand-loom, was the family's sole additional garment. It hung over the low wall that

partly divided the interior space, one portion of which was evidently intended for the animals, as the floor was full of drying manure. This is baked and used for fertilizer. A small earthen pot contained some coarse yellow meal that would be mixed with hot water and sun-baked, perhaps oven-baked, afterward. It was the only visible food, and the bowl was covered by large heavy bowls to keep the sheep and cow out of it.

The mistress of the home with four children and her husband got along on this. She was twenty-five, looked forty, and said she was the only wife of her husband. Doubtless somewhere, tucked away in a hole, was a gold piece or two that the woman put on for gala occasions. There is little else to tell about her. She goes to the river for water, once a week to market for supplies. She does her simple tasks, gossips with her neighbors, and sees the priest on fête-days. This peasant, besides his four animals and some chickens, undoubtedly had his five *feddans*, or acres, of land, which he tilled or rented to others. The family seemed happy and healthy, and no dirtier than the animals with which they lived, and their animal needs were satisfied as simply.

## § 2

Lord Cromer organized many reforms for Egypt, including the irrigation regulations in order that all farmers might get a fair share of water; but the crowning achievement for the peasant was Lord Kitchener's five-*feddans*' law. This provides for the continued possession of that much land by a fellah. He has no power to sell or mortgage his last five *feddans*. He cannot give them away. They are not

seizable for debt. They are his, and his children's after him. The industrious peasant has gradually acquired more and more fields next to his. The price of cotton has greatly advanced. The steady crops of sugarcane, wheat, barley, alfalfa, and beans feed him and his animals. His wants are few. He has grown richer, until an income of seventy-five thousand dollars a year is not a miracle, and yearly incomes of from forty thousand to fifty thousand dollars are not uncommon.

As a rule, after the rich peasant woman has loaded down her person with solid gold ornaments, her ambition is satisfied. She provides liberally for the family table, and still the money pours in. She banks it, and the interest soon begins to compound. An increasing percentage of the growing generation want education. They want to spend the money, which takes them into the big cities, and here they soon realize the need of knowledge. They are out from under the rule of the local priest. The children of these emancipated ones are most certainly sent to a good school, and the young men become recruits in official or professional classes, and a sprinkling of the girls push out into the larger world, even become "new women" in rare cases.

The Bedouins must not be confused with the fellaheen. They consider themselves much superior, and even toward the upper classes they hold themselves as "different," not inferior. They are the princes of the desert, a free race, bowing the knee to no outside ruler, and have certain privileges in their allegiance to Egypt. The Bedouin is exempt from police or military duty. Being of brave and

fearless spirit, however, he often volunteers for fighting, and organized revolts against the Government are not unknown. The last one occurred among the Senussi, a tribe of fanatical Moslems, during the Great War.

The Bedouins live in villages on the edge of the desert or in tent caravans which camp in the desert where water can be obtained, and "pull up stakes" when the restless nomadic spirit seizes them. The sheik, partly hereditary and partly elective, is the ruler of the Bedouin tribe. A sheik of sheiks is called an *emdeh*. They are Mohammedans, and practise the tenets of their faith religiously under the sway of the priest.

The Bedouin men whom I have met had fine physiques, were very intelligent, honest, and polite, and did not touch alcohol. They were clannish, taking good care of their families and relatives. I saw no beggars among them. The position of the women is not high, owing to the Moslem restriction on female education; but this is slowly breaking down. The Bedouin women are well cared for, never maltreated so far as I could discover, and have an affectionate family life. Those I knew were tall, graceful, and mentally alert.

One afternoon in February my companion and I set forth on camels for an hour's ride from the Meneh House to visit the two homes of our Bedouin dragoman, Shehata Abou Taleb, who lives about five miles south of the Great Pyramid. It was four o'clock, and the sun was beginning to lessen its heat. We threaded our way, on the edge of the desert, through the fertile alfalfa-fields of the Nile belt, through native mud-brick villages, and nearing Shehata's home, we met a

niece of his, Hamida, fifteen years old, married, and carrying her first-born. She was a handsome girl, with the usual lustrous eyes and clear skin. She wished the "ladies all happiness," and made the characteristic salute of respect, touching the forehead lightly with the finger.

Shehata's cousin, the Sheik Mohamed, is an *emdeh*. He rules over five villages, with eight thousand Bedouins, and has for wife Sitt Elia, a very pretty woman of twenty-eight, with light skin and refined features. She, with a good-looking daughter of eight, was waiting to receive us at the home of Shehata's second wife, Margliyah, aged twenty-two, who was about to bear her first-born. We were ushered into a small reception-room built on the right of a scattered group of buildings, inclosed in a high stucco wall, parts of which formed the outside wall of the rooms. In the reception-room there were shabby upholstered settees on two sides. One was covered with white linen, and we made for that. A cheap rug was on the stone floor, and on a dilapidated table stood a rough makeshift for a tea-service. It was already arranged for our benefit with cheap crockery and pewter spoons.

Shehata had excused himself earlier in the day and had traveled all the way in to Cairo from the Meneh House, an hour each way by tram, in order to buy the tea, cream, seeded cakes, and fresh butter which were now offered to us. These delicacies had been sent ahead to his village by a friendly Bedouin, and, with true courtesy, nothing was said about the effort to give us the "English tea."

The Bedouin women do not smoke tobacco, nor do they eat with the men as a rule. Of the three native women

present, the visiting wife and daughter of the *emdeh* accepted tea after we had been served, as did Shehata and his favorite little son, Samiel. The new second wife, Margliyah, either from disinclination or inhibitive custom, refused to eat. She preferred to turn the battery of her attention upon my person, which she did with great detail and frankness.

She looked at my string of pearls and remarked that it might well be much longer, then at my gold watch and wrist-band and asked why they were not made of diamonds. I showed her the three diamond rings on my fingers, hoping to make a favorable impression. She remarked that the stones were not big enough, and my fingers should be covered with them. She scrutinized my companion and asked:

"This is your sister? You do not look alike. You are younger than I expected. You are very pretty." This was better, and I hoped, against facts, that she was being as frank now as in her previous remarks. I gave her a gold coin of Uncle Sam's mint, and she was pleased. All Arabs love the shining yellow metal. She wished me "long life and a good stomach," the Arab salutation of politeness.

Shehata's first wife, also named Elia, whom I had met before, greeted me with many salutations and smiles. She is now thirty-eight, has six children, five sons and one daughter, Mansourah, who is already engaged. Ten years ago, when Mansourah was five, Shehata had promised me that she should be educated the same as his sons. He had kept his word until a year ago, when he had a command from the priest to withdraw Mansourah from school, as he did not approve of the

higher education of women. It unfits them for the life of subjection to priest and man. Shehata was distressed, as a Bedouin does not lightly forget a vow, neither does he lightly disobey the command of a Mohammedan priest. He solved the problem to his satisfaction by engaging her to a very eligible youth, a son of his cousin, the big Sheik Mohammed.

Shehata seemed on very good terms with the still handsome Elia, whom he divorced for the same reason as the negro wench in Tennessee, who, when asked why she wanted to divorce Sambo, replied, "Well, you see, Jedge, I jus' naturally got tired of the man." Shehata continues to support Elia and her home, which he frequently visits. He loves their children, kissing them affectionately many times in a profuse manner. The children, who are well cared for and well clothed, are often with him in his second home; but not Elia.

### § 3

Among the Bedouins who have come to live in the towns and are merging into the bourgeoisie I had an excellent example in the home of Sitt Abouka, the wife of a prosperous dragoman in the city of Luxor.

I was projected into Abdul Galeel's house unexpectedly, and therefore saw it off guard, about ten o'clock at night. Although I did not realize it until too late, this was a breach of courtesy, as it would have been with us. Shehata had taken advantage of his friendship with Abdul, the head of the house. Sitt Abouka, aroused from her slumbers, proved to be very amiable about it, and as the custom is to remove only the day garment for the night garment, she was ready after a moment's delay.

She opened the door, and partly veiled herself with her head-covering when she saw Shehata, although he was visiting in the house. We were admitted to a very respectable three-story stucco house with iron balconies. It was somewhat of a shock to stumble upon the goat in the front hall. The reason for it was soon obvious. The hall was paved with red tiles back as far as the staircase only. Beyond that the bare ground served, and the rear room was developed into a stable, from where a loud-voiced donkey gave tongue and a water-buffalo grunted. No doubt the woolly sheep was there, too, and the goat had her place. Some chickens strayed about. On the railing of the second landing, which was open to the weather, roosted three turkeys. The Bedouin is accustomed to do his own policing out on the desert, and the best way to take care of property is to have it under one's eye.

There was a row of settees that also served for beds in the reception-room on the right of the entrance, and a large utility room on the left. My hostess soon led me to the second story, leaving Shehata down-stairs. We entered a large bedroom. It had several pegs on the wall where hung the gorgeous robes which her husband, the guide, wears; a chest of drawers and three single beds ranged along the wall. They had mattresses and some tossed-about comforters, but no sheets.

A small chest stood in one corner, and from this the good lady began to exhibit her treasures: an elaborate necklace of gold coins, some other gold coins, two braided gold bracelets, some strings of beads, and rings of gold. Then came the dresses, a dozen or more, evidently dating from her wedding; then two gorgeous gold and sil-

ver *galabeyeh*, which the hostess tried to drape upon me, and with a truly Bedouin gesture offered to give to me. She tried to fasten the bracelets upon my wrists and adjust the necklace. Although we had no medium of language, we had signs and smiles. She wore amber and silver anklets, no stockings, and the long black garments and head wrap of the peasant women. Her face was tattooed on the chin and forehead. Sitt Abouka then produced her make-up box, and showed me how to put on the kohl about the eyes with a long silver needle, and the rouge high on the cheeks. She was not troubled by any idea of germs, and wanted me to share her things in the most friendly way, a truly charming person. I got a glimpse of the gossipy, cozy times the women have together. The Bedouin women I have met all seemed very gentle and aimable. Sitt Abouka gave me a string of authentic mummy beads, and I in turn gave her a cut crystal and jade necklace, and also added to her collection of prized gold pieces one from the United States mint.

In the middle of the hall, upon the second landing, was running water, with a washing-place. The average native bath is not taken in a tub, but, like the ancient Japanese, with a little water and much soaping and scrubbing and rinsing. The other room on the second floor was a kitchen where many things to eat were preserved in earthen jars, the whole pervaded by the strong, rancid odor of cheese. The water-buffalo milk and the goat milk are too high for the average American nostril. This class of Egyptian lives well, has an abundance and variety of meat, cheese, vegetables, fruits. There was no dining-room, with a table set for a meal and with chairs about it; but

the food is brought and eaten when needed. When Sitt Abouka was asked if she was happy, she replied:

"Why not? My husband has only one wife. I have several boys and a nice house and am comfortable, and may Allah give us long life!"

The home of the bourgeoisie has progressed considerably toward our standards. The charming daughter of the French consul at Luxor and her cousin received me for coffee one afternoon at five.

I found two soft-voiced women speaking English, Evelyn B. Bishara and her cousin Moneera Elias. She had been educated at the American mission, where there are about two hundred girls yearly, who get a liberal education in arithmetic, Arabic, domestic science, history, geography, astronomy.

The girls marry later now that education develops their individualities and makes them realize more of life. Evelyn's mother married at twelve, while she is nineteen and not even engaged; and Moneera is twenty-one and unmarried, although her mother was a wife at seven! The girls of this class are now consulted and cannot be married against their will, and they see their fiancés before marriage. When asked about their interest in Egypt's independence, my hostesses were very serious.

"The women of Luxor are not so well organized as in Cairo. We cannot do much, but we pray many times a day for our country's freedom. We know the English have done wonderful things for our country, but we want the Europeans as our guests, not our rulers," said gentle Evelyn, "and we pray always for it. There is much power in prayer."

The family eat together in European style, but wash their hands and pray before each meal in Oriental style. This family follows the Coptic religion. They go to church morning and afternoon, the women in a separate part. "But," Moneera hastened to add, "now there is a church in Cairo, built by the sons of Boutrous Ghali Pasha as a memorial to him, where the women are on one side of the church and the men on the other, like Quaker churches."

These girls have more liberty than their mothers, but they do not mingle with men freely as girls do in our country. They do not go to theaters "because they would hear things not good." The women of their class go to the cinemas, but not to restaurants with their husbands; but they know that all this is done in Cairo and Alexandria, which cities lead Egypt, and they are waiting for the greater freedom to extend to the provinces.

It was at an American mission school for girls at Luxor that I first made the acquaintance of the slave girl Sitt Essa, standing in the door of her kitchen. She represents the last frontier to be reached by the onward march of education. Her name was Essa, and the dignity title of "Sitt" was added by these kindly women, as their cook had come from a family of good degree in her Sudanese village. Her rotund form was clad in American calico, a native black shawl draped her head and outlined a face round, happy, and black, with three scars on the right cheek. Those slave gashes told the story of capture, terror, torture made years ago, when she was torn from her native village in the Sudan, put upon a slave-boat, and mutilated for all her life. Her rescue was a romance.

A third of a century ago, on a certain obscure night in the dark of the moon, one of the three missionary boats which the American mission in Egypt has kept plying on the Nile for sixty years, tied up for the night by the side of another boat near Luxor, on the bank of this strange river where boats at times have to be towed down stream.

The strange boat proved to be a slaver from the Sudan. Five of the miserable young girls upon it effected an escape, and, creeping in the darkness, reached the American *dahabiyeh* and appealed to the missionary for protection. He promptly took them to the girls' mission at Luxor, where Miss McGowan, in charge, gave them refuge, fed and clothed them. When the villainous slave-dealer early next morning, whip in hand, sought his property, she defied him courageously. The English had already made slave-dealing a crime; so this little woman, for the moment without other help than her five dusky charges cowering behind her, pluckily bade the irate trafficker in human bodies and human souls to depart, or take the consequences of the law. He retired in bad order, and cut loose with his *dahabiyeh* toward Assuit, while Miss McGowan was urging the native authorities to act in the matter.

The other girls were eventually returned to their homes, but Sitt Essa had become so attached to Miss McGowan and her mission home that she preferred to stay where she could "cook the food and bless the Lord" at the same time.

#### § 4

Following the lead of the foreign mission schools, there are now some



purely Egyptian enterprises, such as the Girls' Academy at Minia, Upper Egypt, which is conducted by Mme. Fekrich Horny. The curriculum is arranged for undergraduate work for girls graduating from the elementary schools of Upper Egypt. The studies are arithmetic, Arabic, English, French, geography, domestic science, history, and nature study. Under this last heading I received a thrill when a dark-eyed, gentle-voiced little woman told me she had traveled nearly a hundred miles to meet the wife of the author whose books she was using for nature study and English. There is also a course in kindergarten work to train teachers for the elementary schools. This is the direct result of the new-woman influence.

The girls of the upper stratum of the pasha class are still privately educated by governesses, and are allowed to go to convents and European schools and colleges. Among the middle and upper classes the girls of parents who can afford it now receive an excellent education at home in languages, sciences, religion, and politics. At least, if politics are not taught, they are acquired, for I have been astonished at the political interest and information of the present generation not only about their own country and its struggle for independence, but about contemporary political history. The public school system of Kenia Province was described to me by the assistant governor, M. Fathy Bey.

"The educational system in the Kenia Province, which has six districts, Luxor being one, has two primary schools to each district, one for girls and one for boys. About eight boys out of a thousand go to school; fewer girls go, the peasants having no

interest in educating their children, though all are taxed five per cent. of the income on a feddan of land for schooling. Besides the primary, there are the elementary schools, one for girls and one for boys in each district, and the parents must also pay about twenty-five dollars a year tuition fee, although there are some free classes. In addition there are the sectarian schools for Copts, Protestants, Catholics, French, and Italian, where any one may go who can qualify. They are for the better class of both sexes, who are educated separately. Then there are some endowed colleges."

All this effort for education, and more, is needed, for there is no doubt that Egypt suffers from the reproach of illiteracy. In Cairo, with its large Western population, one half the men are not able to read and write, and only 42,000 women and girls of the 277,000 in the city are literate.

There are villages of five thousand inhabitants in which not a woman can read and write, the census states, and perhaps a score of men are in the literate class. However, these figures have been very much bettered in the last ten years.

The itch for knowledge and a larger expression, both national and individual, has certainly urged Egypt on to the world's stage; and, in the growing freedom, her women have no intention of being left behind, whether the daughter of the wealthy class Moslem in Cairo, the daughter of the middle-class Copt in the provinces, or the bride of a Bedouin sheik who promised me solemnly that the first-born, boy or girl, should be sent to school. The torch of knowledge, which unites all peoples, has been lighted in the land of the Pharaohs.



# The Soil of the Puritans

*Robert Frost: Quintessence and Subsoil*

BY CARL VAN DOREN

DRAWING BY JAMES CHAPIN



THE Puritans dreamed their dream on an island, but they carried it to a continent. That high city they were to build without hands, that tower which was to touch heaven, that commonwealth of all the virtues—these phases of the dream in some way or other took for granted a barrier around England as powerful as the sea. The barrier did not hold. Animosity awoke in neighbor kingdoms and struck at the Puritans for their daring. Contention at home grew so keen that many of those who were stoutest in the new faith broke the barrier outward and went across the Atlantic to establish a New England more congenial to their doctrine. Here also there was no wall to protect the sacred commune. The colonies and States of New England might bind themselves together with a thousand chains of unity and pride and hope, but a continent yawned behind them. As the generations fell away from the radiance of the first vision, they turned to more and more secular undertakings. They sailed off to the ends of the earth in busy ships; they drifted off into the Western wilderness. The original stock was constantly diminished and diluted. The more adventurous spirits begot their children upon the women of distant regions. The dissenters from the native code of the region enriched other

communities with the heat and stir of dissent. Those who remained tended to be either the most successful or the least successful, the gentry for whom Boston set the mode or the gnarled farmers who tugged at the stones of inland hillsides.

The gentry found its poetical voice first: the sharp-tongued satirists of the Revolution; Holmes, the little wit of the Puritan capital; Longfellow, the sweet-syllabled story-teller and translator; Lowell, learned and urbane, who stooped to the vernacular; Emerson, whose glowing verses had to preach. The Yankee subsoil long resisted the plow. Thoreau, hired man of genius, read Greek in his hermitage; Whittier, born to be the ballad-maker of his folk, was half politician. And when, after the Civil War, rural New England was rediscovered by poetry and romance, it was valued largely because it seemed quaint, because it was full of picturesque remnants of a civilization. For half a century too many of those who sang its charms looked at them as if from the cool verandas of summer boarding-houses, touched by an antique fashion and tickled by an angular dialect. They collected episodes and characters as they collected brass knockers and hooked rugs and banister-back chairs and walnut high-boys. As time went on there were so many

summer visitors that they forgot the natives. The rock-bound coast echoed to the cries of jolly bathers; up and down the solid hills dashed motor-cars filled with bright boys and girls as pagan as the youth of Greece; hunters in an alien scarlet took stone walls which it had broken backs to build; somber farm-houses blossomed into pleasant villas; oak-raftered barns turned into studios; churches which had once enshrined the aspirations of devout parishes were kept up by the donations of men and women who valued them chiefly for the quality they gave the landscape. No wonder the elder Yankees had no voice. Inarticulate themselves, both by principle and by habit, they invited obscurity. Overwhelmed by the rush of the new world which had poured over them, they took to the safer hills.

But there were flesh and blood beneath their weather-beaten garments, as there was granite beneath the goldenrod and hardhack about which the visitors babbled; and in time the flesh and blood and granite were reached. If it seems strange that Robert Frost, born in California, should have become the voice of those left behind, it actually is natural enough. New England was in his blood, bred there by nine generations of ancestors who had been faithful to its soil. Some racial nostalgia helped draw him back; some deep loyalty to his stock intensified his affection. That affection made him thrill to the colors and sounds and perfumes of New England as no poet had done since Thoreau. He felt, indeed, the pathos of deserted farms, the tragedy of dwindling townships, the horrors of loneliness pressing in upon silent lives, the weight of inertia in minds from

which an earlier energy has departed; but there was in him a tough sense of fact which would not let him brood. He drew life from the sight of the sturdy processes which still went on. Unable to see these upland parishes as mere museums of singular customs and idioms, he saw them, instead, as the stages on which, as on any human stage however small or large, there are transacted the universal tragedies and comedies of birth, love, work, hope, despair, death. The same sun shines upon New Hampshire as upon Arcadia or Sicily or Provence or Wessex; the same earth rolls under the feet of men. Suppose, Mr. Frost may be imagined as having thought, New England had a poet who, in the Yankee way, was willing to work with the tools he had upon the materials which lay at hand. Suppose, further, he did not forever apologize for his tools or comment upon the quaintness of his materials, but gave his time to fashioning poems which should be shrewd or wise or beautiful in their own right.

## § 2

To compare Robert Frost, as he has often been compared, with Robert Burns, is to call attention at the outset to a difference between the Yankees and the Scots which has had a great effect upon the difference between these two poets. Burns grew up among a peasantry which sang. Not only were there ballads of the traditionary sort in every chimney-corner, but there were also gay tunes in the air ready for the new words of any new versifier. Even a genius like Burns in even his most characteristic lyrics was likely to owe some of his lines and the mold in which he cast them to old songs of love or laughter or defiance; and he was sure

in such cases to owe to the fame of the older songs some part of the prosperity of his own. The ears of his hearers were already prepared for him. In rural New England Robert Frost had no similar advantages. Almost the only tunes which had ever been lifted there had been the dry hymns of the churches. Ballad-making had died out; hilarious catches had rarely been trolled in cheerful taverns; youth did not sing its love, but talked when it did not merely hint. New England since the Revolution has had but one great popular orator; since "Yankee Doodle" only one popular patriotic song has come out of New England. The voice of that region is the voice of reason, of the intellect, of prose, canny or noble; it walks, not flies. There was nothing to teach or to encourage Mr. Frost to ride on the wings of established melodies.

He would not have heeded any such teaching and encouragement, perhaps, being so much an individualist in his speech; but that very individualism was in part a Yankee trait. Yet if he could not lean upon accepted habits of song, he could lean upon accepted habits of talk. Behind all that his poems have to say there is to be heard the sound of a shrewd voice speaking. Here, for instance, is a farmer saying that he has never climbed a mountain at the foot of which he lives:

"I 've always meant to go  
And look myself, but you know how it is:  
It does n't seem so much to climb a  
mountain  
You 've worked around the foot of all  
your life.  
What would I do? Go in my overalls,  
With a big stick, the same as when the  
cows

Have n't come down to the bars at  
milking time?

Or with a shotgun for a stray black  
bear?

'Twould n't seem real to climb for  
climbing it."

Though the passage is full of significant reference to the unadventurous and utilitarian attitude of the Yankee rustic, it does not raise its voice to point the reference, but hugs the ground of understatement and casual syntax.

Nor does Mr. Frost leave the idiom or rhythm of common speech behind when he rises to the pitch of aphorism. In "The Death of the Hired Man" the wife is telling her husband that the old laborer has come back:

" 'Warren,' she said, 'he has come home  
to die:

You need n't be afraid he 'll leave  
you this time.'

'Home,' he mocked gently.

'Yes, what else but home?

It all depends on what you mean by  
home.

Of course he 's nothing to us, any  
more

Than was the hound that came a  
stranger to us

Out of the woods, worn out upon the  
trail.'

'Home is the place where, when you  
have to go there,

They have to take you in.'

'I should have called it  
Something you somehow haven't to  
deserve.'

These definitions of home, as profound as were ever spoken, fall from the lips

which utter them without one symptom of rhetorical or poetical self-consciousness. They have the accents of folk-speech clarified and ennobled, but clarified and ennobled by no other art than a poet may learn from folk-speech itself.

Even when Mr. Frost touches his peaks of elevation he still talks, not sings.

"So was I once myself a swinger of birches.

And so I dream of going back to be.  
It 's when I 'm weary of considerations,

And life is too much like a pathless wood

Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs

Broken across it, and one eye is weeping

From a twig's having lashed across it open.

I 'd like to get away from earth awhile

And then come back to it and begin over.

May no fate willfully misunderstand me

And half grant what I wish and snatch me away

Not to return. Earth 's the right place for love:

I don't know where it 's likely to go better.

I 'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,

And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk

Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,

But dipped its top and set me down again.

That would be good both going and coming back.

One could do worse than be a swinger of birches."

Though at such moments he has become so much himself that the rhythm is of course personal more than it is sectional, it still suggests, in its cadences, the sly, shy Yankee tongue.

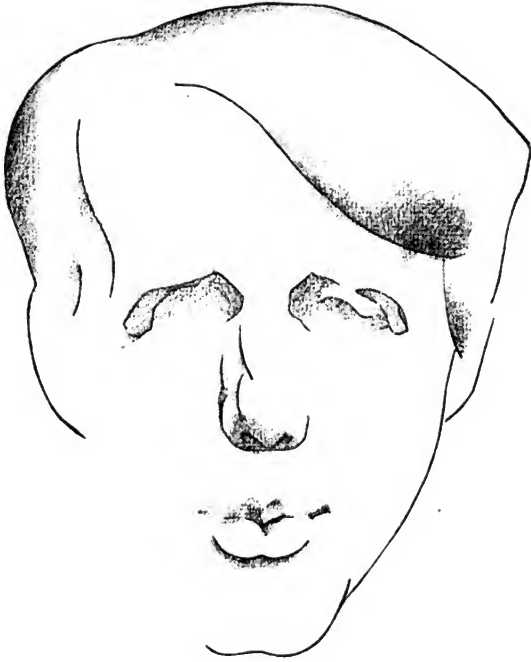
### § 3

If Robert Frost talks as becomes a Yankee poet, so does he think as becomes one. In particular there is his close attention to the objects he sees in his chosen world. He seems never to mention anything that he has merely glanced at. Whether it is a bit of "highway where the slow wheel pours the sand"; or "windfalls spiked with stubble and worm-eaten"; or ice-coated branches that "click upon themselves as the breeze rises"; or an "instep arch [that] not only keeps the ache, [but] keeps the pressure of a ladder round"; or the frost

"that does n't love a well,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,

And spills the upper boulders in the sun—

no matter what the thing is that Mr. Frost's eye has seen, he has seen it with his undivided mind and heart. Moreover, he speaks of mowing, for instance, not as a man might who had seen such work done in another's meadow or picture, but as a mower who has done it himself, alert for stones in the grass and tired at the end of the day. He speaks of a cow in apple time or of a colt left out in the weather not as a member of a humane society, but as a farmer who knows the unruly ways of cows and the nervous ways of



Robert Frost

horses. He speaks of the dislike of Yankees for being told how they shall do their tasks or of the plight of a woman who faces the coming of madness in a life of unrelieved toil, not as a cynic or a spectator or a philanthropist, but as a neighbor of similar persons, well enough aware of their eccentricities, yet still held close to them by the bonds of a neighborly knowledge and affection.

Now, such knowledge and such affection, characteristic as they may be of Robert Frost as an individual, are also characteristic of his Yankee community. In a neighborhood left behind as this is, deserted by its more ambitious members, overrun by outsiders of another culture, the people have been united by a natural increment of passion for their nook of land. They may complain of the hardships they endure, but they would hunger and sicken if they went away. Thus circumscribed, they have grown ardently familiar with the details of their world. Thus disciplined by loneliness and nearness, they have learned to live together. Thoreau himself, the sharpest observer and the sharpest critic of the common life, was eager to be a good neighbor: he was willing to help work the roads that all men used; he would have been prompt to keep up his fences if he had had any. So Mr. Frost, a good neighbor, has drawn from daily Yankee examples a good deal of what he knows about the practice of poetry and the conduct of life.

In either matter he refuses to be vague. If rapture visits him, it must come in the company of something that can be seen or felt. What is it, he asks himself as he is mowing, that his scythe whispers?

"It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,

Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:  
Anything more than the truth would  
have seemed too weak

To the earnest love that laid the  
swale in rows,

Not without feeble-pointed spikes of  
flowers

(Pale orchises), and scared a bright  
green snake.

The fact is the sweetest dream that  
labor knows."

And the fact, he might add, is the truest dream that poetry knows. Ideas, after all, are but dim lines drawn through unmapped regions from fact to fact; when all the facts shall have been found out, there will be no further need for ideas. Meanwhile poets understand that the love of reality is the root of most poetry. Diffuse love too much, and it loses meaning as well as power; fix it upon specific things, and they become first important and then representative. Always Mr. Frost reaches his magic through the door of actuality. "Sight and insight," he says, are the whole business of the poet. Let him see clearly enough, and understanding will be added.

A single short poem will serve to illustrate Mr. Frost's poetic method. Two generations of prose have labored to express the loneliness of New England winters, the pathos of empty houses, the desolation of old age, the cruelty of the cold. All this, and more, Mr. Frost, selecting one case only and omitting generalization or commentary, has distilled into fewer than thirty lines.

"All out of doors looked darkly in at  
him

Through the thin frost, almost in  
 separate stars,  
 That gathers on the pane in empty  
 rooms.  
 What kept his eyes from giving back  
 the gaze  
 Was the lamp tilted near them in his  
 hand.  
 What kept him from remembering  
 what it was  
 That brought him to that creaking  
 room was age.  
 He stood with barrels round him—  
 at a loss.  
 And having scared the cellar under  
 him  
 In clomping there, he scared it once  
 again  
 In clomping off,—and scared the  
 outer night,  
 Which has its sounds, familiar, like  
 the roar  
 Of trees and crack of branches, com-  
 mon things,  
 But nothing so like beating on a box.  
 A light he was to no one but himself  
 Where now he sat, concerned with he  
 knew what,  
 A quiet light, and then not even that.  
 He consigned to the moon, such as  
 she was,  
 So late-arising, to the broken moon  
 As better than the sun in any case  
 For such a charge, his snow upon the  
 roof,  
 His icicles along the wall to keep;  
 And slept. The log that shifted with  
 a jolt  
 Once in the stove, disturbed him and  
 he shifted,  
 And eased his heavy breathing, but  
 still slept.  
 One aged man—one man—can't fill a  
 house,  
 A farm, a countryside, or if he can,  
 It's thus he does it of a winter night.

The bare details are sufficient. They  
 draw no sword, they wave no banner;  
 but they steal upon the reader of the  
 poem as if he were the observer of the  
 scene, and stir him to insight into the  
 essential drama of the situation by  
 making his sight of it so vivid.

As sight and insight are connected in  
 Mr. Frost's procedure, so are the  
 practice of poetry and the conduct of  
 life. He is neighbor, in a Yankee  
 fashion, both to the things he sees and  
 to the beings he sees into. He can  
 smile, as he does in "Mending Wall,"  
 at the peasant-witted farmer who  
 keeps on repeating that "good fences  
 make good neighbors," even though  
 the maxim is something he has inher-  
 ited, not discovered, and though at the  
 moment the wall he is working at is  
 useless; yet Mr. Frost only smiles,  
 neither condescending nor philosophiz-  
 ing. He approaches his fellows through  
 the fellowship of labor. In "The Tuft  
 of Flowers" he tells who, once turning  
 the hay in a meadow which another  
 man had mowed before him, he thought  
 with pain that men always are alone,  
 "whether they work together or apart."  
 But coming shortly upon a tuft of  
 flowers which the mower had spared  
 out of his delight in their beauty, the  
 poet could

"feel a spirit kindred to my own;  
 So that henceforth I worked no more  
 alone.

But glad with him, I worked as with  
 his aid,  
 And weary, sought at noon with him  
 the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held broth-  
 erly speech  
 With one whose thought I had not  
 hoped to reach.



'Men work together,' I told him from  
the heart,  
'Whether they work together or apart.'"

In this lyrical apologue Mr. Frost is more explicit than almost anywhere else in his work. As a Yankee he may have too little general humanitarianism to be a patriot of the planet, but he is so much a neighbor that he can strike hands of friendship with the persons whom he encounters in his customary work. Other men may make wider acquaintances; other men may have, or feign, wider sympathies; for himself, he will continue to study what lies nearest him, confident that though remoter things may be larger, nearer things are surer.

#### § 4

Once Robert Frost's Yankee rhythm and Yankee attitude have been detected, his other qualities become less elusive. Has he failed to represent the whole of humanity in his work? He has not undertaken to do that. He has written about the things that interest him most. Has he found much of life drab and lonely? He has merely set down what he saw. At least, he has not been morbid. He is full of quiet fun, of the sense of windy pastures, of spicy roadside smells, of hardy souls busily at work, of drama unfolding naturally out of the movements of life. He dives into the Yankee back country and brings up fierce tales of sin and witchcraft; he dives into the Yankee character and brings up a cranky humor as well as a stern gravity, a longing for freedom and beauty and love as well as a deliberate endurance of hard fate. Puritan as

his tradition may be, he singularly lacks the Puritan modes of judgment, and he sets forth departures from the common codes of Yankee life without rancor. He manages to seem to be a poet talking about his neighbors and still to be minding his own business. He is, to risk a paradox, both closer to his folk than are the summer visitors and further from it. That is, he is so close as not to think of explaining Yankees to the world, and so far as not to be sentimental about them.

Or, to put the matter in more literary terms, Robert Frost has given little of his power to commentary and much of it to creation. For this reason he suffers with that larger audience which a poet can hardly catch without doing something to digest his own work for it. In the long run, however, he has taken the better road. The New England temper has ordinarily thought that in literature it is better to comment than to create; it has produced more sermons than poems. Even Thoreau, whom Mr. Frost most resembles among New-Englanders, though he lived a life as clear-cut as that of some hero in a book, did not create such a person. He talked about his time without bodying it forth; he believed that he could tell the world more about Concord by discussing it and the world at large than by portraying some typical Yankee character or mood or drama. Mr. Frost has gone back of this discursive habit to the true way of the old Yankees themselves, as if he were the last of the Yankees and their essence; he has as a poet taken a leaf out of the book of men and women who would rather talk than sing, but who would also rather work than talk.





# An American Looks at His World

*Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank*



WHEN JOHN SMITH OVERHEARS THE PHILOSOPHERS

THE other day Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam, who set the country debating with his "The New Decologue of Science," which we printed last March, sent me one of his characteristic essay-letters. Mr. Wiggam, in commenting upon the discussion of the present plight of Western civilization which I have been carrying on in these pages, suggests that in addition to the biological, psychological, economic, administrative, and moral fears which I have traced in the contemporary literature of despair, I should add a sixth—the philosophical fear.

I am sure I cannot do better than to devote these columns for this month to the reproduction of Mr. Wiggam's letter. The letter follows without the formality of quotation marks:

There is another fear for Western civilization which, unlike the previous fears, is in danger of laying a mental palsy upon its own advocates, and that is the philosophical fear. Like every other field of man's intellectual discipline, philosophy for the last generation has been undergoing a reconstruction that is structural and basic. A generation of philosophers has risen, schooled in psychology, biology, chemistry, and physics. Barrier after barrier of the unknown has broken down under the onslaughts of critical observation and experimental science. Beginning with Roger Bacon and Wil-

liam of Occam, coming on down through Francis Bacon, John Locke, David Hume, on through the nineteenth-century evolutionary philosophers to Herbert Spencer, British philosophy has attempted to construct a world picture out of the increasing knowledge of the world as it is found to be through the microscope, the spectroscope, the telescope, and in the chemist's test-tube. So that in much of contemporary philosophy the universe stands revealed in its gaunt nakedness as a mere machine without sympathy or purpose. Man is adjudged a brother to the brute; indeed, a brother to the clod and crystal. He sweeps for a brief moment round his little orbit and passes into the trackless void with the same mechanical precision as the stars. Life itself, instead of being the warm and pulsing thing we thought, is a mere phenomenon of matter. Even matter has disappeared, and the mechanist finds nothing but force, a world of electrical points which by their infinite permutations and combinations produce that transitory illusion which we call life.

This is not the view of insane men, but a view that is laying hold upon the minds of some of our leading philosophers, a view that is being taught in many of the colleges and universities of America and northern Europe. Nietzsche, though hardly a mechanist,

proclaimed that "God is dead," and in His place man has nothing to offer except the "superman." Bertrand Russell, George Santayana, Viscount Haldane, and Lord Balfour, while their technical philosophical positions may differ, give us well nigh as dismal a picture of man's place in the universe. Dr. Irwin Edman of Columbia University, one of the ablest of the rising generation of mechanists, boldly teaches his students that "man is a mere cosmic accident," the most interesting and the most self-interested accident which has yet happened to matter, but nevertheless an accident; that "immortality is a sheer illusion," and that "there is practically no evidence for the existence of God." Everett Dean Martin, who conducts the largest class in philosophy in the world, at Cooper Union, in New York City, although not a mechanist, yet informs his students, many of them labor leaders and intellectuals of the most earnest type, that "religion is a mere defense mechanism" which man has built up subjectively, "a compensatory fiction for his inner feeling of inferiority," "a device for importing symbols into the world of fact," all with a view not of finding reality, but of keeping up his courage with a "picture of a universe run in his private interest," "a universe as he would like to have it." He finds religious symbols such as "salvation," "the heavenly father," and the like, different in degree, but not in kind, from the Freudian defense mechanisms and fictional compensations of the paranoiac, an effort of man to create a purely imaginary world which will furnish him an escape from the hard realities of life. We hear Professor John Broadus Watson of Johns Hopkins, leader of the behavioristic school

of psychology, telling his students that "freedom of the will has been knocked into a cocked hat," and that such things as the "soul" and "consciousness" are mere mistakes of the older psychology. And these are only random examples. It is, I think, safe to assert that a majority of all biologists, psychologists, physicists, and chemists are thoroughgoing mechanists.

A few biologists, such as Hans Driesch of Germany and J. A. Thomson of Aberdeen University, author of "The Outline of Science," are still valiantly holding the old citadel of vitalism and the spiritual view of the world, and many of the old philosophers, with perhaps Bergson leading, are launching their most brilliant dialectic to prove that the mind may still establish a world of spiritual values. But, for all this, mechanism as a world view is rising in tide and volume among the deepest thinking men of the age.

But we are not concerned here with the truth or untruth of these two pictures of the universe and life and reality and destiny, but with their social, economic, and political effects. The social and political impact of naturalism has already been enormous and unmistakable. As far back as Bentham and Mill, it shot its cold and comfortless gleams through political economy and social science. It animated Spencer's sociology and system of ethics. Prior to 1914 it had colored the entire picture of world politics.

Now, the inescapable question which Western civilization faces in the opinion of these philosophers themselves is, "What is the man in the street going to do when he wakes up to what they at least believe are the facts?" And the man in the street is waking up rapidly

to this view. "Can the common man stand a Universe without the supernatural and its consolations?" "Can he stand what John Burroughs called 'the cosmic chill'?" When untutored men are taught that life is, as George Santayana puts it, "a little luminous meteor in an infinite abyss of nothingness, a rocket fired on a dark night," a fleeting moment of music and warmth and color between two eternities of silence, what is he going to do about it? Philosophy is the highest effort of man to adjust himself to reality, to teach himself what to do with the universe. And if he finds that the universe is not remotely built in his interest, how is he going to make this adjustment? What is he going to do with that sort of a universe?

The philosophers themselves say candidly that they do not know. They express only hopes, suggestions, and despairs. The common man for ages has faced the hardships of life, its glaring social injustices, its bitter pains and disappointments, either because of, or at least along with, the thought of something after death, the comforting assurance by his intellectual superiors that there was another world where he, too, would come in for some of the prizes of life, where he, too, would walk streets of gold and dwell in "mansions not made with hands." If, for instance, the laboring man is persistently informed that this is all pure folderol, is he going to go ahead living out docilely his little round of life on black bread, beans, and onions, and let himself be exploited for the benefit of a few biologically selected specimens of protoplasmic mechanism in whom (or perhaps the mechanist would say in *which*) he has no interest, and who can from the nature of the universe have

nothing but a lifetime interest in him? Will he, as Santayana subtly argues, see that it is only in the light of death (this eternal death) that we can value life truly, and that only "the dark background which death supplies brings out the tender colors of life in all their purity"? This is all well enough for philosophers, but what of the common man? Will he not say that this is simply more exoteric folderol thrown out by the esoteric circle to fool him into docility and exploitation?

Plainly in all this literature there is a despair that is not without grounds. Mankind is facing a serious moment in its intellectual history. It cannot be met by the philosophers who espouse the spiritual view with the nonchalant statement which until the last generation did duty in bringing confusion to the scientific camp, "You are not philosophers, or you would know of inner realities of experience which the instruments of science cannot find." Nor can it be met by the retort of scientific men, "You are not scientists, or you would know that science does bring us at least the most serviceable concepts of reality to which the human mind has attained or probably ever will attain," because in this last generation many scientists have become philosophers, and many philosophers have been trained as scientists, and as never before all are turning their eyes earnestly upon the effects of their philosophies upon social and political problems.

Several things, it seems obvious, are likely to happen. Some of them may happen to one portion of the population, and some to another. It is fairly likely, however, that there will be a great major trend in some particular direction, and to influence that trend is

plainly the objective, indeed, the chief social and political duty of the coming renaissance.

The dullest mind must see that if the mechanistic philosophy takes possession of the man in the street, if all men become convinced that this life is all, that this is their one and only chance at it, that men will react largely as they are educated to react, and consequently education must at this point make its chief attack in order to adjust men to a radically changed world. One of four trends are likely to sweep over the minds of men.

*First*, they may espouse a vulgar Epicureanism, mixed with stoicism. They may argue that since death ends all, and the universe is not concerned with ethical values or human personalities, let us eat, drink, and be merry. They may thus seek in rank and crass sensationalism—mere satisfaction of the senses—the solution of life and the escape from its dilemmas.

*Second*, the masses may plunge into social and political revolution, seeking to grab whatever they may of the values that a more sober human order has created, a social and moral Bolshevism which recognizes no values in leadership and whose motto is "the devil take the hindmost."

*Third*, they may go in for a more passionate estheticism, a worship of beauty for its own sake, the losing of life in a higher Epicureanism, a higher sensationalism; the living of life for its emotional values, without an ethical

philosophy or an intellectual background. It is perhaps only those who have felt the depth, insistence, and permanence of the esthetic appeal who will feel that such a passion might become the dominating note in civilization.

*Fourth*, it may result in a new and higher synthesis, giving us a true liberalism, a true freeing of the human spirit, a deeper devotion to the social and political good as the only way to attain the highest, deepest, and widest individual experience during this brief fever of living. Mankind may evolve an organization of society and politics not as mechanized industry has done for power, pleasure, and profit, but for human values; a development of personality; an organization of society for the participation of each man in the great and ever-accumulating treasure of the one common life—in short, a civilization not of power, but of values such as characterized those few precious moments of history when society has thought of men as persons and not as masses.

If education and philosophy cannot rush to the rescue and bring this about, then civilization indeed is in danger, not, as all these other fears have pictured, from stupidity, ignorance, and the unreasoning revolt of the under man, but from his clear mental perception that the highest intellectual triumphs of man have failed to furnish him with any sound or satisfying reason for living at all.



# CENTURY

for MARCH 1933



# MEN-Do This



Write for a 10-Shave Tube  
of Palmolive Shaving Cream.  
It multiplies itself in lather  
250 times. It acts in one min-  
ute. Learn how this creation  
serves you. The test is free.



## PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

JTB



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*



VOL. 105

CONTENTS for MARCH, 1923

No. 5

"Burnham Beeches" . . . . .	C. O. WOODBURY.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Broken. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	SHERWOOD ANDERSON	643
The Green International . . . . .	CHARLES MERZ	657
Song of Night. <i>Versé</i> . . . . .	PASCAL D'ANGELO	662
The Murder in the Fishing Cat. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY	663
<i>Woodcuts by ALLEN LEWIS</i>		
His Religion and Hers . . . . .	CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN	676
<i>I — What His Religion has Done to the World</i>		
A Minuet on Reaching the Age of Fifty. <i>Versé</i> . . . . .	GEORGE SANTAYANA	684
<i>Drawings by FLORENCE HOWELL BARKLEY</i>		
The Patriot of the Planet . . . . .	GILBERT K. CHESTERTON	686
Burnham Beeches. <i>Woodcuts</i> . . . . .	C. O. WOODBURY	695
Children of Loneliness. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	ANZIA YEZIERSKA	700
East and West in World Politics . . . . .	NATHANIEL PEFFER	710
Faint Perfume. <i>A novel. IV</i> . . . . .	ZONA GALE	720
<i>Woodcut by BERNHARDT KLEBOE</i>		
Picnicking on Perilous . . . . .	MARCUS ELI RAVAGE	737
The Bull-Fight. <i>Drawings</i> . . . . .	ROSS SANTEE	747
<i>Text by the Artist</i>		
Adventures of a Scholar-Tramp . . . . .	GLEN MULLIN	753
<i>II — Frisco, the Tramp Royal</i>		
A. Bonar Law . . . . .	WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD	760
<i>Drawing by RALPH BARTON</i>		
Abdication. <i>Versé</i> . . . . .	BEN RAY REDMAN	767
The Last of the Vikings. <i>A novel. I</i> . . . . .	JOHAN BOJER	768
<i>Drawings by SIGURD SKOUD</i>		
Smartness and Light . . . . .	CARL VAN DOREN	791
<i>H. L. Mencken: A Gaudy for Democracy</i>		
An American Looks at His World . . . . .	THE EDITOR	797
<i>At Smith Pardons Jim Larkin</i>		
The Century Survey of Current Books . . . . .	G. F. and C. V. D.	<i>Front advertising pages</i>
Among Our Contributors . . . . .		<i>Front advertising pages</i>
Investment and Banking . . . . .	JOHN K. BARNES	<i>Front advertising pages</i>

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: Published monthly; 30 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year in the United States, \$5.60 in Canada, and \$6.00 in all other countries (postage included). Publication and circulation office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and advertising offices, 153 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions may be forwarded to either of the above offices. Pacific Coast office, 327 Van Ness Building, Los Angeles, California. W. Morgan Shuster, President; Don M. Parker, Secretary; George L. Wheelock, Treasurer; James Abbott, Assistant Treasurer. Board of Trustees: George H. Hazen, Chairman; George Inness, Jr.; W. Morgan Shuster. The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. All material herein published under copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Entered as second-class matter August 18, 1920, at the U. S. post-office, Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered also at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Printed in U. S. A.



# In the APRIL CENTURY



## A LOST LADY

by *Willa Cather*

The first instalment of Miss Cather's new three-part novel. The story of a vivid lady in a dull town.

## THE SOCIAL ORIGIN OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

by *Frank Tannenbaum*

A survey of the intellectual, spiritual, and social soil out of which the Klan grows.

## WOMEN'S PART IN THE NEW RENAISSANCE

by *Alfred and Lucie Zimmern*

A new approach to the problems of sex and women's education.

## THE ENGLISH LECTURER IN AMERICA

by *S. K. Ratcliffe*

Mr. Ratcliffe discusses his fellow-lecturers. Although he speaks frankly, he manages to be both bright and brotherly at the same time. Illustrated by Rollin Kirby's inimitable cartoons.

## THE REVOLT OF THE NEW IMMIGRANT

by *Maurice G. Hindus*

In this paper Mr. Hindus explains the significant and slow absorption of the peasant, who comes to us as an immigrant, in our industrial system, with its publicly displayed profits, its sales agencies, its mechanization of labor.

## THE HAT OF EIGHT REFLECTIONS

by *James Maboney*

It was the most glittering hat in Paris. It came and went, but in the end Ventrillon wore his old hat to the Closerie des Lilas.

## HIS RELIGION AND HERS

by *Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

The second of two papers discussing the relative values of a religion influenced by woman, whose chief interest is in birth, and a religion influenced by man, whose interest has been in fighting and in death.

## SALVATION WITH JAZZ

by *Carl Van Doran*

A study of Vachel Lindsay, evangelist in verse.

## WHY EDWARD BOK SHOULD NOT HAVE RETIRED

by *Glenn Frank*

When Mr. Bok retired from business to devote himself to "public work" he explained his action by formulating a sort of gospel of retirement which has met with generous approval. Is it a sound gospel? This paper suggests that it is not.

*Short stories and articles by Edward Alden Jewell, Elinor Cowan Stone, and Blair Niles. The sixth instalment of Johan Bojer's novel. A group of drawings by W. Emerton Heitland.*

---

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

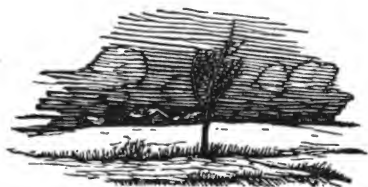
C. 3-23

I am enclosing \$5.00, for which please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one full year.

Name .....

Address .....

**THE  
CENTURY MAGAZINE**



**MARCH  
1923**



"Burnham Beeches." by C. O. Woodbury



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 105

March, 1923

No. 5



## Broken

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

FOR a good many years Tom wrote advertisements in an office in Chicago where I was also employed. He was of middle age and unmarried, and in the evenings and on Sundays sat in his apartment playing a piano.

He and I have been intimate in a loose, detached sort of way for a good many years. When I was a young fellow, we sometimes got drunk together.

Little fluttering, tag-like ends of his personal history were always leaking out of him, and of all the men and women I have known he has given me the most material for stories. His own tales, things remembered or imagined, were never quite completely told. They were fragments, caught up, tossed in the air as by a wind, and then abruptly dropped.

All during the late afternoon we had been standing together at a bar in a saloon and drinking together. We had talked of our work. As he grew more drunken, he played with the notion of the importance of advertising writing. At that time his more mature point of view puzzled me a little.

"I'll tell you what, that lot of ad-

vertisements on which you are now at work is very important. Do put all of your best self into your work. It is very important that the American housewife buy Star laundry soap rather than Arrow laundry soap. And there is something else. The daughter of the man who owns the soap factory that is at present indirectly employing you is a very pretty girl. I saw her once. She is nineteen now, but soon she will be out of college. If her father makes a great deal of money, it will profoundly affect her life. The very man she is to marry may be decided by the success or failure of the advertisements you are now writing. In an obscure way you are fighting her battles. Like a knight of old, you have tipped your lance—or shall I say typewriter?—in her service. To-day as I walked past your desk and saw you sitting there scratching your head, my heart went out to you and to this fair young girl you have never seen, may never see. I tell you what, I was touched." He hiccuped, and, leaning forward, tapped me affectionately on the shoulder. "I tell you what," he added, smiling, "I thought of the Middle Ages and of the men, women,

and children who once set out toward the Holy Land in the service of the Virgin. They did n't get as well paid as you do. I tell you, we advertising men are too well paid. There would be more dignity in our profession if we went barefooted and walked about dressed in old cloaks and carrying staffs. We might with a good deal more dignity carry beggar's bowls in our hands."

He was laughing heartily now, but stopped suddenly. There was always to be found an element of sadness in Tom's mirth.

We walked out of the saloon, he going forward a little unsteadily. Even when he was quite sober he was not too steady on his legs. Life did not express itself very definitely in his body. He rolled awkwardly about, his body at times threatening to knock some passer-by off the sidewalk.

For a time we stood at a street corner at La Salle and Lake streets in Chicago. About us surged the home-going crowds, and over our heads rattled the elevated trains. Bits of newspaper and clouds of dust were picked up by a wind and blown in our faces. The dust got into our eyes. We laughed together a little nervously.

At any rate, for us the evening had just begun. We would walk, and later dine together. He plunged again into the saloon out of which we had just come, and in a moment returned with a bottle of whisky in his pocket.

"It 's horrible stuff, but, after all, this is a horrible town," he said. He had a notion that drunkenness was necessary to men in a modern industrial age. "You wait," he said; "you will see what 'll happen. One of these days they 'll take whisky away from

us, and what then? We 'll sag down, you see. We 'll become like old women who have had too many children. We 'll all sag spiritually, and then you 'll see what will happen. Without whisky no people can stand up against all this ugliness. It can't be done. We 'll become empty and bag-like. We will, all of us, be like old women who were never loved, but who have had too many children."

We had walked through many streets and had come to a bridge over a river. It was growing dark now, and we stood for a time in the dusk. In the uncertain light the structures, built to the very edge of the stream,—great warehouses and factories,—began to take on strange shapes. The river ran through a cañon formed by the buildings; a few boats passed up and down, and over other bridges in the distance street cars passed. They were like moving clusters of stars against the dark purple of the sky.

From time to time he sucked at the whisky bottle and occasionally offered me a drink, but often he forgot me and drank alone. When he had taken the bottle from his lips he held it before him and spoke to it softly.

"Little mother," he said, "I am always at your breast, eh? You cannot wean me." He grew a little angry. "Well, why did you drop me down here? Mothers should drop their children in places where men have learned to live. Here there is only a desert of buildings."

I tried to laugh, but did not succeed very well. Now that I am writing of my friend I find I am not making a very good likeness of him. It may be that I overdo the note of sadness I get into my account of him. There was always that element present, but it

was tempered in him, as I seem to be unable to temper it in my account of him.

For one thing, he was not clever, and I seem to be making him out a rather clever fellow. On many evenings I have spent with him he was silent and positively dull. He walked awkwardly along, talking of some affair at the office. There was a long rambling story. He had been at Detroit with the president of the company. The two men had visited an advertiser, and there was a long dull account of what had been said.

Or again he told a story of some experience as a newspaper man before he got into advertising. He had been on the copy desk in some Chicago newspaper, the "Tribune" I think. One noted a little peculiarity of his mind. It traveled sometimes in circles. There were certain oft told tales. A man had come into the newspaper office, a cub reporter with an important piece of news, a great scoop, in fact. No one would believe the reporter's story. He was just a kid. There was a murderer for whom the whole town was on the watch-out, and the cub reporter had picked him up and had brought him into the office.

There he sat, the dangerous murderer. The cub reporter had found him in a saloon and, going up to him, had said:

"You might as well give yourself up. They will get you anyway, and it will go better with you if you come in voluntarily."

And so the dangerous murderer had decided to come, and the cub reporter had escorted him not to the police station, but to the newspaper office. It was a great scoop. In a moment now the forms would close, the news-

paper would go to press. The dead line was growing close, and the cub reporter ran about the room from one man to another. He kept pointing at the murderer, a mild-looking little man with blue eyes, sitting on a bench, waiting. The cub reporter was almost insane. He danced up and down, shouting:

"I tell you, that 's him, that 's Murdock sitting there! Don't be a lot of damn' fools! I tell you that 's Murdock sitting there!"

And now one of the editors has walked listlessly across the room and is speaking to the little man with the blue eyes. Suddenly the whole tone of the newspaper office has changed.

"My God! it 's the truth! Stop everything! Clear the front page! My God! it is Murdock! What a near thing! We almost let it go. My God! it 's Murdock!"

The incident in the newspaper office stayed in my friend's mind. At recurring times, perhaps once every six months, he told the story, using always the same words. The tenseness of that moment in the newspaper office was reproduced in him over and over. He grew excited. Now the men in the office were all gathering about the little blue-eyed Murdock. He had killed his wife, her lover, and three children. Then he had run into the street and quite wantonly shot two men innocently passing the house. He sat talking quietly. All the police of the city and all the reporters for the other newspapers were looking for him, and there he sat talking, nervously telling his story. There was n't much of the story.

"I did it. I just did it. I guess I was off my nut," he kept saying.

"Well, the story will have to be

stretched out." The cub reporter who has brought him in walked about the office proudly.

"I 've done it! I 've done it! I 've proved myself the greatest newspaper man in the city." The older men were laughing.

"The fool! It 's fool's luck. If he had n't been a fool, he would never have done it. Why, he walked right up. 'Are you Murdock?' He had gone about all over town, into saloons, asking men, 'Are you Murdock?' God is good to fools and drunkards."

My friend told the story to me ten, twelve, fifteen times, and did not know it had grown to be an old story. When he had reproduced the scene in the newspaper office he always made the same comment.

"It 's a good yarn, eh? Well, it 's the truth. I was there. Some one ought to write it up for one of the magazines."

I looked at him, watched him closely, as he told the story. As I grew older and kept hearing the story and certain others he also told regularly without knowing he had told them before, an idea came to me. "He is a storyteller who has had no audience," I thought. "He is a stream damned up. He is full of stories that whirl and circle about within him. Well, he is not a stream damned up. He is a stream overfull." As I walked beside him and heard again the story of the cub reporter and the murderer, I remembered a creek back of my father's house in an Ohio town. In the spring the water overflowed a field near by, and the brown, muddy water ran round and round in crazy circles. One threw a stick into the water, and it was carried far away, but after a time came whirling back again to where one

stood on a piece of high ground, watching.

What interested me most was that the untold stories, or rather the uncompleted stories of my friend's mind, did not seem to run in circles. When a story had attained form in his mind it had to be told about every so often, but the unformed fragments were satisfied to peek out at one and then retire, never to reappear.

## § 2

It was a spring evening, and he and I had gone for a walk in Jackson Park. We went on a street car, and when we were alighting, the car started suddenly. My awkward friend was thrown to the ground and rolled over and over in the road. The motorman, conductor, and several of the passengers gathered about. No, he was not hurt and would not give his name and address to the anxious conductor.

"I 'm not hurt. I 'm not going to sue the company. Damn it, man, I defy you to make me give my name and address if I do not care to do so." He assumed a look of outraged dignity. "Just suppose now that I happen to be some great man traveling about the country incognito, as it were. Let us suppose I am a great prince or a foreign dignitary. If I told who I was, cheers would break forth. I do not care for that. With me, you see, it is different than with yourself. I have had too much of that sort of thing. I am sick of it. If it happens that in the process of my study of the customs of your country I chose to fall off a street car, that is my own affair. I did not fall on any one."

We walked away, leaving the conductor, motorman, and passengers somewhat mystified.

"Ah, he's a nut," I heard one of the passengers say to another.

As for the fall, it had shaken something out of my friend, after all. When later we were seated on a bench in the park, one of the fragments, the little illuminating bits of his personal history that sometimes came from him and that were his chief charm for me, seemed to have been shaken loose and came from him as a ripe apple falls from a tree in a wind.

He began talking a little hesitatingly, as though feeling his way in the darkness along the hallway of a strange house at night. It had happened I had never seen him with a woman, and he seldom spoke of women except with a witty and half-scornful gesture; but now he began speaking of an experience with a woman.

The tale concerned an adventure of his young manhood. When he was a child his mother died, and after a few years his father married again. He had been the only child of the first marriage, but his stepmother had four children, all much younger than himself.

His father was a farmer, living on rented land near a small town in the extreme southeastern corner of Ohio and near the Ohio River. In his youth the father had been ambitious to become a minister of the Methodist Church, but, being without education, could not gratify his ambition. After his second marriage an enmity that seemed always to have existed between himself and his son became more and more pronounced.

On the part of the son, my friend, the enmity was never expressed in words. Perhaps his dislike of his father took the form of contempt that he had made so bad a second marriage.

The new woman in the house seemed a poor stick. The house was always dirty, and the children, some other man's children, were always about underfoot. When the two men, who had been working in the fields, came into the house to eat, the food was badly cooked.

My friend's father, a man of forty-five, with something a little wild in his eyes, sat at the head of the table and before eating began praying intermittently. "O God, bestow on us Thy gifts," he was always saying.

The son had a notion what his father wanted. "He wants God to make him a Methodist minister," he thought bitterly. He had difficulty keeping back certain sharp comments upon life in the house that wanted to be expressed. "What was a Methodist minister, after all?" The son was filled with the intolerance of youth. His father was a laborer, a man who had never been to school. Did he think that God could suddenly make him something else, and that without effort on his own part, by this interminable praying? If he had really wanted to be a minister, why had he not prepared himself? He had chased off and got married, and when his first wife died, he could hardly wait until she was buried before making another marriage. And what a poor stick of a woman he had got!

The son looked across the table at his stepmother, who was afraid of him. Their eyes met, and the woman's hands began to tremble.

"Do you want anything?" she asked anxiously.

"No," he replied, and began eating in silence.

One day in the spring when he was working in the field with his father he



decided to start out into the world. He and his father were planting corn. They had no corn-planter, and the father had marked out the rows with a home-made marker. Now he was going along in his bare feet, dropping the grains of corn, and his son, with a hoe in his hand, was following. The son drew earth over the corn and then patted the spot with the back of the hoe.

All the morning the two men worked in silence, and then at noon and when they came to the end of a row they stopped to rest. The father went into a fence corner.

The son was nervous. He sat down, and then got up and walked about. He did not want to look into the fence corner where his father was no doubt kneeling and praying (he was always doing that at odd times), but presently he did look. Dread crept over him. His father was kneeling and praying in silence, and the son could see the bottoms of his two bare feet, sticking out from among low-growing bushes. The heels and the cushions of the feet, the two ball-like cushions below the toes, were black; but the instep of each foot was white with an odd whiteness not unlike the whiteness of the belly of a fish.

There was something in the son's mind, a memory. He shivered.

And then, without a word to his father or to his father's wife, he walked across the fields to the house, packed a few belongings, and left his home, saying good-by to no one. The woman of the house saw him go, but said nothing. After he had disappeared about a bend in the road she ran across the fields to her husband, who was still at his prayers, oblivious to what had happened. His wife also saw the bare

feet sticking out of the bushes and ran toward them, screaming. When her husband arose she began to cry hysterically.

"I thought something dreadful had happened! Oh, I thought something dreadful had happened!" she sobbed.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked her husband. She did not answer, but ran and threw herself into his arms. As the two stood thus, like two grotesque bags of grain, embracing in a black, newly plowed field, under a gray sky, the son, who had stopped in a small clump of trees beside the road, saw them. He walked to the edge of the wood and stood for a moment and then went off along the road. Afterward he never saw, or heard from, them again.

About his adventure. He told it as I have told you the story of his departure from home; that is to say, in a fragmentary way. The story, like the story I have just tried to tell, or rather perhaps to give you a sense of, was told in broken sentences dropped between long silences. As my friend talked thus I sat looking at him, and I will admit I sometimes found myself thinking he must be the greatest man in the world. "He has felt more things, has by his capacity for feeling things penetrated further into human life than any other man I have ever seen, perhaps than any other man who has ever lived," I thought.

And so he was on the road now and working his way slowly along afoot through southern Ohio. He intended to make his way to some city and to begin educating himself. In the winter, during boyhood, he had attended a country school, but there were certain things he wanted that he could not find in the country. Books, for

one thing. "I knew then, as I know now, something of the importance of books—that is to say, real books. There are only a few such books in the world, and it takes a long time to find them. Hardly any one knows where they are. One of the reasons I have never married is because I did not want some woman coming between me and the search for the books that really have something to say," he explained. He was forever breaking the thread of his stories with little comments of this kind.

All during that summer he worked on the farms, staying sometimes for two or three weeks at one farm and then moving on. In June he had got to a place some twenty miles west of Cincinnati where he went to work on the farm of a German, and where the adventure happened that he told me about that night on the park bench.

### § 3

The German was a tall, solidly built man of fifty and had come to America twenty years before. By hard work he had prospered and had acquired a good deal of land. Three years before the time when my friend stopped at his farm to work, the German had made up his mind he had better marry, and had written to a friend in Germany to get him a wife.

"I do not want one of these American girls, and I would like a young woman, not an old one," he wrote. He explained that the American girls all had the idea in their heads that they could run their husbands, and that most of them succeeded. "It's getting so that all they want is to ride around all dressed up or to trot off to town," he said. Even the American women he employed were the same

way; none of them would take hold, help about the farm, feed the stock, and do the things that the wife of a European farmer expected to do. When he employed a housekeeper, she did the housework, and then went to sit on the front porch to read a book or sew. What nonsense! "You get me a good German girl, strong and pretty good-looking. I'll send the money, and she can come over here and be my wife," he wrote.

The letter had been sent to a friend of his young manhood, now a small merchant in a German town, and after talking the matter over with his wife, the merchant decided to send his daughter, a woman of twenty-four. She had been engaged to marry a man who was taken sick and had died while he was serving his term in the army. The daughter had been mooning about long enough. The merchant called her into the room where he and his wife sat and told her of his decision. She sat looking at the floor. Was she about to make a fuss? A prosperous American husband who owned a big farm was not to be sneezed at. The daughter put up her hand and fumbled with her black hair. There was a great mass of it. After all, she was a big, strong woman. Her husband would not be cheated.

"Yes, I'll go," she said quietly, and, getting up, walked out of the room.

In America the woman had turned out all right, but her husband thought her a little too silent. Even though the main purpose in life is to do the work of the house and the farm, feed the stock, and keep a man's clothes in order so that he is not always having to buy new ones, still there are times when something else is in order. As he worked in his fields the farmer

sometimes muttered to himself. "Everything in its place. For everything there is a time and a place," he told himself. One worked, and then the time came when one played a little, too. Now and then it was nice to have a few friends about, drink beer, eat a good deal of heavy food, and then have some fun in a kind of way. One did not go too far, but if there were women in the party, some one tickled one of them, and she giggled. One made a remark about legs, nothing out of the way. "Legs is legs. On horses or women legs count a good deal." Every one laughed. One had a jolly evening. One had some fun.

Often, after his woman came, the farmer, working in his fields, tried to think what was the matter with her. She worked all the time, the house was in order, she fed the stock. One did not have to think about that. And what a good cook she was! She even made beer in the old-fashioned German way, and that was fine.

The whole trouble lay in the fact that she was silent, too silent. When one spoke to her, she answered nicely, but she herself made no conversation. At night, too, she lay in the bed, silently. The German wondered if she would be showing signs of having a child pretty soon. "That might make a difference," he thought. He stopped working, and looked across the fields to where there was a meadow. His cattle were there, feeding quietly. Even cows, and surely cows were quiet and silent enough things—even cows had times. Sometimes the very devil got into a cow. You were leading her along a road or a lane, and suddenly she went half insane. If one were n't careful, she would jam her head through fences, knock a man over, do almost

anything. She wanted something insanely, with a riotous hunger. Even a cow was n't always just passive and quiet. The German felt cheated. He thought of the friend in Germany who had sent his daughter. "Ugh, the deuce! He might have sent a livelier one," he thought.

It was June when Tom came to the farm, and the harvest was on. The German had planted several large fields to wheat, and the yield was good. Another man had been employed to work on the farm all summer, but Tom could be used, too. He would have to sleep on the hay in the barn, but that he did not mind. He went to work at once.

And any one knowing Tom, and seeing his huge and rather ungainly body, must realize that at that time, in his youth, he might have been rather handsome and strong. For one thing, he had not done so much thinking as he must have done since, nor had he been for years seated at a desk. He worked in the fields with the other two men, and at meal-time came into the house with them to eat. He and the German's wife must have been at that time a good deal alike. Tom had in his mind certain things, thoughts concerning his boyhood, and he was thinking a good deal of the future. Well, there he was working his way westward and making a little money all the time as he went. Every cent he made he kept. He had not yet been into an American city, had purposely avoided such places as Springfield, Ohio, Dayton and Cincinnati, and had kept to the smaller places and the farms.

After a time he would have an accumulation of money and would go into cities, study, read books, live. At that time he had a kind of illusion about

American cities. A city was a great gathering of people who had grown tired of loneliness and isolation. They had come to realize that only by working together could they have the better things of life. Many hands working together might build wonderfully, many minds working together might think clearly, many impulses working together might channel all lives into an expression of beauty.

I am making a mistake if I give you the impression that Tom, the boy from the Ohio farm, had any such definite notions. He had a feeling of a sort. There was a dumb kind of hope in him. He had even then, I am quite sure, something else that he later always retained—a kind of almost holy modesty. It was his chief attraction as a man. Perhaps it stood in the way of his ever achieving the kind of outstanding and assertive manhood we Americans all seem to think we value highly.

At any rate, there he was, and there was that woman, the silent one, now twenty-seven years old. The three men sat at table eating, and she waited on them. They ate in the farm kitchen, a large old-fashioned one, and she stood by the stove or went silently about putting more food on the table as it was consumed.

At night the men did not eat until late, and sometimes darkness came as they sat at table, and she brought lighted lamps. Great winged insects flew violently against the screen door, and a few moths that had managed to get into the house flew about the lamps. When the men had finished eating they sat at the table drinking beer, and the woman washed the dishes. The farm hand, employed for the summer, was a man of thirty-five,

a large, bony man with a drooping mustache. He and the German talked. Well, it was good, the German thought, to have the silence of his house broken by talk. The two spoke of the coming threshing-time and of the hay harvest. One of the cows would be calving next week; her time was almost here. The man with the mustache took a drink of beer and wiped his mustache with the back of his hand, which was covered with long black hair.

Tom had drawn his chair back against the wall and sat in silence. When the German was deeply engaged in the conversation, Tom looked at the woman, who sometimes turned from her dish-washing to look at him.

There was something, a certain feeling he had sometimes, that she, it might be, also had. Of the two men in the room that could not be said. It was too bad she spoke little or no English. Perhaps, even though she spoke English, he could not talk to her of the things he meant. But, pshaw! there was n't anything in his mind, nothing that could be said in words. Now and then her husband spoke to her in German, and she replied quietly, and then the conversation between the two men was resumed in English. More beer was brought. The German felt expansive. How good to have talk in the house! He urged beer upon Tom, who took it and drank.

"You 're another close-mouthed one, eh?" he said, laughing.

Tom's adventure happened during the second week of his stay on the farm. All the people about the place had gone to sleep for the night, but as he could not sleep, he arose silently, and came down out of the hay-loft, carrying his blanket. It was a silent, hot, soft night without a moon, and

he went to where there was a small grass plot that came down to the barn, and, spreading his blanket, sat with his back to the wall of the barn.

That he could not sleep did not matter. He was young and strong. "If I do not sleep to-night, I 'll sleep to-morrow night," he thought. There was something in the air that he thought concerned only himself, that made him want to be thus awake, sitting out of doors and looking at the dim, distant trees in the apple-orchard near the barn; at the stars in the sky; at the farm-house dimly seen some few hundred feet away. Now that he was out of doors he no longer felt restless. Perhaps it was only that he was nearer something that was like himself at the moment; just the night, perhaps.

He became aware of something, of something moving, moving restlessly in the darkness. There was a fence between the farm-yard and the orchard, with berry-bushes growing beside it. Something was moving in the darkness beside the berry-bushes. Was it a cow that had got out of the stable, or were the bushes moved by a wind? He did a trick known to country boys. Thrusting a finger into his mouth, he stood up and put the wet finger out before him. A wind would dry one side of the warm wet finger quickly, and that side would turn cold. Thus one told oneself something not only of the strength of a wind, but of its direction. There was no wind strong enough to move berry-bushes. There was no wind at all. He had come down out of the barn-loft in his bare feet and in moving about had made no sound. He went and stood on the blanket, with his back against the wall of the barn.

The movement among the bushes was growing more distinct now. It was n't in the bushes. Something was moving along the fence between him and the orchard. There was a place along the fence, an old rail one, where no bushes grew. Now the silent moving thing was passing the open space.

It was the woman of the house, the German's wife. What was up? Was she also trying dumbly to draw nearer something that was like herself, that she could understand a little? Thoughts flitted through Tom's head. A dumb desire arose within him. He began hoping vaguely that the woman was in search of him.

Later, when he told me of the happenings of that night, he was quite sure that the feeling that then possessed him was not physical desire for a woman. His own mother had died several years before, and the woman his father had later married had seemed to him just a thing about the house, a not very competent thing, bones, a hank of hair, a body that did not do very well what one's body was supposed to do.

"I was intolerant as the devil, a queer kind of country bumpkin aristocrat. I thought myself something, a special thing in the world, and that woman, any woman I had ever seen or known, the wives of a few neighbors as poor as my father, a few country girls, I had thought them all beneath my contempt, dirt under my feet.

"About that German's wife I had not felt that way. I don't know why. Perhaps because she had a habit of keeping her mouth shut as I did just at that time, a habit I have since lost."

And so Tom stood there waiting. The woman came slowly along the

fence, keeping in the shadow of the bushes, and then crossed an open space toward the barn.

Now she was walking slowly along the barn wall directly toward the young man, who stood in the heavy shadows holding his breath and waiting for her coming.

Afterward, when he thought of what had happened, he could never quite make up his mind whether she was walking in sleep or was awake as she came slowly toward him. They did not speak the same language and they never saw each other after that night. Perhaps she had only been restless and had got out of the bed beside her husband and made her way out of the house without any conscious knowledge of what she was doing.

She became conscious when she came to where he was standing, however, conscious and frightened. He stepped out toward her, and she stopped. Their faces were very close together, and her eyes were large with alarm. "The pupils dilated," he said in speaking of that moment. He insisted upon the eyes. "There was a fluttering something in them. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that at the moment I saw everything as clearly as though we had been standing together in the broad daylight. Perhaps something had happened to my own eyes, eh? That might be possible. I could not speak to her, reassure her. I could not say, 'Do not be frightened, woman.' I could not say anything. My eyes, I suppose, had to do all the saying."

Evidently there was something to be said. At any rate, there my friend stood on that remarkable night of his youth, and his face and the woman's face drew nearer each other. Then their lips met, and he took her into

his arms and held her for a moment.

That was all. They stood together, the woman of twenty-seven and the young man of nineteen. He was a country boy and was afraid. That may be the explanation of the fact that nothing else happened.

I do not know as to that, but in telling this tale I have an advantage you who read cannot have. I heard the tale told brokenly by the man who had the experience I am trying to describe. Story-tellers of old times who went from place to place telling their wonder-tales had an advantage we, who have come in the age of the printed word, do not have. They were both story-tellers and actors. As they talked, they modulated their voices, made gestures with their hands. Often they carried conviction simply by the power of their own conviction. All of our modern fussing with style in writing is an attempt to do the same thing.

And what I am trying to express now is a sense I had that night, as my friend talked to me in the park, of a union of two people that took place in the heavy shadows by a barn in Ohio—a union of two people that was not personal, that concerned their two bodies and at the same time did not concern their bodies. The thing has to be felt, not understood with the thinking mind.

Anyway, they stood for five minutes, ten, perhaps, with their bodies pressed against the wall of the barn and their hands together, clasped together tightly. Now and then one of them stepped away from the barn and stood for a moment directly facing the other. One might say it was Europe facing America in the darkness by a barn thus. One might grow fancy

and learned and say almost anything. All I am saying is that they stood as I am describing them, and oddly enough with their faces to the barn wall, instinctively turning from the house, I suppose, and that now and then one of them stepped out and stood for a moment facing the other. Their lips did not meet after the first kiss.

The next step happened. The German farmer in the house awoke and began calling, and then he appeared at the kitchen door with a lantern in his hand. It was the lantern, the carrying of the lantern, that saved the situation for his wife and my friend. It made a little circle of light outside of which he could see nothing. He kept calling his wife, whose name was Katherine. "Oh, Katherine, where are you? Oh, Katherine!" he called.

My friend acted at once. Taking hold of the woman's hand, he ran, making no sound, along in the shadows of the barn and across the open space between the barn and the fence. The two people were two dim shadows flitting along the dark wall of the barn, nothing more. At the place in the fence where there were no bushes he lifted her over and climbed over after her. Then he ran through the orchard and into the road before the house and, putting his two hands on her shoulders, shook her; and, as though understanding his wish, she answered her husband's call. As the lantern came swinging down toward them, my friend dodged back into the orchard.

The man and wife went toward the house, the German talking vigorously, and the woman answering quietly, as she had always answered. My friend was puzzled. Everything that happened to him that night puzzled him then and long afterward when he told

me of it. Later he worked out a kind of explanation of it all, as men will do; but that is another story, and the time to tell it has not come yet.

The point is that my friend had at the moment the feeling of having completely possessed the woman, and with it the knowledge that her husband would never possess her, could never by any chance possess her. A great tenderness swept over him, and he had but one desire, to protect the woman, not by any chance to make the life she had yet to live any harder.

He ran quickly to the barn, secured the blanket, and climbed silently up into the loft. The farm hand with the drooping mustache was sleeping quietly on the hay, and my friend lay down beside him and closed his eyes. As he expected, the German came almost at once to the loft and flashed the lantern not into the face of the older man, but into Tom's face. Then he went away, and Tom lay awake, smiling happily. There was something revengeful in him, too, at the moment.

"The German knew, but at the same time did not know, that I had taken his woman from him," he said to me when he told me of the incident long afterward. "I don't know why that made me happy, but it did. At the moment I thought I was only happy because we had both managed to escape, but now I know that was n't it."

And it is quite sure my friend did have a sense of something. On the next morning, when he went into the house, the breakfast was on the table, but the woman was not there to serve it. The food was on the table, and the coffee-pot stood on the stove. The three men ate in silence, and then Tom and the German stepped out of

the house together, stepped, as by a prearranged plan, into the barn-yard. The German knew nothing. His wife had grown restless in the night and had got out of bed and walked out into the road. Both the other men were asleep in the barn. He had never had any reason for suspecting his wife of anything at all. She was just the kind of woman he had wanted, never went gadding off to town, did n't spend a lot of money on clothes, was willing to do any kind of work, made no trouble. He wondered why he had taken such a sudden and violent dislike for his young employee.

My friend spoke first.

"I think I'll quit. I think I'd better be on my way," he said. It was obvious, his going at just that time would upset the plans the German had made for getting the work done at the rush time, but he made no objection to Tom's going and at once. Tom had arranged to work by the week. The German counted back to the Saturday before and tried to cheat a little.

"I owe you for only one week, eh?" he said. One might as well get three days' extra work out of the man without pay if possible.

But Tom did not intend being defeated.

"A week and four days," he replied, purposely adding an extra day. "If you do not want to pay for the four days, I'll stay out the week."

The German went into the house and got the money, and Tom set off along the road.

When he had walked for two or three miles he stopped and went into a wood where he stayed all that day thinking of what had happened.

Perhaps he did not do much thinking. What he said, when he told the

story that night in the Chicago park, was that all day there were certain figures marching through his mind, and that he just sat down on a log and let them march.

There was the figure of his father and his dead mother and of several people who had lived about the Ohio country-side where he had spent his boyhood. They kept doing things, saying things. It will be quite clear to my readers that I think my friend a story-teller who for some reason has never been able to get his stories outside himself, as one might say, and that might of course explain the day in the wood. He himself thought he was in a sort of comatose state. He had not slept during the night before and, although he did not say as much, there was something a bit mysterious in the thing that had happened to him.

There was one thing he told me concerning that day of dreams that is curious. There appeared in his fancy, over and over again, the figure of a woman he had never seen in the flesh and has never seen since. At any rate, it was n't the German's wife, he declared.

"The figure was that of a woman, but I could not tell her age," he said. "She was walking away from me and was clad in a blue dress covered with black dots. Her figure was slender and looked strong, but broken. That's it. She was walking in a path in a country such as I had then never seen, a country of very low hills and without trees. There was no grass either, but only low bushes that came up to her knees. One might have thought it an arctic country, where there is summer but for a few weeks each year. She had her sleeves rolled to her shoulders,



so that her slender arms showed, and she had buried her face in the crook of her right arm. Her left arm hung like a broken thing; her legs were like broken things; her body was a broken thing.

“And yet, you see, she kept walking and walking in the path, among the

low bushes, over the barren little hills. She walked vigorously, too. It seems impossible, and a foolish thing to tell about, but all day I sat in the wood on the stump, and every time I closed my eyes I saw that woman walking thus, fairly rushing along, and yet, you see, she was all broken to pieces.”



“The Shepherd,” woodcut by A. Majer



# The Green International

BY CHARLES MERZ



WITH no blare of trumpets, but a rather heavy tread, a new alliance marches into European politics. It calls itself "The Green International." It numbers several million peasants in its ranks. Its stronghold, to be sure, lies somewhat off the beaten track of European news, and it is young: these two facts may explain why it has attracted almost no attention in the West. But already this new international has demonstrated itself capable of a high degree of solidarity; it has spokesmen in every parliament of southeastern Europe; it flourishes a program well calculated to catch the peasant's eye. Into a world of second internationals, second and a half internationals, third internationals, and other intermediate sizes, steps a new "peasants' international." Its symbol is a four-leafed clover.

Several months ago, traveling down the slightly blue and much more yellow Danube, I wrote those paragraphs for the newspaper editor who had sent me to the Balkans in search of news. Everything that made me feel on first acquaintance that this Green International was altogether the most interesting new factor on the scene in Europe, everything that made me think its rôle grew daily both in interest and importance, has been multiplied by two in the months that followed. The latest exploit of the Green International has been to slip quietly into power in the

most enterprising of the new states created by the war: Dr. Antonin Svehla, unknown to us, but well beloved by the Greens, has recently supplanted the much more famous Dr. Beneš as prime minister of Czechoslovakia. Meantime, still more recently, the Green International on the other side of the Carpathian Mountains seem to have done well enough in Poland's last elections to send one of their leaders to a new assembly as speaker of the house.

This Green International is an active young alliance. Not only has it these two recent triumphs to its credit: it is completely in the saddle in Bulgaria, it has gained strength with each election in Yugoslavia, it boasts the largest membership of any opposition party in the parliament of Rumania. In these five countries, all far away and rather sketchy, but all capable of embroiling the rest of Europe in turmoil, and all pivots in the balance-wheels of European politics, this almost unknown international is rising unmistakably toward the test of leadership.

Glance at the background of this Eastern country if you would measure the interest and significance of a peasant international. Land for centuries has been something in the Danube Valley to support a few families in almost royal pleasure. Take the case of Czechoslovakia as being fairly typical. For three centuries a

small group of a few hundred families has owned one acre in every four. Its estates have averaged twenty-five thousand acres each, and this in a little land whose area is no larger than New England's. Nor has it ever helped to make this situation popular, either before the war or after it, that these powerful proprietors were mostly Austro-Germans.

All through southeastern Europe the great estates have ruled supreme for many years. Sometimes, as in Poland and Rumania, the landed gentry belonged to the same nationality as the toiling peasant. Sometimes, as in Czechoslovakia and Transylvania, the great collector of the rents was an obvious and unadmired alien. In either case the scheme of life was feudal. Serfdom was abolished legally, but in point of fact it survived unruffled throughout wide stretches in these countries. The owners of the great estates comprised a privileged caste. In parliaments and senates they were represented, and not by accident, with delegations out of all proportion to their voting strength. They made and unmade cabinets. They monopolized the machinery for acquiring an education. They were the only caste that ever peeped out into the world beyond the boundaries of their own parish neighborhoods, save for the hopeful emigrants who left home to pick up gold in Bridgeport. Around these mighty figures the life of southeastern Europe has for years been grouped in little feudal knots and bunches as compact and medieval as life was grouped throughout the Middle Ages.

You see that what the Green International tampers with is something even more fundamental than the man-

ner of dividing shares of daily bread; it is experimenting with a whole system that has kept Europe feudal from the Black Sea to the Adriatic and from 1625 to 1922. That is one of the interesting things about it—that and its efforts to reshape Russia, efforts to which I shall turn a little later.

It was the war, productive of a host of varied innovations, that set this peasants' international going. There had been "peasant parties" active in the politics of southeastern Europe long before the war, but what happened between 1914 and 1918 supplied momentum for the new alliance. During these four war years every government in this corner of the world had a substantial problem on its hands in maintaining what is called "morale." This task was especially difficult in view of the fact that Rumania and Serbia, which has now been enlarged into Yugoslavia, were both invaded by the enemy, and Poland and Czechoslovakia were simply uncut parts of larger nations, with a population ready for rebellion. In this perplexity, and with the hope of stiffening resistance, all through southeastern Europe governments began promising their peasants something that had been taboo—the land. The Rumanian Government, for example, had sought refuge in the town of Jassy, three hundred miles from home; then, to keep its people fighting, it declared that if they drove the Germans back, three fourths of all Rumania would be cut up into peasant holdings.

War gave a tremendous impetus to struggling little pre-war parties. For a time, desperately attempting to consolidate their gains at home, they found no time to look across the garden wall. Upon peasant leaders in these

countries the fact then gradually began to dawn that on the other side of frontiers were men who shared their own new hopes and problems, even though they spoke different tongues. In the recognition of this fact arose the Green International. First came a more or less haphazard interchange of inquiries and counsel, then conference, and finally the four-leafed clover and a central office.

This office is in Prague. It acts as a clearing-house for information. Its director, and the chairman of the international, is Dr. Svehla, the same Dr. Svehla who recently stepped into power as prime minister of Czechoslovakia. And allied with the central bureau are the peasant parties of Czechoslovakia and four next-door neighbors, Poland and Rumania, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria.

## § 2

This, then, is the Green International. It is a loose federation. Neither the central bureau nor the conference of national leaders, when it meets, attempts to dictate rules and regulations. To be sure, whenever there comes what Europe calls a crisis, some difference of opinion about reparations or the Turks and Greeks, these agrarian parties rush their leaders into conference and debate the issue as it affects the interests of their own constituents. Thus far they have managed to agree upon a common line of action.

But this is not the real objective. The chief purpose of an international when it's green is apparently to narrow the range of peasant politics, not widen it; to pin politics down compactly on two central and important points.

To break up the great estates, then

divide the land into peasant holdings—that is the program of the Green International. To these two central principles it subordinates all other issues. What it aims at is a democracy of peasants working their own farms. It believes there is no other way to healthy economics in southeastern Europe, no other way to a redistribution of political power on a more democratic basis, no other road from feudalism to the modern state, no other road, ultimately, to peace and understanding between people who have been egged on to fight one another for three generations. "Let the workers of the land unite," declares a manifesto of the Green International. "Let them join hands to insure the welfare of their own interests, the defense of a democratic society, and the establishment of universal peace."

It might almost be the Marxian manifesto: "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose except your chains." Only, this time, the workers are to be tillers of the soil; and they are being urged to battle not for socialism, but for the rights of private property.

For this Green International is definitely and emphatically opposed to socialization. It may support, and probably will some day, the partial socialization of the means of distribution, as that result is being achieved in many parts of America, through state-owned terminals, warehouses, and the like. But so far as the land itself is concerned, it maintains stoutly that the peasant wants to be his own employer. "Peasants the world over all have the same task, the same love for a piece of ground—that ground where they live, create, and battle."

Nor has the Green International,

like some of the other internationals, any apparent intention of attempting to hack its way to power by sheer force. It does not propose to seize those great estates which worry it. It proposes to acquire them through the tactics of the ballot-box. And it proposes compensation in all cases for the owner; proffers a program of payment via long-term credit, which it declares is practicable.

These peasants are not even ready for an alliance with "liberals" or "radicals" or "labor." They assert that their movement must remain an independent entity, though it may cooperate at times with other forces in the achievement of some immediate objective. In fact, so stalwart is the central office of the Green International that one wing of the movement, in Bulgaria, is regarded with a disapproving eye as being "too extreme." "The peasant's training gives him little taste for fantasies," declares the central bureau. "For the peasant does not work by the minutes of some clock, ticking out nine hours on a factory wall. His clock is the four seasons. He works slowly, and he *thinks* that way."

### § 3

There is a special interest in observing how these theories work when the Green International comes to defining its own policy toward the most famous of all Europe's "problems," and the greatest of all peasant nations—Russia. In this case the premise from which the international starts is that Russia belongs definitely within its orbit. Russia, it thinks, has the same background of great estates and feudalism, the same aspirations on the part of a great peasantry, landless until

the Revolution. Life in Russia has a texture of the same weight as life in the five countries whose peasants now comprise this international. Russia belongs to feudal eastern Europe, not to the more modern West.

Accordingly, the Green International has organized what it calls a "Russian Section." The leaders of this wing are neither communists nor partizans of the old order, panting for a czar in Petrograd. They are, for the most part, spokesmen of the Russian coöperative societies and the local zemstvos which used to function as local governing assemblies. At their head is a former director of one of the peasant banks in Moscow, I. V. Emelianoff.

This Russian Section lies well outside the Russian frontier; for, preaching private property, its activities are not welcomed by the soviets. It recruits its membership from peasant *émigrés* now scattered through the Balkans, though it tries to work inside the lines as well. It has semi-official delegates in many parts of Russia, some of them members of the old "Green Army" that once acquired a brief fame by demonstrating that it did not want to fight for either Reds or Whites, but to go back home and till the soil.

The Green International, like the Green Army, is anti-communist. It thinks the Russian peasants want to own their land themselves. It is against the communists and wants to see them go. But if it is anti-communist, it is also anti-czar. It does not want the old régime of feudal landlords back in power. It has no liking for White Armies and grand dukes subsidized in Paris. It is not working with these men. It is work-

ing with the peasants, apparently not trying to rouse them to a new revolt so much as attempting to organize them to hold what they already have—the land. Its theory is that if you take care of land, politics will take care of themselves, in Petrograd and Moscow. Soviets may come, and monarchists may go; the land goes on forever.

What the Green International will do in Russia we have yet to see; what it is doing nearer home is already on the statute-books.

Poland, under pressure of its peasant party, has limited individual land-holdings to 445 acres. Rumania has decreed that seventy-five per cent. of the total arable area of the old kingdom shall be divided into peasant holdings, with a system of compensation, to be paid by the new owner, based on practicable terms. Czechoslovakia has enacted laws for purchase by the state of certain large estates, and the resale or lease of them in compact holdings of from nine to twenty acres. All through southeastern Europe legislation of this sort is spreading.

To be sure, many of the Green International's triumphs still remain on paper. There is a long road between enactment of a law and the actual attempt at its enforcement, particularly when the prize may be the ownership of land resting in the hands of one titled family ever since the victory of the White Mountain, four hundred years ago. Nevertheless, the Green International has made more progress toward its goal in the last ten months than the peasants of southeastern Europe made in ten previous generations.

That result is due in part to the leadership of this peasants' union. It is a young movement, inexperienced

and unwieldy; but with the exception of the somewhat eccentric peasant premier in Bulgaria, its leadership is largely in the hands of men who have a realistic grasp upon the economics of reform. They keep their program simplified; they do not attempt the second mile before they have reason to be rather sure about the first. It is a somewhat extraordinary testimonial to their self-restraint that though they call themselves an "international," they try to push their movement forward only where there is good evidence that it is wanted. They do not clamor for the moon; they are not attempting to swing the peasants of France and Italy and England into the Green International at the present time. They are militant only where their own theories really fit, only where the economics of the situation rally to their aid. That is why they stand so good a chance to win.

#### § 4

When you have traced the story of the Green International through war days to recent triumphs there are certain facts about it which seem fairly clear. There is, for one thing, the imposing problem of production. The Green International may come out on top because it has the peasants with it, and potentially the peasants have strength enough to dominate southeastern Europe; but can it stay on top unless it sows as much wheat as the old régime, and reaps it as successfully? Often the great estates, whatever charges the peasants brought against them socially, were in fact far more efficient units of production than the smaller holdings, since they were well organized and well equipped with modern implements of farming.

There is never much reforming done, as the Russian soviets came ultimately to acknowledge, unless some degree of national prosperity is maintained while the reformation is in progress. And if the Green International is to last for more than one short day, it will have to grapple with this problem. Perhaps what is lost in productivity by the break-up of the better-managed great estates will be more than offset by the increased diligence with which the peasants farm land that has actually become their own. Or perhaps the answer lies in a wider resort to methods of coöperative farming. In any case, production is a problem that will test to the last ounce the statesmanship of this new peasants' international.

On the other, there is first of all a substantial gain for Europe in anything that may bring into closer understanding a group of nationalities living in a corner of the world that has always been a war volcano. The Green International of the peasants, in contrast to the ententes and dynastic unions of the politicians, does not perpetuate the alliances of war-time. It crosses battle-fronts. It now embraces the peasant party of one enemy state, Bul-

garia; and shortly, when there are parties organized with which it can affiliate, it will embrace the peasants of two others, Austria and Hungary.

But more distinctive than this, and more important, is the attempt of this Green International to chisel out of stubborn stone the foundations for a new peasant culture. In its effort to modernize a feudal economic system it is attempting to shift the basis of peasant life throughout its square of Europe. That will not happen all at once. It will not happen as the result of a few election triumphs and a little legislation. It is the work of years.

After all is said, that is the important fact about this league of peasants. Back of all its efforts lies what constitutes, for southeastern Europe, a new conception of the peasant's rôle. "The man living on the soil is a constructive factor in the state," asserts the Green International. "He is a creator of the means of life who asks no more than peace and rest, and recognition of the rights accruing from his labor. . . . In a Europe that is bankrupt we are building on the peasant—building on him as the keystone of a new and solid order."

## Song of Night

BY PASCAL D'ANGELO

I am a thought living under the outspread shadow  
 Of a winged dream, O night!  
 Too soon will this great dream soar up into darkness,  
 With my being clutched in its talons limp and white.  
 Yet all existence lives gently in your shadow,  
 O dream! O night!  
 The earth is a blind wanderer,  
 Groping amid the unknown forests of time;  
 And with folded wings of splendor, calm and eternal,  
 The stars are innocent souls sculptured under the crypt of night.



## The Murder in the Fishing Cat

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

WOODCUTS BY J. ALLEN LEWIS



NOBODY came any more to the Restaurant du Chat qui Peche. It was difficult to say just why.

The popularity of a restaurant does not depend on the excellence of its cuisine or the cobwebs on the bottles in its cellar. And you might have in the window ten glass tanks instead of one in which moved obscurely shadowy eels and shrimps, yet you could be no surer of success. Jean-Pierre knew this, and he did not reproach himself for his failure. It is something that may happen to the best of us.

For fourteen years he had served as good *lapin sauté* as was to be found in Paris; and if the *petits pois* were rather big and hard, and the Vouvrays rather like thin cider, and you got no more than a teaspoonful of sugar with your strawberries, well, what could you expect for seven francs, all told? Not the world, surely. As for the rest, where else might you, while sitting

comfortably at your table under a red-and-white awning, choose your eel, and see it captured for you deftly in a napkin, and borne off, writhing muscularly, to the kitchen, to be delivered to you five minutes later on a platter, fried? That was more than you could do at *Ciro's*.

It might be, of course, because Margot had scolded him much too audibly. But where was the man among his clients whose wife had not at some time or other addressed him as "*sali-gaud*," or "*espèce de soupe au lait*"? Let him stand forth.

And, anyway, she had gone now. After fourteen years at his side, stamping the butter, whacking the long loaves of bread, sitting down with a sigh to a bowl of onion soup after nine o'clock, she had gone. She had run off with a taxi-driver who had red mustaches that curled naturally. And the place was very still.



Jean-Pierre stood in the doorway with a damp cloth in his hand, and watched the people go by. They all went by. Once he had been sure that all were coming in, but now he knew better. They were going to the Rendezvous des Cochers et Camionneurs next door.

"*J'ai pas la veine,*" said Jean-Pierre. He stepped out upon the pavement and busily passed the damp cloth over a table which was not yet dry.

A man and a girl went by. Two men went by. A woman went past, selling papers: "*L'Intran! L'Intransigeant! La Liberté—troisième édition! L'Intran! L'Intransigeant!*" Two young men went by; one was wearing a smock, the other had a painted picture under his arm. A man and a girl went past with their arms about each other. The man was saying, "*Si, si, c'est vrai.*" A very little girl came along, carrying a basket of small fringed-pinked and fading roses. She had a serious face. She held out the flowers earnestly to a woman, with a coat over her arm, pushing a baby-carriage; to an old man reading a newspaper as he walked; to two young women, dressed precisely alike, who were hurrying somewhere, chattering.

A priest went by, taking long steps, his black gown flapping about his large shoes, his stiff, shallow hat on the back of his head. He was trying to catch a bus. He began to run. The little girl watched him go by, seriously. Still watching him, she held out her flowers to a soldier in a uniform of horizon-blue. Then she went to the restaurant next door and moved among the tables.

"*Sentez, madame,*" she said without emotion, and impassively thrust a

bunch of pinks under the nose of a young woman, with a very red mouth, whose fork dangled languidly from her hand as she conversed with the man across from her.

"*Merci, merci,*" said the woman, and motioned her away without looking at her.

An American boy was dining alone, reading from a yellow book. He looked up from his book, and followed the little girl with his eyes as she moved about the terrace. As she approached him he spoke to her.

"*C'est combien, ça, ma petite?*" he asked.

She came up to him, and pressed her small stomach against the table.

"*Dix sous,*" she answered lispingly, staring at his forehead.

He put an arm about her while he selected a nosegay from the basket, stood it up in his empty wine-glass, and poured Vichy for it. Then he gave her a franc and told her to keep the change.

She stared at him, and went off up the street, holding out her basket to the passers-by.

Jean-Pierre came to himself with a start: the proprietor of a flourishing café does not stand all the afternoon gazing at the goings-on in the café next door. No wonder people did not come to the Restaurant du Chat: it had an absent-minded *patron*. He hurriedly passed the damp cloth over two of the iron-legged tables, plucked a brown leaf from the laurel which hedged the terrace from the pavement proper, and went back into the restaurant.

"*Ça va, Philippe?*" he questioned jovially of the large eel which was now the sole occupant of the tank.

Not for the life of him could Jean-Pierre have told you why he had addressed the eel as *Philippe*; but having

done so, he was glad. For from the moment he had given the creature a name; it possessed an identity, it was a person, it was something he could talk to.

He went to the kitchen, and returned with a morsel of lobster from a salad of the night before and tossed it into the pool.

Two men and two women, finding the *Rendezvous des Cochers* crowded, turned in at the *Restaurant du Chat qui Peche* and seated themselves. They heard Jean-Pierre singing:

"Oh, madame, voilà du bon fromage!  
Oh, madame, voilà du bon fromage!  
Voilà du bon fromage au lait!"

One of the men rapped on the table with his stick. Jean-Pierre stopped short in his song, caught up the *carte du jour*, smoothed down his black beard, and hurried out.

"Very good, the rabbit," he suggested. And, "What will you have, sirs, in the way of wine?"

FOR half a year there had been only three of them to do the work, he, his wife, and Maurice, the waiter. Maurice had come to them when he was sixteen; but very soon he was nineteen, and the War Department, which knows about everything, had found out about that also, and had taken him away to put him into the army.

Then for two months there had been only two of them, but it was quite enough. Now Margot was gone, and he was alone. But business was worse and worse, and very rarely was he hurried with all the cooking and the serving and the cleaning-up.

Jean-Pierre had made few friends in Paris in these fourteen years. He had dealt pleasantly with his clients, his neighbors, and the tradespeople with

whom he had to do; but he had been content with his wife. She was a pretty woman from the frontier of Spain and more Spanish than French. He had met her for the first time right over there, in the Luxembourg Gardens. He could almost see from his doorway the very tree under which she had been sitting. She was wearing a hat of pink straw sloping down over her forehead, with many little roses piled high under the back of it; and she was very small about the waist. She was embroidering something white.

Several times he passed the chair in which she was sitting, and every time she looked up, and then looked down again. When she arose to go, he fell into step beside her.

"Mademoiselle, may I accompany you?" he asked.

"No, please," she answered hurriedly, without looking at him, and quickened her step.

He kept pace with her, however, and bent over her and spoke again more softly.

"It is wrong for one so beautiful to be so cruel," he said.

"*Veux-tu me laisser!*" she scolded, tossing her head, and hastened out of sight.

But the next afternoon she was there again.

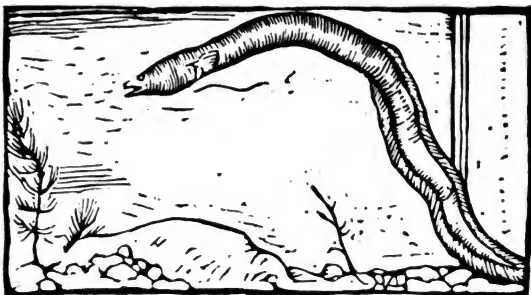
"You remember my wife, Philippe?" said Jean-Pierre. "Margot of the naughty eyes and the pretty ankles?"

Philippe said nothing.

"You do, all the same," Jean-Pierre averred. "She used to stir the water to make you mad." After a moment he said again, "Philippe, you remember Margot, don't you?"

Philippe said nothing.

"Well, anyhow," said Jean-Pierre, "she's gone."



FOR three months now Philippe had been alone in the tank. Nobody ate eels any more. The few customers that came ordered rabbit, mutton, or beefsteak and potatoes. It would be foolish to have more eels sent in from the basin in the country. Jean-Pierre had explained that he would need for a time no more eels or shrimps, that he was making some changes.

Every morning when the proprietor of the Chat qui Peche came down to open the door and put the tables and chairs out upon the pavement, Philippe lay sluggishly on the green bottom of his tank, the sunshine bringing out colors on his back that one had not known were there.

It was an oblong glass tank with brass edges. Fresh water came up through a little spout in the middle of it, and the stale water was sucked away through a pipe in one corner, which was covered with a bubble-shaped piece of netting. Looking into the tank one day, Jean-Pierre wondered why the netting was shaped like that; then he reflected that if the wire had been flat over the mouth of the pipe, it would have been clogged always with bits of dirt and food, which would float up to settle on it. He felt

very proud when he had come to this conclusion.

Philippe had been at one time gray-green in color, and thin and very active. Now he was green-black, with a valance standing up along his spine of transparent purple, and with two little pale-green fins behind his head. He was big now, but as lithe as ever.

Jean-Pierre had heard queer tales about eels; he did not know how much truth there was in them. He had heard that their mothers came ashore to give birth to them; that they were born, like little animals, not laid, like eggs. And when they were small they were called "elvers." And he had been told that after they were born, their mothers left them, and went away. And in a little while the elvers started out for themselves in search of pools to live in. And if it so happened that the pools near by had dried up with the heat, they went farther. And it was said that they have gone as far as twenty miles, across the land, in search of water, thousands of them, an army of little eels. And no human eye had witnessed their sinuous migration. Only from time to time there was found a dead elver in the grass, and people knew the eels had passed that way.

"Dis-moi un peu, Philippe," said Jean-Pierre. "You are a droll one, are n't you?"

The days went by, and nothing happened in them. Every day a few people came to eat there. Once there had been ten at a time, and Jean-Pierre had said to himself that if this kept on, he would have to get a waiter. But it did not keep on.

Every day he missed his wife more keenly. One day he went across the rue de Médecis into the Luxembourg Gardens, and walked up and down past the place where he had first seen her. A young woman was sitting under the tree, embroidering, but she was not Margot. She had two children with her, two little girls, dressed just alike, in very short dresses made all of pale blue silk ruffles. They were chasing one another up and down the walk and calling in shrill voices. One of them lost her hair-ribbon, a pale blue silk bow, and ran sidewise up to her mother, holding in one hand the ribbon and lifting with the other a lock of straight blond hair at the top of her head; but all the time calling to her sister, "*Attends! Attends, Juliette!*" and pawing the earth with brown, impatient legs.

Jean-Pierre wished very much that his only child, his and Margot's, had not died of diphtheria. She would have been much prettier than either of these little girls; she had looked like her mother. And she would be a companion for him now. If she were here this afternoon, he would take her to the Jardin des Plantes and show her all the different-colored birds. And after that they would go to the Café des Deux Magots and sit outside, and he would have a half-blond beer, and she would have a grenadine. And he

would buy her one of those small white-and-brown rabbits made all of real fur that hop when you press a bulb, such as old men are always peddling along the pavement from trays suspended in front of their stomachs by a cord about their necks.

THE days went by and went by. May passed, and June passed. One day there came a post-card from Maurice, a picture bearing the title, "*Panorama de Metz.*" On it was written carefully in pencil, "*Bon souvenir d'un nouveau poilu aviateur.*" Jean-Pierre was very excited about the post-card. Four times that day he drew it from his pocket and read it aloud, then turned it over and read with happiness his own name on the front of it. Late in the afternoon it occurred to him with pleasure that he had not yet read it to Philippe, and he hastened to do so. But from his wife there had come no word.

It seemed to Jean-Pierre that he would give everything he had in the world if he might once again hear Margot wail from the terrace, "*Un-e sou-u-u-u-pe!*" And, oh, to be called once more a dirty camel, a robber, or a species of Chinaman!

He went to the tank and leaned over the quivering water.

"You are my wife, Philippe. You know?" said Jean-Pierre. "You are a *salope!*"

Having delivered himself of which genial insult, he felt happier, and stood for some moments in his doorway with his arms folded, looking boldly out upon the world.

"*ÇA va, mon vieux?*" he accosted the eel one morning, and stirred the top of the water with a lobster-claw. But

Philippe scarcely moved. Jean-Pierre reached down with the lobster-claw and tickled his back. The flat tail flapped slightly, but that was all Jean-Pierre straightened up and pulled at his beard in astonishment. Then he leaned far over, so that his head made a shadow in which the eel was clearly visible, and shouted down to him:

"Philippe, Philippe, my friend, you are not sick, are you?"

He waited eagerly, but there was no responsive motion. The eel lay still.

"Oh, my God!" cried the *patron* of the Chat qui Peche, and clutched his hair in his hands. Then for the first time he noticed that the surface of the water was unusually quiet. No fresh water bubbled up from the tap in the middle.

"Oh, my God!" cried Jean-Pierre again, and rushed to the kitchen.

There was nothing there with which to clean a clogged water-pipe. Everything that was long enough was much too thick. One tine of a fork would go in, but was probably not long enough. Nevertheless, he would try.

He ran back to the window and prodded the tube with a tine of the fork. Then he straightened up and waited, breathless. The water did not come. He rushed again to the kitchen, and scratched about among the cooking-utensils. Was there no piece of wire anywhere in the world? A pipe-cleaner! That was it! He searched feverishly through all his pockets, but he knew all the time that he had none. It occurred to him that if Margot were there, she would have a hair-pin, which could be straightened out, and he cursed her savagely that she had gone.

Suddenly his eye fell on the broom, which was standing in a corner. He went over to it and tore forth a hand-

ful of splints, with which he rushed back to the tank.

"Wait, wait, Philippe!" he called as he approached. "Don't die! Wait just a very little minute!" And he thrust a splint down into the tube. It broke, and he had difficulty in extracting it. Sweat came out on his forehead. He put two splints together, and inserted them with care.

"Don't die! don't die!" he moaned, but softly, lest the splints should break.

Suddenly, incredibly, the water came, and dust and particles of food began to travel slowly toward the outlet. Jean-Pierre thrust his hands in up to the wrists, and shooed the stale water down the tank.

The next morning Philippe was quite himself again. Fearfully, Jean-Pierre crept into the room and approached the window.

"*Comment ça va ce matin?*" he questioned in a timid voice, and put a finger into the pool.

The eel aroused, and wriggled sullenly to the other end of the glass.

Jean-Pierre giggled sharply with delight, and all that morning he went about with a grin on his face, singing, "*Madame, voilà du bon fromage!*"

JEAN-PIERRE hated the room in which he slept. It seemed to have become, since Margot left, every day dirtier and more untidy. For one thing, of course, he never made the bed. When he crawled into it at night it was just as he had crawled out of it in the morning. The thin blanket dragged always to the floor on one side, the counterpane on the other. The sheets grew grayer and grayer, and the bolster flatter. And he seemed always to have fallen asleep on the button side of the square pillow.

Infrequently he drew off the soiled sheets and put on clean ones. But at such times he became more than usually unhappy; he missed Margot more. She had been used to exclaim always over the fresh bed that it smelled sweet, and to pass her hand with pleasure over the smooth old linen. Often she would say with pride: "I tell you frankly, my little cabbage, in many of the big hotels to-day, rich hotels, full of Americans, they make up the beds with cotton. I don't see how the clients sleep. I could not."

bulk of what he knew to be a clock—a clock so elegant and fine, so ornamented with whorls of shiny brass, that his wife had kept it lovingly wrapped in a towel. To be sure, the face of the clock could not be seen; but what will you? One cannot have everything. Between the clock and the photograph was a marvelous object—a large melon growing serenely in a small-necked bottle. A great trick, that. But Jean-Pierre was very tired of the melon.

He was tired of everything in the



EVERY morning on awaking Jean-Pierre groaned once and turned heavily. Then he rubbed the back of his wrist across his eyes, and stared out at the daylight. He saw on the shelf above the narrow fireplace a pale photograph of himself and his brother when they were children. They were seated in an imitation rowboat. Into his hand had been thrust an imitation oar, which it supported without interest; from the hand of his brother dangled listlessly a handsome string of imitation fish.

He saw also the swathed and ghostly

room, everything in his life, but particularly of the things on the mantelpiece. And most of all was he tired of the candlestick that stood between the clock and the wreath of wax gardenias—a candlestick which had never known a candle, a flat lily-pad with a green frog squatting on it. Jean-Pierre did not know that it was a green frog squatting on a lily-pad. It had been there so long that when he looked at it he no longer saw it. It was only one of the things on the mantelpiece.

One morning, however, as he awoke and groaned and turned and looked out

with dull eyes on still another yesterday, it so happened that he stared for some moments at the candlestick. And presently he said, "*Tiens! tiens!*" and laid his forefinger alongside his nose.

That morning he dressed hurriedly, with a little smile going and coming at his lips. And when he was dressed he thrust the candlestick into his pocket and ran down-stairs.

"*Bonjour, Philippe!*" he called as he entered the restaurant. "Regard, species of wild man, I bring you a little friend!"

Happily, and with excessive care, he installed the green frog at the bottom of the tank. The eel moved away from it in beautiful curves.

"There is somebody for you to talk to, Philippe," said Jean-Pierre, "as you are for me."

He went to the door and opened it. The morning air came freshly in from the trees and fountains of the Luxembourg.

THE days went by and went by, and nothing happened in them. One afternoon Jean-Pierre stood for a long time outside the window of a shop which had the sign up, "*Fleurs Naturelles.*" It was unfortunate for Margot, he told you frankly, that she had left him, because otherwise on this day she would be receiving a bouquet of flowers, *pois de senteur*, purple, pink, and mauve, and big white *pivoines*. It was the anniversary of their wedding. There were water-lilies in the window, too.

Suddenly Jean-Pierre burst into the flower-shop with the face of a boy in love, and after much shrugging and gesticulation and interchange of commonplace insults, he parted from the shopkeeper, and went home to Philippe, bearing a long-stemmed lily in his hand.

At twenty minutes to one of an afternoon a week later a man might have been seen to walk along the *quai* of the Seine to the Place St. Michel, and up the Boulevard St. Michel to the rue de Médecis. On the corner of the rue de Médecis he hesitated and looked both ways. Just then a very little girl came up the *boulevard* and held out to him a basket of pinks and roses. He shook his head.

It happened that for that moment these two were the only people on that corner. The little girl stood for a moment beside him, hesitating, looking both ways. Then she tucked her basket under her arm and started up the rue de Médecis. And because she had turned that way, the man turned that way, too, letting her decision take the place of his own.

He walked slowly, glancing as he passed at the many people taking their luncheon under the awnings in front of the cafés. He was looking for a place to eat, and it happened that he wished to be alone.

Before the Restaurant du Chat qui Peche there were six oblong, iron-legged tables, on each of which stood a warted blue glass vase containing a sprig of faded sweet-william and the wilted stamens of a rose from which the petals had dropped. The place was deserted. There was no sign of life anywhere about, saving only that in one of the windows there was a glass tank filled with slightly quivering water, on the surface of which floated a lily, and on the bottom of which, beside an artificial bright-green frog, dozed a large and sluggish eel.

The man seated himself at one of the tables and tapped upon the table with the vase. There was no response. He tapped again.

"Voilà!" called Jean-Pierre from the back of the restaurant, and came eagerly out, holding in his hand the *carte du jour*.

"The rabbit is very good," he suggested, "also the *gigot*. And what will you have, sir, in the way of wine?"

"White wine," said the man, "a half-bottle. A salad of tomatoes, an onion soup, and an *anguille*."

"*Oui, monsieur*," said Jean-Pierre. "And after the *andouilles*, what?" *Andouilles* are a kind of sausage.

"Not *andouilles*," replied the man, with some impatience, "*anguille*."

"*Oui, monsieur*," said Jean-Pierre, trembling. He passed his damp cloth over the table, and went back into the restaurant. He sat down upon a chair, and his head dropped to one side, his eyes bulging. "*O-o, là là!*" said Jean-Pierre.

Several moments passed. The man on the terrace outside rapped sharply on the table.

"Voilà!" called Jean-Pierre, leaping to his feet. Hurriedly he gathered up a folded napkin, a thick white plate, a knife, fork, and spoon, two round bits of bread, and an unlabeled bottle of white wine. With these he issued forth.

When the table was fairly set, he curved one hand behind his ear and leaned down to listen.

"Will *monsieur* kindly repeat his order?" he requested in a half-whisper.

The gentleman did so, with annoyance, glanced up into the face bending over him, frowned, and reached for the wine.

Jean-Pierre went away and returned with the tomato salad. It was very pretty. There were green bits of chopped onion scattered over it. Presently he brought the onion soup.

This was not very good. It was composed chiefly of soaked bits of bread, and it was not hot; but with grated cheese it could be made to do.

When the soup was finished, Jean-Pierre appeared again and cleared away the dishes.

"And for the rest, sir," said he, fixing the eyes of his client with his own, which glittered meaningly, "it will be necessary to wait a few moments, you understand."

"Yes, yes," said the man, and shrugged. He wished vaguely he had gone elsewhere for his food.

"Because he is living," Jean-Pierre pursued in a clear voice of unaccountable pride, "and it will be necessary first to kill him. See, he lives!" And pulling the man by the sleeve, he pointed with his thumb to the brass-bound tank in the window.

The man glanced askance at the window, and twitched his sleeve free.

"*Encore une demi-bouteille de vin blanc*," he replied.

Jean-Pierre stood for a moment looking down into the water. The eel was stretched along the bottom of the tank, dozing in the sunshine. Once he idly flipped his thick tail, then lay still again. His dark back shone with a somber iridescence.

"*Philippe*," whispered Jean-Pierre, thrusting his face close to the surface of the pool—"Philippe, *mon petit, adieu!*"

At this, tears rushed from his eyes, and his neck and chest tried horribly to sob, working out and in like the shoulders of a cat that is sick.

"O Holy Virgin!" he moaned, and wound the clean white napkin firmly about his hand.

The eel came writhing out into the



air. It was muscular and strong. It struck backward with its heavy body. It wound itself about Jean-Pierre's wrist. It was difficult to hold. It was difficult to shift from one hand to the other while one rushed to the kitchen.

Jean-Pierre held the eel to the table and reached for the knife. The knife was gone. Sweat rolled from his forehead, down his cheeks, and into his beard.

He ran wildly from one end of the kitchen to the other, the eel all the time plunging and twisting in his hand. He could not think what it was he was looking for.

The broom! But, no, it was not that. At length he saw the handle of the knife, Margot's knife, with which she had been used to kill the bread. It was peering at him from under a clutter of red and white onion skins. It had been watching him all this time.

He walked slowly past it, then turned sharply, and snatched it with his hand. He held Philippe firmly down upon the table, turned away his face, and

touched. He eased the knife free; the eel struck it with his lashing tail, and it fell to the floor. He stooped to pick it up; the eel reared in his grasp and smote him across the face.

"Ah-h-h-h!" cried Jean-Pierre, "you would, would you!" Smarting and furious from the blow, he clutched the knife and rose.

"You would, would you!" he said again, between his teeth. His throat thickened. Flames danced before his eyes. "*Eh bien, on verra!* Name of a name! We shall see, my little pigeon!" The flames roared and crackled. His eyes smarted, and his lungs were full of smoke. His heart swelled, burst, and the stored resentment and pain of his long isolation raced through his body, poisoning his blood.

"Take *that* for your lying face!" he cried. "Spaniard!"

"Take *that* for your ankles! *That* for your red mustaches! Take *that!* Take *that!*"

Kneeling on the floor, he beat in the head of Philippe with the handle of the knife.



struck with closed eyes. When he looked again, the knife was wedged in the table; Philippe had not been

ALL the time that the stranger was eating, Jean-Pierre watched him slyly from the door. Twice a small

giggle arose to his lips, but he caught at his beard and pulled it down. He was happy for the first time in many months. He had killed the taxi-driver with the red mustaches, he had fried him in six pieces that leaped, and the stranger was eating him.

When the stranger had gone, Jean-Pierre gathered up the dishes and bore them to the kitchen, chuckling as he did so. He saw the head of the eel in the corner whither he had kicked it, and he spat upon it. But when he came back for the wine bottles and the salt and pepper and vinegar and oil, his eyes fell on the tank in the window, with its bright-green frog and its floating lily and its quiet emptiness. Then he remembered that it was Margot that he had killed.

He put his hand to his throat and stared. Margot! Now, how had that happened? He was sure that he had never intended to kill Margot. What a terrible mistake! But, no, it was not true that he had killed Margot. It was an ugly and tiresome dream. There was sun on the trees in the Gardens of the Luxembourg. Was not that proof enough that Margot was not dead, if one had needed proof?

Still, come to think of it, it was a long time since she had been about the house. It was fully a year, if you pressed the point, since he had heard her voice. There was something awfully dead about her, come to think of it.

But certainly he had killed Margot! How silly of him! He remembered the circumstances now perfectly. They had been out together in a row-boat on a river whose banks were brass. In Margot's hand was an oar, in his a handsome string of fish. At one end of the river was a dam covered

by a dome of netted wire. At the other end water bubbled up continuously from a hidden spring.

He looked at Margot. As he looked, the oar slipped softly from her hand into the water; on the other side of the boat the string of fish slipped softly from his hand into the water. Then he noted with disquiet that the water in the river was steadily receding. He looked at the banks; they were like high walls of brass. He looked at them again; they were like tall cliffs of brass. He looked at the river; it was as shallow as a plate of soup.

It occurred to him that if he wanted to drown Margot, he would best be quick about it, as soon there would be no water in which to drown her. "But I do not wish to drown Margot!" he protested. But the man kept rapping on the table with a sprig of sweet-william. And even as he said it, he stepped from the boat, seized her by the waist with both hands, and plunged her beneath the surface.

Her lithe body doubled powerfully in his grasp. He was astonished at the liteness of her body. Her feet, in elegant shoes of patent-leather with six straps, appeared above the water, the ankles crossed. The top of her head was not even wet. Yet, for all that, the life came out of her. It rose to the surface in a great colored bubble, and floated off into the sunshine.

Jean-Pierre gazed across at the Luxembourg. A child in a white dress passed through a gate into the garden, holding in its hand by a string a blue balloon. Jean-Pierre smiled, and watched the balloon float off among the trees.

Over there, under a tree whose blossoms of white and mauve wire drifted like lilies on the air, wearing a

white dress and a pink hat with roses piled beneath the brim, forever and ever sat Margot. Over her head, tethered to her wrist by its string, floated forever and ever the blue balloon.

She was very near to him. It was a matter of a moment only to go across to her and lift the hat and say, "Mademoiselle, may I accompany you?"

Save that between them, flowing level with its brassy banks past the curb before his door, forever and ever ran the sunny river, full of rolling motor-buses and rocking red taxicabs, too broad, too broad to swim. People went paddling past the window, this way and that way. A priest sailed by in a flapping gown, square boats upon his feet. A little girl went drifting by in a basket; her eyes were closed; her hands were full of brown carnations. Two gendarmes passed, their short capes winging in thick folds.

At sight of the gendarmes Jean-Pierre started violently and stepped back from the window. There was something he must be about, and that without more delay, but he could not think what it was. Memories of Margot flew at his mind with sharp beaks. He waved his arms about his head to scare them off. There was something he must be about, and that at once.

Something touched him lightly on the shoulder. He uttered an indrawn scream, and swung on his heel. It was only the wall. He had backed into the wall. Yet even as he said to himself, "It is only the wall," and wiped his sleeve across his forehead, he saw them beside him, the two gendarmes, one on the left of him and one on the right. The one on the right of him said to the other:

"This is he, the man who drowned his wife in a plate of soup."

But the other answered:

"Not at all. He beat in her head with a knife. Do you not see the onion skins?"

Then for the first time Jean-Pierre saw that both had red mustaches, and he knew that he was lost.

"Come, my man," they said, and stepped back, and he was left standing alone.

Suddenly that part of the floor on which he was standing slipped backward like a jerked rug under his feet, and he was thrown forward on his face. There came a rush of cold wind on the nape of his neck.

"No, you don't!" he shrieked, and, rolling over violently, leaped into the kitchen and bolted the door.

He knelt behind the door, and addressed them craftily through the keyhole.

"*Messieurs*," he said, "up-stairs in my chamber is a melon as big as my head, in a bottle with a neck the size of a pipe-stem. It is the marvel of all Paris. I will give ten thousand francs to the man who can divine me how it came there."

Then he put his ear to the hole and listened, with difficulty restraining himself from chuckling aloud.

In a moment he heard their feet upon the stairs.

He counted the stairs with them as they ascended, nodding his head at each. When he knew that they were at the top, he slipped quietly forth, and bolted the stairway door.

His head was very clear; it was as light as a balloon on his shoulders. He knew precisely what he must do. He must bury the body, remove all traces of his guilt, and get away. And he

must lose no time. He took his hat and coat from the peg where they were hanging, and placed them in readiness over a chair by the street door. Then he went softly and swiftly into the kitchen.

He gathered up from the table six sections of a broken backbone, a large knife, and an unwashed platter; from the stove a greasy frying-pan; and from the floor a crushed and blood-stained head. These objects he wrapped in a newspaper, laid upon a chair, and covered with a cloth.

Hark! Was that a step in the room above? No.

Hastily, he washed the table, scrubbing feverishly until the last stain was removed, scrubbed a wide stain from the floor, and set the kitchen in order.

Hark! Was that a step on the stair? No.

He lifted the newspaper parcel from the chair and bore it, shielded from sight by his apron, into the small back yard behind the restaurant, a yard bare save for a tree of empty bottles,

some flower-pots full of dry earth and withered stalks, and a rusted bird-cage with crushed and dented wires.

There he laid his burden down, and after an hour of terror and sweating toil buried it in a hole much bigger than was required.

The afternoon advanced, and evening came. A light flashed on in the *Rendezvous des Cochers et Camionneurs*; farther up the street another light. The street was ablaze. Gay people walked up and down, sat at tables eating, talked eagerly together.

In the *Restaurant du Chat qui Peche* the dusk thickened into dark, the darkness into blackness, and no lights came on. The door was wide open. The night wind came in through the door, and moved about the empty rooms.

At midnight a gendarme, seeing that the door was open and the restaurant in darkness, approached, rapped sharply on the open door, and called. There was no answer.

He closed the door, and went on.





# His Religion and Hers

*I—What His Religion has Done to the World*

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN



This is the first of two articles in which Mrs. Gilman discusses the relative value of the masculine and the feminine contributions to religion. Death, according to Mrs. Gilman, was the outstanding crisis in the life of the primitive man; birth, the outstanding crisis in the life of the primitive woman. Primitive man, standing over his fallen victim, whose soul had fled the body, said, "Where has it gone?" Primitive woman, holding her baby in her arms, said, "What can I do for it?" Thus the religion of man has been concerned with the afterwhile; the religion of woman, with the here and now.—THE EDITOR.

**O**URS is the only race that can lift itself by its boot-straps. Like other species, we are pushed by heredity, moved this way and that by the tendency to vary, relentlessly modified to environment. We alone are not only widely adaptable, but are able to resist and change our environment; with ice, fans, and sun-umbrellas, with shelter, fire, and clothing, we defy climate from pole to equator. Where other creatures depend absolutely on what they can find or catch to eat, we raise our food supply, we make that which makes us. Here is capacity for wide improvement.

But beyond these advantages comes the power of the human mind to observe and remember, to formulate ideas and act upon them. These are the boot-straps. The environment most effective upon us is the social one; what we think and believe is more potent in modifying our behavior than any outside condition. Witness women wearing fur in August. A concept is more powerful than a fact.

In this higher plane of self-modified growth, with all the ability of our associated brains to serve us, with a race memory historically preserved, and a world-wide acquaintance with all the failures and successes of mankind to profit by, it would seem as if our race might easily surpass all others in health and beauty, happiness and rate of improvement.

Instead of this, we see ourselves the sickest beast alive, the wickedest, the most foolish. We have so utterly accepted our disadvantages that we speak of "poor human nature" as if it were in some way inferior to the rest of nature; and as for this world of our own making, we call it "a vale of tears," and support its miseries in the hope of finding a better one after we are dead.

Religion is the strongest of all the forces that modify our conscious behavior. The ideas, beliefs, duties, and aspirations that are taught by religion are so irresistible that under their pressure every natural law may be set at naught. The hermit, the

celibate, the ascetic, the martyr, show how religious convictions can overcome the social instinct, the sex instinct, the most harmless appetites, even self-preservation.

A religion need not be true to have such effects. Any study of the innumerable faiths of the world shows us but too plainly that there is nothing too terrible, too impossible, too utterly foolish for the human mind to believe in and act upon. Under the guidance of religion we have seen the practice of human sacrifice and other enormities, with every kind of rite and ceremony imaginable; but we do not see religion showing us how to perform the first duty of man—the improvement of the human race. Individual good conduct may be inculcated, but that is a matter of obedience, or what the Buddhist views as “acquiring merit.”

Man is an intelligent animal. He has accumulated through the centuries vast stores of knowledge and skill. He can manufacture the most elaborate inventions, he has virtually overcome all his external enemies except recently recognized ones in the world of insects and the bacteria. What he has conspicuously failed to learn is how to behave.

Religion is the main factor in teaching us how to behave. What is the matter with religion?

It is here suggested that some of the main errors in the world's religions are due to their having come down to us exclusively through the minds of men. They have been accepted by women, perforce; but the governing ideas, the distinctive doctrines, the whole organization and management, and until recently all the preaching have come through men alone.

We have heard much in our im-

mediate time of the fear of “feminization” as women figure more and more in education and other social activities, but we have not begun to measure the effect of the “masculinization” of all human functions throughout our whole history. To appreciate it, we must recognize that while men as human beings show the high qualities distinctive of our race, men as males show the sex qualities common to all males and useful only in reproduction. These may be roughly defined as desire, pride, and combativeness. The overmastering attraction toward the female, the commensurate repulsion against other males that leads to furious combat even among sheep and deer, and the proudly exhibited decorations, as in the tail-spreading peacock, are essentially male features.

Since the subjugation of women, human progress has been almost wholly restricted to men, and is visibly modified by sex. Let us trace its influence on this great human function, religion.

## § 2

The most conspicuous and dominant feature of all our great religions is their passionate interest in another world, their indifference to and contempt for this one. The Buddhist and the Brahmin, with their fascinating theory of metempsychosis, the “wheel of change” from which we are to escape, if possible, to some far-off absorption in the divine spirit; the Moslem, with his glowing paradise for the believer; the old Egyptian, amassing mummies for the future life, and even the Christian, tunefully proclaiming that heaven is his home, and turning a pious back on “the world, the flesh, and the devil” as

unitedly bad—all fix their attention on what is to happen after death.

This death basis for religion is so old, so deep, so general that we must look for its cause in our earliest beginnings, in the long, dark period of savagery which covers much the greater part of human existence.

It has been shown that thought was roused in the primitive mind by the crises in life rather than by regularly recurring events. A sunset would be as awful as an eclipse if it happened as rarely.

What was the principal crisis in the life of primitive man? His activities were hunting and fighting. After long, patient hours of tracking or lying in wait, after fierce struggle with his enemy, beast or man, came the climax—death. Death was the event, the purpose of his efforts, the success, the glory. If he was the dead one, we cannot follow further; but if he triumphed and saw his "kill" before him, here was cause for thought. This creature which had fled swiftly or struggled violently had now stopped. It did n't go any more. The body was there as before, but something had gone from it. What was it? Where had it gone? Death was the crisis of long effort, recurring at irregular intervals, coming as a sudden close to the most intense struggle, leaving the mind to pitch forward, as it were, along the road of the spirit which had gone.

Here we have a simple, an obvious explanation of our early interest in death. Life meanwhile went on as unconsciously with us as with any other animal. Why should we think about that? But death was something to celebrate, to be followed by feasting and rejoicing, something

which redounded to the credit of the killer, who draped himself with scalps and bear's claws, trophies of his conquests.

The feasting following the kill had further results not to be overlooked in a study of the origins of religion. Men ate in those times with no saving grace of Fletcherism, no Roman devices for food control. They gorged themselves to repletion, they slept heavily, and from distended stomachs rose dreams which call for no Freudian explanation—stark nightmares from overworked digestion. Then did the victim rise again; the fight came to a different end. That which was dead lived, larger and more awful, looming nearer and more ferocious till the sleeper woke screaming. Here we have the natural base not only for belief in ghosts, but for fear of ghosts as well. That sinking terror which assails us at touch of "the unseen" is almost as old as our simian fear of snakes.

Since we know that this savage period of our race life was by far the longest part of it, it is easy to see how deep and strong became this death-complex in the primitive mind. By the time that definite religious ideas could be formulated, their direction was irrevocably determined. Dreams called for interpretation, and there arose interpreters. In the interpretation of dreams and in speculations about death the active, empty mind of the early medicine-man was in no way hampered by facts. Along both these avenues the busy brain could course like a hare, could go as far as it liked in any direction. There was nothing to stop it.

It is hard for us, whose imaginations are encumbered by knowledge,

to reconstruct that "first fine careless rapture" of early thinkers. Thinking is fun to a normal mind, like any other natural exercise, and those very ancient ancestors of ours who began to think had lively brains, with no ballast. They were so intrigued by thinking on subjects concerning which nobody knew anything that they hardly cared for the more difficult topics of real life, wherein one's glad imaginings are brutally interrupted by stubborn facts.

With some discovery of healing herbs or crude invention the dream interpreter merged in the medicine-man, and the medicine-man, with the passing of time, became the priest. This functionary was of immense importance to our development. What we needed more than anything else was power to think. The priest was the only man who had time to think. His was the best job life had to offer. He was safer than a king, who for all his glory often had to fight. The priest need neither fight nor work; he was fed by the faithful, who brought sacrifices. The delicate taste in butcher's meat shown by Levitical law indicates how particular they grew from long indulgence.

To those early priesthoods the world owes much. If their thought had been directed toward race improvement, we should owe them more; but, alas! their meditations, their discussions, their voluminous writings, were overwhelmingly devoted to the future life, not to this one. We may mark two exceptions, in Confucianism, with good results; and also in the careful details of Hebraic law.

But such behavior as was required of the believer was in most cases a matter of rites and ceremonies, cal-

culated either to maintain a prosperous priesthood here, or alleged to promote our chances in the hereafter.

The religion which urges most of real race improvement is that of Jesus. He taught unmistakably of God in man, of heaven here, that the love and service of humanity is worship. But our death-complex was too strong even for his teachings. What he taught us to pray and work for here was ignored in our eagerness to get to heaven through his virtues.

In this twentieth century we have seen Christian Europe hating and fighting exactly as did heathen Europe in the past. Christian Germany has left a record of conduct which we may mildly term inconsistent with that faith. Christian Ireland is a beautiful example of forgiveness, patience, and loving one another. Our own Christian nation maintained slavery after every other advanced people had outgrown it, and still stands black before the world in that most hideous of savage practices, the slow torturing to death of helpless prisoners—"lynching."

The Christian belief has been taught all over the world, but it has not established connection with life. Its revivalists still make their passionate appeal on a basis of what is to happen to you after death.

Pursuing the evidence of masculinity in religions, we find one glaring proof at once—the guileless habit of blaming the sin and trouble of the world on women. One after another shows this scorn of women, making no provision for them in heaven, sometimes denying that they have souls at all. This ultra-masculine attitude has been maintained even in Christianity, owing to its mistaken adoption of ancient



Hebrew and Assyrian legends. There is no more unworthy product of a "masculinized" religion than "the curse of Eve."

The various paradises which have been devised by the minds of men are naïvely masculine in their attractions. The Moslem warrior looks eagerly forward to his "reward"—feasting and dalliance with eternally young and lovely houris; but there are no silky-mustached he-houris beckoning to pious lady Moslems.

The savage pictured a "happy hunting-ground." That was his idea of a good time; but we do not hear of any happy nursing-ground for the squaw. Valhalla also, a glorious festival of beer and bloodshed enhanced by stimulating valkyrs, was most attractive to the male. The virtuous Mormon believes that he may go on in spiritual progress after death until he becomes god—a god of some other earth as literally as ours is the God of this one. But Mrs. Mormon can be no better than a plural Mrs. God in a subsidiary harem, as on earth.

Our heaven, with its pearly gates and golden streets, its promise of harps and crowns and endless songs of praise, is somewhat more attractive to women, and, *per contra*, has been less so to men. The fear of hell has had more weight with them than the hope of heaven.

All this is merely superficial masculine expression, a natural prejudice in favor of their own sex. What is far more deeply important is the effect on further religious development of that primal death-complex. Because of this the trend of all religions was necessarily speculative. Where no knowledge was possible, all depended on revelation.

Proof and practice can plant a truth easily and firmly in the mind, but revelation can only be believed. Belief thus became the basic requisite of all religions; belief came to be regarded as a virtue in itself, and any exercise of the mind in question or criticism was considered sin.

As all conscious human progress depends on our ability to think, to reason, to judge, to decide, and to act upon our decisions, it is easy to mark the disastrous effects of this closure of the mind. Right across the upward path of humanity the death-based belief-demanding religions built a wall. The daring thinker, the progressive mind to which we owe all later light, was discouraged, ostracized, often killed, as "an unbeliever." The peculiar slowness of our progress in all matters influenced by religion is directly traceable to this crippling of the mind.

A further consequence of the exalting of belief as a virtue, as *the* virtue in fact, was hatred of the "infidel." It is to this that we owe the contempt for other faiths, the persecution, the tortures of the Inquisition, the "holy" wars which have disfigured the history of religion. Nothing of this would have been found in teaching as to the duty of development in this life, for every step could have been made clear to the mind. We do not quarrel over a thing which can be proved, or hate ignorance as we do "infidelity."

The element of mystery which has been present from the first in our religions goes very far back indeed, and probably arises from the sex taboos, the concealing and forbidding of earliest tribal cultures. But the idea of sanctity, as apart from mystery, has a more obvious origin.

The rapidly growing power and

prestige of the priesthood did not escape some question from the more active minds. As it became apparent that this was the safest, the best position open to any man, as priests increased in numbers, and their demands of tithe and sacrifice increased also, the common man, whose offerings fed them, was moved to inquire whether it was God indeed who liked the fat of rams, or only a number of hungry priests and their families. If the priests had no families, but were celibates, there arose further questioning on the part of the same common man as to the historic relation between the priest and the woman.

This would never do. As rapidly as possible the sacred books recorded and assured the privileges of the priesthood; and around what went on in the temple and among its devotees there was promptly drawn the veil of sanctity. We have pictures of the laughing augurs, of convivial monks among their wine-barrels, and even more damaging records; but to the faithful there is a sacred circle around all matters pertaining to their faith. One must not look.

The principle of sacrifice, of some inherent virtue in suffering, lies back of all religions in the customs of self-torture developed by the painful conditions of savage life. Because of the pain economy in which they lived, endurance was a high virtue. Women developed it by necessity, such of them as survived. To cultivate it primitive men practised suffering as one might practise any exercise, and the associate idea of something good in this performance far outlasted its early use.

This unfortunate association of virtue with pain has of course left us with

a similar association of pain with virtue. One of the largest mistakes made by any religion is precisely this—the idea that there is something difficult and unpleasant in “being good.” To learn the rules and play the game of life need not be more difficult than in other games. If we had recognized that it was in the line of natural law to be good, instead of assuming that we were naturally bad, we should have gone much faster and farther in race improvement.

Fed by sacrifice and guarded by sanctity, developing brain power because they had nothing else to do, and because that was the medium of their influence, the ancient priests developed arts and sciences, patronized handicrafts, were the preservers and developers of thought when other people had neither time nor permission to think. In economics they were as helpless as children, fed by the faithful. In physical force they were also dependent; the soldiery had that. To hold their place and power they must work through the mind alone. There is no greater monument to the dominance of mind over matter than in the psychological structure we call “a church.”

In slow, inevitable accretion, partly unconscious, partly a definite purpose, we may watch the growth of complicated systems of ceremonial and worship, of gorgeous costume and proud processional, of sacraments and penances and genuflexions, matters which have nothing to do with even the “faith” that practises them, much less with any real religious truth.

In all this growth we may trace unmistakably the masculine instincts and preferences. Consider the thing we call “worship.” The dominant

man, with subject wives, slaves, and children, showed the same instinct of proud dominance that we see in earlier males, and when the patriarchal father became chief, and, later, king, a cult of procedure was established to meet his demands.

Our ceremonial of worship is a performance which men assumed God liked because they did. All the prostrations and helpless hand-clasping that they demanded of their conquered enemies they offered to God. All the praises and compliments, the bowing and kneeling, which the king was pleased with, they gave to God. To this day we call "divine service" a series of gettings up and sittings down, of kneelings and risings, of hymns of praise and confessions of inferiority, which are of no conceivable service either to God or man, but are fading left-overs from a time when the king was approached with "May thy servant speak and live?"

The gorgeous robes and towering head-gear, the accumulated splendors of wealth and beauty which we find in the temples of most religions, are in no case related to the faith itself, but are easily explained when we remember that the male is the decorated sex by nature, and that even with us, where an economically dependent womanhood has had to assume decoration to attract its "meal ticket," men still show delight in magnificent trappings in their essentially masculine secret societies. The military and the ecclesiastical groups, both very ancient and very masculine, show unmistakable proofs of sex influence in decoration.

Besides the crushing effects of compelled belief and forbidden questioning, religion has always had a hindering effect on account of its remote

origins, its hallowing of the past. Uncounted ages of oral tradition easily account for this habit of mind; the father knew more than the child, the grandfather more yet; hence was derived the ancient cult of ancestor worship, always preponderantly in the male line.

"And how can man die better than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods"?

and again:

"Strike for your altars and your fires!  
Strike for the green graves of your sires!"

The girl, on marrying, had to worship her husband's ancestors, paternal of course; little is heard of the ashes or graves of mama.

The pious Oriental must have a son to close his eyes, to burn incense upon his altars. Respect for the aged became a cardinal precept; honor and reverence, duty and obedience, all faced backward. There was no thought of honor and duty to the child, and the great work of making a better world for him was never dreamed of. We lived and worshiped with our eyes behind us, honoring dead ancestors instead of living children.

The innate combativeness so essential to the male, whose biological duty it is to compete with other males that the best may transmit his qualities to the race, has left heavy impress upon religion. He could not conceive of God alone and irresistible, slowly lifting higher and higher life forms through the long upward course of creation; he had to think in terms of opposition, of fighting and conquest; so against God he must needs set up "the adversary." As believers were not

allowed to think, it never has seemed to worry us to believe at the same time in an omnipotent God and a devil who had virtually spoiled His world for Him. But an opponent was necessary to the mind of man, and early manufactured.

The personal pride which fills ancient inscriptions with loud boastings of forgotten kings, which built those ghastly pyramids, colossal monuments to a measureless egoism, this has discolored our religious hopes with an egregious concern about the individual soul. Whatever may be the fate of that soul, it is surely in charge of the divine power; but if an eternity of prolonged individual existence awaits us, surely there is time enough to think about it after we get there.

Meanwhile we are here, together, with a considerable period of life on earth stretching before our children. How pitiful, then, appears this elongated egotism, so frantically excited over its own personal extension of life, of individual life, an eternity of being John Smith, and so coldly indifferent to the life of humanity on earth, which is so clearly in our hands to improve!

In religion we have solemnly accepted the method of "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." Yet it is by the recognition of the common need, the sinking of the individual in the common interest, that virtue and progress are attained.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

### § 3

We have behind us a strange record of human life struggling upward de-

spite its religions, outgrowing one after another, bursting old iron-bound systems, changing and discarding old doctrines, showing the irresistible progress of social evolution even when its best assistant was standing in its way.

In that social progress we have seen what is called the "liberalizing" of religion, going on even while all the past was called upon to stop it. Every good force in human life is pushing us upward; religion, greatest of them all, cannot much longer remain anchored to its remote and misguided beginnings.

When that great power ceases to concentrate its attention on death and turns it upon life and the improvement of life, there will be no difficulty in inducing people to "accept religion." It will be of such visible and joyous use that no rational being can reject it. With such help we can soon outgrow such disgraceful diseases as war and poverty; we shall blush at the memory of intemperance and prostitution; our children will grow up in the assured hope of a better world of their own making and the daily glory of making it.

With its tremendous vision reaching even to eternity, having power to subordinate individual interests to a high ideal, and with the practical immortality of a church, working in unbroken sequence from age to age, religion could have held before us the splendid picture of the race we might be, and helped us up the broad, clear stairway of right progress. It can do it yet, and will.

Can any sane mind hold that such conduct would be inconsistent with the purposes of God, or that it would interfere with our hopes of heaven?



## A Minuet On Reaching the Age of Fifty

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE HOWELL BARKLEY

Old Age, on tiptoe, lays her jeweled hand  
Lightly in mine. Come, tread a stately measure,  
Most gracious partner, nobly poised and bland;  
Ours be no boisterous pleasure,  
But smiling conversation, with quick glance,  
And memories dancing lightlier than we dance—  
Friends, who a thousand joys  
Divide and double, save one joy supreme  
Which many a pang alloys.  
Let wanton girls and boys  
Cry over lovers' woes and broken toys.  
Our waking life is sweeter than their dream.

Dame Nature, with unwitting hand,  
Has sparsely strewn the black abyss with lights,  
Minute, remote, and numberless. We stand  
Measuring far depths and heights,  
Arched over by a laughing heaven,  
Intangible and never to be scaled.  
If we confess our sins, they are forgiven;  
We triumph, if we know we failed.

Tears that in youth you shed,  
Congealed to pearls, now deck your silvery hair;  
Sighs breathed for loves long dead  
Frosted the glittering atoms of the air  
Into the veils you wear  
Round your soft bosom and most queenly head;  
The shimmer of your gown  
Catches all tints of autumn, and the dew  
Of gardens where the damask roses blew;  
The myriad tapers from these arches hung  
Play on your diamonded crown;  
And stars, whose light angelical caressed  
Your virgin days,  
Give back in your calm eyes their holier rays.  
The deep past living in your breast  
Heaves these half-merry sighs;  
And the soft accents of your tongue  
Breathe unrecorded charities.

Hasten not; the feast will wait.  
This is a master-night without a morrow.  
No chill and haggard dawn, with after-sorrow,  
Will snuff the spluttering candle out  
Or blanch the revelers homeward straggling late.  
Before the rout  
Wearies or wanes, will come a calmer trance.  
Lulled by the poppied fragrance of this bower,  
We 'll cheat the lapsing hour  
And close our eyes, still smiling, on the dance.





# The Patriot of the Planet

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON



TOUCHING the later work of Mr. H. G. Wells, there is a reflection that must have occurred to many of his readers, though it seems hardly to have been noticed by many, if any, of his critics. His first fantastic books may well throw a light, if a somewhat lurid light, on his last serious books. One of his recent and most serious books, "The Salvaging of Civilization," is an eloquent and effective plea for a world state, or single international nation. It suggests that we should feel a patriotism for the whole planet. And this should surely remind the reader of those noble nightmares in which Mr. Wells once imagined the defense of the whole planet against the monsters of another planet. It is certainly an irony that the man who has ended with the notion of the peace of the world should have begun with the notion of the "War of the Worlds." And it is certainly a symbol that the first of the strange stars with which we can be conceived as coming into contact is a star that bears the name of Mars. The monsters of Mr. Wells's were certainly martial as well as Martian. And though Mr. Wells would now probably repudiate the moral, I really believe that he had then found the method. There would be a much stronger motive for this planetary patriotism in the thing he invented as a fancy than in anything he adduces as a fact.

If he really wishes us to extend our political loyalty to the whole human race and our political frontiers to the whole terrestrial globe, there is no doubt about the practical thing which he ought to do. Let him merely introduce some three-legged giants from Mars; let him arrange for a real visit from those monsters with their tripods, like goblins stalking about on stilts, a mere trifle for a man of his talents. Then I will promise him that we shall all feel the solidarity of the human race, and even possibly something of the sanctity of the earth that is their mother; and so far as that is concerned, I shall rejoice with him heartily. But it may well be doubted whether most men will vividly imagine the earth unless they imagine something beyond the earth. It may well be doubted whether they will really conceive the world at all so long as they conceive the world as the universe.

There is one man who might really restore that sense of the central monarchy of man for which Mr. Wells makes a moving appeal, and he is the man in the moon. Some would indeed suggest that Mr. Wells himself is rather like the man in the moon; that he has something of his pallid abstraction, something of his almost inhuman detachment. But I have never agreed with this criticism of his literary personality. It seems to me the very reverse of merely rigid and mathemati-

cal and mechanically efficient. It strikes me as rather especially sympathetic, sensitive, and slightly irritable. As the politician described decimal points as damned little dots, I suppose it is possible that the little dots with which Mr. Wells's suggestive impressionist sentences so often tail off and fade away should be mistaken for the mathematical exactitude of decimals. But he does not mean them for decimal points, but only for damned little dots. Hence I do not compare the author himself to the man in the moon; but I think it in accordance with his own original imaginative instinct to say that a man in the moon would really remind us of the sacred supremacy of a man on the earth. If once that pale, but luminous, being began to extend his silver scepter over our earth, I think we should all resist and refuse to be moonstruck. Nor should I say, as many would, that Mr. Wells resembles the man in the moon as described in the nursery rhyme in the fact that he came down too soon, or, in other words, is in advance of his age. It would be truer to say that he came down too late. It is a curious fact that the nearest that the world ever came to the world state of Mr. Wells was in the Roman Empire, and there, when he has got it, he does not like it.

In the artistic sense, at least, I cannot help wishing the thing were one of the old romances instead of one of the new pamphlets or lectures. I wish the artistic energy which described the adventure of the first men in the moon were occupied with the militant defiance of the last men on the earth. Taken in that sense, as an allegorical picture or poem, there would be nothing but nobility in the vision of the

patriots of a planet. And there would be a splendid playground for the fancy in such planetary patriotism. I like to imagine what might be made of the banners and uniforms of the *orbis terrarum*, and whether they would be green for the vegetation or blue for the sea. Perhaps the soldiers of the human nation would be clad in some earthly red to represent the clay from which came the giant limbs of Adam. Perhaps, as some regiments bore the badge of a skull and cross-bones, the uniforms would be barred, as with the ribs of skeletons, to represent the dignity of the vertebrates. Perhaps our pride and pomp would repose rather on our being bipeds, which would seem natural enough if we were fighting against tripods. In that case we should carry a sort of cloven pennon into battle, and die about the banner of the sacred trousers.

## § 2

These are pleasing meditations, and I do not mean them to be merely flip-pant, still less to be merely hostile. All criticism of the last work of Mr. Wells must begin with the proposition that his fundamental doctrine of human brotherhood is profound and true, and well worthy to inspire an imaginative art, which need be none the less sincere for being fantastic art. But, indeed, this sense of the sanctity of man, as against the background of what is outside man, is by no means merely a fantastic problem or one involving merely fantastic difficulties. It is not necessary to procure three-legged monsters from Mars in order to raise a question about the supremacy of man on the earth. There are many who raise that question about four-legged monsters who are already on the



earth. There are many animal-lovers who are very near to being animal-worshippers, and whose ethics often involve something rather like human sacrifice to animals. And, curiously enough, these animal-lovers would often be the same social idealists who would be most anxious to assist Mr. Wells to efface frontiers and abolish wars. Nobody believes less in the supremacy of humanity than the humanitarian. He also wishes to abolish frontiers, and he wishes to abolish the frontier between men and monkeys, and possibly between men and Martians. He also wishes to avoid wars, and would probably refuse the challenge of the "War of the Worlds." He would probably be found recommending that the lunar or Martian invaders should be taught only with kindness; he would be discovered being tender to a tripod. In short, I see no reason to suppose that this sort of pacifist would be a planetary patriot or a human patriot any more than any other sort of patriot, or that he would be necessarily loyal to the world state any more than he is to the national state. He would go on with a process which he would call broadening his sympathies, and other people would call betraying his kind.

Nor is the humanitarian eccentric, of course, the only person who could quarrel with a theory based on the dignity or divinity of all men. The principle applies not only to the humanitarian, but to the type which somebody has well defined as the brutalitarian. The brutalitarian will not admit that men are brothers, and will continue to claim the right to treat aborigines as animals. On the ground that black men are brutes, he will make sure that white men shall

be brutes. And he will find quite as much support for his sophistries in science and modern thought as any other skeptic will find for any other kind of skepticism. The brutalitarian can argue as easily from the example of nature as the humanitarian can from the unity of nature. Nor can I see how, on purely rationalistic grounds, the one can be coerced for calling a tiger his brother or the other for making a tiger his model. With this we collide with the whole cosmic question of religion and philosophy, and I doubt whether so colossal a scheme can be made to revolve upon the mere divinity of man without some admitted doctrine about the nature of man, about the original and spiritual status of man. Even the men of a world state, one would imagine, would require something resembling a reason for thinking their own race more sacred than all other animals, or their own star more sacred than all other stars. And here we come again to the necessity of a world church as the only chance for a world state. But this is a larger question, indeed the largest of all questions, and the question I wish to answer first concerns the more combative sort of planetary patriotism, once invoked so vigorously in the "War of the Worlds."

### § 3

It is true of almost anything that he who defends it defines it. Defense involves definition either in conducting a controversy or constructing a fort. The wall round a city is not merely a precaution against the city being destroyed; it is also the process by which the city is created. This is the truth of psychology which really feeds the passion of patriotism, and

even of militant patriotism. The things we love, the things we think beautiful, are things of a certain shape which we recognize. Imagination has very little to do with infinity. Imagination has to do with images. The French decadent poet desired to fall in love with a giantess, but nobody could fall in love with a woman who was too large to be seen. I am not now discussing the proper proportion of this psychological need to other moral and social needs, such as peace and order. I am pointing out that this is the psychological need from which nationalism has sprung, and which the internationalists have to stifle or satisfy. It is *not* mere militarism or blood lust or biological nonsense about man being a fighting animal. It is *not* merely the desire to hate what is outside, but also the desire to make sure that what we love is inside. And it is this that has made a halo of romance round all armed defense. It is not the fort that beautifies the frontier, but rather the frontier that beautifies the fort. War would really have been the vain and vulgar butchery that the pacifists call it but for this beauty and intensity in the idea of independence. A sword is not in itself a fairy-wand to charm any thing or anybody; a sword is only an unusually aggressive sort of spike. It becomes a fairy-sword by defending fairy-land. An invader rushing on the spears might in itself have been as unpleasant a sight as an intruder impaled on spikes. The point is that the spiked wall is a garden wall; but above all that it is a living wall, and more like a hedge with thorns than a wall with spikes. It is a living wall made of the men who love the garden.

Indeed, something of this truth of

separation and selection has been the dubious palliation, but the genuine explanation, even of imperial and tribal adventures. The common phrase about "carving out a kingdom" has that amount of truth in it that a man cannot even create it without limiting it. It is the whole point of a sculptor, carving the statue, that he refuses the rock. That is, he will not be satisfied with anything so insignificant as the whole. But no imperial adventures, no carving out of kingdoms, can ever approach, or be worthy to approach, the direct purity of this passion as it exists in defense. Then, indeed, it is true to say that the nation is like a garden and the army like a hedge, and there is a moment of mystical illumination and indignation when the hedge is more beautiful than the garden. Our own country is never really herself save in those rare moments when she is in danger of invasion. No gropings or grabbings in remote colonies or commercial markets would give any one a notion of that secret garden, or the living hedge that stood around it for five terrible years, in the dark time when the thieves out of the Northern forests found that there were thorns upon the English rose.

In short, men fight for the nation at the worst because they believe in the nation, and at the best because they believe in nations. They defend these human subdivisions because they value them; and sometimes because they value subdivision itself.

#### § 4

But are they valuable, and are they worth defending? That is obviously the next question we have to consider. It is not an easy question to answer, not because the answer is doubtful,

but because it is so multitudinously manifest. It is almost an understatement to say that our history is bound up with our country. History simply means humanity, and humanity itself, especially all that is called the humanities, has come to us in a national shape. The reason that a man will not allow his national life to be lost is that he does not know how much of his human life would be lost with it. He will not exchange a complex reality for an abstraction; he fears that, in another sense, it would be an abstraction, or at any rate a subtraction.

There is an inner truth in that triad invoked by the great English romantic, "for England, home, and beauty." Just as a man cannot abruptly dissolve any beautiful work of art into its elements, or decide suddenly which words or colors are essential, so he cannot abruptly break up and analyze the unity called home or the unity called England. Short as was my visit to America, I wandered long enough lost in the vast plains of the Middle West to have flying fits of homesickness, and to see in a vision of strange vividness the site and scenery of my home. Suppose a mad millionaire, like some who run wild in those parts, had walked up to me and offered to build then and there on the prairie the thing I called my home or an exact replica of my home. Suppose, if I murmured something about a row of elm-trees, he instantly proposed to plant them, if only in a row of pots. Suppose I grew sentimental over the skylark, and he rapidly arranged to bring over skylarks in cages, or in an enormous aviary suspended from an enormous aeroplane. Perhaps the skylarks could be trained to follow the aeroplane as sea-gulls follow the ship.

For I know that aviation at its best is only skylarking, just as I know that Mr. Wells with his Martians and men in the moon is only skylarking. And I can imagine Mr. Wells writing another fantastic and fascinating romance about the experiment of my mad millionaire in reproducing all the atmosphere and conditions of England in the middle plains of America. For instance, I should certainly miss the clouds, for the clouds of England are as beautiful in one way as the clear skies of America in another. I do not know whether there is any tariff or duty on importing sunset clouds into the strictly protected territory of the land of the setting sun, but in Mr. Wells's imaginary romance I prefer to fancy the sunset clouds would be carefully produced by chemical combinations on the spot. I am quite sure that he knows enough about the laws of light and vapor and evaporation to give a plausible account of how any such atmospheric conditions were created. I like to think of the colossal power-stations and tanks and tubes away behind the scenes of the artificial landscape, busy piling up cumuli or carefully manufacturing a thunder-storm. I really think Mr. Wells would enjoy himself in pretending to be that mad millionaire, and I respectfully offer him the notion. There is a great deal of talk about construction just now—construction of cities and civic institutions, town-planning and housing, and all the rest of it; but I doubt if any one has really tried to construct a climate. Nobody has been bold enough to build the weather, in the manner of the mad millionaire of my dreams. It would certainly be a new and literal way of creating a new heaven and earth.

But, for all that, the mad millionaire

would really be mad. He would have set himself an impossible and indeed intrinsically illogical task. If Mr. Wells is the fine artist that I take him for, he would finish off the story with a failure, and a failure on some point apparently small, but fatally serious. It would be impossible really to reproduce for the exile the thing he calls "home," for the exile does not remember everything he wants, even when he knows it is all he wants. He remembers the wall or hedge that runs round the garden, but he cannot be expected to give a botanical catalogue of all the plants in the garden, even of the plants that please him most. He knows that the life he loves is found within certain frontiers, and the only simple definition of it is to state the frontiers. To the exile in the prairies the word "home" might cover half a hundred things, from a cat to a collection of butterflies; but he knows, for all that, that it is one thing, and that it is well described by that one word. He can never be certain that any other word, especially an abstract word, will cover the same thing, and he suspects that in shifting to Utopia, U. S. A., some of the butterflies will be lost in the move, the plants may not bear transplantation, and the cat may go back to the old home.

But there is a further difficulty for the mad millionaire making his model of a home from home. He cannot recreate the charm exactly, because the charm was partly in the inexactitude. When the traveler really goes home, the thing that may make him feel most at home may be a book upside down in the book-case, or a stake leaning crooked in the fence. It is often through seeing something in the

wrong place that he realizes he has come to the right place. It is rather especially, if anything, an English eccentricity, though it has other forms in all other nations. Indeed, the English domestic ideal is best indicated in the English nursery-rhyme about the adventures of the crooked man who went a crooked mile and found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile. Certainly, in the personal case, there is something that moves me profoundly about that elfish rhyme. I will not here discuss the delicate question of whether I myself am crooked; it may be enough to concede that, like space in Einstein, I am curved. But it will be generally agreed among my friends that my stile on which I lean is likely to become a crooked stile, and that, if there is a sixpence lying about, I am very likely to tread on it and turn it into a crooked sixpence. But, above all, whether or no I am a crooked man, I am proud and happy to say that I always walk a crooked mile, whenever I walk up any of the country roads to my house. And that is an excellent example of this indispensable irregularity not only as a note of the home, but as a note of the nation. The English roads are really much more crooked than convenience requires, and any Englishman ought to be ready to die rather than to see them put straight.

### § 5

To show that this is indeed the note of a nation, I may refer in passing to the parallel of language, which is the very voice of a nation. Here, again, what is really difficult to render is the irregularity and not merely the regularity. We hear much of the translator's task in turning good English

into good French, but the real test of a good translator would be turning bad English into bad French. It would be getting the word that is wrong in the right way, instead of merely right in the wrong way. How could the translation, however literary, convey the idea of something that is humorous because it is illiterate? And some of the most English masterpieces are literary because they are illiterate. It has been noted that when we speak of England, we mean one thing which is also a thousand things, from a dog to a Dickens novel. But it is equally true that when we speak of a Dickens novel, we mean one thing which is also a thousand things, including some deliberately perverse and imperfect things. When the elder *Mr. Weller* says that "circumvented is a more tenderer word" than circumscribed, I think the translator will have a difficulty in finding a word even equally tender. I think the international language, like the international state, will indeed find itself circumscribed, and will find that the national tongue and temper have very decidedly circumvented it. When the same invaluable coachman comments on the condolences of his wife and *Mr. Stiggins*, who visit *Sam* in prison only to sit on each side of his fireplace and groan, he merely asks *Sam* whether he does not "feel his spirits rose" by the visit. I do not feel my own spirits rose by the prospect of finding a Frenchman who could find a French past participle to convey the exact nuance of nonsense in that English past participle. In short, the thing has not only got to be wrong, but got to be wrong in the one way that is right. And that is precisely the point about this touch of crookedness in the creations of these local loves of

humanity. The picturesqueness of the nursery-rhyme landscape is concerned not only with the mile and the stile being crooked, but with precisely how crooked they are. It is a question of the exact angle of absurdity at which the thing can still stand upright.

And just as a man will not simply exchange English for Esperanto, so he will not simply exchange England for the earthly paradise, especially when he knows very little about the earthly paradise except that it will cover the whole earth. Of course *Mr. Wells* himself is under no illusions about the difficulties of making it cover the whole earth. He faces the certainty of difficulty, and especially of delay. He is far too shrewd a man to suppose that such deep and delicate traditions would be easy to deracinate, or that his humanitarian empire could rapidly encircle the globe. He does not propose to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, or even to go round the world in eighty days. But there is another respect in which his argument does sometimes recall such a circular journey, and that is when it is something of an argument in a circle. Being unable to create a real planetary patriotism by bringing Martian invaders from another planet, he proposes, apparently, to launch a universal propaganda in the form of universal education. But to make this universal, there must surely be a system to universalize it. So that it looks to me a little like establishing a world state in order to teach people that it would be well to establish it. Nor is this the only example of such an argument in a circle. He tries to dispose of the difficulty on which I have touched elsewhere, the danger of despotism in any political power so supreme and

remote, by denying that it need be personal, and even in a sense that it need be powerful. He seems to think we could get on with a sort of republic without any president, and almost, one might say, a sort of committee without any chairman. I think this utterly untenable, but I may perhaps touch on that topic later in another connection. Anyhow, Mr. Wells defends his acephalous and somewhat amorphous parliament by saying, "There will be no war and no diplomacy." This is a circular argument if ever there was one. There will be no war if and because the world state is strong enough to impose peace; we cannot argue from that that the world state need not be strong because there will be no war. If it is weak, there will probably be any number of wars; and it will not be a complete comfort that the little club which pretends to rule the world when it cannot choose to call them revolutions.

But in truth there will, in any case, be revolutions, which will be quite indistinguishable from wars. There will be revolutions because the reality of these national and local creations will not find anything more real than itself in any of the abstractions now offered as the philosophy of a world state. Whether there might not be a religion that would offer such a reconciling reality might be discussed. Whether there is not already such a religion might be discussed. But that modern humanitarianism is not such a religion is really beyond all discussion. Humanitarianism has no principles even about our duty to humanity. It has no doctrines except doubts, which are just as destructive to any doctrine it might attempt to maintain. It has no way of holding even its own human

followers from the most inhuman fancies and speculations. It cannot tell us what to do with a man or a Martian or a microbe. When it talks perpetually about problems, social problems and sexual problems and economic problems, it means that it cannot make up its mind to any solution of any of them. Its philanthropy is simply a phrase, and men cannot be governed by perorations. This humanitarianism is a thing far poorer than humanity. It is poorer than humanity as it is, with all its wars and empires and tribal pride and prejudice. That is why people will not break down the wall of their garden to let in this howling wilderness. That is why they will not give up the complex, but complete, reality called England or Ireland or France for an incomplete and incomprehensible extension. That is why they will not surrender the local for the universal. It is because the universal is so very much lower than the local. It is quite true that the modern world contains many international things as well as national things. And, broadly speaking, it is the international things that are base and the national things that are noble. It is quite true that railways are international while rivers are regarded as national. That is why few poets are found writing an ode to a railway, and many writing an ode to a river. Usury is international, and useful work is generally local. Spies are international, and soldiers are generally national. Banks are at their best when they are at their biggest, but guilds of arts and crafts have generally been at their best when possessed of very local liberties. Indeed, the most completely cosmopolitan force of all is a mere cosmopolitan conspiracy, not even openly admitted by the

financiers who whisper about it all over the world.

The most universal system is actually a secret. The scientific prophets sometimes tell us that nations will be brought together by a vast system of aviation as continuous as an overhead railway; but in truth the cosmopolitan is not establishing something like an overhead railway, but something like a labyrinth of channel tunnels.

I do not of course connect Mr. Wells with such cynical cosmopolitanism, from which nobody could be more remote. I merely point out that the only practical forces fulfilling his definition would fulfil it in a way very divergent from his doctrine. If there were really a republic of the world, it would be much more worldly than public. If there was really no war, it would be because there was a great deal of diplomacy, especially secret diplomacy. It would be worked at best by those peculiar humanitarians who professed to abolish secret diplomacy and did it by means of secret societies. But all this, even at its best, would be very far from Mr. Wells's new vision of the glories of man, or even his old vision of the terrors of Mars. In conclusion, however, I will merely mention one possibility which might also assist his ideal, though it is very much at variance with his idea.

It is always possible that modern man may find himself in touch with other worlds in an even wilder sense than that of the "War of the Worlds." Psychic inquiry may call up powers claiming to come from another plane instead of from another planet. They may career about on four-legged tables instead of three-legged tripods; they may be mirrored in the crystal instead of in the moon. I do not particularly

want them or welcome them; on the contrary, in the few glimpses I have caught, they seem as grotesque and unnatural as any of the monsters which he imagined as stalking like vast spiders about the earth or boiling up like vast bubbles out of the moon. So far as I speculate on any spiritual realities behind them, I have the sense of something as hostile as the most martial Martian. If we do not strive against the stars we have named Mars and Mercury and Jupiter, we may yet strive against some such spirits as the early Christians supposed to be masked under the same names. The notion would probably be rather impatiently repudiated by the author himself, but the notion is not half so useful for my purposes as it would be for his. Here, again, it is through what he would reject as an impossibility that he might reach what he would accept as an ideal. But though it is no concern of mine to call it desirable, and though he himself might regard it as incredible, it is very far from improbable. It is not at all unlikely that, through the new scientific interest in abnormal psychological powers, men may come to find that they have let loose things that are a little too powerful, as if they had called down monsters from the moon. Then indeed we should again see man against a background that would isolate and unite him, like a single figure striving on a besieged tower against the sky. Such a struggle with psychic influences could not exactly be called a war against nationalism, through it might be a union of nations; but it might be called a war against imperialism, since those psychic influences are now defined by the word "control"; and it might be called a war against militarism, for their name is legion.



**BURNHAM BEECHES  
FIVE WOODCUTS BY  
C. O. WOODBURY**





The Burnham Beeches undoubtedly were the models for the delightfully grotesque tree shapes, resembling ancient hags and graybeards with gnarled and reaching arms, in the fairy-tale drawings by Arthur Rackham. They grow in a single spot in England, near the country churchyard of Gray's "Elegy"



Though they have been riven and bared by time and rain and wind, life still persists  
in the old trunks, and in the spring little green-gray leaves still appear



When the ruddy lights and dark shadows of sunset fall upon the Burnham Beeches, even the unimaginative may see in their huddled groups strange faces and curiously human forms



When the eyes have been studying the old beeches, even the summer storm-clouds  
which drive over the quiet country-side seem to take on fantastic shapes



## Children of Loneliness

BY ANZIA YEZIERSKA



OH, Mother, can't you use a fork?" exclaimed Rachel as Mrs. Ravinsky took the shell of the baked potato in her fingers and raised it to her watering mouth.

"Here, *Teacherin* mine, you want to learn me in my old age how to put the bite in my mouth?" The mother dropped the potato back into her plate, too wounded to eat. Wiping her hands on her blue-checked apron, she turned her glance to her husband, at the opposite side of the table.

"Yankev," she said bitterly, "stick your bone on a fork. Our *teacherin* said you dass n't touch no eatings with the hands."

"All my teachers died already in the old country," retorted the old man. "I ain't going to learn nothing new no more from my American daughter." He continued to suck the marrow out of the bone with that noisy relish that was so exasperating to Rachel.

"It 's no use," stormed the girl, jumping up from the table in disgust; "I'll never be able to stand it here with you people."

"You people? What do you mean by 'you people'?" shouted the old man, lashed into fury by his daughter's words. "You think you got a different skin from us because you went to college?"

"It drives me wild to hear you crunching bones like savages. If you people won't change, I shall have to move and live by myself."

Yankev Ravinsky threw the half-gnawed bone upon the table with such vehemence that a plate broke into fragments.

"You witch you!" he cried in a hoarse voice tense with rage. "Move by yourself! We lived without you while you was away in college, and we can get on without you further. God ain't going to turn his nose on us because we ain't got table manners from America. A hell she made from this house since she got home."

"*Shah!* Yankev *leben*," pleaded the mother, "the neighbors are opening the windows to listen to our hollering. Let us have a little quiet for a while till the eating is over."

But the accumulated hurts and insults that the old man had borne in the one week since his daughter's return from college had reached the breaking-point. His face was convulsed, his eyes flashed, and his lips were flecked with froth as he burst out in a volley of scorn:

"You think you can put our necks in a chain and learn us new tricks? You think you can make us over for Americans? We got through till fifty years of our lives eating in our own old way—"

"Woe is me, Yankev *leben!*" entreated his wife. "Why can't we choke ourselves with our troubles? Why must the whole world know how we are tearing ourselves by the heads?"

In all Essex Street, in all New York, there ain't such fights like by us."

Her pleadings were in vain. There was no stopping Yankev Ravinsky once his wrath was roused. His daughter's insistence upon the use of a knife and fork spelled apostasy, Anti-Semitism, and the aping of the gentiles.

Like a prophet of old condemning unrighteousness, he ran the gamut of denunciation, rising to heights of fury that were sublime and godlike, and sinking from sheer exhaustion to abusive bitterness.

"*Pfui* on all your American colleges! *Pfui* on the morals of America! No respect for old age. No fear for God. Stepping with your feet on all the laws of the holy torah. A fire should burn out the whole new generation. They should sink into the earth, like Korah."

"Look at him cursing and burning! Just because I insist on their changing their terrible table manners. One would think I was killing them."

"Do you got to use a gun to kill?" cried the old man, little red threads darting out of the whites of his eyes.

"Who is doing the killing? Are n't you choking the life out of me? Are n't you dragging me by the hair to the darkness of past ages every minute of the day? I'd die of shame if one of my college friends should open the door while you people are eating."

"You—you—"

The old man was on the point of striking his daughter when his wife seized the hand he raised.

"*Minchal* Yankev, you forgot *Minchal*!"

This reminder was a flash of inspiration on Mrs. Ravinsky's part, the only thing that could have ended the quarreling instantly. *Mincha* was the prayer just before sunset of the ortho-

dox Jews. This religious rite was so automatic with the old man that at his wife's mention of *Mincha* everything was immediately shut out, and Yankev Ravinsky rushed off to a corner of the room to pray.

"*Ashrai Yoishwai Waisahuh!*"

"Happy are they who dwell in Thy house. Ever shall I praise Thee. *Selah!* Great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable. On the majesty and glory of Thy splendor, and on Thy marvelous deeds, will I meditate."

The shelter from the storms of life that the artist finds in his art, Yankev Ravinsky found in his prescribed communion with God. All the despair caused by his daughter's apostasy, the insults and disappointments he suffered, were in his sobbing voice. But as he entered into the spirit of his prayer, he felt the man of flesh drop away in the outflow of God around him. His voice mellowed, the rigid wrinkles of his face softened, the hard glitter of anger and condemnation in his eyes was transmuted into the light of love as he went on:

"The Lord is gracious and merciful; slow to anger and of great loving-kindness. To all that call upon Him in truth He will hear their cry and save them."

Oblivious to the passing and re-passing of his wife as she warmed anew the unfinished dinner, he continued:

"Put not your trust in princes, in the son of man in whom there is no help." Here Reb Ravinsky paused long enough to make a silent confession for the sin of having placed his hope on his daughter instead of on God. His whole body bowed with the sense of guilt. Then in a moment his humility was transfigured into exaltation. Sor-

row for sin dissolved in joy as he became more deeply aware of God's un-failing protection.

"Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

A healing balm filled his soul as he returned to the table, where the steaming hot food awaited him. Rachel sat near the window pretending to read a book. Her mother did not urge her to join them at the table, fearing another outbreak, and the meal continued in silence.

The girl's thoughts surged hotly as she glanced from her father to her mother. A chasm of four centuries could not have separated her more completely from them than her four years at Cornell.

"To think that I was born of these creatures! It 's an insult to my soul. What kinship have I with these two lumps of ignorance and superstition? They 're ugly and gross and stupid. I 'm all sensitive nerves. They want to wallow in dirt."

She closed her eyes to shut out the sight of her parents as they silently ate together, unmindful of the dirt and confusion.

"How is it possible that I lived with them and like them only four years ago? What is it in me that so quickly gets accustomed to the best? Beauty and cleanliness are as natural to me as if I 'd been born on Fifth Avenue instead of the dirt of Essex Street."

A vision of Frank Baker passed before her. Her last long talk with him out under the trees in college still lingered in her heart. She felt that she had only to be with him again to carry forward the beautiful friendship that had sprung up between them. He

had promised to come shortly to New York. How could she possibly introduce such a born and bred American to her low, ignorant, dirty parents?

"I might as well tear the thought of Frank Baker out of my heart," she told herself. "If he just once sees the pigsty of a home I come from, if he just sees the table manners of my father and mother, he 'll fly through the ceiling."

Timidly, Mrs. Ravinsky turned to her daughter.

"Ain't you going to give a taste the eating?"

No answer.

"I fried the *lotkes* special' for you—"

"I can't stand your fried, greasy stuff."

"Ain't even my cooking good no more neither?" Her gnarled, hard-worked hands clutched at her breast. "God from the world, for what do I need yet any more my life? Nothing I do for my child is no use no more."

Her head sank; her whole body seemed to shrivel and grow old with the sense of her own futility.

"How I was hurrying to run by the butcher before everybody else, so as to pick out the grandest, fattest piece of *brust!*" she wailed, tears streaming down her face. "And I put my hand away from my heart and put a whole fresh egg into the *lotkes*, and I stuffed the stove full of coal like a millionaire so as to get the *lotkes* fried so nice and brown; and now you give a kick on everything I done—"

"Fool woman," shouted her husband, "stop laying yourself on the ground for your daughter to step on you! What more can you expect from a child raised up in America? What more can you expect but that she should spit in your face and make dirt from you?" His eyes, hot and dry under their lids,

flashed from his wife to his daughter. "The old Jewish eating is poison to her; she must have *treifah* ham — only forbidden food."

Bitter laughter shook him.

"Woman, how you patted yourself with pride before all the neighbors, boasting of our great American daughter coming home from college! This is our daughter, our pride, our hope, our pillow for our old age that we were dreaming about! This is our American *teacherin!* A Jew-hater, an Anti-Semite we brought into the world, a betrayer of our race who hates her own father and mother like the Russian Czar once hated a Jew. She makes herself so refined, she can't stand it when we use the knife or fork the wrong way; but her heart is that of a brutal Cossack, and she spills her own father's and mother's blood like water."

Every word he uttered seared Rachel's soul like burning acid. She felt herself becoming a witch, a she-devil, under the spell of his accusations.

"You want me to love you yet?" She turned upon her father like an avenging fury. "If there's any evil hatred in my soul, you have roused it with your cursed preaching."

"*Oi-i-i!* Highest One! pity Yourself on us!" Mrs. Ravinsky wrung her hands. "Rachel, Yankev, let there be an end to this knife-stabbing! *Gottuniu!* my flesh is torn to pieces!"

Unheeding her mother's pleading, Rachel rushed to the closet where she kept her things.

"I was a crazy idiot to think that I could live with you people under one roof." She flung on her hat and coat and bolted for the door.

Mrs. Ravinsky seized Rachel's arm in passionate entreaty.

"My child, my heart, my life, what

do you mean? Where are you going?"

"I mean to get out of this hell of a home this very minute," she said, tearing loose from her mother's clutching hands.

"Woe is me! My child! We'll be to shame and to laughter by the whole world. What will people say?"

"Let them say! My life is my own; I'll live as I please." She slammed the door in her mother's face.

"They want me to love them yet," ran the mad thoughts in Rachel's brain as she hurried through the streets, not knowing where she was going, not caring. "Vampires, bloodsuckers fastened on my flesh! Black shadow blighting every ray of light that ever came my way! Other parents scheme and plan and wear themselves out to give their child a chance, but they put dead stones in front of every chance I made for myself."

With the cruelty of youth to everything not youth, Rachel reasoned:

"They have no rights, no claims over me, like other parents who do things for their children. It was my own brains, my own courage, my own iron will that forced my way out of the sweatshop to my present position in the public schools. I owe them nothing, nothing, nothing."

## § 2

Two weeks already away from home, Rachel looked about her room. It was spotlessly clean. She had often said to herself while at home with her parents: "All I want is an empty room, with a bed and table and chair. As long as it is clean and away from them, I'll be happy." But was she happy?

A distant door closed, followed by the retreating sound of descending footsteps. Then all was still, the



stifling stillness of a rooming-house. The white, empty walls pressed in upon her, suffocated her. She listened acutely for any stir of life, but the continued silence was unbroken save for the insistent ticking of her watch.

"I ran away from home burning for life," she mused, "and all I've found is the loneliness that's death." A wave of self-pity weakened her almost to the point of tears. "I'm alone! I'm alone!" she moaned, crumpling into a heap.

"Must it always be with me like this," her soul cried in terror, "either to live among those who drag me down or in the awful isolation of a hall bedroom? Oh, I'll die of loneliness among these frozen, each-shut-in-himself Americans! It's one thing to break away, but, oh, the strength to go on alone! How can I ever do it? The love instinct is so strong in me; I cannot live without love, without people."

The thought of a letter from Frank Baker suddenly lightened her spirits. That very evening she was to meet him for dinner. Here was hope, more than hope. Just seeing him again would surely bring the certainty.

This new rush of light upon her dark horizon so softened her heart that she could almost tolerate her superfluous parents.

"If I could only have love and my own life, I could almost forgive them for bringing me into the world. I don't really hate them; I only hate them when they stand between me and the new America that I'm to conquer."

Answering her impulse, her feet led her to the familiar Ghetto streets. On the corner of the block where her parents lived she paused, torn between the desire to see her people and the

fear of their nagging reproaches. The old Jewish proverb came to her mind: "The wolf is not afraid of the dog, but he hates his bark." "I'm not afraid of their black curses for sin. It's nothing to me if they accuse me of being an Anti-Semite or a murderer, and yet why does it hurt me so?"

Rachel had prepared herself to face the usual hail-storm of reproaches and accusations, but as she entered the dark hallway of the tenement, she heard her father's voice chanting the old familiar Hebrew psalm of "The Race of Sorrows":

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee.

For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness.

I am like an owl of the desert.

I have eaten ashes like bread and mingled my drink with weeping."

A faintness came over her. The sobbing strains of the lyric song melted into her veins like a magic sap, making her warm and human again. All her strength seemed to flow out of her in pity for her people. She longed to throw herself on the dirty, ill smelling tenement stairs and weep: "Nothing is real but love—love. Nothing so false as ambition."

Since her early childhood she remembered often waking up in the middle of the night and hearing her father chant this age-old song of woe. There flashed before her a vivid picture of him, huddled in the corner beside the table piled high with Hebrew books, swaying to the rhythm of his Jeremiad, the sputtering light of the candle stuck in a bottle throwing uncanny shadows over his gaunt face. The skullcap, the side-locks, and the long gray beard

made him seem like some mystic stranger from a far-off world and not a father. The father of the daylight who ate with a knife, spat on the floor, and who was forever denouncing America and Americans was different from this mystic spirit stranger who could thrill with such impassioned rapture.

Thousands of years of exile, thousands of years of hunger, loneliness, and want swept over her as she listened to her father's voice. Something seemed to be crying out to her to run in and seize her father and mother in her arms and hold them close.

"Love, love—nothing is true between us but love," she thought.

But why could n't she do what she longed to do? Why, with all her passionate sympathy for them, should any actual contact with her people seem so impossible? No, she could n't go in just yet. Instead, she ran up on the roof, where she could be alone. She stationed herself at the air-shaft opposite their kitchen window, where for the first time since she had left in a rage she could see her old home.

*Ach!* what sickening disorder! In the sink were the dirty dishes stacked high, untouched, it looked, for days. The table still held the remains of the last meal. Clothes were strewn about the chairs. The bureau-drawers were open, and their contents brimmed over in mad confusion.

"I could n't endure it, this terrible dirt!" Her nails dug into her palms, shaking with the futility of her visit. "It would be worse than death to go back to them. It would mean giving up order, cleanliness, sanity, everything that I've striven all these years to attain. It would mean giving up the hope of my new world—the hope of Frank Baker."

The sound of the creaking door reached her where she crouched against the air-shaft. She looked again into the murky depths of the room. Her mother had entered. With arms full of paper bags of provisions, the old woman paused on the threshold, her eyes dwelling on the dim figure of her husband. A look of pathetic tenderness illumined her wrinkled features.

"I'll make something good to eat for you, yes?"

Reb Ravinsky only dropped his head on his breast. His eyes were red and dry, sandy with sorrow that could find no release in tears. Good God! never had Rachel seen such profound despair. For the first time she noticed the grooved tracings of withering age knotted on his face and the growing hump on her mother's back.

"Already the shadow of death hangs over them," she thought as she watched them. "They're already with one foot in the grave. Why can't I be human to them before they're dead? Why can't I?"

Rachel blotted away the picture of the sordid room with both hands over her eyes.

"To death with my soul! I wish I were a plain human being with a heart instead of a monster of selfishness with a soul."

But the pity she felt for her parents began now to be swept away in a wave of pity for herself.

"How every step in advance costs me my heart's blood! My greatest tragedy in life is that I always see the two opposite sides at the same time. What seems to me right one day seems all wrong the next. Not only that, but many things seem right and wrong at the same time. I feel I have a right to my own life, and yet I feel just as

strongly that I owe my father and mother something. Even if I don't love them, I have no right to step over them. I'm drawn to them by something more compelling than love. It is the cry of their dumb, wasted lives."

Again Rachel looked into the dimly lighted room below. Her mother placed food upon the table. With a self-effacing stoop of humility, she entreated, "Eat only while it is hot yet."

With his eyes fixed almost unknowingly, Reb Ravinsky sat down. Her mother took the chair opposite him, but she only pretended to eat the slender portion of the food she had given herself.

Rachel's heart swelled. Yes, it had always been like that. Her mother had taken the smallest portion of everything for herself. Complaints, reproaches, upbraidings, abuse, yes, all these had been heaped by her upon her mother; but always the juiciest piece of meat was placed on her plate, the thickest slice of bread; the warmest covering was given to her, while her mother shivered through the night.

"Ah, I don't want to abandon them!" she thought; "I only want to get to the place where I belong. I only want to get to the mountain-tops and view the world from the heights, and then I'll give them everything I've achieved."

Her thoughts were sharply broken in upon by the loud sound of her father's eating. Bent over the table, he chewed with noisy gulps a piece of herring, his temples working to the motion of his jaws. With each audible swallow and smacking of the lips, Rachel's heart tightened with loathing.

"Their dirty ways turn all my pity into hate." She felt her toes and her fingers curl inward with disgust. "I'll

never amount to anything if I'm not strong enough to break away from them once and for all." Hypnotizing herself into her line of self-defense, her thoughts raced on: "I'm only cruel to be kind. If I went back to them now, it would not be out of love, but because of weakness—because of doubt and unfaith in myself."

Rachel bluntly turned her back. Her head lifted. There was iron will in her jaws.

"If I have n't the strength to tear free from the old, I can never conquer the new. Every newstep a man makes is a tearing away from those clinging to him. I must get tight and hard as rock inside of me if I'm ever to do the things I set out to do. I must learn to suffer and suffer, walk through blood and fire, and not bend from my course."

For the last time she looked at her parents. The terrible loneliness of their abandoned old age, their sorrowful eyes, the wrung-dry weariness on their faces, the whole black picture of her ruined, desolate home, burned into her flesh. She knew all the pain of one unjustly condemned, and the guilt of one with the spilt blood of helpless lives upon his hands. Then came tears, blinding, wrenching tears that tore at her heart until it seemed that they would rend her body into shreds.

"God! God!" she sobbed as she turned her head away from them, "if all this suffering were at least for something worth while, for something outside myself! But to have to break them and crush them merely because I have a fastidious soul that can't stomach their table manners, merely because I can't strangle my aching ambitions to rise in the world!"

She could no longer sustain the conflict which raged within her higher and

higher at every moment. With a sudden tension of all her nerves she pulled herself together and stumbled blindly down the stairs and out of the house. And she felt as if she had torn away from the flesh and blood of her own body.

§ 3

Out in the street she struggled to get hold of herself again. Despite the tumult and upheaval that racked her soul, an intoxicating lure still held her up—the hope of seeing Frank Baker that evening. She was indeed a storm-racked ship, but within sight of shore. She need but throw out the signal, and help was nigh. She need but confide to Frank Baker of her break with her people, and all the dormant sympathy between them would surge up. His understanding would widen and deepen because of her great need for his understanding. He would love her the more because of her great need for his love.

Forcing back her tears, stepping over her heartbreak, she hurried to the hotel where she was to meet him. Her father's impassioned rapture when he chanted the psalms of David lit up the visionary face of the young Jewess.

"After all, love is the beginning of the real life," she thought as Frank Baker's dark, handsome face flashed before her. "With him to hold on to, I'll begin my new world."

Borne higher and higher by the intoxicating illusion of her great destiny, she cried:

"A person all alone is but a futile cry in an unheeding wilderness. One alone is but a shadow, an echo of reality. It takes two together to create reality. Two together can pioneer a new world."

With a vision of herself and Frank

Baker marching side by side to the conquest of her heart's desire, she added:

"No wonder a man's love means so little to the American woman. They belong to the world in which they are born. They belong to their fathers and mothers; they belong to their relatives and friends. They are human even without a man's love. I don't belong; I'm not human. Only a man's love can save me and make me human again."

It was the busy dinner-hour at the fashionable restaurant. Pausing at the doorway with searching eyes and lips eagerly parted, Rachel's swift glance circled the lobby. Those seated in the dining-room beyond who were not too absorbed in one another, noticed a slim, vivid figure of ardent youth, but with dark, age-old eyes that told of the restless seeking of her homeless race.

With nervous little movements of anxiety, Rachel sat down, got up, then started across the lobby. Half-way, she stopped, and her breath caught.

"Mr. Baker," she murmured, her hands fluttering toward him with famished eagerness. His smooth, athletic figure had a cocksureness that to the girl's worshiping gaze seemed the perfection of male strength.

"You must be doing wonderful things," came from her admiringly, "you look so happy, so shining with life."

"Yes,"—he shook her hand vigorously,—"I've been living for the first time since I was a kid. I'm full of such interesting experiences. I'm actually working in an East Side settlement."

Dazed by his glamorous success, Rachel stammered soft phrases of

congratulation as he led her to a table. But seated opposite him, the face of this untried youth, flushed with the health and happiness of another world than that of the poverty-crushed Ghetto, struck her almost as an insincerity.

"You in an East Side settlement?" she interrupted sharply. "What reality can there be in that work for you?"

"Oh," he cried, his shoulders squaring with the assurance of his master's degree in sociology, "it 's great to get under the surface and see how the other half live. It 's so picturesque! My conception of these people has greatly changed since I 've been visiting their homes." He launched into a glowing account of the East Side as seen by a twenty-five-year-old college graduate.

"I thought them mostly immersed in hard labor, digging subways or slaving in sweatshops," he went on. "But think of the poetry which the immigrant is daily living!"

"But they 're so sunk in the dirt of poverty, what poetry do you see there?"

"It 's their beautiful home life, the poetic devotion between parents and children, the sacrifices they make for one another—"

"Beautiful home life? Sacrifices? Why, all I know of is the battle to the knife between parents and children. It 's black tragedy that boils there, not the pretty sentiments that you imagine."

"My dear child,"—he waved aside her objection,—"you 're too close to judge dispassionately. This very afternoon, on one of my friendly visits, I came upon a dear old man who peered up at me through horn-rimmed glasses behind his pile of Hebrew books. He

was hardly able to speak English, but I found him a great scholar."

"Yes, a lazy old do-nothing, a bloodsucker on his wife and children."

Too shocked for remonstrance, Frank Baker stared at her.

"How else could he have time in the middle of the afternoon to pour over his books?" Rachel's voice was hard with bitterness. "Did you see his wife? I 'll bet she was slaving for him in the kitchen. And his children slaving for him in the sweatshop."

"Even so, think of the fine devotion that the women and children show in making the lives of your Hebrew scholars possible. It 's a fine contribution to America, where our tendency is to forget idealism."

"Give me better a plain American man who supports his wife and children, and I 'll give you all those dreamers of the Talmud."

He smiled tolerantly at her vehemence.

"Nevertheless," he insisted, "I 've found wonderful material for my new book in all this. I think I 've got a new angle on the social types of your East Side."

An icy band tightened about her heart. "Social types," her lips formed. How could she possibly confide to this man of the terrible tragedy that she had been through that very day? Instead of the understanding and sympathy that she had hoped to find, there were only smooth platitudes, the sight-seer's surface interest in curious "social types."

Frank Baker talked on. Rachel seemed to be listening, but her eyes had a far-off, abstracted look. She was quiet as a spinning-top is quiet, her thoughts and emotions revolving within her at high speed.

"That man in love with me? Why, he does n't see me or feel me. I don't exist to him. He's only stuck on himself, blowing his own horn. Will he never stop with his 'I,' 'I,' 'I'? Why, I was a crazy lunatic to think that just because we took the same courses in college, he would understand me out in the real world."

All the fire suddenly went out of her eyes. She looked a thousand years old as she sank back wearily in her chair.

"Oh, but I'm boring you with all my heavy talk on sociology." Frank Baker's words seemed to come to her from afar. "I have tickets for a fine musical comedy that will cheer you up, Miss Ravinsky—"

"Thanks, thanks," she cut in hurriedly. Spend a whole evening sitting beside him in a theater when her heart was breaking? No. All she wanted was to get away—away where she could be alone. "I have work to do," she heard herself say. "I've got to get home."

Frank Baker murmured words of polite disappointment and escorted her back to her door. She watched the sure swing of his athletic figure as he strode away down the street, then she rushed up-stairs.

Back in her little room, stunned, bewildered, blinded with her disillusion, she sat staring at her four empty walls.

Hours passed, but she made no move, she uttered no sound. Doubled fists thrust between her knees, she sat there, staring blindly at her empty walls.

"I can't live with the old world, and I'm yet too green for the new. I don't belong to those who gave me birth or to those with whom I was educated."

Was this to be the end of all her struggles to rise in America, she asked her-

self, this crushing daze of loneliness? Her driving thirst for an education, her desperate battle for a little cleanliness, for a breath of beauty, the tearing away from her own flesh and blood to free herself from the yoke of her parents—what was it all worth now? Where did it lead to? Was loneliness to be the fruit of it all?

Night was melting away like a fog; through the open window the first lights of dawn were appearing. Rachel felt the sudden touch of the sun upon her face, which was bathed in tears. Overcome by her sorrow, she shuddered and put her hand over her eyes as though to shut out the unwelcome contact. But the light shone through her fingers.

Despite her weariness, the renewing breath of the fresh morning entered her heart like a sunbeam. A mad longing for life filled her veins.


"I want to live," her youth cried. "I want to live, even at the worst."

Live how? Live for what? She did not know. She only felt she must struggle against her loneliness and weariness as she had once struggled against dirt, against the squalor and ugliness of her Ghetto home.

Turning from the window, she concentrated her mind, her poor tired mind, on one idea.

"I have broken away from the old world; I'm through with it. It's already behind me. I must face this loneliness till I get to the new world. Frank Baker can't help me; I must hope for no help from the outside. I'm alone; I'm alone till I get there.

"But am I really alone in my seeking? I'm one of the millions of immigrant children, children of loneliness, wandering between worlds that are at once too old and too new to live in."



# East and West in World Politics

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER



Last month Mr. Peffer submitted the Easterner's indictment of Western civilization. The practical implications of that indictment in world politics are here traced in detail.—THE EDITOR.

ALMOST every problem of first importance in the international relations of to-day roots in the Occidental dogma that mechanics is progress, efficiency the highest law of life, and Western civilization the only civilization. There are historical national hatreds, like the Franco-German, out of which friction, alliances, and wars also grow; but these are exceptional, and even in their case the emotional factor is crystallized and capitalized by economic motives, as witness the present struggle for control of the Ruhr Valley. In the main the real issues on which international relations turn and the real prizes for which nations struggle are the undeveloped regions of the world, the untouched storehouses of raw materials.

The part of the acquisitive motive in so shaping international relations is not to be underestimated. The desire for imperialistic aggrandizement and material gain from the command of undeveloped resources has sufficient drive in itself to arouse conflict. Yet to fasten on the acquisitive motive alone is to oversimplify the questions of international relations and war. The acquisitive motive here is effect no less than cause. As originative force and also moral foundation there is our

assumption of the superiority, the ultimate truth, of our own civilization; that is, a civilization based on the full realization of the possibilities of applied science. That assumption—it is a conviction, rather—furnishes justification.

There are, for example, classes of people to whom the methods of imperialistic penetration are repugnant, but for whom the end justifies the means. Thus, many Americans who do not want to see the growth of an American imperialism sincerely believe that it may be necessary and beneficial for America to enter Mexico, Haiti, or Santo Domingo to bring about order, efficient administration of government, and an increased production of wealth by which the native populations may secure roads, sanitation, schools, substantial buildings, and telephones. Such Americans will point to the cleaning up of the Philippines, the establishment of schools and hospitals there, and the general "civilizing" of the Filipinos. Nor is it to be denied that materially the Filipinos have benefited enormously by American occupation. Given the premise that a materially complex civilization offers life its utmost richness, the conclusion is inescapable that lands with undeveloped resources must institute

an order under which the development of resources is possible at maximum efficiency or submit to management by those who can institute such an order. Our belief in the civilization of mechanics is the case for imperialism and its philosophy. When an international banker places loans in China or Nicaragua or Turkey which will result in sapping the respective governments and in the taking over of effective control of their resources, he is not only obeying the impulse to acquisition, but acting consistently with every tenet of the culture that has formed him.

## § 2

To consider the merits of the modern Occidental civilization and compare them with the merits of other civilizations, therefore, is not an empty intellectual exercise. It involves practical questions affecting every man's every-day existence. We formulate political policies, embark on definite, immediate enterprises, tax our peoples, engage in diplomatic negotiations, build armies and navies, and take steps leading to wars in obedience to our own view of the results of such a comparison. By it we are committed in our most vital relations as individual men and in our actions as states. Our individual well-being and our future as nations are affected. The policy of the great powers toward China, India, Mexico, Turkey, Africa, and insular territories is in its every aspect, religious, cultural, diplomatic, and commercial, based on the premise that the whole world must mechanize and industrialize, and that the twentieth-century civilization of the Occident is the form of life to which every race must adapt itself.

A premise with such far-reaching conclusions needs examination, and in a preceding article I did essay to examine it and to question its validity. Western civilization, so far as it is distinguished from other civilizations, is science. Steam, steel, and electricity are its foundations, communications and quantity production its concrete manifestations, and materialism is its spirit. The school, the press, the railroad, telegraph, telephone, wireless, hospital, and esthetic sewers and sanitation are by-products of industrialization. So also the inhuman pace of the factory and the city built about the factory; so also standardization, regimentation, and leveling to a monotone of mediocrity; so also the greater destructiveness of instruments of war. And this whole material structure, marvelous as it is, is the creation of only one hundred and fifty years, the result of man's divergence from the normal path of history into the road of conquest over nature. Until one hundred and fifty years ago Europe and America, by comparison with older Eastern lands, were, in a word, even materially backward. Judged historically and measured in race-time, it is modern civilization, the conquest of nature, that is the abnormal and untested. On it is the burden of proof, not on the old.

I have ventured to put against the prodigious achievements of the industrial era the question, To what end? As a standard of measurement I have suggested not size or speed or complexity of process, but content and meaning. The radio is the work of supermen, but what is communicated by radio? So is the modern printing-press, but what is circulated by the daily paper? What is the



product of the universal school system? Not education, but literacy; not keener discrimination, but a more facile gulping of stock ideas, a more efficient regimentation behind the standards of orthodoxy. Sensations have been multiplied and given a higher frequency of repetition, but without deeper penetration. All increase is quantitative, not qualitative. There are more things for use, but no more enjoyment; more possession, but less happiness. Three hundred years ago in Europe, and now in the East, men in the course of their lives traveled slowly one small circle and then died; now in the West they travel rapidly the same circle many, many times and then die: the same circle. There is a vast machine, with a small product of human good. And simultaneously there has been created by industrialism a machinery of war that destroys faster than industrialism can build; so that with all the conceded potentialities of science to create a form of life beyond the most iridescent utopias, its highest potentiality as thus far revealed is for annihilation.

It is not necessary to lay down or accept dogma on either side of the question of industrialism. It is necessary only to realize that there is a question with two sides. Just this realization, platitudinous as it may seem, is lacking in nearly all our modern writing and thinking. I have already said that the concern of a contemporary school of writers over various menaces to civilization is entirely misdirected. Menaces there are, but this flourishing school of peril-mongers, fashioning specters out of bogus biology and doctored history to frighten fat royalties out of the populace, glosses lightly over them. It is oc-

cupied instead with Nordic strains so called, fancied uprisings of the colored races, and inundation by some mythical class predestined at birth to be Bolshevik. These are, of course, stuffed bogies. Such menaces as exist are internal, of the nature I have described, and visible to those who look objectively, as do the races not committed to our civilization. Externally there is only as much of menace as may inhere in the fact that the other peoples may question the eternal rightness of our way of organizing life, and prefer their own even to the extent of resisting the encroachment of ours.

### § 3

As I have said, however, all our policies and programs, all the aspirations and activities of the Western powers, are founded on the necessity of encroachment. We need supplies of raw materials. We need markets for our goods. The largest supplies of raw materials yet untapped and the richest markets yet unexploited are in the weaker, older, industrially undeveloped lands. All our energies, therefore, are bent toward getting access to the raw materials and the markets, winning from the countries in which they exist the right to exploit them, and, most important, bringing about in those countries conditions under which raw materials can be reached and markets developed most expeditiously, cheaply, and efficiently. These conditions are, in short, the abandonment of native cultures, the upheaval and revolutionizing of their own societies, and the establishment of a form of life approximating as nearly as possible to American life.

There are countries voluntarily disposed to the change, either because

they are caught by the glitter of Occidental achievement or because they are swayed by the material advantages of industrialization, the possibilities of railways and great cities and huge production and comfort, or because the controlling classes are tempted by the sure fortunes and the increase of power accruing to those who come in on the ground floor. There are others that abandon their indigenous cultures reluctantly because only industrialization will give them the capacity to build a military machine to withstand conquest. They must lose themselves culturally to save themselves politically. Japan is the perfect illustration. Had she not adopted machinery and militarism, she would have been partitioned among the imperial powers more than a generation ago. There are yet other countries that still cling to their own forms of life except on the surface or are still hesitant midway in transition or have not yet been forced to the choice. There are yet others without definite cultural identities, which are known as primitive countries, whose future will be determined by the will of the strongest. Those in the last two categories are the storm-centers of the world.

Most important, of course, are those countries with strong cultural identity in which there is a firmly rooted disposition to hold by cultural foundations. China and India are outstanding examples, China being the clearest because, at least theoretically, it still is a sovereign state. As the Gandhi movement revealed, emancipation from British rule is only one of the issues in India. Another is the demand for a retreat from mechanization back to the older economy of craft and household industry. Also as the

events of the last few years have revealed, the future of China is one of the pivotal questions of the next century, and that depends entirely on how China can adjust her ancient and unaggressive civilization to the newer and more pushful civilization of the West: whether she will adopt industrialization as a deliberate and voluntary choice; adopt it as the only means of self-defense; be forced to it at Western dictation and under foreign exploitation; or make some combination of the old and new, if that is possible; or merely stand unreconstructed on the old. The problem of China is the whole problem in microcosm.

In the present state of mind of the Western peoples voluntary choice may be eliminated at once as one of the possibilities. The whole sordid history of the relations of the great powers and China from the beginning is a story of the efforts of the powers to get control of everything in China worth controlling without regard to the effect on Chinese traditions, customs, and beliefs. The Washington Conference was further evidence of the axiomatic assumption of the powers that China must transform herself on their pattern, and insistence that she do so. There was no such expression in any of the treaties negotiated. No such words were used even indirectly. But they were implicit in every action of the conference, exactly as they are implicit in every declaration the American Government makes toward Mexico. Mexico must so order its internal affairs that oil may be brought out of the ground with the least effort and the highest profit.

The problem of China has been created out of the rival ambitions of imperialist powers for exclusive com-

mand of her resources either through political or economical channels and the powerlessness of China to resist those ambitions. To meet the first phase we have devised the Open Door, which theoretically obligates every power not to seek or exercise privileges unshared by other powers. To meet the second we insist that China acquire the strength to withstand dominance by any single country and to compel the powers to a position of equality as between themselves with reference to herself. That is to say, we all bind ourselves not to steal a march on one another in China, and simultaneously tell China that we cannot guarantee self-restraint and that she had better acquire the strength to impose it on us if she wants to make sure that we shall exercise it. So we addressed to China our solemn warnings that she must set her house in order, that she is a menace to world peace as long as she is weak and has an unstable government, and that now the responsibility for maintaining her sovereignty rests entirely on herself.

Without stopping to comment on the transparent hypocrisy of this position, it is necessary to point out that it both evades and begs the question. In the first place, we do not say that we shall not steal a march on China collectively and in combination, we do not say that we are willing to forego access to China's riches for all of us if necessary and if China so wills. In the second place, China cannot acquire the strength to impose self-restraint on any or all of us without foregoing all right to make her own choice of the kind of life she shall live. In other words, she cannot withstand us without first submitting to us.

Self-defense in the twentieth century demands a unified, centralized, and strong government and a powerful modern armament. Neither of these is possible without developed iron- and coal-fields, a system of railways, large factories with the most efficient machinery and the highest form of standardization and the exercise of technological skill, all of which are impossible without industrialization. If China is not to be conquered, then, either by one power or by a coalition of them which will later partition her, she must industrialize, or the powers must voluntarily renounce their claims to her riches except as she so finds it possible to make them available.

#### § 4

The position we take with reference to China and similar countries is this: to maintain our own economic life on its present basis we must have raw materials. The world is an economic unit, and all of its riches must be drawn on for the benefit of all its peoples. China has raw materials. We must get to them, by purchase in open competitive market if possible, by seizure if necessary. China must therefore make them available herself or we shall go in and do so. If the former, we shall get them on a commercial basis, as we get them from America or Italy or Belgium; if the latter, we shall get them, each in his own way and according to his strength, probably fighting for them in the end and also probably destroying China.

Yet China can no more make her resources available for foreign use without accepting industrialism than she can make herself strong enough for self-defense without industrialism. She cannot mine her coal and iron and

make steel and transport it economically without railways and machinery and factories and telegraphs and large financial, industrial centers and centralized exchanges and a banking system on a national and international scale. She cannot do any one of these without all the others. She cannot make steel without railways any more than she can lay railways without making steel. A whole new system of production and distribution, and therefore a new scheme of life for her inhabitants, must be substituted for household and man-power industry and the slower-paced life. She must abandon her civilization for ours. And what is true of China is equally true of every other country in her position.

Like every other country, China already has her fringe of industrialization. She already has a few railways, some telegraph and telephone lines, and even a few wireless stations. She has some factories, mines, steel works, and electric-lighted cities. She has a few scientific schools and technical laboratories. On her coast, where the foreigner has been longest, are cities like Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Tientsin, possibly good imitations of drab English textile-manufacturing towns or bustling American cities. In Shanghai there is even a Rotary Club, though only three or four of its members are Chinese, and those are American educated. Nevertheless, the lusty rites of Rotary are performed on China's shore of Thursday noons as religiously as in Ohio or Nebraska. All this has been celebrated often and with due acclaim in the vast literature on the "awakening" of China. A whole tribe of Occidental writers and even some Chinese have made high ceremony

over the growth of chambers of commerce, the institution of modern banks, the laying of tramway lines, the increase in the number of automobiles, and the leveling of ancient and romantic city walls for roads lined by squat, square buildings of Eurasian design and incredible ugliness. These being the signs token of progress, China may be said to be awakened, whatever that may mean.

The very fervency with which the signs of change are sung is evidence of their superficiality and their uncertainty. Such change as has been effected is only on the surface and at the edges. Essentially and for the mass, the lines of existence follow the pattern set two thousand years ago. And except for the foreign educated classes and those that stand to profit directly by change, like the new-rich of the semi-foreign cities, there is little desire to depart from the pattern. The soul and spirit of China are as they have been always. Her mind is unconvinced of the advantages of the industrial civilization, and, where it is not unaware that a comparison is on foot, is satisfied that the comparison is not to China's disfavor.

The forces for change may have penetrated only slightly, but that they have power is beyond questioning. The spirit of the times is behind them, and in addition every material inducement. Against the momentum of history, habit, and tradition, there are all modern world currents. The outcome is incalculable. In China, as elsewhere, the most articulate elements are for following in the footsteps of the merchants of the West, leaping, indeed, to overtake them. But these are either foreign educated or they are moved by what seems to be

remorseless logic. Their haste is attributable largely to their desire to forestall foreign intervention to accomplish the same purpose. It is inevitable, they say, because in the modern world might is the only arbiter. If China must be reconstructed anyway, better that it be under Chinese direction and to China's interest rather than under the foreign whip and to the foreigners' profit. If the direction is Chinese, the cultivation of the more kindly aspects of the mechanical civilization may be given equal emphasis with the development of natural resources. Schools will be opened, prevention of disease studied, libraries and similar facilities made available for the masses, and a wider representation extended in government. Moreover, the pace at which the change is effected will then be set by the Chinese themselves, who will have in mind the capacities and the desires of their own people, and not by foreigners whose only interest will be the exploitation of wealth to yield the biggest profits at once without regard to social consequences.

### § 5

A few years ago this tendency was in the ascendant. The intervening years have been a period of doubt. There has been much inner questioning even in Europe and America, where men are asking whether human values are not being sacrificed to the demands of the machine. In the East there has been outright questioning. The principal reason, as I have said before, was the World War. Another reason is the course Japan has taken.

Japan has served as a warning to other Eastern nations. She has succeeded in preserving her sovereignty

and winning a position of political equality with the white powers, being the first non-white country that has won such a position. She has paid heavily for her success, however; in the eyes of many others of the non-white peoples perhaps too heavily. First, Japan has been driven to aggression in order to hold her position, and her people have paid the toll in wars and in taxation to support huge armaments. So far from being a liberator of other non-white nations from white oppression, she has herself turned oppressor even of other yellow peoples. In building a machine of defense, she has created a *Frankenstein*. Japan is outstanding evidence that militarism and imperialism are inseparable from industrialism, the inevitable accompaniments and consequences of industrialism.

Second, Japan has paid heavily for her success in her domestic life otherwise than in heavy taxation. She has followed in the path of the West step by step, even into the pitfalls. In her social and economic life she has followed the whole cycle of the industrial revolution. Beginning in 1870, she did not begin where Europe and America were then, profiting by the lessons drawn from their experience; she began where they began two generations before, repeating their mistakes. There was the same hideous exploitation of cheap labor, with starvation wages, the twelve-hour day, and inhuman working conditions. An industrial slum was created, with all the horrors of the earlier slums, not yet ameliorated by organized social effort. A new-rich, commercial aristocracy grew up, an aristocracy without a sense of *noblesse oblige* or the feudal chief's feeling of personal responsibility to his

retainers. The disparity between the classes was widened. It was the story of the early days of the industrial revolution in England repeated. The Japan of 1910 was the England of 1840. The bitter struggle of labor and capital, which has been at least somewhat appeased in Europe and America with the improvement of the laborer's lot, is being fought out in all its stages in Japan. The lot of the peasant brought in from the rice-paddies to the factory and slum is measurably worse by the change. Japan's industrial progress and imperial aggrandizement in sixty short years are truly miraculous, but progress and national glory have brought the masses of the people nothing. Their lives have been impoverished. To the most impassioned apostle of progress and "awakening" Japan's history since 1866 must give pause. There is little reason, if any, to believe that the next fifty years of China and India would not be as the last fifty years of Japan. If so, then there is little to choose between subjection and exploitation on the one hand and independence and development on the other.

### § 6

Among those who are too open-eyed and intelligent to be enthusiasts of efficiency and progress, but hold fatalistically that the spread of industrialism is foredoomed, the largest schools advocate the obvious middle-of-the-road program: compromise, synthesis of the civilization of East and West, selection of that which is good in the West, rejection of that which is bad. No less a figure than Mr. Bertrand Russell has lately given his adherence to this school. He believes that China—it is of China he happens to be

writing—should take Western science, but reject Western philosophy; take the West's scientific method, but retain her own tranquillity. His premise, of course, is that resistance to all Western penetration is impossible.

There is much to commend in this solution. It is the ideal solution, but it demands ideal conditions. If China were a free agent, if she could survey the world and at her leisure apply empirical methods to the other cultures, adapting to herself that which by trial and error she found suitable to her people, that would be not only the ideal program, but the only intelligent one. But China is not now a free agent, and she has not been since the powers broke through her isolation. She is proceeding to her choice under an overhanging threat.

Given existing conditions, I doubt whether compromise or synthesis is possible. Certainly, I doubt whether it is now practicable. Just what, considered practically as a series of concrete acts, does it mean? I cannot see how any nation would proceed with such a synthesis. No nation can take scientific method and mental outlook as abstractions. In this case China surveys Europe and America. What shall she take? What can she take? Not an abstraction, but concrete institutions or social instruments: railways and electric lighting and factory production; or schools and sanitation and organized social service; or chambers of commerce and Rotary Clubs and comic strips. Why, first, should she take these at all, looking at them from the point of view of the happiness they bestow and having before her life in America for illustration? Second, can she take any of them and not take them all? As I have said, are they not

all bound up together and interdependent? How railways without steel smelters? And how both without standardized production? Third, how can China or any other country take what she finds in Europe and America and not be influenced thereby exactly as Americans and Europeans have been? Can a people live beside a railway and preserve their mind and spirit unaltered? Can they use telephones and telegraphs and not acquire habits that change their whole outlook? People do not make their institutions conform to a previously conceived philosophy. Their philosophy is formed by their institutions. As I said in the previous article, the price of mechanization is standardization, or life as it is lived in America. It has yet to be shown that a synthesis of the older civilization of the East and the newer civilization of the West is not inherently impossible. The fundamental principles and postulates of the two are diametrically opposed and mutually exclusive. Such synthesis would be the blending of oil and water. Even compromise is doubtful.

This may be waived, however, as a *priori* dogmatism. There is no reason why free experimentation should not be as open to races as to individual men, in cultures as in problems in physics. It must, however, be free experimentation, with full privilege to accept or reject according to results. The results as observable in the case of industrialism so far are inconclusive, at the least. It is bromidic to say that a century and a half is not long enough for final judgment on whether science has added to life in happiness commensurately with what it has exacted in effort. It is only recognizing the baldest surface facts to say also

that it is doubtful whether science does not also breed its own destruction by war. There are thus two potentialities running: one, that science may give man a true conquest of nature, unshackling him of his limitations and opening his vision to further horizons; the other, that science may destroy man while he is conquering nature. Which of the two it will be, time alone can tell. Intelligent experimentation on the part of the other races would be to await the outcome. With freedom of choice they would wait, in the meantime following the course their race experience has taught them is best suited for themselves. But freedom of choice is essential.

What the older and industrially undeveloped countries will do depends, then, almost entirely on the great powers. Not entirely so in all cases, however. Given the desire to resist, I believe some of them can make an effective resistance, particularly those with old and firmly established cultures. If resistance is with the weapons chosen by the stronger countries, then it is vain. But it need not be with these weapons. The Eastern peoples have a much more effective weapon in passive resistance. The powers have never been able to deal with that. Both China and India have given proof, India only recently. I once heard John Dewey express the tentative opinion that the incapacity of the Chinese to conduct large-scale coöperative enterprises and their inefficiency and unmanageableness in modern industrial effort were the expression of a subconscious race instinct warning them against the dangers of the factory system. I myself am inclined to believe that against the opposition of the Chinese people in-

dustrialism cannot be imposed on them and their resources exploited for foreign profit, for all the naval squadrons and military occupations. Like a pillow, when pressed they would yield a little here and bulge there; and when the bulge is pressed, yield there, and bulge where they yielded before. They could conduct a system of subtle, elusive sabotage that would nullify the efforts of bankers, engineers, generals, and heavy artillery. And in extremities they could play one power off against another in their traditional way, trade on mutual jealousies, precipitate clashes by giving special privileges now to one and now to another, and depend on the resulting wars to eliminate all the aggressors.

The last possibility is not fanciful. It is, in fact, the crux of the matter. As I said in the first paragraph, the prizes for which nations now struggle are the undeveloped regions of the world, and their policies all turn on the rapid development of these regions, which means industrialization and, in the most important cases, abandonment of native cultures. Where the countries affected are unwilling to abandon their cultures, force must be applied from without. The question of who shall have the right to exercise the force and enjoy the booty is *casus belli*. For proof of this one need only look at contemporary Europe or read the history of the diplomatic intrigues in the Far East in the last few decades, the clashes that have already taken place and those that are still threatened. As these show, it is not even necessary to acquire sovereignty over

such territories or make actual seizures of their resources. The forced speeding-up of their industrialization is enough to produce rivalries and wars. In a sense the law of compensation operates so as to give the weaker countries a measure of freedom of will. Efforts to impose on them the desire of the stronger are penalized in the end by disaster to the aggressor. For war is disaster to victor and vanquished alike. The powers must come to see that they must have patience or pay for their impatience. The weaker nations must be left to lead their own lives or, if necessary, to recast their lives in their own way.

The question of comparative civilization is not academic or vain. It underlies the issues of international politics and interracial relationships. We must begin to face it with more honesty and sophistication. We have taken for granted too complacently the superiority of our own civilization and acted too confidently on the assumption. I have tried to show that the assumption is unwarranted and that, at any rate, actions based on it are dangerous. They have been dangerous in the past; they have already produced wars. They will be more dangerous in the future; they will produce wars on a much larger scale. Not so much for its inner grace as for its safety the white race, the great powers particularly, must cultivate a little more intellectual and spiritual humility. First, it must realize that it is itself somewhat parvenu and its civilization a little callow. Out of that realization tragedy may be escaped.







## Faint Perfume<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel in Four Parts—Part IV*

BY ZONA GALE, AUTHOR OF "MISS LULU BETT," ETC.

WOODCUT BY BERNHARDT KLEBOE

STRONG was not long able to detain Grandfather Crumb, who arrived shortly, neat in his black suit, the unaccustomed line of cuff and collar dignifying him. The curling hair, blown, gave to his head an appearance of great size. His body was tense and erect. He cried out in a return of some manner long lost:

"Now, then, I come here on a bee-line. Fired out of a gun, I could n't have come any straighter. Hello, Powers! Thought I said good-by to you. Where 's the little fellow?"

He was being cared for at their hotel, Barnaby told him, and caught the old man's wistfulness, who now

dropped his playfulness, became as dignified as youth, sat down, leaning forward, hand on knee, elbow outward, in a vigorous pose which Leda had never seen him take.

"Going back on the seven-ten," he announced.

"But they don't expect you!" Leda cried.

"Then I 'll kick the door down. Can I smoke in this caythedral?" He drew from his pocket pipe and tobacco, which they had never seen him use. "I scheme to smoke the whole two hours going back," he observed; was caught by the fear that this announcement was trivial, and

<sup>1</sup>Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

frowned. Through the smoke of his pipe he looked out, relaxed and at ease. Leda hesitated to lower that high consciousness by asking him what the oculist had said. When she did so, his reply was almost jaunty.

"Something with a long name. Says make up my mind to be blind. I don't believe him. Smart young fellow; likes his big words." Something absorbed him more than this. "Outside his window," he went on with animation, "was a chap working on top of a steel frame. I use' to be a builder." He talked of having been a builder. It was to be seen that he was a builder still.

He rose, settled himself in his top-coat.

"Don't help me," he said to Barnaby. To their offer to go to the station with him he added: "Much obliged; no. Strong has to go down that way. I expect he's hanging about somewhere now, waiting my motion." He glanced about the room in an importance almost genuine.

His eye was caught by a portrait of a woman painted in surging sun, which she transmitted. His face changed profoundly.

"Looks like—" he said before it.

"Like the one you call 'the lass Grandma'?" said Leda.

"No," said Grandfather Crumb, and stood there, looking. A mountain of a man before a portrait of a woman, and he remembering something.

"Lover" Strong came knocking. There was, he apologized, just time to make it. Grandfather Crumb looked at Leda, saying doubtfully:

"You're coming back home?"

Barnaby cried:

"Only for a day—to get her belongings."

The old man seemed stricken then.

"I see how it was with you folks," he said. "But what'll I do now? Eh, I'd ought not to think of that." He straightened. "Glad you're going to get away from them parrots," he whispered. "Come along, Peter!"

They two went away, Ralph Crumb and Peter Strong.

As she closed the door Leda was caught by the aspect, in the different light, of the walls hung with Alice Lebanon's monotypes.

"Look!" she said. "It's Prospect."

The walls were windows into Prospect. It might be twoscore of monotypes—Prospect all: the Square, the Point, the Ridge, the little streets. The two moved about the room together, looking. She whispered, as if she might be overheard:

"Barnaby, I can't believe I'll get away. Strong—and then grandfather—and now the whole village!"

He held her.

"What day can you be back here? Could n't we be married by day after to-morrow? Could n't you get back—"

Dinner was to be sent to them there and spread before the fire. Barnaby was to bring Oliver from the little hotel. They had made no visits, Barnaby confessed, but remained near Alice Lebanon's studio and waited.

As he left her Leda said:

"Last night at this time we did n't know."

"Yes we did!"

"Yes; but this is better."

"So much better—so sharp that I can't bear to leave you for an hour. It may all go away, and you with it."

"I shall not go unless you send me."

"Send you! I send you?"

She pushed at him fiercely.

"Be quick!"

She put on her white gown of lace, soft and old, her only finery. The two hours had wrought in her an extraordinary change, as if it were, as Barnaby had said, that some hours magnify their creatures. This difference Barnaby had realized as no difference in her, but as her own deepening fulfillment of his expectation—that expectation, never stilled, which had always been in his heart, never known or named or relinquished.

She sat on the green drugget before the fire. Now the north window was black and shot with stars. Her body sang. She felt herself a gay stranger, while some changeling, incredibly intimate, took her rôle. Her eyes rested on a sketch of Prospect bridge; but now it was like any bridge—no power over her now. She tried to remember herself in Prospect, and there seemed nothing to remember.

She arranged the little table with Alice Lebanon's cloth and candles—three covers. She thought: "Years and years; three covers." She was in some extension of all that she had ever been. Everything seemed of extreme and unsuspected significance.

## § 2

When the telephone sounded, she did not at first attend. It was Alice Lebanon's telephone, and nothing that it could say seemed of any moment. But as it rang, the thought came to her that this might be Barnaby, that something might be wrong with Oliver. She ran to it, and in frozen surprise heard the voice of Orrin Crumb.

"Leda? That you, Leda? Look here, is Pearl with you?"

She repeated stupidly:

"Pearl!" Who was Pearl?

"You've heard nothing from her?"

he persisted at her negative. "Well, she's gone. Left home. We know she came to the city—look here. I guess we'll come right up there now."

This she had not the will to withstand. Pearl! And who were "we"? Who was it who would be "right up"? Oh, Tweet and the Gideonite *now*? But she knew what had happened to Pearl; she remembered Duke Envers in the passage.

When at once there was a knocking, she half expected to open the door and find Orrin and Tweet there on the instant. But Oliver ran in, and Barnaby's arms had her.

"The first time you've welcomed me home. I can't let you go even for two days. Make them send your things. Or buy some more and come with me now—"

"Barnaby!" she said, "Barnaby!"

She told him. He groaned, said that Pearl was n't worth spoiling their first dinner together.

"She is *not*, my darling. Well, of course she is. No, I'm damned if she is."

"I want," said Oliver with dignity, "to build my town."

He carried a box filled with houses. These he emptied on the rug.

"Wait, Oliver," said Barnaby; and to her: "Do you want me to stay? Will it be awkward for you?"

"I always want you to stay. But will it be awkward for *you*?"

"I don't care if it is. I want to be with you."

"I'll have to tell them, anyway, when I go down to-morrow."

"Let's tell them now!"

"I want to build my town," Oliver reminded them.

"Go ahead," said Barnaby, and sat by the hearth.

"At least," said Leda, "we must wait dinner."

"You won't have to ask them to stay?"

"They won't stay. They'll be indignant—when they hear about us."

"Indignant? Why on earth should they be?"

"It's their only way of emotion."

"Let's not talk about them!"

She drew him to her with:

"The first grown-up day of my life when I've been happy."

"Are you happy?" he demanded searchingly. "You—yourself? Not just because I am? How do you know?"

"You tell me that. It's your business. All I know is that I sing in every cell."

"It's too great for me—or for biology either, for that matter. It's a force." But as he held her in those currents which were like silver wire shaken by light wind, he changed that. "Less a force than a fragrance," he said.

In the midst of emptying his box of its houses Oliver came to his father and leaned against his arm.

"How much do you love him?" Leda asked.

She met Barnaby's look. In the swift maturity of their love there entered now some momentary fire of domesticity, as if domesticity might be found to be not an arrangement, but a fact in nature.

At the expected knock Oliver darted to open the door. It was impossible to say why, unless an elf lived in him.

They heard:

"Upon my word!"

The room received the onslaught of a family. Of Aunt Tweet; of Uncle Orrin, saying, "My stars!"; of that

one whom Oliver had not yet called grandmother; and of his mother.

Oliver felt no surprise. Everything was more or less a dream, which might open upon anything. But three of them kissed him, and he was irritated, and said to his Uncle Orrin, "You let me alone, will you?"

Three of them had kissed him, and then stood staring over his head at Barnaby. Richmiel, who had instantly discerned Barnaby, stood like a wax lady, and said to Oliver in her rich staccato *d'occasion*:

"What are you doing here?"

"Whee!" exclaimed the Gideonite. "Whee!"

Leda was trying to take their hands, their inert and flaccid hands; and Barnaby came and stood beside her, his own hands in his pockets.

"Why, this is very useful," he said. "It's going to save some letter-writing, usually a silly occupation. First tell us about Pearl."

At this mama found breath. Mama had sunk among the couch pillows, a parched lily.

"Oh," she said rapidly, "we never knew it till 'most 'leven o'clock. Then I went in, and nobody was there. She must have gone in the night. If only she got up earlier mornings we'd have missed her quicker. I always told her it was wrong. Oh, I don't know what her father would say at my not taking better care—" Pearl might have been in baby-clothes.

Tweet said sisterly:

"It's that Duke Envers. Pearl has no sense. We thought she might have got you to help her off, Leda."

"No," said Leda; only "No." Barnaby saw the clear glass of her instantly become misted in this muggy air.

"Ree-grettable," said the Gideonite,

and shook his head. "But *I* say, let her go. She's got her own life to live. How do *you* come to be still here, Barnaby?"

"You're glad to be rid of her," mama sobbed absorbedly. And the Gideonite, not perceiving that this was the truth, looked at her coldly. And Tweet said:

"Mama, I'm sure—" in complicated hauteur.

"There's nothing to do," said the Gideonite, and spread his hands. "Absolutely nothing. I told you that before we came up here, on expense. No sense in coming. But you would do it."

Richmiel's first words were her neat and involuntary rebuttal.

"I," said she, "had some shopping." During these passages she had stood consciously impassive, looking nowhere, and she sustained an even smile. This was not for Oliver, to whom she now said, "Come here, my darling," and sank to a chair, an arm about him. Her size, her strength, her brooding head, manifested the mother. Her body played the mother. "You decided," she said to Barnaby, "to delay your sailing?"

"I did," he answered; "yes."

"You told me you had your sailing."

"I canceled it." He turned and looked at Leda, who was regarding him as if his look had been expected. "I may tell them?" Upon them all his voice in this undertone was electric. And, at Leda's assent, he observed conversationally, "Miss Perrin is to do me the great honor to return with me."

As if touched by the same control, the eyes of the Crumbs went to Richmiel; and Richmiel threw up her head with an impulse that seemed to flow

down her body—the lifted head of the wounded creature.

"In what capacity?" she asked.

"As my wife." Barnaby's voice was without color, without flaw.

Tweet's "For heaven's sake!" and the Gideonite's "My stars alive!" bubbled, touched, and burst. "Mama," Tweet called, "did you hear? Barnaby is going to *marry* Cousin Leda!"

Mama, galvanized, sat up among her pillows with her look of detachment from any context.

"He can't," she said in intense indignation. "Not yet he can't. What do you s'pose people would say?" She seemed to stare less with her eyes than with those heavy black eyebrows, lifted high. And considering that Prospect still believed Barnaby and Richmiel to be in wedlock, the question had for her its point.

But it was not of Prospect that Richmiel was thinking. This that she was thinking gave to her face new values in line and shadow, a sinister solidity as if it were compounded of the vegetable. Her voice came like a missile:

"In that case I shall take Oliver with me."

Barnaby had an elbow on the arm of the bench where he sat, his hand covering his mouth; and now he looked at her meditatively. It was as if Leda had taken the wound in his stead. She said very low:

"Richmiel! you would n't do that!"

"I would," said Richmiel. "Any mother would. Do you think I'm going to give my boy to another woman?"

"I should think *not!*" came out of Tweet with exceeding emphasis.

"It would n't be," Leda said, "giving him to me; no. His father would

have him for a time, as you have promised."

"I did n't promise him for a time to his father's second wife."

"I should think *not!*" Tweet uttered shrilly.

The Gideonite leaned over and spoke to his wife from one corner of his mouth:

"Don't *you* get into this. Don't jangle."

"My child shall go with me to California."

Mama, following one and another with her eyes and her head, quavered:

"Well, but, Reesha, it 'll be an awful expense, your carting him around to all the big hotels. And he eats like a horse."

"My child shall go with me," Richmiel said.

Tweet clasped her hands.

"Why not let him go home with *us?*"

"Nonsense!"—mama brought it out hard,—“let Barnaby have him, seeing you promised.”

Leda came to Richmiel and stood beside her.

"It 's a fact," Leda said, "that you have promised."

"I 've promised him to his father for a few months, not to you." Richmiel's eyes narrowed in the opaque setting of her face. "You can know nothing of what it means to a mother. I can think of my boy with his father,—his father is his father, after all,—but to think of another woman—of you, doing for him all that I have done for him all my life, I can't do this. No one ought to ask me."

Leda stood looking away from them all. Instead of being lifted by excitement, she seemed to be lowered, almost to suspend her breathing.

"She has reason," she said to Barnaby.

He said nothing, but rose, stood with his arms at his sides in the attitude of a man from head to foot vulnerable and exposed.

"Come, Oliver," said Richmiel, briskly; "you 're going with *maman* on the train. I suppose he may have his things—"

Oliver sat building his village, streets and tiny houses, fences and garages, trees and a green. The place might have been Prospect. He cried:

"Are you going with my father and me on our train?"

"Bring your coat, dear. Bring your coat."

"Father, is she? Going on our train?"

Leda said low to Richmiel:

"You promised him. You promised the father that the boy should go with him."

"He may go with him still."

"If I do not go?"

"If you do not take my place with my son."

In that moment it was as if Leda withdrew from her body. But from a deeper place her voice came:

"Barnaby—you see—"

That use of his name seemed to fill Richmiel with another energy and the words to give her desire. She said to Barnaby:

"Have *you* nothing to say?" And abruptly and terribly she used the tone of her old seduction, a rich running tone.

He spoke quite kindly:

"Not to all this; for I simply cannot believe it of you, Reesha."

"You 've believed of me those things which you should not believe, and you 've left unbelieved—I assure

you it 's all true. The boy goes with me, with me, with me. Do you see? And now I 've no more time. Oliver!"

"Richmiel!"

She looked at him, her head thrown back, her beautiful throat and lips offered to his eyes. She said gently:

"Yes?"

"You can't do this thing!"

"Can't keep my baby—no? Not this boy for whom I went through a hell or two—not keep him from another woman? Oh, yes, but I can!"

"From me," he said. "From me."

"You. It 'll be hard for you, yes. There 'll be nights when you two are sitting there together on your Swiss balcony that his father will wish for the boy's voice and his arms and his lips—no? And you," she cried to Leda, "remember that when a little while has passed he 'll hate you for having stolen from him—"

"Be quiet!" Without movement Barnaby smote her to silence. His face was now intensely pale. "With that you have no concern. Your whole concern is with your own action. Are you capable of this?"

"What mother that is a mother is capable of giving up her only child—"

"My friend," Barnaby said, "I understand you perfectly. Let 's have no play-acting. Let 's have truth."

"Your truth or mine?"

"Truth! I want the boy with me. You don't want the boy with you; you know that you find him in your way. Will you go to this inconvenience merely to stand in my way?"

She murmured:

"I 'm a mother—"

"Remember, I read you, Richmiel."

"The boy may go with you, but he shall not go with both of you."

"Remember, too, that our separa-

tion was arranged between us—the 'desertion' arranged. There 's no real reason why you should have the boy more than I—"

"The courts! the courts! And then you gave him up."

"It is true that I love him more than I knew. I love him, want him. You—"

"And you shall have him, but no woman shall have him. Don't hope to move me!"

By her attitude, her coquetry, she might have been denying him herself. Now the Gideonite intervened.

"Oh, look here, can't we all remember the golden rule?" His own recollection he applied to his face like a paste. "Don't let 's jangle." They ignored him, but Tweet found his hand.

Richmiel sprang up.

"We shall have no dinner—darling, your coat! Perhaps you 'll get his coat for him, Leda."

"I don't think," mama said, "that I can eat a mouthful of anything myself. Little dry toast, maybe, or, no, milk toast. That always agrees with me. But, oh, I just can't go off and leave Pearl—"

"His trunk," Richmiel continued placidly, "you can express. Leda—please, his wraps!"

Leda stood as if she had not heard. She met Barnaby's eyes. They looked at each other. It was as if they exercised together a faculty of the race of to-morrow—as if they read each other's essence, replied, flowed together in understanding. They smiled, gray light touching gray sky, and turned away.

Oliver ran to his father. He was trembling, a curious and terrible vibration of flesh and breath. "Is *maman* going on our train?"

"No, dear; no," said his father, clearly.

"Am I going on your train?" It was the cry of a tiny animal at night.

"Yes, you are going on my train."

"What is that?" Richmiel cried sharply.

Now his words came as if they were wrung from him bit by bit:

"The boy will go with me."

"On my condition?"

"On your condition."

She came near to him and stood with bent head, her look slanting up to his face.

"You have never lied to me."

He said nothing.

"No. You never cared enough for the feelings of another to lie. I don't think you are lying now. And Leda, she's so good! She would n't double-cross a kitten. Very well, then, I'm to leave him?"

"You are to leave him." He took a few steps up and down, caged.

"Darling! Then everything is changed. Come and kiss *maman* good-by!"

Torn by he knew not what, played upon by the hidden violence in that room, Oliver burst into passionate crying.

"Does n't want to leave his *maman*?"

"I want my papa!"

"You're going with him, *mon petit*."

"You going on our train?"

"Now let me tell you something."

All Richmiel's charm was in her voice. "We're all going on different trains. Papa and Cousin Leda and I—all going on different trains. Is n't that funny?"

In his tears he laughed out.

"Yes, that is funny. And my train is my papa's train."

"You and papa all alone."

Mama, with her hat on crooked, said:

"That's a sensible decision, I'm sure. And Leda has a good home with us, where Pearl—" She wept.

Seeing those tears, Richmiel swept down upon her mother, took her in her arms, cried richly:

"Mother darling—don't! Why, don't! You have us, you know." The strength and beauty of her tenderness were dazzling. For that space the goodness in her breathed, then slept again. "Are we all ready?" the earthly Richmiel imperturbably demanded.

There rose the stir of their preparation, their good-bys, their admonitions to Leda in case Pearl should communicate with her.

"I certainly thought you helped her to get off," said mama, "and could tell us something. You sure—" she added, and it was Orrin who flushed and hurried her out, crying, "Come on, Tweetsie!" Tweet had used the interval to examine the walls, her nose tilted critically before the monotypes. When Orrin grew impatient, she said:

"Well, I don't get the chance to see so *very* much art."

At the door Richmiel ran back.

"Leda, when you are happily married to some one else, when you are a mother, then at last you'll understand me now." She crossed before Barnaby and cried, "*Bon voyage*, my friend!"

He closed the door.

In all that light with which they had drenched the studio Leda looked worn, old.

Barnaby came to her, dropped his hands on her shoulders.

"What have we done? What have we done?"



In his arms, shaken from her serenity, which had seemed inviolable, she became to him incredibly more dear.

"You would n't have had me do anything else—let me hear you say it."

"You know."

"Let me hear you say it! You think I was right?"

"We know you were right." But at their rightness she wept. Her abandon shattered him. And whereas before she had been a fulfilment, she became a need. He cried:

"But now—now we go our own way."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"I know that we have promised."

"I've put myself and you in an iron cage," he said harshly, "but are n't we to see each other through the bars?"

She waited dumbly. They were on the stone bench, remote from the fire. A lamp whose shade had fallen glared in their faces.

"What did *you* think we were to do?"

"I think," she said in her clear voice, with its inner tremolo, "that you're going to Switzerland and I'm going back to Prospect."

"You think I could bear that!"

"What else? What else?"

"You must come to Switzerland."

"Switzerland!" She looked as if she had secret knowledge that there is no such place.

He went on, not as one proposing a plan, but as one working out the details of a plan already assured.

"I know a chalet in an orchard above Gersau. The people are lovable. They'll care for you. We can see each other every day."

"You mean—" She waited dumbly.

He turned upon her savagely.

"What earthly difference does it make what I mean—if we love each other?"

"But our promise—"

He sprang up, and the control which he had used when Richmiel confronted him cracked like an enamel in which he had been cased.

"Is that one relationship the only thing to be considered?" he shouted. "Is that uppermost in our minds? Is it? Can't I speak of our being together in the Republic of Switzerland without that one relationship entering in?" His air was one of fury, but he was beautiful. And as his eyes met hers he sank at her side and said: "If you'll come there and live with my friends the Mirans in their chalet and let me talk to you for five minutes a day in their doorway, I'll call that relationship enough."

"Barnaby,"—she compelled his quiet,—"I was n't thinking of us at all. Do you understand? Not of us in the very least. I could n't go to Switzerland in any case."

"Money? I've enough for us; I've enough."

"Money? No! Why, Barnaby, it's Oliver, is n't it?"

"It's you and I and Oliver."

"And it's what Richmiel will do."

With difficulty he came back to Richmiel and said:

"All that she cares is that you shall not have the boy."

"And that I shall not have you."

"And me, yes—in marriage. Surely she can't control my friendships."

"But the family would know where I'd gone. It would lead to her taking Oliver away all the same."

At this the child cried out:

"No! no!" and left his village, came and clung to his father, thrust his head beneath his father's elbow, and the arm having closed round him, the little head looked out securely, a tiny animal in covert. He turned his head delightedly, laughed, looked round. Barnaby seemed hardly aware of him.

"Leda,"—for the first time fear was in his face,—"you could n't send me away without you!"

"What else?" he barely heard.

"Have you no need of me?"

Her answer, rising to no words, was invested with her utter need.

"Then come with me now. We 'll sail together. What does it matter? What does anything else matter?"

"My dear, we 've said what we 're to do. We 've told her."

"But the whim of a selfish woman!" he cried violently. "She makes of Oliver an excuse. Well, I 'll take care that you never see Oliver. It 's I whom you 'll see."

She drew away from him, looking so small, so worn that her body seemed emptied of her.

"She has only to know of our being there together, and she 'll have back Oliver—at any inconvenience to herself. You know that, Barnaby."

Some current in him seemed arrested, reversed, stilled.

"Yes," he said, "I do know that." Then he cried: "You feel all that might be—you feel as I feel. Leda! the infinite *rest* of kissing you! Do you understand at all that you are n't only you? You 're truth and tenderness. You 're my only hold on the loveliness that could be life. Not just love—loveliness. There 's the third—the God in love. Through you I can touch that—"

Briefly, brush of a moth in the dark,

she caught the grace of spirit in a man's love—spirit trying for spirit, murmuring through the ancient mask, and gone again. To this she spoke:

"It 's Oliver and more than Oliver that we 're concerned with, is n't it? We can't bother—about that one relationship just now, can we?"

Her words created about her and about him new air, as if they were dealing in some art of impalpable stuffs. Through that new medium he looked at her, and his own voice caught her magnificent casualness—that casualness of exquisite taste in any crisis.

"I don't know that we can," he said.

§ 3

Dinner had been brought in and stood unregarded. The fire was out, the room was cold, the lights burned about them like socketless eyes.

There would be half a day before Alice Lebanon's return, on the Sunday at noon. They would see if the night brought counsel where they both knew that no counsel lay.

In his rough coat, with Oliver in his arms, he swung round for another good-by, still holding the child, who stirred sleepily, grunted like a puppy. The studio door, squeaking open, revealed "Lover" Strong, piling logs outside to feed their hearth fire. He stared uncertainly after Barnaby, leaving.

Leda sat on the green druggot with Prospect staring from the walls: water-works tower in trees, pumping-station at night, power tower on the island. On the floor was Oliver's village, half fallen.

Deep in her, as in cells long formed, her course lay waiting to be followed;

but in her mind a later and a lesser functioning went on in argument. There the whole case roared and ran, a denser consciousness to which she now gave herself. She had no doubt; there was a vocative, inner, outer, final. Yet in the morning and with parting upon her, that later and lesser functioning might control.

At midnight the telephone rang. She ran to take the rough depth of Barnaby's good night. She heard the broken piping of Pearl.

"Cousin Leda, I don't know what—could I see you in the morning? Could I? How early could I come?"

"Come now."

"Now? In the night?"

"I'm alone and up. Come straight here."

"I'm afraid."

"Shall I come to you?"

"No, no; I'll come. I'll come now."

Leda built up the fire, stroked the room, arranged the untasted dinner. She wandered about and examined the monotypes. Her mind went on: Alice treats the village as if it were free, unanchored, ready to rise into another medium. As if it were in another medium now.

It was as if her mind had nothing to do with the hour, were outdistanced; as if the cells of the body and the reaches of the spirit alone were involved; emotion and a new dimension. Her mind admitted that if anything was false, it would be neither her body nor her spirit, but the mind itself, crying common sense.

She expected Pearl to arrive in tears, to sit with wrung hands. But when she came she wore an odd rag of self-possession, importance.

"You know, Cousin Leda, I came

up here to be married. That was to be to-day, but something was wrong about the license. And to-night Duke has n't come back. This letter came just before I telephoned."

To Leda's eye there was no doubt about the intent of the note. The license, Duke wrote, might take much longer than he had thought; he advised her to go home, would write to her there. It was pitifully plain, but on Pearl there sat some of Tweet's own assumption of complacency.

"I can understand his being kept away," she said.

"Pearl," said Leda, "I think you would better do as he says—go back to Prospect and wait."

"I can't go back until I'm married."

"What will you do here?"

"I might work." But she had never worked in Prospect, and her voice trailed away. "It'll be for only a few days, of course."

Leda told her how long it would be; listened patiently to Pearl's defense of Duke; was patronized as knowing nothing of men.

"But you can wait there at home with them," Leda said, and was cut off by Pearl's passionate reply:

"I've had them long enough. I want him."

And as she said this, about her there lay a sweetness. Not Pearl, not Duke Envers mattered here; something else entered—the rose of a great expectation. Leda said no more, was patient through tears, awkwardness, the pathos of the ill equipped in love.

"Maybe I could go back with you," Pearl said at last, sobbing. "When are you going back?"

Leda thought. "This makes it sure." She said, "In the morning, early."

She lay, looking at the black north. Suns were crossing the glass. These poised on the panes, swung into space, were gone. She thought of that other procession from town to Prospect: on the six-ten, Grandfather Crumb, Ralph Crumb, empty. On the eight o'clock mama and Tweet and Orrin in endless talk, and Richmiel, bland and burning. In the morning on the seven o'clock train, Pearl and herself, vessels of turmoil. All going down to Prospect—to the water-works tower and the pumping-station and the power tower on the island; Prospect receiving all the wounded, and having no oil. Procession of suns, procession of beings.

## § 4

Toward morning she wrote to him. In her tenderness lay the austerity of her knowledge: "The boy is more than I; that is nothing but commonplace. We dare not risk her taking him, molding him. Some day—"

She went through with Pearl's inevitable daylight reaction, return of confidence, decision to stay, her actual assumption of wifely proprietorship in Duke. But Pearl listened to her, wept, and they caught the seven o'clock local. On the train Leda felt weighted, thickened, as in the presence of the Crumbs. Already their vapors were in her breath.

And on the train was "Lover" Strong. When he passed and she spoke to him, he muttered:

"Seeing you folks made me homesick. It's my vacation, only I did n't know what to do with it. Thought I'd go on down for a jerk." In his monstrous face she saw his feeling: shipwreck, and over him a wind from old spaces. But Pearl would not

speak to "Lover" Strong, turned, and tossed her head.

The people entered and left the car: Honey Creek, Rocky Run, Wild Rose, Eureka. At Eureka six boys and girls entered, and the six all sat in a double seat. They were breathless, oblivious, unabashed. One said:

"What you trying to do, Winnie? Get a thrill?"

Leda thought:

"They're laughing at it! This that has held the world captive, already they're laughing at it." She looked at Pearl and "Lover" Strong and thought, "They're both of yesterday. I'm of yesterday, too. Barnaby's of yesterday. Who of us has yet seen for a moment the reality of love?"

She had assumed that Pearl would tell the truth to the family. Leda found that the truth had not occurred to Pearl in this connection. With aplomb, born of her adventure, she stepped among them, announced that she had gone to the city for a day's shopping. "And I did n't say anything about it, because you all object to every earthly thing I do." They fell upon her, shook her scanty rag of fact, and nobody but mama believed her. Mama believed, enfolded; rebuked Tweet and Orrin, who were in audible doubt; rebuked Richmiel, whose smile was even and terribly sustained.

Pearl they received, but to Leda they said nothing. The Gideonite alone remained human. She thought:

"Now I am actually glad to hear him say, 'Well, well, well, *well*, Cousin Leda!'"

She asked for Grandfather Crumb, and was told that he had not been down that morning. He had still been about when they returned the night

before, she heard, and had told them something of his visit; but not, she divined, of its object. She had a sharp divination, too, of his effort to give them bits of his adventures. "Yes, yes, Grandfather. Now it's bedtime."

"He's getting clumsy," said Tweet. "Last night he broke his water-pitcher."

"Cried over it," said Orrin. "I told him it did n't matter, that I guessed I could afford a pitcher or two; but he took it to heart. Made me feel bad."

Orrin was in the throes of preparation for the Gideonite convention to open at noon that day. As he tried to set Leda at her ease, to joke with Pearl, and as he rushed away to his committee, it came to Leda that Orrin was literally dear to her.

She went to the trunk-room. There was no answer to her summons. She unlatched the door. The room was clean, scrupulously ordered, with the wind blowing in smartly at the open window. The wind caught and fluttered a paper, weighted by bright quarters, in the middle of the bed.

She read:

"Canal. By the cottonwood."

There was other writing, straggling down the page; but she knew. She ran out at the alley gate in the trodden, rutted snow. She had not cried out to the family; this seemed to be her affair. One or two men she saw and did not call, as if she had been running in a nightmare and at a word they might turn and pursue her. She went unevenly across the snow of a lawn, gained the canal and the towering, glittering cottonwood.

He lay face downward in shallow water, partly beneath the trampled ice. He had tied his arm to a stake,

so that he would not wash away and make any one trouble.

When she returned to that straggling writing, Leda read:

"Canal. By the cottonwood. Blind in a year. Can't take care of my room much longer. Have broke the water-picher. Good-by all. Good-by Leda. Shiny quarters for the little chap.

"R. CRUMB."

Leda was swept by desolation, by weeping. In the sense of death, of being, she was devastated. Life opened its garment, showed her cadaver, skeleton, dust.

### § 5

The old *esprit d' occasion* of the Gideonite came upon him.

"Why did n't somebody *do* something?" he demanded, and spread out his hands, bending at the waist and outbowing his knees. From him the family took contagion. Looking old, as if her flesh had inherited this new terror, mama continually sniffed, and wetly. Tweet took the hour with hand laid flatly upon cheek, out-thrust chin, staring eyes. For them all there was the horror of death; not of his loss, merely of death. Later in the day they remembered Pearl's case. What in the world— They went from death to Pearl and back to death, making more drama even of drama.

Among them Leda moved and thought:

"Now he has the letter. Perhaps now he is on his way to New York." She was sustained by no sense of rightness. She was desolate, without hope.

The house filled with neighbors. Enormous tribute was to be paid to the extraordinary, and the crown of the extraordinary was death. They

called on both "remains" and relatives. The relatives received in the dining-room, told and retold all.

Women brought food and sat in silence, inspecting new arrivals. And all were wrapped in some cold mist. Just at first everything that they said was of unwonted gentleness.

A haggard visiting Gideonite contributed:

"I saw him on the street last night. Last night I saw him. Now, is n't that odd? Asked him how he was. Scratched his head for the time being and said he was spry. He must have known—" His eyes became fixed. He was flooded with a transforming sense of change. He became tender, wistful, a mortal entranced by mortality. He snapped his watch and said that it was about dinner-time.

"My stars!" cried Orrin, "after all, is n't life odd?"

Again and again he caught and folded Tweet. They whispered together.

To Leda, who was forever recalling herself from the unwonted, forever emerging from some spell where she found renewal, the majesty of death seemed a familiar unfamiliarity; but mama and Tweet were obscurely thwarted by these violations of routine, could catch no new rhythm, and as the day wore on became nettled. In an effort to seize on the commonplace in this unique hour they resorted to the west curtain. Tweet would have it raised. Mama would n't have her rug all faded out. Tweet felt that the rug would be prettier not so bright. Mama had always thought her rug pretty; papa thought so, too. With an air of exasperation Tweet lowered the curtain. "Very well; let 's sit in the pitch dark." With an air of martyr-

dom mama raised it. "No; let the rug fade."

And momentarily they met with open disregard the Gideonite's:

"For cat's sake! don't jangle in the house of the dead!"

Leda thought:

"Now he has certainly gone. I shall never see him again." She tried to find quiet in the parlor beside Grandfather Crumb, but two shawled figures were there, whispering about gangrene. She came back to the others, sat with them mutely. Her faculty of mediumistic insight, of reading in an act more than the actor guessed, became her agony. To the horror of friction was added the horror of seeing the human spirit prostrate beneath the heel of its own flesh.

And abruptly Tweet's flesh prevailed over her faint spirit. She turned upon Leda.

"Going around so quiet, so ladylike, so innocent! Don't think we did n't see what was going on here all the time. Did n't we, Mama?"

Mama wept.

"I see it all now. Poor Pearl! with such an example. Oh, my baby!"

Leda looked out distantly, as if from this she were still protected by certain veils, had not indeed received the full impact.

"When we took you in, do you suppose we ever thought of such a thing? And poor Reesha's husband, too!"

Now Leda looked at Tweet with an air of death; at mama, who uncovered reproachful eyes; at Richmiel, whose smile was even and terribly sustained; at Pearl, discreetly flaunting a new importance. With a pang as of the separation of flesh from spirit Leda thought that she heard herself begin to reply:

"You are killing me. You have killed me a hundred times since I have been in this house. Your way of life is death. I cannot die any more."

It seemed to her that she had a heavenly authority to command them to cease. Then she realized that she had not spoken at all, had not uttered a word, as if under the same authority. And that, if she did speak, that encasement, finer than personality, would fall away and leave her naked. She said only:

"I 'll go. I 'll go now," and went from the room.

Loss of Barnaby; of grandfather, who alone had made the house bearable; bodily torture; idleness; the Crumbs. She was a point of pain in cosmic confusion. Common sense clamored at her to escape.

In the passage she became aware that the telephone was ringing, had been ringing for some time. Mechanically she took down the receiver, heard a voice say a deep "Very well," and another receiver click to place. This voice shook her. She cried, "Who 's calling?" and the metallic tone of the operator countered: "Order, please!" And to her own passionate, "Oh, who was that calling?" there came only, "There 's no one on the line."

She ran down the passage, turned into the parlor. No one was there now save Grandfather Crumb. She stood beside the coffin in the majestic presence of the old man's body, and she did not even know that it was there. He was no more than the living. Nothing existed but the sound of that voice which she had just heard.

"Barnaby," she said aloud; "it was Barnaby."

Had he been calling from town? Was he there in Prospect? She turned back to the passage. On the rack hung Grandfather Crumb's overcoat. She caught it down, folded it about her, ran into the dry cold of the dusk.

The street which led to the station was empty. It was the Prospect supper hour. She ran between rows of houses starred on the twilight. Between these rows she discerned a far dark star that grew. She stumbled toward that approaching figure.

"Oh, you—you!" she cried into the gloom.

Barnaby's arms came round her. She groped for his face. Her murmurs rose to but a word or two. He did not hear her smothered:

"I 'll go! I 'll go!"

They found the sill of a wagon shop, sheltered, withdrawn from the street. The wavering flow of a gas-jet lapped the snow of the pavement. No one passed; the town had diminished; there were no stars. In the dark gray of the air the world lay in some reality greater than form.

At first they had no more than monosyllables, no speech. Mind was withdrawn. Body and spirit held their ancient silence.

"You came back! You came back!"

"I had to come." No more than that to voice the incredible current. At last he said: "I came to tell you, but I know that you know—"

She waited. Yes, she knew; knew that they were not to be parted, that she could no longer draw breath in Prospect. Common sense at last.

"We 've begun to be in a different world, Leda—"

"Yes."

"You understand that we do not part?"

"Yes!" She cried from her heart.

"Last night I understood—when I 'd left you. I tell you, love was different. I saw that we know nothing about it, no, literally, until we have this that you and I have. I tell you that I saw it differently, bright and distinct—"

She pushed at his hands. Quick! What had he found that would tell them with certainty to go away together? Some new common sense? But he said:

"I think it was your casualness as in the face of any other death, your utter gameness, no cries, no struggling. You took our death, there in that room last night like any other death."

By that he drew her from her fever to the immensity of his meaning.

He went on, his hands cherishing her, the fountain of this which he had drawn to himself:

"But I who, I hope, could meet any violent death with you, on the sea, in any terror, cried out last night and begged you to sneak with me to cover."

With that she came to herself, back to the self whom alone he knew. She murmured:

"To-night as I ran to you I could have begged that, too."

He muttered:

"Don't let me know!" Cried, "Yes, tell me!" He held her and sat staring into the dark. She saw that vastness had brushed him, in which her own violent impulse appeared a mere trickle; in which her quiet of the night before seemed nothing but effort.

He said:

"A passion to be gratified. Good God! there 's the instinct to live, but we 're all ashamed to steal safety. Your way, your casualness, as if love were no more than life—"

In his words, far, like the call of a veery, clarity deep within clarity, she discerned the form of love; reality beyond mating, beyond longing, beyond self, beyond that which we know as spirit. Fine flowing peace; the slow-breathing inner her; the hidden one peering out; faint perfume; the self of love. Frail, evasive, she touched it with her thought and it was gone.

He murmured on her lips:

"Yet I shall be dying for this—"

"Beloved!"

There came broken talk, little of courage. Hidden beings, signing to each other. When she walked with him along the street, the town of Prospect seemed to be withdrawn. They two were of each other, as voice within breath, as breath within being; and there was nothing else. Pain of love there was, to be sure, like a buzzing at the window; but beyond the window—

Before a grocery store near the station they stood in shadow.

He said:

"It cannot be for long. She 'll marry; then she 'll be glad to be finally rid of the boy."

"But if it is for long—"

"Well?"

She caught the utter security of his challenge to any future, echoed:

"Well?"

She let herself into the passage. That house received her like a smothering shawl smelling of funeral flowers. From the room where Grandfather Crumb lay came the voice of the Gideonite:

"A Bible in every hotel room, and on the inside cover these wholesome references: 'If lonesome, read twenty-third Psalm; if in trouble, read John fourteen; if trade is poor, read—'"



Leda's consciousness crossed some narrow border of awareness. In the flash of sense which pity or beauty brings she saw the Crumbs, living and dying.

She joined them, moved among

them as if nothing had occurred.

Even when Richmiel said:

"You know, I'm doing you a favor, Leda, really, saving you from Barnaby. It 'll work out so in the end; you 'll see."

(The end of "Faint Perfume.")



Woodcut by Esther J. Peck



## Picnicking on Perilous

*The Human Meaning of the Exchange Problem*

BY MARCUS ELI RAVAGE



ON my first trip to Vienna after the war and the collapse, a dollar brought five hundred *Kronen*. Five hundred *Kronen*, in their turn, exchanged into goods and services, were worth between five and ten dollars. It sounded mad, in Vienna of all places; but there it was. I had been in the lovely city of the Hapsburgs twenty years before, and at that time it had been the gayest and most expensive capital of Europe. But then, in 1900, a dollar was worth somewhat less than five *Kronen*. Now Vienna was neither cheerful, except for foreigners with high-priced money, nor expensive, except for the ruined natives. I put up at the best hotel on the Opern-Ring for about ten days, ordered the usual five meals every day with a generous hand, tipped liberally, drank no water, went about in taxicabs and fiacres, took now and then an excursion into the beautiful environs of the city, and my bill for the period amounted to considerably less than fifteen dollars. It really ought to have been nearer twenty, but between the last week in November and the first week in December the exchange had crawled up to six hundred. With the difference I bought a few trifles for family and friends, including a Venetian lace collar and a silver wrist-watch.

In the daytime the city looked a

good deal as I had seen it two decades before. The shop-windows on the Graben and the Kärntner-Strasse were crammed with rich apparel and choice edibles and the well known "Vienna articles." The opera and the multitude of theaters were open. Proud motors were parked along the Ring. The grill-room of the Bristol was packed every afternoon with well-groomed, light-hearted people. Vienna was still the city of luxury, the capital of the Danube world. Still, even in daylight, an odd shadow hung over the picture and spoiled its effect. Maimed and blinded ex-soldiers in motley, tattered uniform stalked about the streets, displaying their hurts. Between the gaudy shops crouched women with babies in their arms, with petitioning hands extended to the passers-by. They had not the features and attitudes of mendicants, but they were begging. In the old days one had never seen beggars in the streets of Vienna.

After dark the bright interlude of the Inner City faded out altogether, like a cinema memory of buried and long-forgotten glory. The iron curtains were drawn over the tantalizing windows. The streets, because of the coal shortage, were almost dark. Leaving the opera for the long recess after the second act, I was approached

by a conservatory student in the lobby, and begged for my ticket if I were not coming back. The house was filled, but with foreigners. The native musician could not afford the twenty-five cents for a balcony seat. These things tended to spoil the picnic for a somewhat sympathetic traveler.

With it all the Austrian shopkeeper preserved his unique amiability. He greeted you with his old-time "*Habe die Ehre,*" waited on you more like a friend than a merchant, and whether you had or had not made a purchase, sped you on your way with a bow and a "Your humble and obedient servant." The Austrian domestic likewise had not changed a bit. He ministered to your wants and your comforts night and day, polished your shoes, brushed your clothes, brought your breakfast to your room, ran your errands, carried your luggage; and when you departed, he did not look into your palm, but wished you farewell with the same kindly courtesy whether you gave him ten *Kronen* or five hundred. Not that there was no complaining; only it was in the tone of contrition. Everybody regretted the war, like an offense in youth, and lamented the peace and the treaties. Business men talked of nothing but the debased exchange.

And this was when *Kronen* were still merely five or six hundred to a dollar. By the autumn of the following year, when I returned for a longer stay, they had attained to what was then regarded as the startling figure of three thousand. Bankers and business people and every one in general wrung their hands in despair and declared that depreciation could go no further. But it did, all the same. I remained till February 1, 1922, and lived to see *Kronen* exchanged at the rate of ten

thousand to one dollar. There were riots, labor and socialists and the press demanded an end of speculation, and the Government became very active and made laws. Indeed, a period of recuperation did follow. Throughout that winter the Austrian notes hovered around the five-thousand level; but as for permanently remedying the situation, the cabinet might as well have legislated against the weather. When I returned in June, matters stood exactly as I had left them in February, but by the time I went away for good, which was last September, the currency of the free and inviolable Republic of German-Austria had ascended to the height, hitherto attained by none but Bolsheviks, of eighty-four thousand.

## § 2

I must ask the reader to go back and look at those figures again by way of an initial step in understanding what I propose to tell him. No amount of underlining on my part will make this fairy-tale of finance any plainer or more credible. I can try sundry ways of bringing the fantasy home to Americans. I might, for instance, put it this way: in 1914 a million *Kronen* was equivalent to two hundred thousand dollars; in November, 1920, the same sum could be had for two thousand dollars; and last September any one with twelve dollars in his pocket was a millionaire in Austria. Or, reading the other way, eight years ago an American with a million had five millions in Vienna; two years ago he was, with the same fortune, half a billionaire; and six months ago he became, without making investments and without lifting a finger, eighty-four times a billionaire.

I am, of course, just multiplying; but as I look at the result, I myself become incredulous. I am not convinced that any such sums as eighty-four billions of anything exist this side of Bedlam.

Conceive, if you can, going down the street and paying a hundred and fifty dollars for a car-ride, sixty dollars for a newspaper, three thousand dollars for lunch, and a hundred and fifty thousand for a suit of clothes. I know that it requires a lunatic to imagine such things, or some one who has been in central Europe since the close of the war that was waged to make the world a better place to live in. I am not playing at satire. The war, and especially the peace treaties which perpetuated it, have made Austria and Germany as well as many other countries, including some of those called victorious, enormously better places to live in, at least for Americans and English and all those with hard money. It has, in fact, made a paradise of Austria. I heard an American lady once say so in Vienna. She did not say it was a paradise for the Viennese. If you can picture the state of things suggested at the beginning of this paragraph, you may perhaps form some notion how the new order looks to them. But I am not concerned with the Austrians for the present. They are, after all, our enemies, the whole seven million of them, maimed soldiers and mendicant mothers and those unborn in 1914 included. And it was they, was n't it, to quote again the same lady, who fired the first shot in 1914? In this article I am interested only in the picnic which the turbulent exchanges provide for the foreigner.

Austria, be it understood, is merely the typical instance. She is the seventh heaven, if you like, in this

perfected universe. But she is by no means lacking for company. Two thirds of the continent of Europe share her case in one degree or another. The new disorder is not even partial to one or the other group of the late belligerents. It is meting out the rewards of glory and improvidence with scrupulous justice to conqueror and conquered alike. The Polish mark is only a little less worthless than the German one, if there is such a thing as degrees in worthlessness. The *lei* of victorious Rumania were, when last I saw them, on the same level as the *leva* of defeated Bulgaria; namely, thirty times beneath par. And it is difficult to say whether France, the mistress of Europe, or Germany, crushed, disarmed, and demoralized, will be the first to go into bankruptcy.

All the same, it is in Austria that the picnic is at its gayest. These Germans of the eastern empire, unlike their kin of the Reich, are too amiable to spoil anybody's sport. They are not unkind to the invasion of foreigners, who never visited their country in other days, and who now flock there to live on the fat of the land because Austria has become the cheapest country in Europe. It merely puzzles them, and they smile at one in a kind of childlike perplexity when one explains to them that, contrary to appearances, prices are actually not rising, but falling. To them everything is cruelly dear. Not, however, because everything costs more *Kronen*. They have by long effort come at last to understand that *Fetzen* (paper money) are not the same as "*Friedens-Kronen*," even if they are called by the same name. But to them the essential point is that income, everybody's income, though it is calculated nowa-

days in figures undreamed of even by princes before the war, has somehow magically lost its power to sustain life. They understand that theoretically a pair of shoes which sold for twenty-five *Kronen* in the old days, and which now are offered for two hundred thousand, have really been reduced by half, because a pre-war *Krone* is worth about sixteen thousand paper ones. But this logical demonstration does not in the least comfort them. All they are aware of is that the twenty-five were a great deal easier to come by than the two hundred thousand, and that, therefore, shoes were formerly not the unattainable luxury they now are.

For the foreigner nothing is dear. Every American in Austria is by the sheer accident of his nationality and his national currency a magnate, just as every native is, by the same token, a pauper. I mean not only that he commands millions in money. Even the Austrians do that. He is a magnate by the large life he can and does lead. With the income of a junior clerk in New York he is in a position in Vienna to permit himself the luxuries reserved at home to plutocrats. He can dwell in palaces formerly occupied by nobles and field-m Marshals, entertain his friends at select restaurants and boxes at the opera, purchase rare books and bric-à-brac, have himself painted by noted artists, employ a duchess to take his children to the park, clothe himself and his family in furs and silks, and travel frequently and luxuriously. He never has to pause and think whether he can afford anything. The higher prices go, the cheaper life gets for him. Every advance in the cost of living represents inevitably a fall in the value of the

*Krone*. What is more, while occasionally some specific article does rise in real price, the general principle holds true that the advance in commodities cannot keep up with the depreciation of the currency.

Let me illustrate. In November, 1920, a postage-stamp for foreign mail was, I believe, ten *Kronen*. That was roughly two cents. Last August, when *Kronen* had gone to eighty thousand to the dollar, foreign postage was three hundred and seventy-five *Kronen*. It was a terrific jump, and the natives complained loudly. Yet, figured in our money, three hundred and seventy-five *Kronen* were only half a cent. The price had actually been cut to one quarter. Similarly with railway fares and tobacco. I spent four months in Baden, near Vienna. The distance to the capital was thirty-odd kilometers, and the fare (second class) was thirty-four *Kronen*. It remained stationary from June, when a dollar was one thousand *Kronen*, to December first, when it had risen to eight thousand. On December first all railway fares rose at one blow two hundred per cent. The journey from Baden to the city now cost a hundred and thirty-two *Kronen*. This was one of the causes of the riots in Vienna of that day. But for us, foreign sojourners, the fare had been enormously cut. Again, last summer, when I arrived in Innsbruck, *Kronen* were, as I have said, ten thousand to a dollar. From Innsbruck to Vienna is a journey by *Schnellzug* of fourteen hours. I made it, and my fare (second class) was thirteen thousand *Kronen*, or one dollar and thirty cents. One heard throughout the summer of ministerial plans to advance fares, while the *Krone* went on tumbling at

breakneck speed. But for some unknown reason fares did not rise, and in August, when I once again went to Vienna, I still paid thirteen thousand *Kronen*, which this time cost me less than twenty cents! Tobacco in Austria, as everywhere on the Continent except in Germany, is a government monopoly. I am told that in the old days it was one of the leading sources of the state's revenues. In November, 1920, a certain cigarette known as "Sport" sold about four for one American cent, and it was very hard to get, because tobacco was rationed only to natives with tobacco tickets. Last July one could get them by the hundred at any *Trafik* at a cost of about fifteen for one cent, though the price in *Kronen* had risen about a thousand per cent.

These instances will perhaps make it clear why it is that while the Austrian is growing old and gray with watching the cost of living soar to fantastic heights, the foreigner never has to worry about prices. All that he has to do is to hang on to his dollars or sterling or Dutch guilders or whatever it may be. He has a sure thing, and he can peacefully go to sleep each night with the certainty that, whatever wild distances the prices of beef and shoes may cover before morning, his bank-notes are bound to outrace them. But woe to the sojourner who lets his banker beguile him into changing all his money into *Kronen* when he arrives. The banker, of course, always tries. It is not quite clear to me even now why he is so concerned about turning everybody's foreign money into *Kronen*. The transaction invariably spells ruin to the foreigner,—that is obvious,—but it is not at all plain how the banker

or anybody else gains by it. To begin with, no banker in Austria has enough capital to keep all the foreign currency he buys, no matter how advantageously. But even if he could keep it, where would be his profit? He might have got me, let us say, to change a thousand dollars in November, 1920, at the rate of five hundred. Supposing he had held my check until August, 1922. On paper his gain would have been enormous, or about sixteen thousand and seven hundred per cent. But those figures are a mere delusion, like most figures in Austria. The dollar has not appreciated as much as one per cent. in those two years. It is only the *Krone* that has depreciated. And prices in the Austrian market have risen more or less in proportion. Roughly speaking, my thousand dollars would buy no more in 1922 than they would have bought in 1920. The advantage to the banker seems illusory. As an investment, designed to escape depreciation, almost anything would serve the purpose about as well as my dollars.

Still, whatever the logic may be, it is a fact that bankers always advise newly arrived foreigners to buy *Kronen*, as if they were expecting a famine in the commodity. They argue that they are selling at bargain prices. "An article normally worth two hundred dollars per thousand at two dollars per thousand," or two cents per thousand, as the case may be. They say, of course, nothing about the purchasing value of the thing. Besides, they point out, depreciation has really gone much further than the financial facts warrant. There is bound to be a reversal some time. The *Krone* cannot fall any deeper than it has.

The experienced traveler in central

Europe not only exchanges as little of his money into the paper of the country as he can get on with for a day or two; he goes a step further. Whenever possible, he makes debts. For in Austria *Polonius's* advice, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is only half valid. Blessed, indeed, is the man with many debts. The new plutocracy in all the soft-money countries consists of people who either by accident or by foresight were loaded down with obligations. The man who mortgaged a house in 1914 for a hundred thousand *Kronen* (\$20,000) pays off his burden in 1922 for the price of a yard of cloth. His creditor cannot refuse it, because the paper money is still legal tender. The corporation with heavy bond issues can redeem its obligations at a trifle. The peasant whose land was for generations, maybe for centuries, tied up to the estate of the nobleman by some slight, yet to him unpayable, debt suddenly finds himself in a position to get his independence at the cost of a few dozen eggs. The negligence of the governments in not providing an adjustment for these contingencies has brought about a veritable, though a bloodless, social revolution throughout central and eastern Europe.

To be sure, it is not quite so easy nowadays to contract debts. Hard experience has taught the native the lesson of the exchanges. But a discreet foreigner can still manage, if he is careful, to reduce his expenses by one third by living, as it were, on margin. At least he could a year ago. He could have his shoes and clothing made to measure, and pay on delivery while arranging the price when ordering. In the interval the good fairy of the exchange would be almost sure to

raise the value of his foreign money by thirty or forty, possibly even by a hundred, per cent. Instead of taking his meals at a restaurant, where he must pay as he goes, he could sign for them at a hotel or live in a pension and settle his bill weekly. And he might even play the banker his own game by now and then carelessly overdrawing his *Kronen* account, since his dollar account is always there as surety. I myself have had several experiences of this character. They were, in my case, purely accidental, but they prove, nevertheless, my thesis that any foreigner who should care to reduce this kind of thing to a system would be well repaid for his efforts.

Last winter I ordered a pair of boots, things the Austrians call *Bergschuhe*. I calculated that they would cost me about six dollars. That was not bad, considering that similar ones in the United States cost from twenty to twenty-five. The shoemaker promised to have them ready in a fortnight, and, as usual, he failed to keep his word. I got them in four weeks, and when I paid for them I found that they cost me only three dollars and a half.

At the pension in Baden where I stayed with my family for three months bills were rendered weekly. We had three rooms, with three meals daily. The price ranged from three thousand *Kronen* per day for the lot of us in October to nine thousand in January. At each advance the native guests cried "*Unverschäm!*" and organized committees of protest. But for us every jump in price was literally equivalent to a reduction in cost. The reasons were these: despite the charge of shamelessness, the proprietor was as a matter of fact very much

ashamed to raise his prices, and he always hesitated until the last minute. Then he invariably gave us a week's notice of his decision. It took another week before we actually paid our bill at the new rate, and by the end of all that time the drop in the exchange had more than made up for the advance in prices. Our average weekly expenditure for two adults and two children, including such extras as heat, bread, liquors, and after-dinner coffee, amounted to less than six dollars.

When we quit Baden for Italy in February, 1921, I closed my dollar and *Kronen* accounts in Vienna and asked the bank to give me a full statement of my transactions. It took so long to prepare the paper that I got it only weeks later by post. I glanced at it, and perceived the hopelessness of making head or tail of it unaided. It was a document consisting of several sheets of foolscap, crammed closely with figures and fiscal terms beyond my fairly adequate command of German. It would need a certified public accountant and a higher mathematician to decipher it. So I flung the thing into the waste-basket and mailed the bank my signed acknowledgment. The following August, when I was again in Vienna, I stopped in to cash a check. The official who always waited on me told me politely that there was a balance of forty-five thousand *Kronen* to my debit. I paid it at once, but I calculated that the sum, when I overdraw it, was worth nearly seven dollars, while, when I paid it, it amounted to a little over fifty cents.

### § 3

While I am on the subject of pure finance I must not omit to relate an-

other illuminating incident. Staying with us at the pension in Baden was a German gentleman named Grünstein. He was reputed to be a business man. I did not know what business. I merely knew that three days in the week, the days when the stock exchange was open, he spent in the city. It transpired eventually that he was a speculator in securities. One day he ventured to offer me a suggestion. He said:

"I do not presume to guess how much money you have, nor what you do with it. I assume, however, that as a professional man who can afford to travel over two continents you must have some capital. You have your work to do, of course; but it seems to me you are neglecting a very profitable opportunity. Do you know that by investing a portion of your money, you might earn all that you are spending without lifting a finger? Just look at this chart."

I listened attentively, while my friend drew forth a newspaper and opened it to the stock reports.

"Look at this," he went on. "There is not a security listed but has jumped several thousand points since the last bourse day. Here is a rubber stock. I have twenty shares of it. I bought them six weeks ago for seven thousand apiece; to-day they are 17,800. I may tell you that I earn a round million a month."

The proposition sounded tempting. I have always entertained conscientious scruples against stock transactions, but I confess that I was lured this time. I looked over the sheet with some care, and found that Grünstein had, for all his enthusiasm, understated the case. Huge fortunes were staring me in the face, and the thought



kept going through my head that it was rather improvident of me to content myself with the meager income I was drawing at home while I might, without taking on any new work, get my expenses out of a modest investment in gilt-edged securities. The capital I would have to put in would be trifling, everything was on such a diminutive scale in this country. The average appreciation of stocks in the course of a week amounted to twenty per cent. With seventy-five dollars, therefore, I could clear enough between Monday and Friday to pay our pension bill, and even have enough left over to purchase a few things to take home if ever we should pluck up the courage to go back to the land where a dollar is not a small fortune, but the price of a dozen eggs.

I was about to succumb when a light dawned on me, and I saw that the whole scheme was made of mist and moonshine. It was just one more of those financial illusions of which the atmosphere of a decaying world is full. So instead of promptly rushing down to my bank to place an order, I said:

"Mr. Grünstein, let me ask you a question. Do you buy outright or on margin?"

"Outright," he replied, "of course. You cannot buy otherwise in Austria to-day. The banks will not advance the money. They are afraid of the currency depreciation."

"Well," I said, "in that case your speculations are a delusion and your earnings a snare. You are not making a million a month. You are simply living on your depreciating capital. What you take to be the improvement in the value of your stocks is nothing else than the rotting away of your

*Kronen*. Securities are not really rising at all. They merely fetch more *Kronen*. And if you examine your accounts carefully, you will probably find that the appreciation of your papers is exactly equal to the depreciation of your money, perhaps a little less. If you do not look out, you will soon have no capital left."

I am a poor hand at finance, and my friend was not convinced by my reasoning. He argued that a million a month was a million a month. Yet my point was as clear as crystal. He had changed his money into *Kronen* before making any investment. Then he bought stocks. To him it seemed that the stocks were rising, but in reality it was merely his *Kronen* that were falling. In any sound money, not one of those securities had gained a point. They had barely held their own. If he had been able to buy on margin, he could have eaten his cake and kept it, too. In that case he would have been raking in the fruits of depreciation at the expense of his banker. But as it was, he was just taking the difference in the value of *Kronen* between one week and the next, transferring it into another pocket, and calling it profit. The reason why stocks *seemed* to rise was exactly the reason why potatoes and railway fares and gasoline *seemed* to rise: because the *Krone* was speeding on to its appointed end.

The fact is that everybody in Austria and Germany is a speculator nowadays, whether he knows it or not. I mean that everybody who is not a financial imbecile is gambling on the sure chance that the currency will go on falling, and that nobody buys or keeps *Kronen* any more or any longer than he has to. One might as well

buy or keep a herd of white elephants; they could not possibly eat one out of house and home any quicker. The state goes on printing notes night and day that still carry the old legend, "The Austro-Hungarian Bank, at its main offices in Vienna and Budapest, will pay to the bearer on demand, blank *Kronen* in legal metallic money." But nobody takes the promise seriously. It would be truer if they carried the warning: "Perishable. Consume at once." The Austrian merchant takes his day's cash and rushes off with it to the wholesaler to reinvest it in merchandise. The wholesaler thereupon flies with it to the manufacturer. The wage-earner no sooner receives his pay than he takes a day off and makes for the markets, buying anything he can find, things he needs or does not need, just to be rid of his money. He knows that if he keeps it till the next day, it will burn a hole in his pocket, or at least that it will fetch half of what it does to-day. And the foreigner, of course, sits tight on his dollars and sterling. I say every one in central Europe is a rank and despicable *Schieber*.

I was a speculator without being aware of the fact. I had been gambling more desperately than Herr Grünstein, certainly more profitably. Indeed, I had taken the cream of the business, and let the milk go. My friend had assured me that the stocks he dealt in were all gilt-edged, and that the risk was almost nil. So they may have been. But I had something better yet. He had to run about three days in the week, and the rest of the time he was tethered to a telephone. He must study bourse reports, and worry a little about fluctuations and about the prosperity of the industry

into whose paper he had put his capital. I had nothing to fuss over or fear. My investment was in a single concern, and I had good reason to feel sure that it was a going, solid concern, and that its stock was eternally and violently going up. "Semperit" had, indeed, jumped in six weeks from 7000 to 17,800; but my dollars, lying quite idly in the bank in Vienna, had in the same period gone from 2600 to 7000, which was just a little better. Still, but for periodic replenishments from home, my capital was slowly dwindling. So was Mr. Grünstein's, as I told him, though he did not believe me. But the following August, when I saw him again in Baden, I had the melancholy satisfaction of finding him a ruined man. The mysteries of the Austrian exchange had done for one frenzied financier.

#### § 4

For this and many other reasons I feel somewhat hesitant about encouraging an American migration into Austria despite the alluring promises I may have seemed to hold out earlier in this article. The other reasons are about three in number. In the first place, we are not wanted. I mean that we are not loved as sojourners, not that we are disliked as a nation. Austria has forgotten the hatreds of the war quite as much as we have got over its ideals and enthusiasms. About the only feeling I have found toward America and England is a vast and rather embarrassing admiration and respect. One sometimes forgets in Austria, and even in Germany, that we were not the allies of the Central powers during the war. The Austrians, unlike the Germans, have even learned to be well disposed

toward the French. However, they would rather admire us at a distance. A section of Austrian public opinion considers it "ungentlemanly" for the people of a wealthy country to come and feast amid the ruins of a shattered nation. Many of them look upon us as birds of prey who eat up their poor stores of food, wallow in luxury at their expense, drive up prices with our expensive money and our ravenous appetites, and carry away with us the treasures of their culture. Even the hotel-keepers and the luxury-dealers, who profit by our presence, are no longer as glad to see us as they were once. The unspeakable wretchedness of the four post-war years has at last got on the nerves of even this amiable and easy-going race. In the riots of last December the animus was as much anti-foreign as anti-Schieber. Doubtless they misapprehend our motives and underestimate the good we do them by bringing solid money and cheerful faces into their country; but that is how they feel.

Furthermore, life in a defeated country is for moderately sensitive people not altogether a picnic after all, not even if one has dollars in the bank, and one can indulge himself in all the good things that life offers. Paying a maid fifty cents a month and a surgeon ten cents a visit is interesting for a while as a fantastic novelty, but in the end one is likely to find out that the domestic is eaten up with scrofula, resulting from years of undernourishment during the war, and that the surgeon is selling his furniture and his etchings piece by piece to eke out his family budget. Such discoveries interfere with the foreigner's illusion that he is having a wonderful time.

Finally, the golden age which I

have tried to describe in these pages is all but passed into history. The *Krone*, indeed, is not rising, but it has been stationary for some time, and the Austrian has found a way of adjusting himself to the strange conditions under which he lives. Man is an adaptable animal. Give him time, and he will make a home for himself in any clime and under no matter what financial scheme. The time has at last come when prices rise faster than the *Krone* falls. The great trial of the Austrian for a long time was to learn to think of the paper *Krone* as being something different from the "*Friedens-Krone*." He has done it at last. He still sells goods and services for *Kronen*, but he figures silently in dollars, in sterling, or in Swiss francs. And he has got to the point where he can be as humorous about his currency as any foreigner. Last July, at a railway station in the Alps, I saw a family enjoying a bottle of beer while waiting for their train. The wife asked her husband how much the beverage cost now (in Austria one never simply asks the price of an article; one always says, "How much is it *now*?"). He said:

"Nine hundred and twenty. Or, let me see, maybe it is two hundred and ninety. Not much difference." And once during the summer, when I was entertaining a number of friends at luncheon, I gave the waitress twenty thousand *Kronen*. She pocketed the sum lightly; then with a smile she said:

"That is a very generous tip, sir. It cost less than that to build this hotel ten years ago."

When a people has learned to laugh at its own woes, there is perhaps some hope for its salvation.



# THE BULL-FIGHT

DRAWINGS BY ROSS SANTEE

TEXT BY THE ARTIST



# The Bull-Fight

The program was an elaborate affair, pink in color and nearly a yard in length. In the upper right-hand corner, extending for a foot and a half down the page, was printed in box-car letters:

JUAREZ BULL RING  
GRAND  
PROFESSIONAL BULL FIGHT  
3 MATADORS 3  
IN COMPETITION

SUNDAY, JULY 30<sup>TH</sup>, AT 4:30 P.M.

IN THIS GREAT EVENT WILL BE INTRODUCED THE RENOWNED AND WELL KNOWN MEXICAN MATADOR JOSE SAPIEN "FORMALITO," ACCOMPANIED BY THE TWO BRAVE MATADORS JOAQUIN JIMINEZ "TRIANERO," AND OCTAVIANO ACOSTA, WHICH ARE WELL KNOWN TO THE BULL-FIGHTERS' FANS.

ALSO WILL APPEAR THE FAMOUS PICADOR LAZARO ZAVOLA "PEGOTE" AND THE GREAT BANDERILLERO EVARISTO VILLAVISENCIO "SORDO CHICO."

THE BULLS FOR THIS GREAT EVENT HAVE BEEN WELL SELECTED AND ARE GUARANTEED FOR THEIR FURIOUSNESS.

4 FEROCIOUS BULLS 4  
OF CAMBRAY RANCH

DON'T MISS IT



The rest of the program was printed in Spanish, profusely illustrated with photographs of the bull-fighters in various poses.

"You won't like it," said my El Paso friend, "nor anybody else who likes horses. It's bad enough to watch 'em torture a bull before they kill him, but they blindfold the horses. I never saw a horse killed yet but what I did n't wish it was a Mexican instead."

Our seats were on the shady side of the bull-ring, directly below the box of the president. Outside the entrance the band was playing. Except for a single Mexican, who sprinkled with a tiny hose, the ring itself was empty. At least half the crowd were Americans.

"Tourists," said my friend. "A fine place to bring a kid, ain't it?" said he, pointing to a woman with a baby in her arms. It seemed to me that every other Mexican present wore some sort of uniform. No two uniforms were alike,



but nearly all carried the United States Army Colt 45 automatics. A Mexican with a battered felt hat and blue overalls sold bottled beer at sixty cents a bottle. As the band came in and took their places, a bullet-headed *hombre*, with a drooping black mustache, who sat beside me opened his fourth bottle.

"Let 's go!" yelled an American.

"Play ball!" yelled another from across the ring. The bullet-headed *hombre* beside me muttered in Spanish. Down in the bull-ring the Mexican put away his tiny hose. There was a stir at the entrance, and about thirty soldiers marched in. The officer was in white, with black leather puttees. Around his neck he wore some brass arrangement that looked for all the world like a dog-collar. The rest of the outfit carried long rifles, and were clothed for the most part in cartridges. As they stood at attention and faced the entrance my El Paso friend spoke.

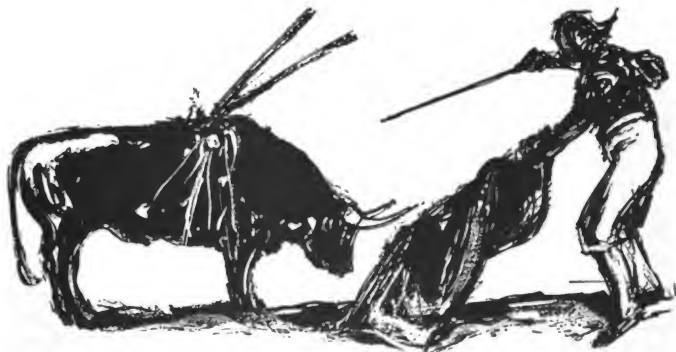
"If that bird in white would cut loose with a song now, I 'd think I was watchin' a musical comedy."

It was sprinkling rain as the bugle sounded for the grand entrance, and a part of the crowd broke for shelter. First came the matadors, with their red capes, on foot. Directly behind them came the picadors, mounted on two of the poorest horses I have ever seen. One was a little brown, so poor he could hardly walk and so weak that he tottered under the weight of the bullet-headed rider. The picador Lazaro Zavola "Pegote" was mounted on a little gray cow-pony with the brand N E on his left hip. The little gray cow-pony was nothing but skin and bone, but he held his head high and marched to the music. Next came a team of horses, bells jingling as they walked, driven by a Mexican in a blue serge suit and high roller hat. The bugle sounded again, and as the team was driven out, the bull-fighters took their places about the ring.

A gate swung open, and the bull walked slowly down the narrow runway. At the entrance he stopped for a moment, snuffing. A Mexican partly hidden

by the fence reached down and stuck two red rosettes in his shoulders. With a bellow, the bull came into the ring. For a moment he stood undecided, tossing his head at the crowd, then charged straight for the picador on the brown horse. Horse and rider went down together. The crowd cheered. Before the bull could charge again, a matador with a red cape darted between them, and the bull was drawn to the other side of the ring. The picador was unhurt, but the brown horse tottered to his feet, bleeding in the neck and shoulder. With their red capes the matadors took turns in teasing the bull. Holding their capes in front of them, they stood quietly as the bull charged, stepping lightly to one side as the bull rushed by. After a certain amount of teasing, the picador Lazaro Zavola "Pegote" advanced to meet the bull. The little gray's right eye was blindfolded, but as the bull charged, the little gray turned his head and dodged as only a cow-pony can. The Mexicans hissed, while the picador reached down and readjusted the blind. As the bull charged the second time, the little gray stood helpless in the center of the ring. Horse and rider went high in the air and came down in a heap together. "The Brave Picador Lazaro Zavola Pegote" landed on all fours and took the fence at one jump. Blood pouring from his shoulder, the little gray struggled to regain his feet as the bull charged again. The Mexicans were on their feet, screaming. As the bull charged a third time, I turned my face away. My friend was cursing in a low voice, his face a chalky white. An American girl stumbled past me toward the entrance, tears streaming down her cheeks. When I looked at the bull-ring again, the little gray pony was gone. The band was playing, and the ring was full of hats. A Mexican with a rake covered with dirt covered the black pool where the little gray had fallen. My friend blew his nose violently.

"They are nothing but a bunch of savages. I wish it had been a Mexican instead of that little gray horse," he said.





A dozen times the bull tried to jump out of the ring. On one attempt he became lodged across the fence. With ropes the Mexicans finally got him back.

Next came the banderillas. On foot and hatless the banderillero Evaristo Villavisencio "Sordo Chico" advanced to the center of the ring. As the bull charged, he stood motionless, the banderillas poised above his head. The bull was almost upon him when he leaped lightly to one side, at the same time setting the banderillas in the bull's shoulders. The banderillas were evidently well placed, for the crowd cheered, and the bullet-headed *hombre* with the drooping black mustache threw his hat into the ring. Again the performance was repeated, the banderillas exploding with a roar.

The bull was tiring now. He scarcely noticed the red capes. With his neck and shoulders full of the wicked banderillas, he stood panting in the center of the ring, blood flowing from his mouth.

"Matador! Matador!" screamed the crowd.

With his sword hidden by the red cape, the matador Jose Sapien "Formalito" advanced to meet the bull. The bull was too weak to charge, but the crowd cheered as the matador, kneeling directly in front of the bull, touched him with his hand. The bull turned and walked slowly away. Again and again the matador faced him. As the bull lunged weakly toward him, the matador ran his sword full length into the bull's neck. With blood pouring from his mouth, the bull turned slowly away. Stumbling blindly to the edge of the ring, he sank slowly to his knees.

The Mexicans were on their feet, screaming. The bull-ring was full of hats. With bells jingling, the team was driven in, and the bull dragged from the ring. Bowing profusely, the matador threw the hats back to the crowd. The band played, while the Mexican with a rake covered with fresh dirt the black pools in the center of the ring.





# Adventures of a Scholar-Tramp

## *II—Frisco, the Tramp Royal*

BY GLEN MULLIN



ONCE on the way to Boston Frisco and I rode in a box-car half filled with wire wrapped on great wooden spools. Each rolled a spool near the open door and, straddling the spool as we smoked, chatted in loud tones to make ourselves heard above the incessant whimper of the wheels.

Frisco hauled out of his pocket a short length of rope and entertained himself as he talked by twisting it into dozens of fantastic knots that he had learned how to tie on shipboard, naming them as he made them. Some of them were practical, but those in which he delighted most were complicated, ornamental rosettes. I had often watched him at this pastime, and applauded his ingenuity when he succeeded in fashioning a new design.

This hempen rope was Frisco's only artistic medium. He had never made many attempts to draw, although he was fascinated by drawings, especially by those of animals. I made sketches for him occasionally, which, however bad, he marveled over with undisguised pleasure and wonder.

As Frisco sat there fiddling absordedly with his knots, I felt a sudden rush of tenderness for him. His pathetic, fumbling interest in design always touched me. During the days and nights we had spent railroading together I had sounded him pretty

thoroughly, and what I found pleased me. His childhood had been tragically "balled up" by circumstances which had branded him with such a passionate bitterness as I have seldom seen in a man. He had been cast among the dregs of humankind almost exclusively; vice and hard licks had been his school. Naturally, he rationalized life in terms of the only experience he knew.

But I had discovered in the man's nature something which outfaced his cynicism—a sensitiveness to beauty which, although it manifested itself in a shamed, furtive kind of way, was genuine. I discovered, too, that he had a mind which brooded and speculated curiously upon all things below and beyond the moon. He wrestled bravely with such knotty problems as free will, universals, immortality; and he sweat and cursed because his limited vocabulary boggled his meaning. Once at the Metropolitan Museum he called my attention to Rodin's "The Thinker," remarking: "Just like me, that poor sucker. Swallowed his chew tryin' to hawk up the right word."

When I knew him, Frisco was twenty-five years old, and had been on and off the road since he was ten. His father was an Irish sea-captain named O'Hearn, his mother a dissolute Indian woman who had deserted him after his

father had been stabbed to death in a drunken fight. He was nine years old at that time. Then an old prostitute adopted him, and led him about the streets of San Francisco to help her beg. He ran away from her after a time, and started traveling around through the West.

"Slim," he said to me once, "I started bummin' before I was dry behind the ears yet. Used to hide under seats in the day coaches, and old ladies would cover me up with their skirts and feed me when the con was n't around, and I 'd tell 'em 'blubber stories' to get money out of 'em. I traveled over 'most ever' State in the Union before I was sixteen. Out West I was a 'punk,' or beggin' kid for a guy name o' 'Seattle Tom.' He had only one eye, and, believe me, he took damned good care o' that. I never could slip anything over on him. He used to beat the tar out o' me if I did n't bring him good 'lumps.' So I could n't steal much out of 'em. I got what he left. Finally I run away from him. Seattle Tom learned me a lot about the road though, and he learned me to read and write. He was rotten cruel, but did somethin' for me, after all."

Frisco's hoboing had not been confined to transcontinental trains. When he wearied of the railroads, he shipped out on merchant vessels bound on long cruises. He had been to the South Sea islands, Australia, India, China, South America. Despite the hard toil he had put in on such voyages, the romance of the sea poignantly appealed to him. He spoke with almost mystical rapture of the sounds and smells, and especially of the spectacular sights, of the tropics—the gorgeous birds and butterflies, the sunsets over the water, the

unearthly splendor of the stars at night.

At heart he was a true rover. His imagination, his speculative vein, his vast hunger for experience, made any steady routine job intolerable to him. He had tried "long-stake" jobs of all sorts, hoping to save money and attend a city night school; but his own reckless habits, his restlessness, combined with hard luck, had always put a crimp in his plans.

This is what he said about it:

"Four years ago I got a crazy notion I wanted to go to college. But think what I was a-buckin'! High-school trainin' had to come first. I got me a job herdin' sheep one summer. It was lonesome as hell. Stuck it out two months. Saw nobody; heard nobody. Only sheep. Baa, baa, baa all day and night. Then I got to baain' myself, tryin' to hold a conversation with 'em. That scairt me I was goin' nuts; so I quit and went to Los, where I got knocked on the head and rolled for every nickel I had.

"Last time I tried a long-stake job, I shipped 'gandy-dancer' with a railroad construction outfit. Shovel stiff, ye know. Guineas! The bunk-car stunk. Oh, *boy!* And shirt-rabbits in the blankets. Say! They made themselves right at home on your hide, and no mistake. They scoffed off o' me till I was so thin I could 'a' turned a hand-spring in a flute. Every mornin' I 'd turn out and take muh shot of black cawffee, and choke down rye bread greased with sowbelly. Then I 'd mosey out and say 'Good mornin' to the pick, and 'Howdy' to the shovel, and hop to it. I lasted a month; then I got greased for bustin' the foreman. Big husk, but yella as a duck's foot. He kicked me one day, and I crawls

'im. When they pulled me off muh meat, I had 'im bloody as a hawg. Course then I had to get muh time and beat it. When I got back to Los, the bright lights looked so good after that hard life with the gandies, I got drunker than a fiddler's bitch, and blowed all my jack. Two days later I was headed for 'Chi' in a battery-box."

Despite Frisco's failure to acquire an academic education, he had done a lot of reading in public libraries all over the country as he had hoboed hither and thither. He was fond of the Kipling-Jack London-Bret Harte school. He detested love-stories. The poems of Swinburne, particularly "The Garden of Proserpine," caught his fancy. Then he loved Sterling's "Wine of Wizardry," Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and above all "The Rubaiyat." In short, anything that fed his gloomy philosophy of negation was "great stuff." The philosophers attracted him more than the poets. London's "Martin Eden" and "The Sea Wolf" had led him into positivism, into Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" and Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." Schopenhauer, naturally, was a great favorite, whom he quoted with unctiousness. "I don't savy all that these old coots write," he admitted, referring to the philosophers, "but I like to wrastle with 'em just the same."

## § 2

I must confess that Frisco's philosophical anim dversions did not usually interest me so much as hearing him recount his road adventures. They were various and would fill a large volume. In particular he had a weakness for crack trains, and when he wanted to make a long jump, he rode in a battery-box.

The battery-boxes are those long wooden boxes that hang beneath passenger coaches, midway in their length and just over the rails. Such boxes usually carry storage-batteries which furnish power for the lighting system of the train; but occasionally a box contains no battery, and then a tramp may stow himself away in it and sometimes hold the train down for hundreds of miles.

But the trick of hiding oneself without assistance in one of these empty boxes is not so simple as it might at first seem. If you examine a battery-box as you pace along the depot platform, you may observe that the door is flush with the side of the car, and that it opens outward and downward. It is secured by a hasp on the outside, and when you open the door, it swings down on its hinges so that its lower edge almost scrapes the ties outside the rail.

Now, the tramp who crawls into the box, unless he has a confederate to lock him in, must make shift from the inside to pull shut the flapping door, and somehow to keep it shut until he reaches his destination. If he is possessed of Frisco's resourcefulness, he provides himself with a piece of pliable wire and a screw-eye. He fastens one end of the wire in the outer staple of the door through which the hasp slips, and pulls the door shut with the free end of the wire. Next he inserts his screw-eye, often an awkward and laborious process, into the upper beam of the box just above the crack formed by the top edge of the door and the sill. Then he secures the wire, which moves freely through the crack, to the screw-eye. The hobo is all set now. If he has supplied himself with plenty of "poke-outs" and a bottle of water,

he has an excellent chance of holding down the train as far as it goes.

That afternoon as Frisco and I sat in the car on our way to Boston he told me of that first battery-box trip of his from Chicago to California over the Santa Fé.

"Some trip that was. I 'll never forget it. I had a lot o' trouble gettin' in the box without somebody seein' me, and I went down to the yards hours before the train pulled out, too. I had a bunch of sandwiches on me, and a bottle of water with a little sugar in it. I just laid quiet till the train clicked out of 'Chi.' Three days I was in there. The grub and the water lasted me two days, so I had to go hungry the rest of the time. I did n't mind that so much, but the cramps in my back tortured me till I nearly went bughouse. You know, you're doubled up like a jackknife and ain't got room to stretch."

"I suppose you could n't read in there?"

"Read! Hell! Do you think I had a study lamp or somethin' in there? I had a deck of cards with me, and once I tried to play solitaire; but the dust was too thick, and the dark strained my eyes. Nothin' to do but sleep and think. I had no idea of time or where I was. I knew when it was daylight and when it was dark; that 's all. After I had been there a week, it seemed, it got infernal cold in the night, and I figured I was crossing the mountains somewheres in Arizona or New Mexico. I shivered till I thought I 'd shake myself to pieces. Then suddenly, z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zt! the damned screw-eye flew out, with my wire wrapped in it. The door flopped open, and the wind came at me ice-cold and yelpin' like a pack o' dogs. The lim-

ited was hittin' her up fifty mile' an hour, anyway. The door slammed up and down, and I thought every second she 'd strike a high tie, and rip the ol' battery-box, with me in, right out from under the car and send us a-smashin' to hell. Holy smokes! I was scairt. Then the train hit a curve so fast I had to fight like a whitehead to keep her from pitchin' me out. I was paddlin' and clawin' with both hands and feet, like a mouse on a treadwheel. She straightened purty soon, and I was all right. Then I pokes my head out a little ways, and the wind almost blinded me while I was grabbin' for that jumpin' wire. Before I knew it though, zow! the door flew up and caught me right on the bean. Knocked me silly. By and by the door flew shut with an awful wham. I was in a daze, but I managed to get my hooks on that wire before she flew open again. And I swung on to her most of the night just like a guy that 's tryin' to hold a bull calf that 's rippin' and r'arin' and lungin'. My head ached fierce, and a bump crowned the top of her the size of half a grape-fruit. When the train slowed down at a town I got the screw back in place, but I was so nervous I could n't sleep all the rest of the trip."

"And you made Los all right?"

"Sure. Crawled out humpbacked, though. My ol' spine had sprung a reverse curve, like a croquet-wicket. It took me a week to spring her back in place, and she sure was sore. Six months later I went through the whole thing again on the return trip to 'Chi.' I had a guy lock me in the box from the outside that time, and when I got to 'Chi' I hammered with my fists, and a car-knocker let me out. Works all right long as a dick [detective] ain't

the one to raise the latch. That happened once. On the second trip when I landed in Los, it was a long time 'fore I could make any one hear me. Then a dick came and assisted me p'litely from my carriage. While we was goin' to the booby-hatch together, I gave him such a spiel that he got interested, and turned me loose with his blessing—and a swift kick in the pants."

Frisco stopped, ruminated a moment, then continued: "Guess the bull was irritated because I'd talked him out of a pinch. I'm not *quite* sure, but I think that was the hardest kick in the pants I ever got."

Frisco had ridden in every place on a train where a hobo could possibly hang on by the eyelids. When he was younger in years and smaller in bulk he had ridden "the steps," the little compartment whose ceiling is the movable floor of passenger-coach vestibules. It exists, of course, only when the doors are closed. You have to hop off whenever the train stops. Frisco was familiar with all the tricks of "gunnel" or rod-riding. A hundred times he had "trucked it," or ridden in the trucks between the wheels. He was always prepared for the trucks, and carried in his pocket a piece of wood about ten inches long and grooved down the middle. This he clamped on the small lateral rod between the wheels, so that he could perch there with more comfort. This device he called his "ducket" or "ticket."

Then, he had ridden on the tender of the engine and down in the water-tank and on the pilot, or cow-catcher. He was always surreptitiously examining locomotives, because he had heard a rumor somewhere that there was a place under the boiler of certain types

of engines where a tramp could ride without much discomfort or danger. He never discovered it, at least not while I was hoboing with him. I'll bet if he ever found that place, he took a chance on riding there. What a great old train barnacle he was, that Frisco!

When I asked him once about cow-catchers, he said:

"I rode a cow-catcher just once. Never again, unless I have to. It was out of Eldorado, Kansas, over the Missouri Pacific. While the engine was in the station, I pipes the engineer comin' out of his cab with a little broom, and I see him dust the cow-catcher off nice and clean with it. I thinks to myself: 'Well, ain't that fine! He's dustin' her off for me.' So when his back was turned, I hops on the cow-catcher and crouches under the overhang of the boiler. I got by with it. Nobody saw me, and when the engine snorted out, there was yours truly smilin' like a basket o' chips on the cow-catcher. But I did n't smile long. That engine was a passenger engine and kicked up an awful wind. Open yer mouth, and she'd blow you wrong side out, and so cold she felt like an icicle laid against your eyeballs."

"Did n't hit anything, did you?"

"Oh, boy! Wait a minute! I'm comin' to that. Well, as I set there slappin' myself, tryin' to keep warm, the headlight sprayed out across the prairie and attracted all the bugs in Kansas. My mouth and eyes and shirt got full of 'em, and them big, shiny, black bugs hurt, too, when they hit you between the eyes. The light was so bright I could see big, bloaty hop-toads pantin' along between the rails twenty-five yards ahead. Purty

soon, a quarter mile away, at a crossing, I see an old white cow with her calf standin' on the track. The light did n't seem to bother her none. She just stood there munchin' her cud and blinkin' as we bore down on her. The old engine began tootin' like you hear 'em on New Year's eve. I sort o' slid down on the back of my neck and h'isted my heels up in the air so 's bossy would hit them first. Well, just before we reached her, she ambled calmly off the track, flickin' her tail, and the calf nosin' her in the flanks as she went. Say, I was so weak for a little while I could n't sit up. I just laid there on my neck prayin' for strength. Don't never mention cow-catcher to me again. It makes me nervous to talk about it."

In Boston Frisco and I settled down among the waterfront saloons as very low-caste bums—"bar flies" or "barrel-house stiffs."

The barrel-house stiff is frankly a booze parasite. His game is, or used to be, to hang around a cheap saloon and ingratiate himself with its inebriated or half-inebriated patrons with the sole purpose of sponging drinks. If he sponges only one drink, this means that he may sink a fork into the sour viands of the free-lunch counter without being molested by the bartender.

The men who infested these places were sailors, longshoremen, fishermen, and the like, who spent most of their earnings for cheap beer and whisky. When sober, these men scorned the barrel-house stiff, but, once drunk, they became an easy prey to the stiff's blandishments. They were ripe for maudlin friendship with any chance comer who attached himself to them.

Frisco and I would worm our way

into a knot of grimy tosspots, slap them upon the back, and drink cheerfully at their expense. If the proprietor of the saloon happened to be present, the bartender, Louie, would churlishly order us out; for some saloon men attempt to protect their patrons from such as we. But when Louie was alone, we were usually safe.

Frisco plied this parasitic game with such huge exuberance that I found it contagious; somehow, then, it did n't strike me that we were playing the degrading rôle we really were. The gigantic energy of these big-muscled men fascinated me: their capacity for liquor, their rank vulgarity, their clumsy play, the concreteness of their language, their gross animalism, the drollery of their thick tongues. Out of the salt of such mirth as theirs was created the humor and wisdom of *Falstaff* and *Sancho Panza* and *Panurge*. I would n't have missed it for a kingdom.

I do not mean to suggest that we spent all our days and nights cadging drinks from the soiled wassailers to be found in such places, but we spent a good many of them there, often reeling on unsteady legs the long, long distance to the railroad yards in East Cambridge, where we were wont to sleep.

Then came a day when Frisco mysteriously disappeared. He awoke early one morning and shuffled off to Somerville to throw his feet, telling me he would join me later at the waterfront in Boston. I never saw him again.

### § 3

I took counsel with myself, and somewhat to my surprise discovered that, though I had originally set out

with Frisco and greatly depended upon him, yet way down in my heart I did n't want to leave the road and go back to respectability and a job—not just yet. Under his tuition I had grown sure of my own resources, and felt a superb exaltation sweep over me as I thought of the Far West, which Frisco had painted in glowing colors. Why not go to the Pacific coast? I had never seen the South, either; I could go down through Dixie and catch the Southern Pacific at New Orleans, and thence reach Los Angeles.

My decision to hit the grit west seemed momentous at the time. My self-respect mounted to rugged altitudes. The thought of seeking a job seemed positively demoralizing; it indicated flabbiness of character, a cowardly renunciation of the swaggering valor of the road.

On a rainy afternoon I set out to Somerville to bum all the food I could get, and, if possible, a pair of shoes. It was to be my last foraging expedition in the neighborhood of Boston. That day was one of the luckiest I ever had on the road. As my clothes were rain-soaked and I doubtless looked more woebegone than I really was, I excited more than the usual degree of attention and sympathy. At the first house I struck, an old woman with wads of cotton stuffed in her ears gave me twenty-five cents. At the second house I was invited inside for a "set-down." The family was just finishing dessert, which, I shall never forget, was blueberry pie; and they gathered around me while I ate, grinning like a parcel of blue-teethed Cheshire cats, amused at my tales of trampdom. When I had finished eating, they held a consultation in an adjoining room, and I heard low

voices and the chink of coins. Presently a young woman came in alone and presented me with ninety-five cents in nickels and dimes!

After leaving the house with this impressive sum, I continued my quest for shoes. I finally landed two pairs, besides an unsolicited "poke-out"; and then made a bee-line for the railroad yards of South Boston.

As I bowed my head against the beating rain, I scarcely felt discomfort, so pranked up was I with a sense of my own self-sufficiency; for was n't I a lone trailer now, just burgeoning into blown-in-the-glasshood? I did n't seem to regret the absence of Frisco so much as I should have done. Perhaps it was because I was not exceedingly keen for the voyage overseas upon which Frisco was stubbornly set. I think I was aware of a certain relief when the impending sea-trip passed out of my reckoning. After all, I was n't made of globe-trotter stuff; I was only an insular bum.

Not until a year later did I discover what befell Frisco in Boston. I was back in Chicago, well cured of the road for a time at least, when I received a letter from Frisco, written in Yokohama. In it he explained how he and a Nova-Scotian sailor had gone on a roaring spree together; and how, in short, after they had resisted an officer who arrested them, they had been jugged for thirty days. For several years I received sporadic communications from Frisco from all parts of the world, the last one coming in 1916 from France, where he had enlisted in the Foreign Legion. A letter which I addressed to him brought no reply. There ends my knowledge of Frisco. Wherever you are, Old Timer, I salute you—hobo rez, tramp royal!





A. BONAR LAW



## A. Bonar Law

BY WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD

DRAWING BY RALPH BARTON



SURELY, the Right Honorable A. Bonar Law, England's new premier, has not observed the trend of political events, or carefully studied the November election returns in America, for he has announced and reiterated that a return to tranquillity is to be the key-note of his government. His "tranquillity" bids fair to equal President Harding's "back to normalcy" as a slogan. The tranquillity pronouncement did not make a great hit with Lloyd George. When first hearing of it, he said, "The oyster is the most tranquil animal I know."

There is so much similarity between the political careers of President Harding and Mr. Law that it is worth while to compare them. Both are conservatives. The Unionists of England correspond to the Republicans of America. Mr. Harding hides his conservatism behind loud claims of Progressivism, but nobody believes him, while Bonar Law is an avowed Tory. Both the President and Mr. Law owe their opportunity for political advancement to a deadlock. Mr. Law became the leader of the opposition, after Balfour's resignation, because neither Austen Chamberlain nor Walter Long could master sufficient votes to control, and neither was willing to throw his strength to the other. The opposi-

tion leadership made Law the logical selection for the premiership after the fall of the coalition government. President Harding was chosen as the Republican nominee because neither General Wood, Hiram Johnson, nor Governor Lowden was willing to allow either of the other two to receive the coveted plum. Neither Harding nor Law was an outstanding statesman; neither had a great national reputation until after elevation to office. I was in England at the time Law was chosen leader of the Unionists. When the first news came of his selection, a distinguished nobleman asked me: "Who is this chap Law? I never heard of him." Senator Harding was confused in the minds of thousands of Americans with Governor W. P. G. Harding of the Federal Reserve. I was told several times during the campaign: "I am going to support Harding because he has shown himself to be such a great financier in the management of the Federal Reserve Banks. What this country needs is a capable business executive."

Both Law and Harding are enthusiastic golf-players. Law entered politics through Lord Balfour, who first met him on the golf course in Glasgow. Being struck with the lucidity of his mind and his great store of statistical facts concerning political and indus-

trial affairs, Lord Balfour prevailed on him to stand for Parliament.

Both owe their triumphant election to the bugaboos of Bolshevism, communism, and radical socialism. Their success was due to the same cause that brought about the recent triumph of the Fascisti in Italy. When Bolshevism arose with all its horrors, its mien was so terrible that it frightened the middle-class people, who held the balance of power. They threw their strength to conservatism.

While President Harding and Premier Law have many points in common, there are some angles of divergence. Normalcy and tranquillity are closely related; yet there is a difference in results and in the method of obtaining them. While Harding and Law believe in the same underlying principles of government, the reaction of this principle on the two men is different. Both want to go back to the good old times when capital and landed interests could shirk much of the burden of taxation and could bask in the light of special privilege. Both want to return to the good old days when the income and excess-profit taxes were unknown; when the manufacturers were protected, and when talk about equal rights for all was intended only for campaign purposes. They have, however, taken a slightly different route to reach this goal.

Mr. Harding's idea of normalcy is strictly national: it concerns only the United States. His plan is to build a nice, comfortable tariff wall around America high enough to shut out any impudent intruders who dare poach on the preserves of American manufacturers. Labor is to be protected from a reduction of wages by this same beneficent tariff. Government ex-

penses are to be cut down and taxation reduced by the budget system. Normalcy demands that America return to the old policy concerning foreign relations. Its program is for America to refuse to accept any international obligations. She may advise, console, or lend a helping hand whenever she feels like it, but must not obligate herself to do any of these things. America is to be rich, happy, and contented, and the rest of the world can shift for itself.

Bonar Law's tranquillity means much the same course concerning internal affairs: the same tariff reform; the same reduction of taxes; the same conservatism, with added force for the suppression of radicalism, because of its more imminent danger to England, though also having an international scope. The redoubtable Lloyd George always carried a chip on his shoulder when dealing with foreign nations. Mr. Law would replace that chip with an olive branch. His tranquillity means tranquil foreign relations, and he is willing to go as far as the dignity of England will allow in order to secure it.

Here even their seeming similarity ends. Law is the exact antithesis to Harding both mentally and physically. He is a great student and mentally very alert; Harding is able, but mentally lazy. Law is a dour, downright Scot, very determined and aggressive; Harding is the champion conciliator of America. Harding is one of the handsomest men in this country, while Law is not built on lines that will ever cause him to be mistaken for Apollo. He acknowledges, rather claims, the distinction of being the ugliest man in Parliament. His opinion of his personal appearance reminds me of the

Limerick composed by ex-President Wilson:

“For beauty I am not a star.  
There are others more handsome by far;  
But my face, I don't mind it,  
For I am behind it.  
It 's the folks in the front that I jar.”

Mr. Law is long, lean, lanky, and loose-jointed. He is entirely devoid of grace. When speaking, he stands rigidly stiff, his right hand holding to the desk in front of him, and his left making occasional up-and-down gestures that never synchronize with the emphatic points of his address. He has deep-set, cavernous eyes, high cheek-bones, hollow cheeks, a long, scrawny neck, and a heavy, drooping mustache. His hair is thin, and he combs it directly back. His voice is high-pitched and shrill, and he speaks in a dull monotone, much as a business man dictates to his stenographer. The mantle of the Covenanters has fallen on him. When listening to him speak, it is easy to imagine that you are having “the law and the gospel” expounded to you by a stern Calvinist preacher. Some one has said that you unconsciously look for the first, secondly, thirdly, and fourthly in his discourse. He is no Burke, Sheridan, or Lloyd George as an orator. Some one has wittily said, “An Englishman likes his politics dull.” If this is true, Mr. Law should be exceedingly popular. He has as much imagination as have the ledgers in his counting-house and is utterly devoid of humor. He speaks with a distinct burr, and clips his vocables after the manner current in Glasgow. No picture of the man would be complete without his pipe. Most smokers hold a pipe in their hand more

than half the time. Not so Bonar Law; his appears glued to his lips.

## § 2

How can one account for the remarkable rise of so non-magnetic a man to the highest place in the English Government? It is due to his common horse sense, his integrity, his business ability, and his vast knowledge concerning political and economic questions. While members of Parliament may not like to *listen* to his dull speeches, the people always *read* them for the meat which they contain.

It was a shrewd political move to give him a minor position in the Government, in 1902, as parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade, for this transferred him to the Government's support. His deadly array of facts, his accurate statistics, had been disconcerting. The Government decided that Mr. Law would be better as a friend than as a foe. Mr. Law has an ever ready, combative tongue. He is ready to argue at any time, and usually gets the better of the argument because he has the facts at his fingertips. Sometimes his combativeness leads him to real discourtesy. He is “unco dour,” and says what he believes to be true without regard to the feelings of his adversary. On one occasion he shocked the sensibilities of the House by an attack on Mr. Asquith, then prime minister. Mr. Asquith had said:

“I take this stand as a matter of principle,” to which Mr. Law rejoined: “You have n't got any principle.”

Mr. Law usually speaks extemporaneously, a very dangerous policy for a man representing the Government, for there are hundreds of alert minds ready to pick flaws in his statements.

Because of his accurately trained mind, however, they can rarely find any errors or misstatements. When heckled, Mr. Law is ready with a reply, something like this: "The honorable gentleman said in a speech at Manchester on September the first, 1897," and then from this speech he quotes statements diametrically opposed to the heckler's stand. I said that he spoke extemporaneously, but he does not speak without notes—in his pockets. Should the heckler deny his quotation or demand further proof, Mr. Law immediately reaches down into his pocket, always the right one, and draws forth the exact paper to verify his quotation. It seems like a kind of jugglery, an uncanny sense of place. There may be a dozen points in his speech which the opposition may dispute, but he knows exactly into which pocket to dive in order to have irrefutable proof of his statement.

The best description of his character is that he is hard-headed, level-headed, unimaginative, thoroughly practical, entirely free from frills, and accurately posted on all national affairs. He is never carried away by emotion. His lucid mind is never misled. He believes that British business is of paramount importance to England. He has been described as "icily regular, splendidly dull."

He is the only man who has ever forced the resignation of two premiers, Asquith and Lloyd George. At the beginning of the World War he was the first man to preach non-partizanship in politics. Much against Mr. Asquith's will, he forced him to change his Liberal cabinet and then forced Mr. Asquith out of the proposed coalition government. King George asked him, as the leading man in this

movement, to form a new cabinet; but the canny Scot knew that hard times were ahead, so he refused the offer, and Lloyd George, the radical (since toned down), took the post in his stead. His agreement to coöperate with Lloyd George had a string tied to it. He agreed that he would work with him as long as, and only as long as, a majority of the Unionists voting in caucus agreed to support the premier. This support was withdrawn at the Carlton Club; whereat Bonar Law withdrew, the coalition government fell, with his resultant elevation to the premiership.

He has begun his premiership by holding out the olive branch to Lloyd George. If surprise is the key-note of wit, then this attitude on the part of Law is extremely witty. It is the same benign pose that the cat takes after she has swallowed the canary. It does not fit into Law's character. He is acting out of his part. It reminds me of the pitiful attempts at good-fellowship made by that other stern Calvinist, Charles E. Hughes, when he was a candidate for the Presidency.

### § 3

After seeing the man, what must we expect of his government? What will be his policies? The new government cannot revoke the actions of the coalition government concerning foreign affairs without stultifying itself, because the premier and the Marquis of Curzon, secretary of foreign affairs, were prominent members of Lloyd George's cabinet.

The German and Russian policies must be continued as before, for the above and the added reason that England's industrial situation must receive first consideration. English commerce

demands trade; therefore the present government will endeavor to gain the trade of these two countries, through political concessions, if necessary.

Law will work in closer harmony with France than did the fiery Lloyd George, because, first of all, he is a business man who recognizes the importance of a friendly relationship with this great neighboring republic, and also because he has no part in the animosities, dislikes, and distrusts engendered by past disputes with France. He inherits Lloyd George's task without the personal antipathies which he had aroused.

He will continue Lloyd George's policy concerning the Irish Free State. He has always been an inveterate foe of the Irish Republic. He is a great friend and admirer of Sir Edward Carson. He is an Ulsterman by tradition and heredity, his father having been born in that county. These facts, however, will not deter him from giving the Free State every opportunity to demonstrate its power to organize a responsible government. While his sentiments may not favor the Free State as did those of Lloyd George, his promise of support is equally sure to be carried out, because he believes this the best solution of the vexatious situation.

In the settlement of the Turkish question he is likely to be harsher than the former premier would have been, because his Scotch temperament is unbending. It demands that contracts and treaties be carried out to the letter, and for the further reason that he has felt the keen edge of the Turkish sword pierce his very heart. He had two sons in the war; one died in Mesopotamia and the other in a Turkish prison, where mercy and clemency

are but little known. He would be more than human if this did not cause him to exact strict justice.

Like Governor Edwards of New Jersey, he is opposed to prohibition, but is himself a total abstainer, milk being his principal liquid refreshment. Many a story has been told about his sitting in the House of Commons, with his feet cocked up on the desk before him, sipping a glass of milk and eating a few crackers for luncheon.

There probably will be no further attempt to add to the list of England's protectorates during his administration. Mr. Law is opposed to any further commitments in foreign affairs. He believes that England already has her hands full and that it is a thankless task to attempt to elevate unwilling minor peoples. It would not surprise me if England while under his guidance withdrew from some of her present spheres of influence, provided she can do so with dignity and without jeopardizing the financial interests of Britons who have invested in these territories, depending upon the United Kingdom's power for protection.

He believes in the League of Nations, was one of its signers, and hopes that it will finally bring world peace. He believes that its best work cannot be accomplished until the United States becomes a member, which he hopes will be in the near future. He believes that America will gradually feel it her duty to help in the chaos which was brought on by the war.

He takes the middle ground concerning the indemnity that Germany must pay according to the terms of the Versailles Treaty. He did not believe at the time it was assessed, and does not believe now, that it is possible for Germany to pay this stupendous

amount. Neither does he think, with some modern bankers, that her debts should be canceled. His position is that the amount should be based on her ability to pay. He brings to bear the judgment learned in the counting-house. Having a bad debtor, he prefers to take a percentage of his bill rather than to have him go into bankruptcy, in which case he himself would sustain an entire loss. His cold mathematical statistics will do more to convince France that this view is sound business judgment than did the belligerent attitude of his predecessor.

He believes in tariff reform. Tariff reform to him means reform upward. His slogan, "Tariff reform means work for all," bears a striking resemblance to Mark Hanna's "A full dinner-pail." Probably, like most protectionists, he is more interested in a full bank-account—for British manufacturers.

He believes in the restoration of the power of the House of Lords, which has been greatly diminished during the last two Liberal governments. His position is in keeping with the greatly increased influence in America of the United States Senate. The House of Lords represents the nobility, capital, and the landed interests, while the House of Commons represents the people. Mr. Law thinks that when both sides are really represented, there is greater assurance of justice to all.

He has always been an optimist concerning Great Britain's future. While he recognizes that the country was sorely stricken and business sadly crippled by the war, he believes British common sense will carry her through to safety. He expressed it as follows:

"The nation's ore is going through the furnace, and is now coming out not as dross, but as gold."

Bonar Law was born in New Brunswick on September 16, 1858, son of the Rev. James and Eliza (Kidston) Law. When he was twelve years of age his father was called to a Glasgow church. Young Law completed his high-school education in that city. The headmaster of this school spoke of him as being particularly noted for argumentation. After finishing high school, he went to work for his uncle, who was head of William Kidston & Company, iron merchants. He mastered the iron trade from the ground up. He was not afraid of overalls, was the first man to reach the shop in the morning, and the last one to leave at night. He learned how to smelt and how to pour the molten liquid, how to make patterns and how to cast. He believes in the dignity of labor, because he has done his share of it.

After thoroughly mastering the mechanical end, he learned the office work so thoroughly that his uncle took him into partnership not because of his kinship, but because he had earned the advancement. Together they built up one of the largest iron businesses in Great Britain. So successful was he that in 1900, at the age of forty-two, he was able to retire. In 1891 he married Annie Pitcairn Robley of Glasgow. Two boys and two girls were born of this union. His wife died in 1909, and he has never remarried.

He entered Parliament as a Unionist from Blackfriars in 1900. Two years later he became parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade, which post he filled for four years. Upon the resignation of Lord Balfour in 1910 and the establishment of a Liberal government, he became the opposition leader. On the formation of the coalition government in 1915 he was made

secretary of state for the colonies and was chancellor of the exchequer from 1916 to 1918. He became lord of the privy seal in 1919.

He has simple tastes. He cares little for society, and has virtually withdrawn from it since the death of his wife. He wears good clothes, but they are not usually well pressed. His recreations are golf, chess, and tennis. He plays a splendid game of chess, remarkable tennis for a man of his age, and execrable golf. When not at work or engaged in these sports, he may always be found in his library, for he is an omnivorous reader. Having a very retentive and accurate memory, he is one of the best informed men in England. It may be added that he never had the advantage of a college education.

The tie between him and his daughters is very strong. He has been both

father and mother to them. The younger one may be seen with him wherever he goes. She plays golf and tennis with "Dad." The older daughter is now Lady Sykes.

Mr. Law is highly respected by his associates. The accuracy of his statements is never questioned by his intimates. They love, fear, and trust him. While he is of the severe Calvinistic type, his heart is tender. He gives many thousand pounds a year to charity, which is done so unostentatiously that no one ever knows of his gratuities. He is not a self-advertiser and desires no glory. His reward is in work well done. He is a strict disciplinarian, but just and fair to those who obey implicitly. Woe unto them who dispute his authority! In other words, he is a typical Covenanter, a living example of the original Balfour of Burleigh.

## Abdication

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

When your cold eyes appraised life's offering,  
 Balanced the ledger with an honest scorn,  
 And fixed the sum of nature's proffering  
 At figures others judged a bit forlorn;  
 When major faiths and minor human lusts  
 Furnished your writer's mill with choicest grist  
 (You pictured dreaming swine agog for husks),  
 Men laughed, and named you master ironist.

But when at last your parched lips sought a cup,  
 And your tired hands a scrap of broken bread,—  
 The puppet-master's strings now yielded up,  
 You in the dangling puppet's rôle instead,—  
 All the thin laughs that you had called from earth  
 Were lost in thunderings of cosmic mirth.





# The Last of the Vikings<sup>1</sup>

*A Novel in Seven Parts—Part V*

BY JOHAN BOJER

NORWEGIAN DRAWINGS BY SIGURD SKOU



AFTER this the cod disappeared altogether. They had latterly been getting fewer and fewer, and both the net and the line boats had returned to land empty. The good fishing had been only an interlude, and now the sea was empty again. What were the fishermen to do?

They grew tired of going out to draw in empty nets, and spent their time in wandering about the islands with their hands in their pockets, looking at one another. Was it better anywhere else? Should they move? But all the accounts both from east and west were equally bad.

The men understood now that their good fortune had so intoxicated them that they had spent their money without a thought of saving. Those peddlers must have Old Nick for their head-man! Had not that black, curly-haired Jew fooled Kaneles Gomon into buying a new anchor-escapement watch with gold edges, and a broad chain with seven or eight silver strands and a gilt slide. That money might have come in useful at home, where they perhaps had nothing to eat even; but whoever would have thought that the good luck would have ended just like the blowing out of a candle?

Peter Suzansa, too, had bought a

piece of green dress-material for his eldest daughter. It was too late now to regret it, but old men should have wisdom. And even Arnt Awsan had bought a book of sermons, and he was almost in tears when he took the expensive book out of his chest and unwrapped it. He went to the colporteur who had persuaded him to buy it, and begged to be allowed to give it back; but, unfortunately, he had already written Gurina's name in it, so the good man shook his head and smiled. Arnt suggested that the Almighty would remove the name by a miracle if a man like the colporteur asked Him to do so; but it was of no use. Arnt became sleepless. Ever since he had set foot on a Lofoten boat things had gone wrong with him. Everything he did at sea was wrong, everything he did and said in the hut was wrong, and jeers and laughter rained upon him from morning till night. He went about like a man who had lost himself. His pale sheep's face was always trying to look important, and that only caused more laughter. Was he nothing at all, then? He, the capable timber-man from the valley! There was only one thing to cling to, and that was the thought of Gurina and the little farm that he meant to work up so that they could

<sup>1</sup>Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

feed three cows on it, as sure as ever he got home from Lofoten with money. Money indeed! When he went and frittered it away! God help him! His punishment was coming.

But, after all, this was nothing compared with Elezeus Hylla's state of mind. He had nets of his own, and should have a "whole share"; he had had a glimpse of wealth that had made him shout for joy, but now—now it was as though his sou'wester had blown off. What had become of it? Wealth! He began to send angry glances at Kriståver, the head-man. It might have paid better, perhaps, to have been only a "half-share man" after all, and let others take the risk for the nets. But that fellow had become his guarantor, and what did he mean by it? Did he, out of pure ill nature, want to bring him into debt and responsibility? Elezeus became more and more excited and more and more angry, and walked up and down the room, scolding and swearing, all without mentioning any particular person; the one the cap fitted was welcome to wear it! Ha! And he set his feet firmly and turned out his toes; and his legs were thin and his shoulders were broad, his cheek-bones were high and his teeth were gleaming white, but his eyes were brown and roved about angrily.

"This 'll be a bad year, you 'll see. We shall be paupers, every one of us, but the first 'll be me. No one knows how wretchedly poor I am; no one would believe what our poverty is. And then people fool me into new responsibilities and fresh debt! Ugh! One ought—one ought to—well, I 'll say no more; I won't say anything more!" And he shot angry glances in the direction of the head-man, who

sat on the bench with half-closed eyes of amusement.

Henry Rabben was working at the handle of an ax, and as he looked across at Kriståver he remarked:

"It 's curious how difficult it is for some people to bear any responsibility."

"Eh?" said Elezeus, stopping in his walk and glaring at Henry as if he could have swallowed him in one gulp. "Have *you* got something to say, too? Have n't you got enough to do combing your beard, you flower-pot, you! Eh! So *he* had something to say, too, confound him!"

At this moment the door opened, and a Namdal man who had lost all his nets came in to ask Kriståver and Peter Suzansa and Henry Rabben if they would guarantee for him at the shop, so that he could obtain new nets on credit. Elezeus stood still, gazing open-mouthed at him. The three men addressed looked at one another. It was not exactly a time for undertaking fresh responsibilities, but the Namdaler was an old acquaintance.

"It 'll be bad, whatever we do," Peter said at last.

"The fishing 's not likely to be any better if we say 'No,' " argued Henry, going on with his work. And then Kriståver agreed, too. But the Namdal man might lose his nets once more, and then— Well, then his three guarantors would never be allowed to leave the place until they had paid his debt to the station-king. That was certain.

There was great despondency all over the islands. It was perhaps worse for the bachelors, who had bought expensive brooches and scarfs and rings, which they were going to scatter around when they returned

from this wonderful fishing. But man proposes, and God disposes.

The shop was full of men. They bought nothing and they said nothing, but they came from habit acquired in former days, when the owner of the station devoured them whole, and was under a kind of obligation to keep them alive during bad times. Now, when he occasionally came out of his office, he pretended not to see them. They had become free men, and could sell their fish to whom they liked; so what did they want with him now?

Men sat there writing Lofoten letters, but none of them would tell the truth, namely, that there was no fish. "Send you money? No, you must manage with what you've got for the present. Best love."

A bait-steamer from Tromsø came up into the harbor. Fresh caplin! Prime fare for cod! Bait? What's the good of bait when there is n't a fish to be found in the sea? The steamer put out to sea again, taking a westward course. "Good luck to you! But you won't find a station where there are any buyers."

Boats came in from West Lofoten, where there had been no fish all the winter. They had rowed their hardest so as to arrive in time to find lodgings, but were met at the mouth of the harbor with the tidings that they had rowed in vain. "Put on your sou'-wester and take a few breaths and then go back. There are no fish here, at any rate."

This was a grand time for Jacob, however. He limped about and bought up nets and boats. Money? He would pay that later; they would have to keep their boats and nets as pledges. He then bought the men out, and took them on as "half-share men" to work

for him for the rest of the winter. There were several head-men who had a firm belief in Jacob's luck, and they agreed to the transaction and entered into his service, for nothing could be worse than things were at present.

Two men were walking together over the island, the one stalwart, with a short, reddish beard and mustache and blue, twinkling eyes, the other with a red, beardless face, a particularly small nose, and a smile like that of a pretty girl. They were Kriståver and his friend Edwin Hansen, from Varanger, and were on their way to a coffee-house to get a drink and perhaps have a little fun with the waitress if no one was looking; and as they went they laughed and told stories. Edwin Hansen had a wife and a number of children in a cottage up in the north, and a brother's widow and her children were packed into the same cottage, and for all these, and for the widow and children of another brother as well, he and his little Nordland boat had to make a living. But would it make things any better if he were to sit looking glum and tearful? No, he and Kriståver took walks, enjoyed jokes, and both became like lads of twenty again. Unfortunately, there was a new waitress in the coffee-house, and she was both old and ugly. They exchanged glances, which meant, "She's too moldy," and ordered their coffee; and it ended, as it usually did, in their sitting and telling one another the latest items of news from their respective homes.

"I suppose some of the children still have to sleep under the kitchen dresser, but except for that it's all plain sailing, eh?" said Kriståver.

"Oh dear, yes. And I suppose

you 've got some little pigs by now, have n't you?"

Sunday came, and many of the men now remembered that there was a church on the station and that there was service to-day; and it was really remarkable how full the church became. The bells rang out over island and sea, and along the narrow paths in the snow came the fishermen, one after another, not in blouse and sou'wester, but in homespun coat and broad-brimmed hat. A few of them wore sea-boots, however, because they had nothing else to go in except wooden shoes.

They entered the church with snow upon their tarry boots, and as they were accustomed to the worst seats in their churches at home, they began here, too, to crowd together upon the rear benches; and it was only when it became impossible for any more to squeeze themselves in there that the pews farther forward began to fill one by one. When Peter Suzansa came in, he almost fainted when he found that he would have to go forward to the second pew from the front, where the postmaster and the telegraph manager were sitting. It was fortunate for him that Kristáver Myran and his son were in the pew just behind, for that was like having a helping hand near him. And Jacob, too, was close by. He was the only man who was not wearing special church-clothes. He had on the usual blouse and the same Iceland jersey; but he had shaved his upper lip, which was now quite blue.

To-day there was no ill feeling between Southerners and Nordlanders, nor between net and line fishermen; Nordland men and Stads men sat together.

The hymn began. A tarry hand was put forward and grasped the edge of Kristáver's hymn-book, while its owner followed the words with his eyes. It was Jacob's hand. And what a thumb! It had suffered in its time, for the nail was gone, and it was just a lump gathered together at the end. But Jacob had a voice, and gradually he groped his way up to the right note, raised his brown eyes under his eyebrows, and joined in.

The singing was hearty. There were young men who sang in the choir at home, and they took different parts as they sang; tenor voices soared upward, basses rolled after more heavily, the intermediate parts were filled in, and old, quavering hymn-voices followed haltingly. It was a good long time since they had last sung a hymn, and they all sang; and the singing made one think of the sea and the waves, of wind and weather.

The young priest knelt at the altar. He knew this way of singing, and he felt himself utterly superfluous, for all that he had to offer these men of the sea they had already received in the hymn. They were singing themselves up to a faith and opening their hearts. The hymn was their prayer. They scarcely noticed the words they sang; it was their own thought that the hymn carried up to heaven. Through the roaring of this sea one could dimly perceive souls with folded hands. The man who ordinarily drank and swore and fought, and thought of nothing but the fishing and money, now threw aside this husk and became a hymn himself, soaring upward, higher and higher, priest and sermon superfluous.

One tenor voice sounded above all the others. It was Kaneles Gomon, and he sang with so clear and beauti-

ful a voice that many turned to see who it was. Perhaps he was thinking of his sister and his old half-blind father. He had written only one letter home, and he had thrown all his money away on finery and foolishness. He felt it was better for him to sing and sing, for he was not as good as he ought to be.

At last the priest had to go into the pulpit, and he stood there waiting until the last verse came to an end. He was a fair man of about forty and wore spectacles. He knew that as soon as he began to speak they would close their ears and sink into apathy, and his words would be nothing but meaningless sound to them. They would wake up again only at the singing of the next hymn, for in the hymn they could seek just what they needed, and give exactly what it was in their power to give. What was he standing there for?

## § 2

The sea-birds were flying eastward. Kriståver was out on the banks again, and he watched them as they flew. He felt drawn in the same direction. When he closed his eyes he seemed to have an indistinct feeling with the shoals of fish that had to go somewhere or other; he had a longing to go eastward, too. He said nothing to any one, but something he felt he must do.

It was snowing, but there was no wind, and the white snow was piled high on the roofs of the houses, and the ships in the harbor were unrecognizable. It snowed day and night.

One evening Kriståver called Peter Suzansa outside, and they talked for a little while in low voices. Then Kriståver brought his men together down by their boat, and later in the

evening there were a few things to be carried on board from the hut. The crew of the *Seal* was going to bed early to-night.

The snow continued to fall. The waves fell heavily, and in the absence of wind the islands and mountains seemed to be lying listening. The lights went out, and the station slept, and the snow fell more heavily, but softly and silently. It filled the roads and piled itself upon roofs and up against walls, and transformed flights of steps into hill-slopes. Boats and ships lay so still that the snow rose high upon the tops of masts, on sternpost, bowsprit, and rowlocks. The harbor lights shone upon ropes and tackle embroidered over with white. The heavy galleasses and Nordland sloops had their rigging trimmed with white lace, and grew young and dainty-looking; everything was white and maidenly, and slender forms stood erect in the light of the lanterns, as if clothed in bridal garments. These sea-plows, which smelt of oil and tar and fish, were decorating themselves and becoming more and more fairy-like. Mastheads became like church-spires, and only waited for some silver bell to sound, and consecrate the whole.

Now and then there was a splash in the water beside a quay: it was snow falling from a sloping roof. There the white snow and the gray, salt North Sea met. The snow lay floating for a moment, still white, and then became grayer and grayer as it sank and was consumed.

A little after midnight something moved up on the island: men were coming through the darkness, one after another. It was Kriståver and his men. They walked noiselessly, carrying a sack containing bedding under

each arm. Not a word was uttered. Their provision-chests were already in the boat, and now it was for them to get on board. They rowed the little boat out by forcing their hands through the water, for an oar may creak. The *Seal* looked like a fairy-boat. They clambered cautiously aboard; the thing was to get away unseen and unheard. It was one thing to move themselves, but quite another thing to have a few hundred boats in their wake. Peter Suzansa was the only man who knew about their flight.

As they raised the anchor, the boat began to shake off her finery, showering it down upon the six sou'westers. The boat itself was half full of snow, but that could be shoveled out later. The oars were carefully shipped, but first of all broad woolen gloves were laid in the rowlocks in order that the rowing should be noiseless. The boat began to move past ships with yellow lanterns on their masts, which showed that the *Seal* still had some finery in her rigging. As they moved farther out, the oars worked harder; but at last the men ceased rowing. Then the snow was shoveled out with buckets and bailers, and finally they had time to consider the wind and weather. They were going east. Wind there was none, and the sea and current were contrary. Well, they meant to go somewhere eastward; so they would have to row.

And they rowed. Three pairs of oars dipped into the water, six men, two and two sitting side by side, bent forward and backward, forward and backward, their heads in their sou'westers moving in curves, two and two. They grew warm, and the sou'westers had to come off. The boat was heavy, and so were the oars, and

the current was against them. Pull away! The head-man himself had to row. Now and again he turned his head to look in the direction in which they were rowing to take his bearings by some light or other. The hours passed, but it was still dark.

The time of blistered hands was over for Lars, and they were now as hard as horn; but, as the hours passed, there was a rushing sound in his ears, and his temples throbbed. His wet feet were not exactly comfortable in his boots. When would they be able to take breath? No one knew. The head-man wanted to go east, and it might be that they would still be sitting here rowing this time to-morrow. It would be as the head-man decided.

No one spoke a word; no one thought a thought any longer. It was only arms that toiled, legs that were stiffly strained, and backs that ached. They were all transformed into rowing-machines.

They rowed on. The boat was forced on against the current, past headlands, bays, and rocks against which the waves broke and foamed. It was not snowing now, but the sky was dark with heavy clouds, between which were gleams of green and yellow; and the same darkness and light were faintly reflected in the sea. Then came a stir in the sky, the clouds began to move, and became men, animals, fishermen in boats, old women hastening along with shawls over their heads, children riding upon fish, all of them toward a yellow and green fire; and over the sea there was the same commotion. The sky soon became a world of evil, a realm of live goblins, and on the sea below there was nothing but a boat with some fishermen in it, at which all these yellow and gray

faces were glaring. The same faces appeared in the sea and surrounded the boat, and both the sky and the sea became dark with monsters.

Where were the men going? That even Kriståver did not know; he was only listening to a mysterious voice—eastward! He felt a compass-needle pointing eastward. He had followed such indications before and had not regretted it; but he saw the sinister look of the sky and sea, and felt that he was fleeing. From what? A terror with many faces followed in his wake. It was poverty. It was not the first time that it pursued a fishing-boat and that the men rowed for their lives to escape from it. In front of them there were hope, safety, somewhere or other, and what they had to do was to exert themselves and row.

They rowed on. The lights below the high snow-fields of the Lofoten Wall grew pale, the sea grew lighter, and the fantastic forms in the sky dispersed or sank into the sea again. In a bay they recognized Kabelvaag, with its many lights. They saw Great Molla, with its church spire rising out of the sea and pointing heavenward. It grew lighter, and became day. In front and to the east they saw ranges of mountains, with deep fiords and sounds, and for the rest the West Fiord, yellow and gray beneath the yellow and gray sky, and beyond these miles of sea a line of mountains—the mainland. What then? Where were they going?

Here Kriståver sprang upon the thwart and looked about him, and then held up his hand. All the oars stopped just as they were about to dip into the water, and nothing was heard but the lapping of the ripples against the bow.

Kriståver saw first a crowd of boats coming out from Kabelvaag and Svolvær. It looked as if some piece of news had made them turn out, and they were hurrying; they reminded one of firemen hastening to put out a fire. After them came steamers, and they went in the same direction and passed the boats. Where were they going?

"What is it?" asked Henry Rabben, standing up on the same thwart.

Kriståver was now looking at something else. A motley cloud of birds came into view far out at sea. It must have been beyond the bank, but the spouting of a whale could be both heard and seen. In these regions, where there are whales there are herring, and where there are herring there are cod. They were going eastward; but shoals must have gone before, since the fishermen had turned out already. The shoals driven by the whale could not turn, and had to go into a fiord.

All the men on the *Seal* were standing on the thwarts to gaze. "What is it?" "Oh, look there!" "What is it?" Kriståver did not utter a word.

"Row!" he said at last, jumping down to his oar. They began rowing again, and the boat shot through the water. The men had rowed their hardest all through the night, and might have wanted a rest and a little food; but this was better, and they must take part in it, so they rowed with a will.

Later in the day they saw behind them on the sea a number of masts following them. Had their flight been discovered? Had any one noticed them stealing away, or had they seen when Peter Suzansa started? Perhaps a boat had followed, thinking something must be going on, and others



The battle at the ford

saw it and wondered what it was; and then several set out, and there were rumors of fish, then a commotion, and the whole avalanche of boats was let loose. There they came!

There was smoke rising: steamers were coming, too, and they had all the newest appliances, and drew in netfuls of the riches of the sea. They

had not had much opportunity for using them yet, but now they would have a chance. They must have had a telegram, and they had telescopes. Who would get there first? First? They were passing all those boats behind and were coming on. They would soon pass the *Seal*, too. This is the rich man on horseback: the



boat-fisherman is the slave, who must pull his own cart; he must row and row and toil until his mouth fills with blood, but even then he arrives too late. The rich man can sit on a sofa in his cabin and eat a good meal and still gets there first.

The steamers had passed, leaving trails of smoke behind them in the air.

A feeling of impotence oppressed the men rowing, but they kept on, and at midday they were still rowing. There was now a swarm of boats on all sides; they were stragglers that had come out from the nearest stations, but they rowed on. The men on the *Seal* were determined not to be left behind, although they had rowed so long; it became a race. No one's hands were blistered, but Arnt Awsan was spitting blood. He began to complain, but no one listened to him.

They were gradually passing into the shadow of some high mountains at the mouth of a fiord. Here there was a forest of masts, and a clamor of voices made itself heard. What was it? The thought darted through Kriståver's mind that if the shoal, followed by the whale, had gone in there, it could not come out again that way; for the fiord ended after some thirty or forty miles in a mountain ravine. The clamor of voices grew louder, and Kriståver turned and looked ahead. What? What could be the meaning of this? A number of steamers had placed themselves like a chain across the mouth of the fiord and blocked the entrance. It was impossible for the boats to go any farther; they were dammed up. As the *Seal* approached, the clamor became a wild confusion of shouts and howls and abusive epithets from thousands of fishermen, and the shouting spread to

boats that were still at a distance, rowing their hardest to get there in time.

"What 's going on?" Kriståver shouted to a boat that lay in front of him.

"The boats in front say that the water in the fiord 's thick with cod, but the steamers are keeping the fishermen out. They want to have it all themselves. They 've thrown out nets, and they won't let us in!"

In a moment Kriståver was standing on the thwart, with his head thrown back and his hand upon the tiller. He had taken off his sou'wester some time during the previous night, and as Lars looked at his father standing there, with his fair, curly hair, he once more thought of Olaf Trygvason. This was the battle of Svolder.

"Row on!" said Kriståver.

They were already in the throng of boats, but were several stones-throw from the steamers, where the uproar was greatest. The mouth of the fiord was not more than half a mile across, and the mountains on both sides were precipitous. There was a cloud of sea-birds hovering within, rising and falling with wild cries. This enraged the fishermen. There was wealth in there, and they were shut out; the rich men were to have it all.

The blowing of the whale could now be heard inside the fiord. The animal had turned and wanted to escape into the open, but saw the obstructing wall of steamers. This was a fresh terror, and it turned once more, and went up the fiord again, blowing as it went. This made the fishermen still more excited. There are riches in the path of the whale.

A roar came from thousands of voices, fists were shaken, and con-

torted faces looked up from hundreds of boats.

"If you don't let us into the fiord, we 'll kill you!"

Not a soul was to be seen on the steamers. The heavy iron hulls simply lay there and blocked the way. Then, on the one that lay right in front of the *Seal*, a gentleman in a fur coat appeared on the bridge, with a fur cap and a red face, unconcernedly smoking a long pipe. The captain, in oilskins, came up beside him, and he shouted:

"You must be patient, good people, until we 've emptied our nets. First come, first served. Go back to your banks; this is ours."

There was a roar of derisive laughter.

"Yours! Is the fiord yours? And is the fish in the sea yours? Ha! ha! ha!"

At this moment a well known voice was heard far back in the crowd of boats:

"At them, boys! The devil take them! At them, boys!"

It was Jacob, who had already arrived, and lay at the very back beside Peter Suzansa. His battle-cry was repeated in wild chorus:

"At them, boys! Pitch them into the sea! At them, boys!"

"At them!" cried Kriståver, springing forward with an oar in his hand, and leaping on to the boat in front. Where a father goes the son should follow, and Lars was at his side in a moment, carrying a boat-hook; and after them came Kaneles, Elezeus Hylla, and Henry Rabben, flourishing oars, bailers, and gaffs in the air. Arnt Awsan thought some one ought to mind the boat, and the next minute he was standing in the head-man's place, holding the tiller, exactly as if

all power and authority on the *Seal* had been placed in his hands. There was the sound of the heavy tramping of sea-boots moving forward from boat to boat. The weapons were not sharp, but they formed a forest that surged toward the steamers. "Seize them! Seize them! Pitch them into the sea!"

A steamer began to sound its steam-whistle, as if calling for help. The greater part of their crews were probably at the nets. The fishermen began to climb on board, and they had no mercy for those they captured. The attack had been foreseen, however, and an engineer on a neighboring steamer turned a hose with boiling water upon the assailants. Scalded, blinded, with howls and cries and oaths they dropped backward into the boats, and the deck of the steamer was cleared. The attack was repulsed, and the fishing, the busy lading up of wealth from the sea, could be continued inside the fiord.

Boats continued to come up, all with weary men who had rowed their hardest to get there in time. The rage spread, the fighting, the shouts and cries of the scalded men, increased their anger, and the new-comers leaped from boat to boat, shouting: "Seize them! Pitch them into the sea!"

This time all the steamers were attacked at once, and those that were last pressed forward in their excitement in front of the others. Here and there an ax gleamed. But the big men had prepared their defense, and had hoses and quantities of boiling water in readiness, which they again turned upon their assailants. Once more the men fell back, several dropping into the sea and having to be pulled out; and there were renewed roars, howls, and cries.

Kaneles Gomon was a compulsory service officer, and he now assumed the command.

"Attention!" he shouted. "Fix bayonets!" and drawing his knife from its sheath, he lashed it with his sheath-strap to the end of an oar. Others did the same, and Kaneles shouted: "Charge! Stick the pigs! Forward!"

Those who had been scalded were the most uncontrollable, and those of them who could still see dashed forward with their knives, wild, mad with pain and rage. They were met by the hoses, however, and the mountains echoed their yells. The flocks of gulls began to gather above the boats, screaming as if in expectation of booty.

The gentleman in the fur coat still stood upon the bridge of his steamer, so sure of victory that he continued to smoke his long pipe with an expression of contentment. The captain by his side was directing the engineer with the hose. "There!" he pointed. "Give them a shower! That 's it!" The engineer was a thin man, and had his sleeves rolled up, leaving his tattooed arms bare. He was just turning the hose toward the point at which Jacob was advancing when a man suddenly appeared behind him. It was Kaneles, who had swum under the steamer and come up on the other side. "Look out!" shouted the captain; but before the engineer had time to turn, he was felled to the deck by a fist holding a brass tobacco-box. Kaneles kicked him down into the hold, seized the hose, and turned it full upon the two men on the bridge. The man in the fur coat covered his face with his hands, gave a yell, and fell backward; the captain swore and roared, crouched down and rolled over. The fishermen began storming the vessel, while Kane-

les turned the hose on the engineer on the next steamer. Hurrah! He was leading the assault of a fortress; he was a general! The man received the jet full in his face, and he dropped the hose with a yell.

The next moment his boat, too, was stormed by the men, and in less than no time all the steamers were in the hands of the fishermen. A few of the boats that were busy with the nets came hurriedly rowing up to their assistance, but it was too late. The gentleman in the fur coat had risen to his feet, and keeping one hand before his face, he made signs with the other and endeavored to speak.

"Listen, men!" he cried. "We 'll let you in, but you must promise that you won't disturb our nets."

He might as well have spoken to the wind. He was seized by two angry men and thrown overboard, followed by the swearing, struggling skipper; and it was fortunate for them that their boats were near enough to pick them up. The same thing happened on all the steamers. The scalded, half-blinded men were mad with rage, and they threw captains, ship-owners, and engineers overboard, and then swarmed down into the cabins, where they smashed mirrors, lamps, bottles, everything they could lay their hands on. Revenge! Revenge! But it did not last long. There was fishing in the fiord, and there was wealth. To the fishing! To the fishing!

In a few minutes an opening was made in the chain of steamers, and the fishing-fleet streamed in and dispersed over the fiord, farther and farther in. As they went, however, they caught sight of the steamers' nets surrounded by busy boats. They must get hold of those! That was how those

big men grew rich; they emptied the sea in two or three casts of the net, so that nothing was left for the poor people. "Seize them! Seize them!" There was such a multitude of fish in the nets that the surface of the water looked as if it were being lashed by heavy hail; but all over the fiord it was the same, dorsal fins everywhere. The fiord was boiling; they were rowing in fish; it was like a dream! Their eyes were bloodshot, up went the oars, the enemy's boats were taken, and their men knocked down, and the fishermen took possession of the nets and cut and tore them into shreds. Only let the fish out! There was another net! The boats made for it, and the battle was continued.

Now the whale returned once more down the fiord, blowing and spouting, and making the mountains tremble with its groans of terror. It had found no exit at the end of the fiord, and felt itself a captive. It drove the shoals of herring before it without taking any notice of them, only dashing wildly along to escape from the trap and reach the sea. It raised billows as great as those of an ocean steamer. It was followed by another, and a silence fell upon the boats, and they began to make for the shore in order to be out of the way.

Then came a third, but it was followed by its mortal enemy, the grampus. These slim, pale blue hunters leaped out of the water, and, descending with a splash, seized a mouthful out of the huge, puffing mountain of flesh, and leaped into the air again, delighted with their sport. Was it strange that the whale lost its wits? It darted through that part of the fishing-fleet that had not got out of its way, making the boats rock and their

crews cry out in alarm. A grampus leaped into the air and almost fell into a line-boat; and the dark, puffing mountain passed so close that the men could have jumped to its back. Now the whale was clear of the boats, but in front were the steamers. Was the fiord blocked at this end, too? The whale tried to turn, but the grampus was over it. It was as though its heart were in the grasp of death itself, and it took a senseless leap into the air. The huge body left the water and hovered for a moment in the air; but it was heavy, and descended again where its persecutor awaited it with teeth like knives.

For a moment the whale whirled round on the surface of the water, beside itself with terror. The water was churned into foam and spray, and its enemy tore piece after piece from its body, and the blood spurted out, and reddened the gray water of the fiord. Then the whale dived down to the bottom, its tail giving a last swing in the air, the water seethed, and steamers at the mouth of the fiord were roughly shaken as the whale brushed beneath their keels on its way out to sea.

### § 3

Never had such cod-fishing been heard of as that which now began in the fiord. The boats spread in all directions wherever they saw the herring and cod stirring up the surface of the water. They threw out nets and lines wherever it was easiest, and there was little space between the boats, so that they gradually moved farther and farther into the fiord. There was an abundance of fish everywhere, and the air was filled with the cries of men on the water and birds above. As soon as the nets were put out, they could

be drawn in again full, and the boats were ready to sink with their loads of fish. But what was to be done with them? Two or three purchasing vessels had arrived, and they were surrounded; there was a fight among the boats to get near them, to be relieved of their cargo, and to be off again and throw out their nets once more. Some of the steamers gave up fishing and began to buy. It was easy to beat down the prices now, for no fisherman had time to bargain; they took what they were offered; all they wanted was to get the boat emptied. The fishing was carried on without inspection and with neither law nor justice to guide it; the only thing to do was to fight one's way and keep one's neighbor off, tear and cut other men's nets if they came in the way, and fill the boat with riches. Twilight fell, but no one thought of going ashore. It grew dark, but fish can be caught in the dark, and the nets were put out and drawn in again full. The boats that lay near a trading-vessel were fortunate, for their boats were soon emptied; others darted in and threw their fish on the beach: a purchaser would be sure to come. At midnight the commotion was greatest. The fiord that had lain desolate, with snow-topped mountains on both sides, and dead, frozen shores, now resounded with the noise. New fishermen arrived, who had rowed their hardest; nets and lines were put out; if there were others in the same place, it would be worst for them, and they might go on scolding and shouting as much as they liked. Lines were put out above nets; the nets suffered most, but the line-fishermen had to live, too. Even in the dark one could see the fiord bubbling with fish. Riches! Riches!

There was no moon, but a clear starlit sky. A light was visible here and there where line-fishermen were baiting their lines again. They had not enough bait, but they would not give up the place when once they had it. A small boat had to go and look for a bait-boat, and in the meantime they could put out their lines with empty hooks and fish up—nets with cod in them. This was easy enough, now that no one could see more than a few yards, and there was nothing dishonorable in cutting and thieving when others did the same. But there were eyes in some of the boats. "Are you cutting my nets, you dog?" "Hold your jaw! What do you want interfering with my lines?" "Thief!" "Idiot!" "Scoundrel!" "Be off with you, or I 'll kill you!"

That night will be remembered by many. Things became more and more lively, and when day dawned there was great activity. The birds had been quiet during the night, but now they rose again and flocked together in clouds, screaming. More boats kept coming in from the most distant stations, and put out their nets and lines. "Hold your jaw!" "You 've no right!" "Where 's the inspector's office?" "There 's no inspector here; this is n't a fishing-station."

No one had imagined the fish would gather here. Steamers, sailing-vessels, and boats came all along the Lofoten Wall, out of fiords, past headlands, across bays. They were all going the same way, into the fiord between the precipitous mountains, where riches were being scooped up out of the sea. There was soon a crowd of trading-vessels, and at last a bait-steamer appeared, and was not long in being surrounded. The cod were full of her-



Kvistaver

ring, which they disgorged when they were in the boats; but the net-fishermen threw this good bait overboard rather than give it to the line-men. Ships arrived with shop goods, with fishing implements, with clothes, with food, with spirits; but who had the time to buy?

The fiord became more and more crowded with boats, and an ever in-

creasing number of chains or half-chains of nets were lost, giving way beneath the weight of fishing-tackle placed above them, or cut away by a neighbor. Some lost all their nets the very first night. The boats could scarcely turn in the throng, lines were lost, new nets were continually going to the bottom, and their owners were left with nothing to fish with. There

were trading-vessels which sold lines and nets, but they demanded fabulous prices for them; and even when they were bought, they might be lost again the same day. A storm was brewing. "Those cursed line-men!" shouted those who had nets. "Those devils of net-boats!" cried those who had lines. This could not continue. Most of the line-fishermen, however, were Norlanders, and they had right on their side, for they were in their own waters. The others were Southerners, and no one had asked them to come.

Evening came again, and it grew dark. No one ate anything, no one rested, no one went ashore, but the ill feeling increased. It is one thing to be worn out, without sleep and hungry, but quite another to be attacked and robbed by one's neighbor. Should they put up with that?

The current was also answerable for many mishaps. As the tide went down, it raced out of the fiord like a river, carrying everything with it and mixing up lines and nets; when the tide turned, it flowed in again with bubbles and eddies and capricious turns, driving the boats one against another and mixing up their oars. The blame was laid, however, upon a neighbor, a line-man or a net-fisherman. Should they put up with this? Were the others to have everything?

The first disturbers of the peace were some Aafjord boats that had lost all the nets they owned. They fell upon the line-fishermen nearest to them. Both sides raised battle-cries and called upon comrades to help. The strain of weariness, of hunger, and of the want of elbow-room to scoop up these riches from the sea was too much for them, and the storm broke. The sound of feet leaping from boat to

boat, of shouts, of blows with oars, gaffs, boat-hooks, and bailers, grew louder and louder, and was echoed and re-echoed from the mountains as the battle spread up the long, narrow fiord. At last no one knew whose boat he was in; he only wanted revenge. Those cursed line-fishermen, and similarly those devils of net-fishermen, should get what they deserved for coming here to prevent honest folk from fishing in their own sea.

The sun came out and shone down upon the white snow on the mountains and the shore and upon the long, gray fiord that was one pandemonium of fighting, yelling fishermen.

Suddenly the report of a small cannon echoed from mountain to mountain. What was that? A gun? It still echoed. What did it mean?

It was just as if the weapons had been struck out of the hands of the combatants, and they stood still, staring at one another. Who had fired the gun?

At that moment a small steamer appeared, threading its way among the boats. Oh, was that it? They knew *that* well enough: it was the chief inspector's boat, flying the government flag, and the commander in person stood on the bridge beside the captain.

In an instant the commotion subsided. Noise may be contagious; silence may also be contagious, and now there was silence throughout the length of the fiord.

Many of the combatants tried to get back to their own boats and look innocent. Some were bleeding from knife-wounds, others were half stunned with blows they had received; but none of them wanted the interference of the commander.

The steamer rang a bell and whistled, but it was quite unnecessary, as there was perfect quiet all over the fiord; for in the eyes of the fishermen the commander stood for the Almighty Himself descending to Lofoten with a government flag in His hand. A command or a regulation issuing from him was law.

He stood beside the captain on the bridge, and his red, beardless face beneath his cap was calm and determined. Those that were near enough to see him felt that in another moment he would utter a few words, and at that instant law and justice would be established throughout the fiord.

He raised a speaking-trumpet to his lips, and his voice thundered over the heads of the fishermen as if it came from heaven itself.

"It is determined by the inspection that the lower half of the fiord shall be for the net-fishermen, the upper half for the line-men. It will be punishable to invade one another's waters. The inspection will put out boundary-marks, and thereafter you are to keep the peace."

With a few turns of the propeller the steamer went on a little farther through the throng of boats, and then stopped again; the bell rang once more, and the speaking-trumpet repeated the injunction. In this way the commander slowly went up the fiord, establishing order.

The evening was approaching, and no sooner had the law taken possession of the fiord than the thousands of fishermen were changed, as it were, from animals into men again. The fever and madness that had raged day and night in their minds quickly subsided, and they discovered that they had not slept or eaten proper food for several

days; and they now left their lines and nets in the water and made for the shore on each side.

The shore! Now only did they discover that the shores were desolate. There were a few farms some eight or ten miles inland, but even with the help of the barns and outhouses they could not house as many so two or three hundred men, and here were many thousands who wanted shelter. There was not a fisherman's hut, not an outhouse, not even a boat-house, but ashore they must go. None of the boats had a cabin now during the fishing-season. A few men were taken on board the larger vessels, where they could cook food and sleep, but most of them had only the bare shore.

The full and half-filled boats moved slowly landward in the darkness, rowed by weary arms. They did not even go to the trading-vessels to dispose of their fish. The first thing for the men to do was to have something hot and then to sleep.

#### § 4

The *Seal* found a little creek in front of a talus on the east side of the fiord. The grapnel was dropped, and the boat moored at both ends on account of the current, and at last the small boat's keel grated upon the beach, and the men tramped up with heavy, stiff feet, their iron heels striking sparks from the stones.

"Oh!" groaned Arnt Awsan, sinking on to a rock. "I really believe I 'm tired."

"If only there was as much as a dog-kennel here!" sighed Kaneles Gomon, swinging his arms across his chest to warm himself.

"You must try and find some water, Lars," said Kriståver, handing the ket-



tle to the boy, and then saying to the others: "We 'd better bring the sail ashore and hang it up as a tent for the night. You must row out for it, Kaneles."

"But there is n't a scrap of wood here to make a fire with," said Henry Rabben, looking round the stony slope. It was true. These worn-out men were in need of something hot to drink, and there was not so much as a twig.

Lars returned with the kettle, wading in snow above his knees. He had filled it at a brook; but what was to be done about a fire?

"We shall have to take something from the boat," said the head-man, and he shouted to Kaneles on the boat, and told him to pull up a foot-board in the fore part of the boat and bring it ashore.

The board was split up, and while the little fire burned under the kettle a few yards from the waves that broke upon the sand, the men stamped down a square of snow to a hard surface, set up four oars and hung the sail over them, thus making a kind of tent that would keep up for the night, if only the weather remained calm. Under it they spread out a tarpaulin on the snow, and when the skin rugs had been brought in, the five men lay down, leaning on their elbows. They drew long, deep breaths while waiting for the coffee that Lars was making, but sank back and slept for a little; they would have died only to get rest, to rest without moving again.

But the coffee was ready. A provision-chest was brought in, and a lantern lighted; but the sight of one another's faces, with staring eyes like those of madmen, almost made them afraid. Cups? Who would trouble to

look in the chest for them! There was a tin to pour the coffee into, and it could be passed round. Coffee once more! Something hot once more! It put life into them, and warmth into their joints and limbs.

Their swollen hands could not cut the bread in slices, or spread the butter; they took bites off the loaf and swallowed them almost unchewed. It was good; it was really food.

The cold was intense, and their breath rose in white clouds; and very soon their wet sea-boots and leather clothes began to stiffen. Pulling their sou'westers well down over their ears, and their big woolen gloves well up over their wrists, they lay back, two under each skin coverlet, and slept. Outside a few embers still glowed in the ashes of the coffee-fire on the beach.

Little red stars gleamed on both sides of the gray fiord where other boats' crews had made their fires. Some had made snow huts, but the greater number made tents with their sails. The great thing was to lie down and sleep.

One by one the lights on board the sailing-vessels went out, and the men lay there crowded together in the cabins and down in the hold and slept. And while they slept, the night drew white streamers of aurora up over the sky, and the waves plashed against ships and rocks and broke upon the gray sand.

Frost had come again after the snow, but a host of warm dream-visions passed through the cold polar night. The sleepers were at home; they met their wives and children, parents and brothers and sisters. They had come home with riches. They painted the houses, and cultivated the land; they

took wives and children to the town and bought whatever they desired. Banks and tradesmen! Here 's your money; kindly give us a receipt!

Good fortune had come at last! At last! The fisherman sails so far to seek it, and generally comes home disappointed; but this time he has it. At last! Now we will settle down on the land, buy a big farm, and drive to church in a pony-carriage with a well groomed horse. Most certainly. The toil on the sea is over.

Toward morning, when the tide turned and began to come in, the wind rose. It did not need much wind to lift the sail roof off the oars and carry it over the rocks, and soon the six men from the *Seal* lay sleeping under the open sky.

The wind blew farther up the fiord, and began to play with all these sails that were meant for houses, and soon hundreds and thousands of wet fishermen lay sleeping under the open sky of a frosty Nordland night. They turned uneasily in their sleep. Perhaps they dreamed of ice. In their dreams they put on more and more clothes, but, strange to say, they never became warm, even if they wrapped themselves up in all the wool in the world. Many of them dreamed that they had money in their pockets and had been to town and bought great fur coats like those the priest and doctor wore at home; but they could not have been really good ones, for they only grew colder and colder after they had put them on.

There were some that night who slept themselves into paradise, so that it was impossible to wake them the next morning. Kriståver Myran, however, woke with the cold, and, starting, up, found that his hair and beard were

white with frost, and his sea-boots, which he had drawn up over his thighs in the evening, were frozen so stiff that he could not bend his knees. His thighs and calves were as unbending as if his boots had been of iron; he had actually to break the boots across the knees.

He stood up, replaced the sail upon the oars, and lighted the end of candle in the lantern. The men all lay with their eyes closed, but Elezeus Hylla's face was strangely red, and he was talking in his sleep.

Kriståver tucked the sheepskin coverlet closer about Lars, and then stood looking at the boy as he lay, his hands buried deep in his big woolen gloves. His face was such a child's face, and he made little plaintive sounds in his sleep, just as if he were lying with his head in his mother's lap.

Kriståver began walking along the beach to get warmth into his limbs. If he only had had wood to make a fire! He supposed he would have to go on board and sacrifice another foot-board and make coffee for the men again, for they must not lie there and die of cold.

Farther along the beach Peter Suzansa's crew had landed. Their sail, too, had been blown off the oars, but it had dropped upon the men, and they lay there sleeping, as it were, under one great winding-sheet.

And was not that the head-man himself sitting on a stone over there on the beach, looking out over the water?

"Is that you, Peter?"

It was some time before the old man answered; he was sitting as motionless as a rock. At last he turned his head and said:

"I 'm almost glad to-night, Kriståver, that I 'm about done for."



The Boats moved slowly landward

"Yes, it is cold!" Kriståver replied.

Kriståver was not in the mood for talking, and he turned and tramped back through the snow and stones along the beach, beating his arms across his chest and rubbing his ears and nose with his woolen glove; but when he returned once more, the old man was still sitting in the same place. Did he want to freeze to death?

"I say, you must move about, man!"

Peter turned his head again, and Kriståver saw that his beard and hair and clothes were white with frost and ice.

"Oh, never mind. It does n't matter what happens to me," he said.

"What nonsense! Come, get up! You 'll freeze sitting there!"

"Oh, I have n't much longer to live, anyhow."

"Wait while I fetch another board,

and then we 'll make some coffee." And Kriståver rowed off in the little boat to the *Seal*.

Peter Suzansa continued sitting where he was. The doctor had said that the reason he had leprosy was because he had had such a hard life on the sea. Well, he had been on the sea for almost fifty years, and he had not exactly become a rich man; but this was his last year, and that was the end of it. And whether it ended to-night or in a year's time—

An hour later the men had to be up and out again. Fish! fish! The time would surely come when they could both eat and sleep properly.

Ships came in that day with planks to sell for the building of huts, and wood for firing.

Now at last Arnt Awsan was to obtain full redress. Fishermen are gen-

erally very clumsy in handling ax and saw, but Arnt had grown up, so to speak, beside a carpenter's bench, and now he was in his element and took the lead at once. He tramped about in the snow and was a carpenter. It was true that the saw and ax from the boat were of the poorest, but there is a great deal in knack. He sawed and he chopped and he hammered, and he chewed a quid and looked wise, and he asked even the head-man to hand him this and to hold up that. The eyes that were so often hidden came into view and looked people straight in the face. He regained his self-confidence, and could even afford to be amusing. "This 'll be something like a house!" he said. "We must have a parlor and a dining-room and a bath-room and a ball-room, just as the rich men have. Just you wait, and you 'll see!"

He did all this by the light of a lantern when they came ashore after a day of toil. Tired? Now when at last he had got hold of something that he understood? The saw whined, and the ax had to do duty as a hammer, the framework was raised, and the planks were fitted together to make walls and roof. Just you wait! This 'll be something like a house!

It was larger than the cabin of their boat. They could almost stand up in it, and soon there were benches along two walls, and planks were laid upon the snow and fastened together by cross-pieces to make a kind of floor. Table? What about some planks with new cross-pieces laid over them, and two barrels to stand upon?

"This 'll be more like a sanatorium than anything else," said Arnt, and he hammered and sawed and went on making it better and better.

The best of it was that he felt that he had become a different man in the eyes of his comrades. He was their equal now, and after this Lars and Kaneles would not begin to laugh whenever he opened his lips.

All that day Elezeus Hylla had had a strangely red face while they were on the water, and talked as if he did not know what he was saying. In the evening, when they were lying in the hut, he asked for a strong dram, for he shivered and was so cold inside and had such a pain in his side.

There was a medicine that every head-man had with him, and that was a bottle of brandy to which camphor and pepper were added. Kriståver unearthed it from his provision-chest, and poured about half a cupful down the throat of the sick man, who put his hand to his throat, coughed, and then, pulling the skin coverlet up over his head, with sou'wester on, turned away.

The lantern was extinguished, and the men all went to sleep. The plank floor was harder to lie upon than snow, and the night was cold again; but at any rate the hut did not blow down. They slept, and no one sat up to look after the man who was ill.

#### § 5

It was a long night for Elezeus Hylla. He had difficulty in breathing, and it was of no use for him to toss about and turn over and throw his arms about; he could neither draw his breath in nor breathe it out, and he became so afraid of being suffocated that he broke into a perspiration, although his beard was white with frost. He grew thirsty, but there was nothing to drink; the coffee-kettle was empty. He spoke to his comrades, but no one

heard him; they were asleep, and had no thought for any one else. They snored and talked in their sleep and tossed about because the cold under their backs made them continually start up from the wooden floor; but they fell back again every time without waking. Oh, if he had only one drop of water!

He felt as if these comrades of his had left him in the lurch. They seemed like strangers. They threw him over because he was ill; they became his enemies. He saw now that they had always been like that, only he had not known them until now.

He would have to lie here quite alone with the cold night and this illness. A fear began to grow in his mind that his last hour was coming, the dreaded hour when he would be led into the presence of God.

Fancied scenes began to pass through his brain. He saw fish, abundance of fish; he saw boats that ran over the water like water-spiders. Then he was going home; no, he was at home. Of course he was at home, and the room was tidy and clean, and the bed he lay in soft and warm. That was how Berit kept her house! "Poor dear, are you cold?" she said, and gave him hot milk and camphor-brandy. "You have n't a pain in your chest, have you?" she said, and put a turpentine poultice on it. "Hush!" she said to the children. "Don't you see that father's ill?" That is what it is like when you have people near you who care for you.

Ah, no, he was not at home, after all. Here he lay, hundreds of miles away, and he would die here like an animal, far from both doctor and priest. He would never see Berit and the children again. If he could only

breathe! Oh, for a mouthful of water!

Light appeared at the little door; some one had come in. His head throbbled, and everything danced before his eyes, but he was sure that some one had come in. There he is! There was a rustling of frozen clothing, and now he recognized the man. It was Jo Jonsa, who was drowned off Stamsund last year; it was a dead man come to visit him. He began to speak.

"Oh dear, it's cold, Elezeus. You get hoarse when you've lain a long time in the water; but now it's your turn. You'll have to come with me."

Elezeus tossed and turned, and threw about his hands in their woolen gloves. The man still stood there looking at him, and began to speak again.

"I say, Elezeus, you'll soon have to stand before the Almighty's face, and now the thing is whether you've behaved to your wife as you ought to have done."

"No, God forgive me, I have n't!"

This was more than Elezeus could stand. He tried to call to his companions, but they were asleep and had no thought for him; they were strangers, who would readily throw him overboard.

"What do you think will happen to you, Elezeus, when you have to stand in the presence of the Almighty?"

"Is there—is there no pardon?"

"The Sunday before you left home you were going to take the sacrament, but instead of that you beat Berit."

"Yes, that's true."

"And now you'll never see her again."

"Oh!"

"Have you never given false witness in the court?"

"No, no."

"Not that time ten years ago?"

"Oh, but that 's so old now!"

"Have you never cheated your neighbor, nor envied him when things went well with him? Have you never made mischief between your comrades?"

"Tell me—are you Death? Have you come to fetch me now?"

The figure shook its head.

"Call in the priest, Elezeus," it said.

"Try to get the sacrament before you start on your journey."

"It 's a long way to the priest."

"It 's farther to pardon."

Elezeus looked about him despairingly for help, but the men were all asleep.

In the morning, when they were going out, Kriståver bent down over the sick man and asked him how he was. Elezeus breathed heavily, but did not answer. Kriståver laid his hand upon the man's forehead, and it was burning hot. He asked him if he would like some coffee, but the other turned away his head and closed his eyes; so Kriståver spread his own skin coverlet over him and went after the others.

All that day Kriståver said little. They were many miles from a doctor, and it would take two or three days to fetch him, supposing he would come at all, and then he would have to be taken back. He might fit up the aft compartment of the boat and take Elezeus in to the hospital at Kabelvaag; but it was no small matter to lose several days' fishing, with such fishing as it was.

As he worked, a voice within him seemed to say, "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world?" Yes; that was true enough. And he promised himself that if Elezeus were

not better in the morning, he would go with him to Kabelvaag.

The boats worked more quietly to-day. The commander's steamer still lay in the fiord, and several inspection boats had anchored at various points. Law and justice once more prevailed on the sea, and this gave a feeling of peace.

That day the commander was going to try to take up from the bottom some of the nets and lines that the fishermen had lost. He himself stood upon the bridge when the anchor was dropped into the sea. The chain cable that clanked after it was long, but at last it reached the bottom. The engines turned the screw a few times in order to drag the anchor along the bottom and thus take up lines and nets upon its flukes. A crowd of boats had gathered round, and thousands of fishermen were anxiously watching to see what the result would be. If the great commander were able to save some of the nets and lines they had lost, he was still more of a man than they had taken him for.

The windlass was set going to wind the chain in again. It appeared to be heavy, for the axle screeched. More steam had to be turned on to prevent it from stopping. The steamer began to heel over. The windlass was on the forward deck, and now the steamer began to point her nose down. There must be a great strain upon it. The cable whined and screeched, the roller groaned, and the steam puffed and blew. The windlass turned more and more slowly, and the ship's bow sank lower and lower. There was certainly something heavy. The anchor was now raised a good way, but there was a new weight upon it, for the winding ceased, and the steamer lay heeled

over, with her bow very low. More steam! The commander stood there calm and with a determined face. The crew ran backward and forward, shouting now and then to one another. The winding began again, and it was evident to all who were looking on that something heavy was coming up; the very fiord seemed to be stirred up all round them. Bubbles rose to the surface. It looked as if a whale might make its appearance at any moment. The windlass threatened to come to a standstill once more; it hauled and hauled, but the next moment stopped. More steam! At last it turned again, but slowly, overburdened, and as if at any moment it might give in or break. There were more bubbles, and the water round the nearest boats was disturbed. What was coming? It must be something living.

There was the anchor-ring! And down in the water they could see the flukes, and hanging to them the top of a little mountain, a living mass of all kinds of fishing-appliances, with fish in and on them. It rose higher and higher, a gigantic tangle of lines and nets, with long streamers descending from it, and inclosing a multitude of fish, living and dead, hundreds and

hundreds of cod, and in the thickest tangle the bright gleam of herring.

What was that light gray creature that was so lively? It was a springer that had become entangled in the nets. It made wild leaps in order to free itself. The windlass was still turning, but only slowly. All eyes were gazing in wonder; it was as though the very ocean were yielding up some of its mysteries.

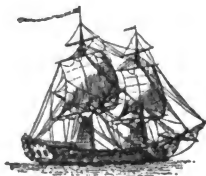
Suddenly the chain gave way. The steamer rose as if with a sigh of relief, and the mountain, with all the nets and all the fish, sank back with a great splash into the sea and disappeared into the depths, leaving only innumerable rings and bubbles on the surface.


The commander was calm, but his face was more determined than ever. He took the speaking-trumpet, and his voice rang out over the boats:

"Don't be disheartened! Next time we'll take a stronger cable and a larger steamer."

The fishermen still sat staring, as if they could not quite believe what they had seen. It was only to have been expected, however, for, after all, a commander is nothing more than a man.

(The end of the fifth part of "The Last of the Vikings.")





## Smartness and Light

*H. L. Mencken: A Gadfly for Democracy*

BY CARL VAN DOREN



THE democratic dogma has had its critics in America ever since the priests and magistrates of the first colonies began to note the restive currents which stirred among their people. Critics of the same temper roared at the Revolution, and lost. During the probationary years of the republic there were Federalists, and then Whigs, and eventually Republicans, to say nothing of Bourbons of different varieties from time to time. Most of these skeptic voices have been merely political, but not all. Poe, for instance, was a poet, concerned with art and beauty, and a critic who spread death among the idols of popular taste. H. L. Mencken is a wit, concerned less with art or beauty than with the manners of his nation, who aims his wrath at the very heart of democracy, announces that the system is no less a nuisance than a failure, and proclaims the empire of excellence. Like Poe, he uses every critical method except that of mercy, and, like Poe, he wins applause at every death he deals. He could not win this if there were not an alert minority which delights in the victories of criticism over commonplace.

### § 2

Mr. Mencken, at whom academic circles still cock a frigid or a timid eye, grows steadily more significant. Before the war, of which he says that he

neither advised nor approved it, he was a useful conduit leading to the republic from Shaw and Nietzsche and Ibsen. The war played into his hands, it begins to look, as into those of hardly any other literary American. Heretofore, to change the figure, he had been but an intern in the hospital of his American kind, satisfied with an occasional run in the ambulance, an occasional appendix to cut out, an occasional skull to help trepan. Now he was suddenly invited to apply diagnosis, surgery, or the lethal chamber in such a range of cases as no native satirist had ever been allowed to practise on. He found hundreds of politicians palsied with incompetence, thousands of journalists and educators and preachers flatulent with prophecy, millions of patriots dropsical with sentimentalism. He found idealists who had delusions of grandeur, scholars who suffered from obsessions of hatred, business men who had been shell-shocked out of all self-control, women whose long-repressed instincts burst into frenzies of cruelty. He found, what seemed to him the source and cause of all these maladies, the plain people turned into a vast standard mass, now dumb and snuffing like a flock of sheep, now loud and savage like a pack of wolves. All the folly which overwhelmed him had, to his eyes, the symptoms of having risen



from the body of democracy. No wonder, given his conception of life, that he should have laid aside his scalpel and have taken to the jolly bludgeon as the only tool he needed. No wonder, given the consequences of the madness he observed, that he should finally have declared the worst result of the war to be the fact that so many Americans survived it.

The wonder is, rather, that Mr. Mencken should have waked so many echoes among his countrymen. No other contemporary critic is so well known in the colleges. No other is so influential among the latest generation of boys and girls of letters. Substantial citizens and sound students who cannot agree with a half or a quarter of what he says, nevertheless delight in the burly way in which he says it and find themselves agreeing with more than they thought they could. He has endowed the decade with a whole glossary of words which breathe contempt for its imbecilities. It is in part because his voice is the least uncertain of all the critic voices that he is so clearly heard; but it is also in part because there was among Americans already a strong vein of discontent with democracy which needed only to be tapped to send forth gushers of criticism and ridicule. Idealism and optimism had been orthodox too long for their own health; suspicion had been gathering under the surface of the national temper. The war, by straining idealism to the point of reaction and optimism to the point of collapse, had considerably discredited both of them. The young and the irresponsible, looking at the mess the mature and the responsible had made of human life on the planet, lost what respect they had and broke out of bounds. Irreverence for institu-

tions and ribald laughter for respectability and a hard directness of speech succeeded the older modes. And when the dispersed thousands who felt this new spirit cast about for a spokesman, they rapidly realized that in Mr. Mencken the hour had found its man.

### § 3

What first attracted them was pretty certainly his impudence, as it attracts most readers to him at first. He is as brash as a sophomore is supposed to be. He has never heard of a head too sacred to be smitten. That something is taboo merely makes him want to try it once. He walks briskly into shrines and takes a cheerful turn through cemeteries. Here is what Mr. Mencken says of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, before which hardly an American has ever ventured to lift his voice unless he lifted it to a hymn:

"It is eloquence brought to a pellucid and almost child-like perfection—the highest emotion reduced to one graceful and irresistible gesture. . . . But let us not forget that it is oratory, not logic; beauty, not sense. . . . The doctrine is simply this: that the Union soldiers who died at Gettysburg sacrificed their lives to the cause of self-determination—'that government of the people, by the people, for the people,' should not perish from the earth. It is difficult to imagine anything more untrue. The Union soldiers in that battle actually fought against self-determination; it was the Confederates who fought for the right of their people to govern themselves. . . . The Confederates went into the battle an absolutely free people; they came out with their freedom subject to the supervision and vote of the rest of the country—and for nearly

twenty years that vote was so effective that they enjoyed scarcely any freedom at all. Am I the first American to note the fundamental nonsensicality of the Gettysburg address? If so, I plead my aesthetic joy in it in amelioration of the sacrilege."

His final sentence is, it may be said, much the kind of impudence which led this critic in an earlier book to call an archbishop "a Christian ecclesiastic of a rank superior to that attained by Christ." Both comments at least reveal a keen pleasure in the saying of sharp things. But in the whole comment upon Lincoln there is a larger sagacity which grows upon Mr. Mencken as he widens his inquiries and leaves mere witticism behind him. Those whom he first attracts by his impudence he holds by his sagacity. He may play upon the saxophone with the gesticulations of jazz, but he knows many important harmonies and he constantly brings them into his performance. Regarding theology, politics, philosophy, law, medicine, art, business, morals, character, language, he has said some of the shrewdest things in his American generation. Not all are new, not all are true, but they proceed from a singularly powerful intelligence expressing itself in a singularly untrammelled speech. It happens to be a tory intelligence, impatient of whatever is untried, unimpressed by the bombastic, the heroic, the altruistic, scornful of the unsophisticated; an intelligence which holds that the vast majority of men are supine; that those who are not supine are foolish; that those who are not foolish are knavish; and that the few who have brains or virtues must stand together or they will be smothered in the mass. It happens also to be radi-

cal intelligence, cutting away excrescences of verbiage, challenging sluggish habits of thought, emating to drive through morasses of emotion to the solid ground of sense beyond, carrying the guidon of reason into desperate breeches. Tory or radical, this intelligence has a reach and thrust which make it noticeable, no matter of what persuasion its observers may at any moment be.

Such an intelligence, however, unaided by other qualities, could never have got Mr. Mencken his audience. Instead of being astringent, as his doctrine might have made him, he is amazingly full of the sap of life and comedy. Not since Poe has an American critic taken such a fling or enjoyed it more. The motive of criticism, he maintains, "is not the motive of the pedagogue, but the motive of the artist. It is no more and no less than the simple desire to function freely and beautifully, to give outward and objective form to ideas that bubble inwardly and have a fascinating lure in them, to get rid of them dramatically and make an articulate noise in the world. . . . It is the pressing yearning of every man who has ideas in him to empty them upon the world, to hammer them into plausible and ingratiating shapes, to compel the attention and respect of his equals, to lord it over his inferiors." Yet even this exciting conception of the art of criticism had to be joined with a particular endowment if Mr. Mencken was to be the personage he is. That endowment is gusto, and gusto he possesses in a degree which no one of his contemporaries can rival. In a decade of which too many of the critics have dyspepsia, Mr. Mencken, as he might say, "goes the whole hog."

There comes to mind a curious parallel with Whitman, drunk with joy in the huge spectacle of his continent filled with his countrymen. Sitting in New York or Camden, he sent his imagination out over the land, across all its mountains and prairies, along all its rivers, into all its cities, among all its citizens at their occupations. He accepted all, he rejected nothing, because his affection was great enough to embrace the entire republic. His long panoramas, his crowded categories, are evidence that he gloated over the details of American life as a lover gloats over the charms of his mistress or a mother over the merits of her baby. So, in his different fashion, Mr. Mencken gloats over the follies of the republic. But is his fashion so different from Whitman's as it appears at first glance? His intellectual position compels him to see a side which Whitman overlooked. What to Whitman seemed a splendid turbulence, to Mr. Mencken seems a headless swirl. What to Whitman seemed a noble cohesiveness, seems to Mr. Mencken a herd-like conventionality. What to Whitman seemed a hopeful newness, seems to Mr. Mencken a hopeless rawness. Yet the satirist no less than the poet revels in the gaudy spectacle. "The United States, to my eye," Mr. Mencken explicitly says, "is incomparably the greatest show on earth. It is a show which avoids diligently all the kinds of clowning which tire me most quickly—for example, royal ceremonials, the tedious hocus-pocus of *haut politique*, the taking of politics seriously—and lays chief stress upon the kinds which delight me unceasingly—for example, the ribald combats of demagogues, the exquisitely ingenious operations of master rogues, the pursuit of witches

and heretics, the desperate struggles of inferior men to claw their way into Heaven. We have clowns in constant practice among us who are as far above the clowns of any other great state as a Jack Dempsey is above a paralytic—and not a few dozens or score of them, but whole droves and herds. Human enterprises which, in all other Christian countries, are resigned despairingly to an incurable dullness—things that seem devoid of exhilarating amusement by their very nature—are here lifted to such vast heights of buffoonery that contemplating them strains the midriff almost to breaking."

#### § 4

Is Mr. Mencken, then, an enemy of his people? "Here I stand," he contends, "unshaken and undespairing, a loyal and devoted Americano, even a chauvinist, paying taxes without complaint, obeying all laws that are physiologically obeyable, accepting all the searching duties and responsibilities of citizenship unprotestingly, investing the sparse usufructs of my miserable toil in the obligations of the nation, avoiding all commerce with men sworn to overthrow the government, contributing my mite toward the glory of the national arts and science, spurning all lures (and even all invitations) to go out and stay out . . . here am I, contentedly and even smugly basking beneath the Stars and Stripes, a better citizen, I daresay, and certainly a less murmurous and exigent one, than thousands who put the Hon. Warren Gammaliel Harding beside Friedrich Barbarossa and Charlemagne, and hold the Supreme Court to be directly inspired by the Holy Spirit, and belong ardently to every Rotary Club, Ku Klux Klan, and Anti-Saloon League, and

choke with emotion when the band plays the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and believe with the faith of little children that one of Our Boys, taken at random, could dispose in a fair fight of ten Englishmen, twenty Germans, thirty Frogs, forty Wops, fifty Japs, or a hundred Bolsheviks." Whitman, with whatever other tones or arguments, never exhibited his essential Americanism more convincingly. Have Americans no speech but praise? Have they no song but rhapsody?

The truth of the matter is, Mr. Mencken is one of the most American things we have. Both his art and his success spring from the gusto which draws him to the comic aspects of the life around him—draws him with as great an eagerness as if he accepted all he saw and acclaimed it. To read him, even while dissenting from his doctrine on every page, is to gasp and whoop with recognition. Thus, for instance, he illustrates "Eminence," without a word of commentary: "The leading Methodist layman of Pottawattamie county, Iowa. . . . The man who won the limerick contest conducted by the Toombsboro, Ga., *Banner*. . . . The President of the Johann Sebastian Bach *Bauverein* of Highlandtown, Md. . . . The girl who sold the most Liberty Bonds in Duquesne, Pa. . . . The man who owns the best bull in Coosa County, Ala. . . . The oldest subscriber to the Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*. . . . The author of the ode read at the unveiling of the monument to General Robert E. Lee at Valdosta, Ga. . . . The old lady in Wahoo, Neb., who has read the Bible 38 times. . . . The professor of chemistry, Greek, rhetoric, and piano at the Texas Christian Univer-

sity, Fort Worth, Tex. . . . The leading dramatic critic of Pittsburgh. . . . The night watchman in Penn Yan, N. Y., who once shook hands with Chester A. Arthur"—and on and on with Rabelaisian fecundity. Nothing petty, nothing absurd, nothing grotesque, nothing racy of the soil, seems to have escaped Mr. Mencken's terrible eye. Though he has not traveled very widely in the United States, he knows the map as well as any continental drummer. Though he has taken only a journalist's hand in actual politics, he is virtually the first to hoot at any new political asininity. As if with a hundred newspapers and a hundred clubs for his whispering-gallery, he appears to have heard every secret and every scandal. Nor does he content himself with random citation of what he hits upon. He hoards them and makes treatises. With George Jean Nathan, his dapper David, this rugged Jonathan has collected nearly a thousand vulgar beliefs in "An American Credo"; by himself he has composed a large first and a huge second edition of "The American Language." He has, in short, the range of a journalist, the verve of a comic poet, the patience of a savant. Among American humorists no one but Mark Twain has had more "body" to his art than Mr. Mencken.

### § 5

Poe, Whitman, Mark Twain—are they unexpected companions for an editor of the "Smart Set"? Perhaps; and yet Mr. Mencken, laying aside to some extent the waggish elements in his constitution, begins to have the stature of an important man of letters. Unlike Poe, he has in him nothing of the poet and he has written nonsense

about poetry. Unlike Whitman, he has not deeply studied the common man at first hand and he dismisses such persons with the insolence of a city wit. Unlike Mark Twain, he despises the miserable race of man without, like Mark Twain, also pitying it. What Mr. Mencken most conspicuously lacks, indeed, is the mood of pity, an emotion which the greatest satirists have all exhibited now or then. Even Swift, as indisposed to forgive a fool as Mr. Mencken is, occasionally let fall a glance of compassion upon folly. This is the particular penalty of smartness: though it may have plenty of light, it fears, even for a moment, to be sweet. Embarrassed in the presence of nothing else, it is embarrassed in the presence of ungirt emotions. Far from suffering fools gladly, it finds it difficult to overlook the dash of folly which appears in enthusiasm and heroism. Any habitual addiction to smartness makes almost impossible that highest quality of the mind, magnanimity. Mr. Mencken is but rarely magnanimous. It seems significant that he, passionately devoted as he is to music, so often misses the finer tones of eloquence when, as in poetry or prophecy, they are attended by expressed ideas which his reason challenges. Unless he can take his music "straight," he suspects it. The virtue of his quality of suspicion is that it helps him to see through things; its vice is that it frequently keeps him from seeing round them.

At the same time, however, Mr.

Mencken is an utter stranger to parsimonious or ungenerous impulses. No one takes a trouncing more cheerfully than he; no one holds out a quicker hand of encouragement to any promising beginner in literature or scholarship. The stupidity against which he wages his hilarious war is the stupidity which, unaware of its defects, has first sought to shackle the children of light. It is chiefly at sight of such attempts that his indignation rises and that he rushes forth armed with a bagpipe, a slapstick, a shillalah, a pitchfork, a butcher's cleaver, a Browning rifle, a lusty arm, and an undaunted heart. What fun, then! Seeing that the feast of fools has still its uses, he elects himself boy-bishop, gathers a horde of revelers about him, and burlesques the universe. Of course he profanes the mysteries, but the laughter with which he does it and the laughter which he arouses among the by-standers have the effect of clearing the packed atmosphere. When the saturnalia ends, sense settles down again with renewed authority. If it is a service to Mr. Mencken's country for him to be so often right in his quarrels and to bring down with his merry bullets so many giant imbecilities, even though with his barrage he not seldom slays some honest and charming idealism; so also it is a service to his country for him, even while he is vexing a few of the judicious with his excess of smartness, to enrich the nation with such a powerful stream of humor as no other American is now playing upon the times.





# An American Looks at His World

*Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank*



AL SMITH PARDONS JIM LARKIN

AS I sat down to write the editorial for this issue, the morning newspaper was laid on my table, and I was greeted by a head-line announcing that Governor Smith had issued a full pardon for "Big Jim" Larkin, the revolutionary labor leader who has been serving a five-year term in Sing Sing for violation of the criminal anarchy act. The statute upon which Larkin was convicted defines criminal anarchy as the doctrine "that organized government should be overthrown by force or violence . . . or by any unlawful means." The statute provides that any person advocating such a doctrine is guilty of a felony. The specific charge against Larkin was that he joined in issuing the manifesto of the ultra-radical left wing of the Socialist Party. This manifesto counseled a change of our form of government to what is described as the "dictatorship of the proletariat," and advocated that this change be achieved by strikes designed to affect the political action of the electorate.

I knew, of course, that this pardon was not inspired by any agreement on the part of Governor Smith with the radical views of the big and belligerent Irish labor leader. I knew that it must have been inspired by some fundamental conception of the relation of free speech and censorship to the

processes of sound democratic government. This was confirmed when I found Governor Smith saying in his public statement: "My present action in no way involves the slightest agreement with this manifesto. I condemn the dictatorship of the proletariat, of the farmers, of the capitalists, of the merchants, or of any other section of the community. In a free democracy we know no dictatorships and we endure none. No group has any legal, social, or moral right to impose by dictatorship its views or interests on any other group. Likewise, I condemn the project to coerce political action by any such method as the calling of general strikes. Labor has the right to strike for the purpose of securing reasonable improvement of its own conditions, but not for the purpose of driving other groups into the acceptance of a proposed political dictatorship. I disapprove such a project just as I would disapprove a combination of capitalists or of manufacturers to constrain political action of the laborers or the farmers by withholding from them the means of procuring the necessities of life. I pardon Larkin, therefore, not because of agreement with his views, but despite my disagreement with them. . . . Moreover, there is no evidence that Larkin ever endeavored to incite any specific act of

violence or lawlessness. What he did was to voice a faith that in the ultimate development of our political institutions there should be the radical change which I have described and condemned. Substantially, his offence was nothing more than the issuance of a misguided opinion that in the remote future our system of government should be changed by a process abhorrent to our institutions. Our state rests too firmly upon the devotion of its citizens to require for its protection an imprisonment of five years for the mere expression of an erroneous, or even an illegal, political doctrine, unaccompanied by any overt act. Moreover, I believe that the safety of the state is affirmatively impaired by the imposition of such a sentence for such a cause. Political progress results from the clash of conflicting opinions. The public assertion of an erroneous doctrine is perhaps the surest way to disclose the error and make it evident to the electorate. And it is a distinct disservice of the state to impose, for the utterance of a misguided opinion, such extreme punishment as may tend to deter, in proper cases, that full and free discussion of political issues which is a fundamental of democracy. Stripped of its legalistic aspects, this, to my mind, is a political case where a man has been punished for the statement of his beliefs."

I have quoted this statement at length, despite the fact that it has been carried in newspaper columns throughout the United States, because I regard it as a state paper of singular significance at this particular time, and I think I am rendering a distinct service to the future in seeing to it that it is assured a permanent place in the files of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

It throws the white light of intelligence upon certain policies and practices which have disgraced American politics ever since, during the war, we began to confuse intolerance with patriotism. We should long since have granted a general amnesty to all political prisoners who were imprisoned during the war for the utterance of radical ideas that ran counter to majority opinion and to the war-time purposes of the Government. If Governor Smith follows his pardon of Larkin with pardons for the other political prisoners of the State of New York and succeeds in reversing the un-American and czarist policies that Mr. Lusk and his associates fathered, he will set an example which should be followed by every governor in the United States and by the President of the United States.

I am glad that Governor Smith has based his policy upon the fundamentally sound contention that the safety as well as the progress of the state depends upon freedom of speech, press, assembly, and instruction. The fact is that conservatives have just as much at stake as radicals have in the preservation of the complete freedom of thought and speech. I believe that America has far more to fear from the violence of repression than it has to fear from the violence of revolt. The dictatorship of the reactionary is as undesirable as the dictatorship of the radical. Forcible governmental repression of minority thought and minority utterance, as Lord Macaulay long ago suggested, takes away from the rattlesnake the rattle by which it warns you of its approach, but leaves it with the sting by which it kills you. It is of vital public importance that, as a people, we force ourselves to think clearly

upon this issue of the freedom of speech, press, assembly, and instruction, for this problem is coming more and more to the fore. The temporary intolerance of war-time may be on the wane, but hard upon its heels are coming new moods and new movements that threaten to effect a permanent organization of bigotry on a national scale.

Two years ago, when the temporary intolerance of war-time was still in full swing, I wrote for this magazine a memorandum containing fourteen points on free speech. I remember that for a time I thought of calling that memorandum "A Tory's Defense of Free Speech," for throughout its argument I attempted to show, as Governor Smith has argued, that free speech operates in the interest of the safety and the progress of the state more than it operates in favor of radical propagandists. I cannot do better than to rehearse some of those points here.

I believe that, just as a germ dies in the sunlight, but thrives in the fetid air of a dungeon, so radical ideas are less dangerous to the existing order when expressed than when repressed. As Mr. Justice Holmes said some time ago, "With radical ideas, as with the not yet forgotten champagnes, the best way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to the air." In this sense free speech, if I may scramble metaphors, is a social safety-valve, if nothing else.

I believe that progress depends more upon our safeguarding the rights of heresy than upon the protection of orthodoxy. Every forward step in history, in the very nature of the case, had to begin with an attack upon the then existing order. Had effective

means for preserving the *status quo* existed from the dawn of human history, instead of our to-day living amid surroundings of culture and safety, we should probably be chasing one another through the forest with clubs and drinking blood from the scraped skulls of our victims, while the head of some primitive Patrick Henry afforded a delectable dish for some embryo censor. All this is the most frayed and weather-beaten platitude, I know, but unless we base our conceptions of government upon it, we are doomed either to political and social stagnation, on the one hand, or to riotous revolution, on the other.

I believe that "the cost of liberty is less than the price of repression." I am not arguing that there are no risks involved in free speech. A state takes great and grave risks when it allows freedom of thought and utterance. I am arguing only that a policy of no risks is more risky. Russia took no risks with freedom of thought, speech, assembly, and instruction, with the result that the czar fell a pathetic victim of a firing-squad, and Russia has had to seek some different order of affairs through a bloody and costly upheaval. Germany, under the Hohenzollerns, took few risks with freedom of thought and expression, and to-day her most distinguished apostles of thought control are in exile, stripped of their glory, and the German nation is in a hapless plight. Most advocates of revolution have, or at least think they have, a grievance. It matters not whether the grievance is real or imaginary; it is in the interest of orderly progress that they should be given a hearing. If a man's grievance is just, we should hear him, and straightway correct the injustice. If



a man's grievance is imaginary, we should hear him, and then pit our brains against his to prove to him that his grievance is imaginary. To deny him a hearing is not protecting the republic. It is the one sure way to convince him that force and violence is the only language left to him. Repression is, in actual results, a subsidy for unrest.

I believe that if the American people are incapable of self-protection in the face of error, they are incapable of self-government. The founders and fashioners of American democracy believed this. The fathers of the American Revolution had greater faith in the common sense and self-control of the people than some of the sons of the American Revolution are displaying in their alleged devotion to the Americanism of the fathers. When the hysteria of war-time was at high tide, I read to an ardent advocate of repression the following quotations and asked him what he thought should be done with the men who made the statements.

The first statement read: "The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on certain occasions that I wish it always to be kept alive. It will often be exercised when wrong, but better so than not to be exercised at all."

The second statement read: "Whenever they [the American people] grow weary of their existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

The advocate of repression replied

unhesitatingly, "They should be jailed, of course." I then reminded him that I had quoted the first statement from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to Abigail Adams, and the second statement from the first inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln. But I made little headway. A sense of humor is not a dominant characteristic of men who are convinced that they are the self-appointed guardians of the ideas and the loyalty of their fellows.

Jefferson and Lincoln evidently did not believe that the people are so utterly lacking in common sense and self-control that every time they hear a radical proposal made they immediately proceed to set fire to all of their own property, put bombs under the village banks, and, with ropes over their arms, march down the street, singing the "Marseillaise" of the social revolution, stringing up on the lamp-posts every man in town who has had brains enough to accumulate as much as thirty cents in a long business career.

I have made no attempt to present a thorough analysis of this issue, which will become more and more urgent as the new bigotries of our time continue their agitation and organization. I have plagiarized shamelessly from my own earlier statements on this problem. I have been concerned only to call attention to the importance of the issue and to suggest, in passing, that repression is not the conservative safeguard and social panacea it is advertised to be.



THE RUMFORD PRESS  
CONCORD

# CENTURY

*for* APRIL 1933





## Men Voted *for these* *Shaving Cream effects*

### 5 Perfections

These are the five ways in which Palmolive Shaving Cream excels.

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

It acts quickly—softens the beard in one minute.

It endures—maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

The bubbles are strong to support the hair for cutting. Weak bubbles let the hair fall down.

The after effects are delightful, due to palm and olive oils.

# PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*



Vol. 105                      CONTENTS for APRIL, 1923                      No. 6

"The Village" . . . . .	J. J. LANKES. <i>Frontispiece</i>	
A Lost Lady. <i>A novel. I</i> . . . . .	WILLA CATHER	803
The Clanging Bells of Quito . . . . .	BLAIR NILES	823
<i>Woodcuts by L. F. WILFORD</i>		
Night-Letter to Louisville. <i>A story.</i> . . . .	EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL	833
The Revolt of the New Immigrant . . . . .	MAURICE G. HINDUS	847
<i>Drawings by JOHN SLOAN</i>		
His Religion and Hers . . . . .	CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN	855
<i>II — What Her Religion will Do for the World</i>		
The Mama of Manuelito. <i>A story</i> . . . . .	ELINORE COWAN STONE	862
<i>Drawings by FLORENCE MINARD</i>		
The Ku Klux Klan . . . . .	FRANK TANNENBAUM	873
In Ports of Arcady. <i>Drawings of Nova Scotia</i> . . . . .	W. EMERTON HEITLAND	883
Women's Part in the New Renaissance . . . . .	LUCIE A. ZIMMERN	888
The Hat of Eight Reflections. <i>A story.</i> . . . .	JAMES MAHONEY	896
<i>Drawings by FLORENCE HOWELL BARKLEY</i>		
The English Lecturer in America . . . . .	S. K. RATCLIFFE	914
<i>Drawings by ROLLIN KIRBY</i>		
The Last of the Vikings. <i>A novel. VI</i> . . . . .	JOHAN BOJER	926
<i>Drawings by SIGURD SKOU</i>		
Salvation with Jazz . . . . .	CARL VAN DOREN	951
<i>Vacbel Lindsay: Evangelist in Verse</i>		
An American Looks at His World . . . . .	THE EDITOR	957
<i>W by Edward Bok should not base Retired</i>		
The Century Survey of Current Books . . . . .	G. F. and C. V. D.	<i>Front advertising pages</i>
Among Our Contributors . . . . .		<i>Front advertising pages</i>

The Index for Volume CV, November, 1922, to April, 1923, inclusive, will be sent free of charge, on request.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: Published monthly; 50 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year in the United States, \$5.60 in Canada, and \$6.00 in all other countries (postage included). Publication and circulation office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and advertising offices, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions may be forwarded to either of the above offices. Pacific Coast office, 327 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California. W. Morgan Shuster, President; Don M. Parker, Secretary; George L. Wheelock, Treasurer; James Abbott, Assistant Treasurer. Board of Trustees: George H. Haven, Chairman; George Inness, Jr.; W. Morgan Shuster. The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. All material herein published under copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Entered as second-class matter August 18, 1920, at the U. S. post-office, Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered also at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Printed in U. S. A.

# In the MAY CENTURY



PAUL BUNYON

by *Hubert Langerock*

An informal history of the great deeds and marvelous exploits of this mythical hero of the lumber camps.

SMOKE-STACKS IN EDEN

by *Charles Merz*

In the February issue Nathaniel Peffer exposed the horrors of the machine age. In reply Mr. Merz argues that these horrors need not be considered anything more than the minor tragedies of transition.

PORTRAITS IN PENCIL AND PEN

by *Walter Tittle*

Joseph Conrad, Walter de la Mare, H. Rider Haggard, Algernon Blackwood—here they all are, in pictures and in prose.

THE POLITENESS OF QUESTA LA PLATTA by *Mary Austin*

A story of what happened when politeness and pride came to blows.

SAINTS OF THE WORKSHOP

by *Pierre Hamp*

In this paper, translated by Charles E. Vouga, Pierre Hamp pleads for the coming of that hour when the essential holiness that lies in work will become one of the established moral forces of civilization.

A DEFENSE OF EDUCATION

by *Walter Lippmann*

If the psychological tests are final, it means that an overwhelming majority of the population of America is condemned to a treadmill from which there is no escape by training or by formal education. Mr. Lippmann thinks education may have something to say about it.

PRUDENCE MILITANT

by *Carl Van Doren*

A study of E. W. Howe, village sage.

*Short story by Mary Johnston. Serials by Willa Cather and Johan Bojer. Articles by Anne Bosworth Greene, Gilbert K. Chesterton, William H. Crawford. Group of drawings by Will Hollingsworth. Verse by Elinor Wylie.*

---

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

c. 4-23

I am enclosing \$5.00, for which please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one full year.

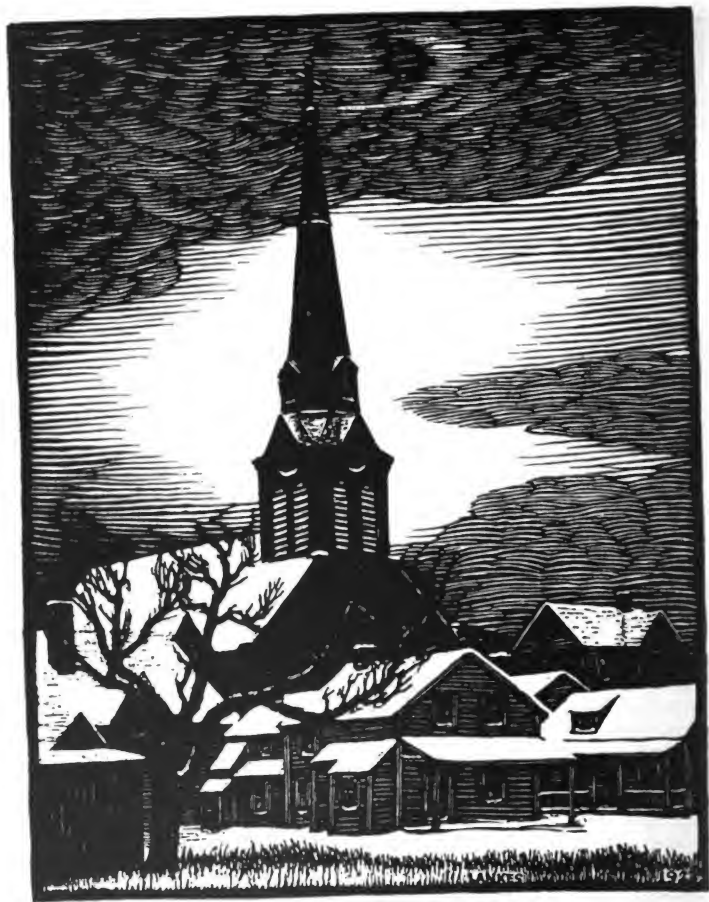
Name.....

Address.....

**THE  
CENTURY MAGAZINE**



**APRIL  
1923**



"The Village," woodcut by J. J. Lankes



# The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 105

April, 1923

No. 6



## A Lost Lady

*A Novel in Three Parts—Part I*

BY WILLA CATHER

THIRTY or forty years ago, in one of those gray towns along the Burlington Railroad, which are so much grayer to-day than they were then, there was a house well known from Omaha to Denver for its hospitality and for a certain charm of atmosphere. Well known, that is to say, to the railroad aristocracy of that time, men who had to do with the railroad itself or with one of the "land companies" that were its by-products. In those days it was enough to say of a man that he was "connected with the Burlington." There were the directors, general managers, vice-presidents, superintendents, whom every one knew; and their younger brothers or nephews were auditors, freight agents, departmental assistants. Every one "connected" with the road, even the large cattle- and grain-shippers, had annual passes for themselves and their families, and rode about over the line a great deal. There were then two distinct social strata in the prairie States, the homesteaders and hand-workers who were there to make a living, and the bankers and gentlemen ranchers who came from the Atlantic seaboard

to invest money and to "develop our great West," as they used to tell us.

When the Burlington men were traveling back and forth on business not very urgent, they found it agreeable to drop off the express and spend a night in a pleasant house where their importance was delicately recognized; and no house was pleasanter than that of Captain Forrester, at Sweet Water. Captain Forrester was himself a railroad man, a contractor who had built hundreds of miles of road for the Burlington over the sage-brush and cattle country, and on up into the Black Hills.

"The Forrester place," as every one called it, was not at all remarkable; the people who lived there made it seem much larger and finer than it was. The house stood on a low, round hill nearly a mile east of town—a white house with a wing, and sharp-sloping roofs to shed the snow. It was encircled by porches too narrow for modern notions of comfort, supported by the fussy, fragile pillars of that time, when every honest stick of timber was tortured by the turning-lathe into something hideous. Stripped of its vines



and denuded of its shrubbery, the house would probably have been ugly enough. It stood in the edge of a fine cottonwood grove that threw sheltering arms to left and right and grew all down the hillside behind it. Thus placed, on the hill, against its bristling grove, it was the first thing one saw on coming into Sweet Water by rail, and the last thing one saw on departing.

To approach Captain Forrester's property you had first to get over a wide, sandy creek which flowed along the eastern edge of the town. Crossing this by the foot-bridge or the ford, you entered the captain's private lane, bordered by Lombardy poplars, with wide meadows lying on each side. Just at the foot of the hill on which the house sat, one crossed a second creek by a stout wooden road-bridge over which the captain drove daily on his trips to town. This stream traced artless loops and curves through the broad meadows that were half pasture-land, half marsh. Any one but Captain Forrester would have drained the bottom-land and made it into highly productive fields. But he had selected this place long ago because it looked beautiful to him, and he happened to like the way the creek wound through his pasture, with mint and joint-grass and twinkling willows along its banks. He was well off for those times and he had no children; he could afford to humor his fancies.

When the captain drove friends from Omaha or Denver over from the station in his democrat wagon, it gratified him to hear these gentlemen admire his fine stock, grazing in the meadows on each side of his lane. And when they reached the top of the hill, it gratified him to see men even

older than himself leap nimbly to the ground and run up the front steps as Mrs. Forrester came out on the porch to greet them. Even the hardest and coldest of his friends, a certain narrow-faced Lincoln banker, became animated when he took her hand, tried to meet the gay challenge in her eyes and to reply cleverly to the droll word of greeting on her lips.

She was always there, just outside the front door, to welcome their visitors, having been warned of their approach by the sound of hoofs and the rumble of wheels on the wooden bridge. If she happened to be in the kitchen, helping her Bohemian cook, she came out in her apron, waving a buttery iron spoon, or shook cherry-stained fingers at the new arrival. She never stopped to pin up a lock; she was attractive in dishabille, and she knew it. She had been known to rush to the door in her dressing-gown, brush in hand, and her long black hair rippling over her shoulders, to welcome Cyrus Dalzell, president of the Colorado & Utah, and that great man had never felt more flattered. In his eyes, and in the eyes of the admiring middle-aged men who visited there, whatever Mrs. Forrester chose to do was "ladylike" because she did it. They could not imagine her in any dress or situation in which she would not be charming. Captain Forrester himself, a man of few words, told Judge Pomeroy that he had never seen her look more captivating than on the day when she was chased by the new bull in the pasture. She had forgotten about the bull and gone into the meadow to gather wild flowers. He heard her scream, and as he ran puffing down the hill, she was scudding along the edge of the marshes like a hare, beside herself with laughter,

and stubbornly clinging to the crimson parasol that had made all the trouble.

Mrs. Forrester was twenty-five years younger than her husband, and she was his second wife. He married her in California and brought her to Sweet Water a bride. They called the place home even then, when they lived there only a few months out of each year; but later, after the captain's terrible fall with his horse, in the mountains, which broke him so that he could no longer build railroads, he and his wife retired to the house on the hill. He grew old there, and even she, alas! grew older.

## § 2

But we shall begin this story with a summer morning long ago, when Mrs. Forrester was still a young woman and Sweet Water was a town of which great things were expected. That morning she was standing in the deep bay-window of her parlor, arranging old-fashioned blush roses in a glass bowl. Glancing up, she saw a group of little boys coming up the driveway, barefoot, with fishing-poles and lunch-baskets. She knew most of them. There were Neil Herbert, Judge Pomeroy's nephew, a handsome boy of twelve whom she liked; and polite George Adams, son of a gentleman rancher from Lowell, Massachusetts. The others were just little boys from the town: the butcher's red-headed son; the grocer's fat, brown twins; Ed Elliott, whose flirtatious old father kept a shoe-store and was the *Don Juan* of the lower world of Sweet Water; and the two sons of the German tailor, pale, freckled lads with ragged clothes and ragged, rust-colored hair, from whom she sometimes bought game or catfish when they appeared silent and spook-

like at her kitchen door and thinly asked if she would "care for any fish this morning."

As the boys came up the hill, she saw them hesitate and consult together.

"You ask her, Neil."

"You 'd better, George. She goes to your house all the time, and she barely knows me to speak to."

As they paused before the three steps that led up to the front porch, Mrs. Forrester came to the door and nodded to them graciously, holding one of the pink roses in her hand.

"Good morning, boys. Off for a picnic?"

George Adams stepped forward and solemnly took off his big straw hat.

"Good morning, Mrs. Forrester. Please may we fish and wade down in the marsh and have our lunch in the grove?"

"Certainly. You have a lovely day. How long has school been out? Don't you miss it? I'm sure Neil does. Judge Pomeroy tells me he's very studious."

The boys laughed, and Neil looked unhappy.

"Run along, and be sure you don't leave the gate into the pasture open. Mr. Forrester hates to have the cattle get in on his blue grass."

The boys went quietly round the house to the gate into the grove, then ran shouting down the grassy slopes under the tall trees. Mrs. Forrester watched them from the kitchen window until they disappeared behind the roll of the hill. She turned to her Bohemian cook.

"Mary, when you are baking this morning, put in a pan of cookies for those boys. I'll take them down when they are having their lunch."

The round hill on which the Forres-

ter house stood sloped gently down to the bridge in front, and gently down through the grove behind; but east of the house, where the grove ended, it broke steeply from high grassy banks, like bluffs, to the marsh below. It was thither the boys were bound.

When lunch-time came, they had done none of the things they meant to do. They had behaved like wild creatures all morning, shouting from the breezy bluffs, dashing down into the silvery marsh through the dewy cobwebs that glistened on the tall weeds, swishing among the pale tan cattails, wading in the sandy creek bed, chasing a striped water-snake from the old willow stump where he was sunning himself, cutting sling-shot crotches, throwing themselves on their stomachs to drink at the cool spring that flowed out from under a bank into a thatch of dark water-cress. Only the two German boys, Rheinhold and Adolph Blum, withdrew to a still pool where the creek was dammed by a reclining tree-trunk, and, despite all the noise and splashing about them, managed to catch a few suckers.

The wild roses were wide open and brilliant, the blue-eyed grass was in purple flower, and the silvery milkweed just coming on. Birds and butterflies darted everywhere. All at once the breeze died, the air grew very hot, the marsh steamed, and the birds disappeared. The boys found they were tired; their shirts stuck to their bodies, and their hair to their foreheads. They left the sweltering marsh-meadows for the grove, lay down on the clean grass under the grateful shade of the tall cottonwoods, and spread out their lunch. The Blum boys never brought anything but rye bread and hunks of dry cheese; their companions

would n't have touched it on any account. But Thaddeus Grimes, the butcher's red-headed son, was the only one impolite enough to show his scorn.

"You live on wienies to home; why don't you never bring none?" he bawled.

"Hush!" said Neil Herbert. He pointed to a white figure coming rapidly down through the grove, under the flickering leaf shadows—Mrs. Forrester, bareheaded, a basket on her arm, her blue-black hair shining in the sun. It was not until years afterward that she began to wear veils and sun hats, though her complexion was never one of her beauties. Her cheeks were pale and rather thin, slightly freckled in summer.

As she approached, George Adams, who had a particular mother, rose, and Neil followed his example.

"Here are some hot cookies for your lunch, boys." She took the napkin off the basket. "Did you catch anything?"

"We did n't fish much. Just ran about," said George.

"I know. You were wading and things." She had a nice way of talking to boys, light and confidential. "I wade down there myself sometimes when I go down to get flowers. I can't resist it. I pull off my stockings and pick up my skirts and in I go!" She thrust out a white shoe and shook it.

"But you can swim, can't you, Mrs. Forrester?" said George. "Most women can't."

"Oh, yes, they can! In California everybody swims. But the Sweet Water does n't tempt me—mud and water-snakes and bloodsuckers. Ugh!" She shivered, laughing.

"We seen a water-snake this morn-

ing and chased him. A whopper!" Thad Grimes put in.

"Why did n't you kill him? Next time I go wading, he'll bite my toes! Now, boys, go on with your lunch. George can leave the basket with Mary as you go out." She left them, and they watched her white figure drifting along the edge of the grove as she stopped here and there to examine the raspberry-vines by the fence.

"These are good cookies all right," said one of the giggly brown Weaver twins. The German boys munched in silence. They were all rather pleased that Mrs. Forrester had come down to them herself instead of sending Mary. Even rough little Thad Grimes, with his red thatch and catfish mouth, the characteristic feature of all the Grimes brood, knew that Mrs. Forrester was a very special kind of person. George and Neil were already old enough to see for themselves that she was different from the other townswomen, and to reflect upon what it was that made her so. The Blum brothers regarded her humbly from under their pale, chewed-off hair as one of the rich and great of the world. They realized more than their companions that such a fortunate and privileged class was an axiomatic fact in the social order.

### § 3

The boys had finished their lunch, and were lying on the grass talking about how Judge Pomeroy's water-spaniel Fanny had been poisoned, and who had certainly done it, when they had a second visitor.

"Shut up, boys! There he comes now. That's Poison Ivy," said one of the Weaver twins. "Shut up! We don't want old Roger poisoned."

A well grown boy of eighteen or nineteen, dressed in a shabby corduroy hunting-suit, with a gun and game-bag, had climbed up from the marsh and was coming down the grove between the rows of trees. He walked with a rude, arrogant stride, kicking at the twigs, and carried himself with unnatural erectness, as if he had a steel rod down his back. There was something defiant and suspicious about the way he held his head. He came up to the group and addressed them in a superior, patronizing tone.

"Hullo, kids. What are *you* doing here?"

"Picnic," said Ed Elliott.

"I thought girls went on picnics. Did you bring teacher along? Ain't you kids old enough to hunt yet?"

George Adams looked at him, scornfully.

"Of course we are. I got a twenty-two Remington for my last birthday. But we know better than to bring guns over here. You better hide yours, Mr. Ivy, or Mrs. Forrester will come down and tell you to get out."

"She can't see us from the house. And, anyhow, she can't say anything to me. I'm just as good as she is."

To this the boys made no reply. Such an assertion was absurd even to fish-mouthed Thad; his father's business depended on some people being better than others, and ordering better cuts of meat in consequence. If everybody ate round steak, like Ivy Peter's family, there would be nothing in the butcher's trade.

The visitor had put his gun and game-bag behind a tree, however, and stood stiffly upright, surveying the group out of his narrow, beady eyes and making them all uncomfortable.

George and Neil hated to look at Ivy, and yet his face had a kind of fascination for them. It was red, and the flesh looked hard, as if it were swollen from bee-stings or from an encounter with poison ivy. This nickname, however, was given him because it was well known that he had "made away" with several other dogs before he had poisoned the judge's friendly water-spaniel. The boys said he took a dislike to a dog and could n't rest until he made an end of it.

Ivy's red skin was flecked with tiny freckles, like rust spots, and in each of his hard cheeks there was a curly indentation, like a knot in a tree-bolt, two permanent dimples that did anything but soften his countenance. His eyes were very small, and an absence of eyelashes gave his pupils the fixed, unblinking hardness of a snake's or a lizard's. His hands had the same swollen look as his face, were deeply creased across the back and knuckles, as if the skin were stretched too tight. He was an ugly fellow, Ivy Peters, and he liked being ugly.

He began telling the boys that it was too hot to hunt now, but later he meant to steal down to the marsh, where the ducks came at sundown, and bag a few.

"I can make off across the corn-field before the old cap sees me. He 's not much on the run."

"He 'll complain to your father."

"A whoop my father cares." The speaker's restless eyes were looking up through the branches. "See that woodpecker tapping; don't mind us a bit. That 's nerve!"

"They are protected here, so they 're not afraid," said precise George.

"Hump! They 'll spoil the old man's grove for him. That tree 's full

of holes already. Would n't he come down easy, now!"

Neil and George Adams sat up.

"Don't you dare shoot here; you 'll get us all into trouble."

"She 'd come right down from the house," cried Ed Elliott.

"Let her come, stuck-up piece! Who 's talking about shooting, anyway? There 's more ways of killing dogs than choking them with butter."

At this effrontery the boys shot amazed glances at one another, and the brown Weaver twins broke simultaneously into giggles, and rolled over on the turf. But Ivy seemed unaware that he was regarded as being especially resourceful where dogs were concerned. He drew from his pocket a metal sling-shot and some round bits of gravel.

"I won't kill it. I 'll just surprise it, so we can have a look at it."

"Bet you won't hit it."

"Bet I will." He fitted the stone to the leather, squinted, and let fly. Sure enough, the woodpecker dropped at his feet. He threw his heavy, black felt hat over it. Ivy never wore a straw hat even in the hottest weather. "Now wait. He 'll come to. You 'll hear him in a minute."

"It ain't a he; anybody would know that," said Neil, contemptuously, annoyed that this unpopular boy should come along and spoil their afternoon. He held the fate of his uncle's spaniel against Ivy Peters.

"All right, Miss Female," said Ivy, carelessly, intent upon a project of his own. He took from his pocket a little red-leather box, and when he opened it, the boys saw that it contained curious little instruments: tiny sharp knife-blades, hooks, curved needles, a saw, a blowpipe, and scissors. "Some

of these I got with a taxidermy outfit from the 'Youth's Companion,' and some I made myself." He got stiffly down on his knees—his joints seemed disinclined to bend at all—and listened beside his hat. "She 's as lively as a cricket," he announced. Thrusting his hand suddenly under the brim, he brought out the startled bird. It was not bleeding, and did not seem to be crippled.

"Now you watch, and I 'll show you something," said Ivy. He held the woodpecker's head in a vice made of his thumb and forefinger, inclosing its panting body with his palm. Quick as a flash, as if it were a practised trick, with one of those tiny blades he slit both the eyes that glared in the bird's stupid little head, and instantly released it.

The woodpecker rose in the air with a whirling, corkscrew motion, darted to the right, and struck a tree-trunk; to the left, and struck another. Up and down, backward and forward, among the tangle of branches it flew, raking its feathers, falling and recovering itself. The boys stood watching it, indignant and uncomfortable, not knowing what to do. They were not especially sensitive; That was always on hand when there was anything doing at the slaughter-house, and the Blum boys lived by killing things. They would n't have believed they could be so upset by a hurt woodpecker. There was something wild and desperate about the way the darkened creature beat its wings in the branches, whirling in the sunlight, and never seeing it, always thrusting its head up and shaking it, as a bird does when it is drinking. Presently, it managed to get its feet on the same limb where it had been struck, and

seemed to recognize that perch. As if it had learned something by its bruises, it pecked and crept its way along the branch and disappeared into its own hole.

"There," Neil Herbert exclaimed between his teeth, "if I can get it now, I can kill it and put it out of its misery. Let me on your back, Rhein."

Rheinhold was the tallest, and he obediently bent his bony back. The trunk of a cottonwood-tree is hard to climb; the bark is rough, and the branches begin a long way up. Neil tore his trousers and scratched his bare legs smartly before he got to the first fork. After recovering his breath, he wound his way up toward the woodpecker's hole, which was inconveniently high. He was almost there, his companions below thought him quite safe, when he suddenly lost his balance, turned a somersault in the air, and bumped down on the grass at their feet. There he lay without moving.

"Run for water!"

"Run for Mrs. Forrester! Ask her for whisky!"

"No," said George Adams; "let 's carry him up to the house. She will know what to do."

"That 's sense," said Ivy Peters. As he was much bigger and stronger than any of the others, he lifted Neil's limp body and started up the hill. It had occurred to him that this would be a fine chance to get inside the Forresters' house and see what it was like, and this he had always wanted to do.

Mary, the cook, saw them coming from the kitchen window, and ran for her mistress. Captain Forrester was in Kansas City that day.

Mrs. Forrester came to the back door.

"What 's happened? It 's Neil, too! Bring him in this way, please."

Ivy Peters followed her, keeping his eyes open, and the rest trooped after him; all but the Blum boys, who knew that their place was outside the kitchen door. Mrs. Forrester led the way through the kitchen, the butler's pantry, the dining-room, the back parlor, to her own bedroom. She threw down the white counterpane, and Ivy laid Neil upon the sheets. Mrs. Forrester was concerned, but not frightened.

"Mary, will you bring the brandy from the sideboard? George, telephone Dr. Dennison to come over at once. Now you other boys run out on the front porch and wait quietly. There are too many of you in here."

She knelt by the bed, putting brandy between Neil's white lips with a teaspoon. The little boys withdrew; only Ivy Peters remained standing in the back parlor, just outside the bedroom door, his arms folded across his chest, taking in his surroundings with bold, unblinking eyes.

Mrs. Forrester glanced at him over her shoulder.

"Will you wait on the porch, please? You are older than the others, and if anything is needed, I can call on you."

Ivy cursed himself, but he had to go. There was something final about her imperious courtesy; "high and mighty," he called it. He had intended to sit down in the biggest leather chair and cross his legs and make himself at home; but he found himself on the front porch, put out by that delicately modulated voice as effectually as if he had been kicked out by the brawniest tough in town.

When Neil opened his eyes he found himself in a big, half-darkened room, full of heavy, old-fashioned wal-

nut furniture. He was lying on a white bed with ruffled pillow-shams, and Mrs. Forrester was kneeling beside him, bathing his forehead with cologne. Bohemian Mary stood behind her, with a basin of water. "Ouch! my arm!" he muttered, as the perspiration broke out on his face.

"Yes, dear, I 'm afraid it 's broken. Don't move. Doctor Dennison will be here in a few minutes. It does n't hurt very much, does it?"

"No, 'm," he said faintly. He was in pain, but he felt weak and contented. The room was cool and dusky and quiet. At his house everything was horrid when one was sick. What soft fingers Mrs. Forrester had, and what a lovely lady she was! Inside the lace ruffle of her dress he saw her white throat rising and falling quickly. Suddenly she got up to take off her glittering rings,—she had not thought of them before,—shed them off her fingers with a quick motion, as if she were washing her hands, and dropped them into Mary's broad palm. The little boy was thinking that he would probably never be in so nice a place again. The windows went almost down to the baseboard, like doors, and the closed green shutters let in streaks of sunlight that quivered on the polished floor and the silver things on the dresser. The heavy curtains were looped back with thick cords, like ropes. The marble-topped wash-stand was as big as a sideboard. The massive walnut furniture was inlaid with pale-colored woods. Neil had a scroll-saw, and this inlay interested him.

"There, he looks better now, does n't he, Mary?" Mrs. Forrester ran her fingers through his black hair and lightly kissed him on the forehead. Oh, how sweet, how sweet she smelled!

"Wheels on the bridge; it 's Doctor Dennison. Go and show him in, Mary."

Dr. Dennison set Neil's arm and took him home in his buggy. Home was not a pleasant place to go to, a frail egg-shell house set off on the edge of the prairie, where people of no consequence lived. Except for the fact that he was Judge Pomeroy's nephew, Neil would have been one of the boys to whom Mrs. Forrester merely nodded brightly as she passed. His father was a widower. A poor relative, a spinster from Kentucky, kept house for them, and Neil thought she was probably the worst housekeeper in the world. Their house was usually full of washing in various stages of incompleteness, tubs sitting about, with linen soaking, and the beds were "aired" until any hour in the afternoon when Cousin Sadie happened to think of making them up. She liked to sit down after breakfast and read murder trials or peruse a well-worn copy of "St. Elmo." Sadie was a good-natured thing, and was always running off to help a neighbor; but Neil hated to have any one come to see them. His father was at home very little; spent all his time at his office. He kept the county abstract books and made farm loans. Having lost his own property, he invested other people's money for them. He was a gentle, agreeable young man with nice manners, but Neil felt there was an air of failure and defeat about his family. He clung to his maternal uncle, Judge Pomeroy, white-whiskered and portly, who was Captain Forrester's lawyer and a friend of all the great men who visited the Forresters. Neil was proud, like his mother; she died when he was five years old. She had

hated the West, and used haughtily to tell her neighbors that she would never think of living anywhere but in Fayette County, Kentucky; that they had only come to Sweet Water to make investments and to "turn the crown into the pound." By that phrase she was still remembered, poor lady.

#### § 4

For the next few years Neil saw very little of Mrs. Forrester. She was an excitement that came and went with summer. She and her husband always spent the winter in Denver and Colorado Springs; went away soon after Thanksgiving and did not return until the first of May. He knew that Mrs. Forrester liked him, but she had not much time for growing boys. When she had friends staying with her and gave a picnic supper for them or a dance in the grove on a moonlight night, Neil was always invited. Coming and going along the road to the marsh with the Blum boys, he sometimes met the captain driving visitors over in the democrat wagon, and he heard about these people from Black Tom, Judge Pomeroy's faithful negro servant, who went over to wait on the table for Mrs. Forrester when she had a dinner party.

Then came the accident which cut short the captain's career as a road-builder. After that fall with his horse he lay ill at the Antlers, in Colorado Springs, all winter. In the summer, when Mrs. Forrester brought him home to Sweet Water, he still walked with a cane. He had grown much heavier, seemed encumbered by his own bulk, and never suggested taking a contract for the railroad again. He was able to work in his garden; trimmed his snowball-bushes and



lilac-hedges and devoted a great deal of time to growing roses. He and his wife still went away for the winter, but each year the period of their absence grew shorter.

All this while the town of Sweet Water was changing. Its future no longer looked bright. Successive crop failures had broken the spirit of the farmers. George Adams and his family had gone back to Massachusetts, disillusioned about the West. One by one the other gentleman ranchers followed their example. The Forresters no longer had so many visitors. The Burlington was "drawing in its horns," as people said, and the railroad officials were not stopping off at Sweet Water so often; were more inclined to hurry past a town where they had sunk money that would never come back.

Neil Herbert's father was one of the first failures to be crowded to the wall. He closed his little house, sent his cousin Sadie back to Kentucky, and went to Denver to accept an office position. He left Neil behind to read law in the office with his uncle. Not that Neil had any taste for the law, but he liked being with Judge Pomeroy, and he might as well stay there as anywhere for the present. The few thousand dollars his mother had left him would not be his until he was twenty-one.

Neil fitted up a room for himself behind the suite which the judge retained for his law offices, on the second floor of the most pretentious brick block in town, and there he lived with monastic cleanliness and severity, glad to be rid of his cousin and her inconsequential housewifery, and resolved to remain a bachelor, like his uncle. He took care of the offices,—which meant

that he did the janitor work,—and he arranged them exactly to suit his taste, making the rooms so attractive that all the judge's friends, and especially Captain Forrester, dropped in there to talk oftener than ever.

The judge was proud of his nephew. Neil was now nineteen, a tall, straight, deliberate boy. His features were clear-cut, his gray eyes, so dark that they looked black under his long lashes, were rather moody and challenging. The world did not seem over-bright to young people just then. His reserve, which did not come from embarrassment or vanity, but from a critical habit of mind, made him seem older than he was, and a little cold.

One winter afternoon, only a few days before Christmas, Neil sat writing in the back office, at the long table where he usually worked or trifled, surrounded by the judge's fine law library and by solemn steel engravings of statesmen and jurists. His uncle was at his desk in the front office, engaged in a friendly consultation with one of his country clients. Neil, greatly bored with the notes he was copying, was trying to invent an excuse for getting out on the street, when he became aware of light footsteps coming rapidly down the outside corridor. The door of the front office opened, he heard his uncle rise quickly to his feet, and at the same moment heard a woman's laugh—a soft, musical laugh which rose and descended like a suave scale. He turned in his screw-chair so that he could look over his shoulder through the double doors into the front room. Mrs. Forrester stood there, shaking her muff at the judge and the bewildered Swedefarmer. Her quick eye had lighted upon a

bottle of Bourbon and two glasses on the desk among the papers.

"Is that the way you prepare your cases, Judge? What an example for Neil!" She peeped through the door, and nodded to the boy as he rose.

He remained in the back room, however, watching her while she declined the chair the judge pushed toward her and made a sign of refusal when he politely pointed to the Bourbon. She stood beside his desk in her long sealskin coat and cap, a crimson scarf showing above the collar, a little brown veil with spots tied over her eyes. The veil did not in the least obscure those beautiful eyes, dark and full of light, set under a low, white forehead and arching eyebrows. The frosty air had brought no color to her cheeks. Her skin had always the fragrant, crystalline whiteness of white lilacs. Mrs. Forrester looked at one, and one knew that she was bewitching. It was instantaneous, and it pierced the thickest hide. The Swede farmer was now grinning from ear to ear, and he, too, had shuffled to his feet. There could be no negative encounter, however slight, with Mrs. Forrester. If she merely bowed to you, merely looked at you, it constituted a personal relation. Something about her took hold of one in a flash; one became acutely aware of her, of her fragility and grace, of her mouth, which could say so much without words, of her eyes, lively, laughing, intimate, nearly always a little mocking.

"Will you and Neil dine with us to-morrow evening, Judge? And will you lend me Tom? We've just had a wire. The Ogdens are stopping over with us. They've been East to bring the girl home from school; she's had mumps or something. They want to

be at home for Christmas, but they will stop off for two days. Probably Frank Ellinger will come on from Denver."

"No prospect can afford me such pleasure as that of dining with Mrs. Forrester," said the judge, ponderously.

"Thank you." She bowed gaily, and turned toward the double doors. "Neil, could you leave your work long enough to drive me home? Mr. Forrester is detained at the bank."

Neil put on his wolfskin coat. Mrs. Forrester took him by his shaggy sleeve, and went with him quickly down the long corridor and the narrow stairs to the street.

At the hitch-bar stood her cutter, looking like a painted toy among the country sleds and wagons. Neil tucked the buffalo-ropes about Mrs. Forrester, untied the ponies, and sprang in beside her. Without direction, the team started down the frozen main street, where few people were abroad, crossed the creek on the ice, and trotted up the poplar-bordered lane toward the house on the hill. The late afternoon sun burned on the snow-custed pastures. The poplars looked very tall and straight, pinched up and severe in their winter poverty. Mrs. Forrester chatted to Neil, with her face turned toward him, holding her muff up to break the wind.

"I'm counting on you to help me entertain Constance Ogden. Can you take her off my hands day after to-morrow, come over in the afternoon? Your duties as a lawyer are n't very arduous yet?" She smiled teasingly. "What can I do with a miss of nineteen, one who goes to college? I've no learned conversation for her."

"Surely, I have n't!" Neil exclaimed.

"Oh, but you 're a boy! Perhaps you can interest her in lighter things. She 's considered pretty."

"Do you think she is?"

"I have n't seen her lately. She was striking—china-blue eyes and heaps of yellow hair. Not exactly yellow; what they call an ashen blond, I believe."

Neil had noticed that in describing the charms of other women Mrs. Forrester always made fun of them a little.

They drew up in front of the house. Ben Keezer came round from the kitchen to take the team.

"You are to go back for Mr. Forrester at six, Ben. Neil, come in for a moment and get warm." She drew him through the little storm entry, which protected the front door in winter, into the hall. "Hang up your coat and come along." He followed her through the parlor into the sitting-room, where a little coal grate was burning under the black mantelpiece, and sat down in the big leather chair in which Captain Forrester dozed after his midday meal. It was a rather dark room, with tall walnut book-cases with carved tops and glass doors. The floor was covered with a red carpet, and the walls were hung with large, old-fashioned engravings: "The House of the Poet on the Last Day of Pompeii," "Shakspere Reading before Queen Elizabeth."

Mrs. Forrester left him, and presently returned, carrying a tray with a decanter and sherry-glasses. She put it down on her husband's smoking-table, poured a glass for Neil and one for herself, and perched on the arm of one of the stuffed chairs, where she sat sipping her sherry, and stretching her tiny, silver-buckled slippers out toward the glowing coals.

"It 's so nice to have you staying on until after Christmas," Neil observed. "You 've only been here one other Christmas since I can remember."

"I 'm afraid we 're staying on all winter this year. Mr. Forrester thinks we can't afford to go away. For some reason, we are extraordinarily poor just now."

"Like everybody else," the boy commented grimly.

"Yes, like everybody else. However, it does no good to be glum about it, does it?" She refilled the two glasses. "I always take a little sherry at this time in the afternoon. At Colorado Springs some of my friends take tea, like the English. But I should feel like an old woman, drinking tea. Besides, sherry is good for my throat." Neil remembered some legend about a weak chest and occasional terrifying hemorrhages; but that seemed doubtful, as one looked at her, fragile, indeed, but with such light, effervescing vitality. "Perhaps I do seem old to you, Neil, quite old enough for tea and a cap."

Neil smiled gravely.

"You seem always the same to me, Mrs. Forrester."

"Yes? And how is that?"

"Lovely. Just lovely."

As she bent forward to put down her glass she patted his cheek.

"Oh, you 'll do very well for Constance!" Then, seriously: "I 'm glad if I do, though. I want you to like me well enough to come to see us often this winter. You shall come with your uncle to make a fourth at whist. Mr. Forrester must have his whist in the evening. Do you think he is looking any worse, Neil? It frightens me to see him getting a little uncertain. But, there, we must believe in good

luck." She took up the half-empty glass and held it against the light.

Neil liked to see the firelight sparkle on her ear-rings, long pendants of garnets and seed-pearls in the shape of fleurs-de-lis. She was the only woman he knew who wore ear-rings; they hung naturally against her thin, triangular cheeks. Captain Forrester had given her handsomer ones, but he liked to see her wear these because they had been his mother's. It gratified him to have his wife wear jewels; it meant something to him. She never left off her beautiful rings unless she was in the kitchen.

"A winter in the country may do him good," said Mrs. Forrester, after a silence during which she looked intently into the fire, as if she were trying to read the outcome of their difficulties there. "He loves this place so much! But you and Judge Pomeroy must keep an eye on him when he is in town, Neil. If he looks tired or uncertain, make some excuse and bring him home. He can't carry a drink or two as he used." She glanced over her shoulder to see that the door into the dining-room was shut. "Once last winter he had been drinking with some old friends at the Antlers,—nothing unusual; just as he always did, as a man must be able to do,—but it was too much for him. When he came out to join me in the carriage, coming down that long walk, you know, he fell. There was no ice; he did n't slip. It was simply because he was unsteady. He had trouble getting up. I still shiver to think of it. To me it was as if one of the mountains had fallen down."

A little later Neil went plunging down the hill, looking exultantly into the streak of red sunset. Oh, the win-

ter would not be so bad this year! How strange that she should be here at all, a woman like her among common people! Not even in Denver had he ever seen another woman so elegant. He had sat in the dining-room of the Brown Palace Hotel and watched them as they came down to dinner, fashionable women from the East on their way to California; but he had never found one so attractive and distinguished. Compared with her, they were heavy and dull; even the pretty ones seemed lifeless. They had not that something in their glance that made one's blood tingle. And never elsewhere had he heard anything like her inviting, musical laugh, which was like the distant measures of dance music heard through opening and shutting doors.

He could remember the very first time he ever saw Mrs. Forrester when he was a little boy. He had been loitering in front of the Episcopal church one Sunday morning when a low carriage drove up to the door. Ben Keezer was on the front seat, and on the back seat was a lady, alone, in a black silk dress all puffs and ruffles, and a black hat, carrying a parasol with a carved ivory handle. As the carriage stopped, she lifted her dress to alight; out of a swirl of foamy white petticoats she thrust a black, shiny slipper. She stepped lightly to the ground, and with a nod to the driver went into the church. The little boy followed her through the open door, saw her enter a pew and kneel. He was proud now that at the first moment he had recognized her as belonging to a different world from any he had ever known.

Neil paused for a moment at the end of the lane to look up at the last skeleton poplar in the long row. Just

above its pointed tip hung the hollow, silver winter moon.

## § 5

In pleasant weather Judge Pomeroy walked to the Forrester's, but on the occasion of this dinner for the Ogdens, he engaged the liveryman to take him and his nephew over in one of the town hacks, vehicles seldom used except for funerals and weddings. They smelled strongly of the stable, and contained lap-ropes as heavy as lead and as slippery as oiled paper. Neil and his uncle were the only townspeople invited that evening; they rolled over the creek and up the hill in state, and emerged covered with horsehair.

The captain met them at the door, his burly figure buttoned up in a frock-coat, a flat collar and black string tie under the heavy folds of his neck. He was always clean-shaven except for a drooping dun-colored mustache. The company stood behind him, laughing while Neil caught up the whisk-broom and began dusting roan hairs off his uncle's broadcloth. Mrs. Forrester gave Neil a brushing in turn, and then took him into the parlor and introduced him to Mrs. Ogden and her daughter.

The daughter was a pretty girl, Neil thought, in a pale-pink evening dress that left bare her smooth arms and short, dimpled neck. Her eyes were, as Mrs. Forrester had said, a china blue, rather prominent and inexpressive. Her fleece of ashy-gold hair was bound about her head with silver bands. Despite her fresh, rose-like complexion, her face was not altogether agreeable. Two dissatisfied lines reached from the corners of her short nose to the corners of her mouth. When she was displeased, even a little,

these lines tightened, drew her nose back, and gave her a suspicious, injured expression. Neil sat down by Miss Ogden and did his best, but found her hard to talk to. She seemed nervous and distracted, kept glancing over her shoulder, and crushing her handkerchief in her hands. Her mind, clearly, was elsewhere. After a few moments he turned to the mother, who was more easily interested.

Mrs. Ogden was almost unpardonably homely. She had a pear-shaped face, and across her high forehead was a row of flat, dry curls. Her bluish brown skin was almost the color of her violet dinner dress. A diamond necklace glittered about her wrinkled throat. Unlike Constance, she seemed thoroughly amiable, but as she talked, she tilted her head and "used" her eyes, availing herself of those arch glances which he had supposed only pretty women indulged in. Probably she had long been surrounded by people to whom she was an important personage, and had acquired the manner of a spoiled darling. Neil thought her rather foolish at first, but in a few moments he had got used to her mannerisms and began to like her. He found himself laughing heartily, and forgot the discouragement of his failure with the daughter.

Mr. Ogden, a short, weather-beaten man of fifty, with a cast in one eye, a stiff imperial, and twisted mustaches, was noticeably quieter and less expansive than when Neil had met him here on former occasions. He seemed to expect his wife to do the talking. When Mrs. Forrester addressed him or passed near him, his good eye twinkled and followed her, while the eye that looked askance remained unchanged and committed itself to nothing.

Suddenly every one became livelier; the air warmed and the lamplight seemed to brighten as a fourth member of the Denver party came in from the dining-room with a glittering tray full of cocktails he had been making. Frank Ellinger was a bachelor of forty, six feet two, with long straight legs, fine shoulders, and a figure that still permitted his white waistcoat to button without a wrinkle under his conspicuously well cut dinner-coat. His black hair, as coarse and curly as the filling of a mattress, was gray about the ears, his florid face showed little purple veins about his beaked nose—a nose like the prow of a ship, with long nostrils. His chin was deeply cleft, his thick curly lips seemed very muscular, very much under his control, and with his strong white teeth, irregular and curved, gave him the look of a man who could bite an iron rod in two with a snap of his jaws. His whole figure seemed very much alive under his clothes, with a restless, muscular energy that had something of the cruelty of wild animals in it. Neil was very much interested in this man, the hero of many club stories. He did not know whether he liked him or not. He knew nothing bad about him, but felt something evil.

The cocktails were the signal for general conversation; the company drew together in one group. Even Miss Constance seemed less dissatisfied. Ellinger drank his cocktail standing beside her chair, and offered her the cherry in his glass. They were old-fashioned whisky cocktails. Nobody drank Martinis then; gin was supposed to be the consolation of sailors and inebriate scrub-women.

"Very good, Frank; very good," Captain Forrester pronounced, draw-

ing out a fresh cologne-scented handkerchief to wipe his mustache. "Are encores in order?" The captain puffed slightly when he talked. His eyes, always somewhat suffused and blood-shot since his injury, blinked at his friends from under their heavy lids.

"One more round for everybody, Captain." Ellinger brought in from the sideboard a capacious shaker, and refilled all the glasses except Miss Ogden's. At her he shook his finger, and offered her the little dish of maraschino cherries.

"No, I don't want those. I want the one in your glass," she said, with a pouty smile. "I like it to taste of something."

"Constance!" said her mother, reprovingly, rolling her eyes at Mrs. Forrester, as if to share with her the charm of such innocence.

"Neil,"—Mrs. Forrester had laughed,—"won't you give the child your cherry, too?"

Neil promptly crossed the room and proffered the cherry in the bottom of his glass. She took it with her thumb and forefinger and dropped it into her own, where, he was quick to observe, she left it when they went out to dinner. A stubborn piece of pink flesh, he decided, and certainly a fool about a man quite old enough to be her father. He sighed when he saw that he was placed next to her at the dinner-table.

Captain Forrester still made a commanding figure at the head of his own table, with his napkin tucked under his chin and the work of carving well in hand. Nobody could lay bare the bones of a brace of duck or a twenty-pound turkey more deftly. "What part of the turkey do you prefer, Mrs. Ogden?" If one had a preference, it

was gratified, with all the stuffing and gravy that went with it, and the vegetables properly placed. When a plate left Captain Forrester's hands it was a dinner; the recipient was served and well served. He served Mrs. Forrester last of the ladies, but before the men, and to her, too, he said, "Mrs. Forrester, what part of the turkey shall I give you this evening?"

He was a man who did not vary his formulæ or his manners. He was no more mobile than his countenance. Neil and Judge Pomeroy had often remarked how much Captain Forrester looked like the pictures of Grover Cleveland. His clumsy dignity covered a deep nature, and a conscience that had never been juggled with. His repose was like that of a mountain. When he laid his fleshy, thick-fingered hand upon a frantic horse, a hysterical woman, or an Irish workman out for blood, he brought them peace, something they could not resist. That had been the secret of his management of men. His sanity asked nothing, claimed nothing; it was so simple that it brought a hush over distracted creatures. In the old days, when he was building road in the Black Hills, trouble sometimes broke out in camp when he was absent, staying with Mrs. Forrester at Colorado Springs. He would put down the telegram that announced an insurrection and say to his wife, "Maidy, I must go to the men." And that was all he did: he went to them.

While the captain was intent upon his duties as host he talked very little, and Judge Pomeroy and Ellinger kept a lively cross-fire of amusing stories going. Neil, sitting opposite Ellinger, watched him closely. He still did n't know whether he liked

him or not. In Denver Ellinger was known as a prince of good fellows, tactful, generous, resourceful, though apt to trim his sails to the wind; a man who good-humoredly bowed to the inevitable or to the almost inevitable.

He had, when he was younger, been notoriously wild, but that was not held against him even by mothers with marriageable daughters, like Mrs. Ogden. Morals were different in those days. Neil had heard his uncle refer to Ellinger's youthful infatuation with a woman called Nell Emerald, a handsome and rather unusual woman who conducted a house properly licensed by the Denver police. Nell Emerald had told an old club-man that though she had been out behind young Ellinger's new trotting-horse, she "had no respect for a man who would go driving with a prostitute in broad daylight." This story and a dozen like it were often related of Ellinger, and the women laughed over them as heartily as the men. All the while that he was making a scandalous chronicle for himself, young Ellinger had been devotedly caring for an invalid mother, and he was described to strangers as a terribly fast young man and a model son. That combination pleased the taste of the time. Nobody thought the worse of him. Now that his mother was dead, he lived at the Brown Palace Hotel, though he still kept her house at Colorado Springs.

When the roast was well under way, Black Tom, very formal in a white waistcoat and high collar, poured the champagne. Captain Forrester lifted his glass, the frail stem between his thick fingers, and, glancing round the table at his guests and at Mrs. Forrester, said, "Happy days!"

It was the toast he always drank at dinner, the invocation he was sure to utter when he took a glass of whisky with an old friend. Whoever had heard him say it once liked to hear him say it again. Nobody else could utter those two words as he did, with such gravity and geniality. It seemed a solemn moment, seemed to knock at the door of Fate, behind which all days, happy and other, were hidden. Neil drank his wine with a pleasant shiver, thinking that nothing else made life seem so precarious, the future so cryptic and unfathomable, as that brief toast uttered by the massive man—"Happy days!"

Mrs. Ogden turned to the host with her most languishing smile.

"Captain Forrester, I want you to tell Constance—" she was an east-Virginia woman, and what she really said was, "Cap'n Forrester, Ah wan' yew to tell, etc." Her vowels seemed to roll about just as her eyes did,—“I want you to tell Constance about how you first found this lovely spot, 'way back in Indian times.”

The captain looked down the table between the candles at Mrs. Forrester, as if to consult her. She smiled and nodded, and her beautiful ear-rings swung beside her pale cheeks. She was wearing her diamonds to-night, and a black velvet gown. Her husband had archaic ideas about jewels; a man bought them for his wife in acknowledgment of things he could not gracefully utter. They must be costly, they must show that he was able to buy them, and that she was also worthy to wear them.

With her approval the captain began his narrative, a concise account of how he came West a young boy, after serving in the Civil War, and took a

job as driver for a freighting company that carried supplies across the plains from Nebraska City to Cherry Creek, as Denver was then called. The freighters, after embarking in that sea of grass six hundred miles in width, lost all count of the days of the week and the month. One day was like another, and all were glorious: good hunting, plenty of antelope and buffalo, boundless sunny sky, boundless plains of waving grass, long fresh-water lagoons yellow with lagoon flowers, where the bison in their periodic migrations stopped to drink and bathe and wallow.

"An ideal life for a young man," the captain pronounced. Once, when he was driven out of the trail by a washout, he rode south to explore, and found an Indian encampment near the Sweet Water, on this very hill where his house now stood. He was, he said, "greatly taken with the location," and made up his mind that he would one day have a house there. He cut down a young willow-tree and drove the stake into the ground to mark the spot where he wished to build. He went away, and did not come back for many years; he was helping to lay the first railroad across the plains.

"There were those that were dependent on me," he said. "I had sickness to contend with, and responsibilities. But in all those years I expect there was hardly a day passed that I did not remember the Sweet Water and this hill. When I came here a young man I had planned it in my mind pretty much as it is to-day; where I would dig my well, and where I would plant my grove and my orchard. I planned to build a house that my friends could come to, with a wife like Mrs. Forrester to make it attractive to them. I



used to promise myself that some day I would manage it." This part of the story the captain told not with embarrassment, but with reserve, choosing his words slowly, absent-mindedly cracking English walnuts with his strong fingers, and heaping a little hoard of kernels beside his plate. His friends understood that he was referring to his first marriage, the poor invalid wife who had never been happy and who had kept his nose to the grindstone.

"When things looked most discouraging," he went on, "I came back here once and bought the place from the railroad company. They took my note. I found my willow stake,—it had rooted and grown into a tree,—and I planted three more to mark the corners of my house. Twelve years later Mrs. Forrester came here with me, shortly after our marriage, and we built our house." Captain Forrester puffed from time to time, but his clear account commanded attention. Something in the way he uttered his unornamented phrases gave them the impressiveness of inscriptions cut in stone.

Mrs. Forrester nodded at him from her end of the table.

"And now, tell us your philosophy of life. This is where it comes in." She laughed teasingly.

The captain coughed and looked abashed.

"I was intending to omit that tonight. Some of our guests have already heard it."

"No! no! It belongs at the end of the story, and if some of us have heard it, we can hear it again. Go on!"

"Well, then, my philosophy is that what you think of and plan for day by day, in spite of yourself, as it were, you will get. You will get it more or

less. That is, unless you are one of the people who get nothing in this world. There are such people. I have lived too much in mining works and construction camps not to know that." He paused as if, though this was too dark a chapter to be gone into, it must have its place, its moment of silent recognition. "If you are not one of those, Constance and Neil, you will accomplish what you dream of most."

"And why? That 's the interesting part of it," his wife prompted him.

"Because"—he roused himself from his abstraction and looked about at the company—"because a thing that is dreamed of in the way I mean is already an accomplished fact. All our great West has been developed from such dreams, the homesteader's and the prospector's and the contractor's. We dreamed the railroads across the mountains, just as I dreamed my place on the Sweet Water. All these things will be every-day facts to the coming generation, but to us—" Captain Forrester ended with a sort of grunt. Something forbidding had come into his voice—the lonely, defiant note that is so often heard in the voices of old Indians.

Mrs. Ogden had listened to the story with such sympathy that Neil liked her better than ever, and even the preoccupied Constance seemed able to give it her attention. They rose from the dessert, and went into the parlor to arrange the card-tables. The captain still played whist as well as ever. He brought out a box of his best cigars, paused before Mrs. Ogden, and said, "Is smoke offensive to you, Mrs. Ogden?" When she protested that it was not, he crossed the room to where Constance was talking with Ellinger and asked with the same grave

courtesy, "Is smoke offensive to you, Constance?" Had there been half a dozen women present, he would probably have asked that question of each, and in the same words. It did not bother him to repeat a phrase. If an expression answered his purpose, he saw no reason for varying it.

Mrs. Forrester and Mr. Ogden were to play against Mrs. Ogden and the captain. "Constance," said Mrs. Forrester as she sat down, "will you play with Neil? I 'm told he 's very good."

Miss Ogden's short nose flickered up, the lines on each side of it deepened, and she again looked injured. Neil was sure she detested him. He was not going to be done in by her.

"Miss Ogden," he said as he stood beside his chair, deliberately shuffling a pack of cards, "my uncle and I are used to playing together, and probably you are used to playing with Mr. Ellinger. Suppose we try that combination?"

She gave him a quick, suspicious glance from under her yellow eyelashes, and flung herself into a chair without so much as answering him. Frank Ellinger came in from the dining-room, where he had been sampling the captain's French brandy, and took the vacant seat opposite Miss Ogden.

"So it 's you and me, Connie? Good enough!" he exclaimed, cutting the pack Neil pushed toward him.

Just before midnight Black Tom opened the door and announced that the egg-nog was ready. The card-players went into the dining-room, where the punch-bowl stood smoking on the table.

"Constance," said Captain Forrester, "do you sing? I like to hear one of the old songs with the egg-nog."

"Ah 'm sorry, Cap'n Forrester; Ah really have n't any voice."

Neil noticed that whenever Constance spoke to the captain she strained her throat, though he was n't in the least deaf. Neil broke in over her refusal.

"Uncle can start a song if you coax him, sir."

Judge Pomeroy, after smoothing his silver whiskers and coughing, began "Auld Lang Syne." The others joined in, but they had n't got to the end of it when a hollow rumbling down on the bridge made them laugh, and every one ran to the front windows to see the judge's funeral coach come lurching up the hill, with only one of the side lanterns lit. Mrs. Forrester sent Tom out with a drink for the driver. While Neil and his uncle were putting on their overcoats in the hall, she came up to them and whispered coaxingly to the boy:

"Remember, you are coming over to-morrow at two? I am planning a drive, and I want you to amuse Constance for me."

Neil bit his lip, and looked down into Mrs. Forrester's laughing, persuasive eyes.

"I 'll do it for you, but that 's the only reason," he said threateningly.

"I understand. For me! I 'll credit it to your account."

The judge and his nephew rolled away on swaying springs. The Ogdens retired to their rooms up-stairs. Mrs. Forrester went to help the captain divest himself of his frock-coat and put it away for him. Ever since he was hurt he had to be propped high on pillows at night, and he slept in a narrow iron bed in the alcove that had formerly been his wife's dressing-room. While he was undressing he

breathed heavily and sighed, as if he were very tired. He fumbled with his studs, then blew on his fingers and tried again. His wife came to his aid and quickly unbuttoned everything. He did not thank her in words, but submitted gratefully.

When the iron bed creaked at receiving his heavy figure, she said, from the big bedroom, "Good night, Mr. Forrester," and drew the heavy curtains that shut off the alcove. She took off her rings and ear-rings, and was beginning to unfasten her black velvet bodice when, at a tinkle of glass from without, she stopped short. Rehooking the shoulder of her gown, she went to the dining-room, now faintly lit by the coal fire in the back parlor. Frank Ellinger was standing at the sideboard taking a nightcap. The Forrester French brandy was old, and heavy, like a cordial.

"Be careful," she murmured as she approached him. "I have a distinct impression that there is some one on the inclosed stairway. There is a wide crack in the door. Ah, but kittens have claws these days! Pour me just a little. Thank you. I'll have mine in by the fire."

He followed her into the next room, where she stood by the grate, looking at him in the light of the pale-blue

flames that ran over the fresh coal put on to keep the fire.

"You've had a good many brandies, Frank," she said, studying his flushed, masterful face.

"Not too many. I'll need them—to-night," he replied meaningly.

She nervously brushed back a lock of hair that had come down a little.

"It's not to-night; it's morning. Go to bed and sleep as late as you please. Take care, I heard silk stockings on the stairs. Good night." She put her hand on the sleeve of his coat; the white fingers clung to the black cloth as bits of paper cling to magnetized iron. Her touch, soft as it was, went through the man, all the feet and inches of him. His broad shoulders lifted on a deep breath. He looked down at her. Her eyes fell.

"Good night," she said faintly. As she turned quickly away, the train of her velvet dress caught the leg of his broadcloth trousers, and dragged with a friction that crackled and threw sparks. Both started. They stood looking at each other for a moment before she actually slipped through the door. Ellinger remained by the hearth, his arms folded tight over his chest, his curly lips compressed, frowning into the fire.

(The end of the first part of "A Lost Lady")





# The Clanging Bells of Quito

BY BLAIR NILES

WOODCUTS BY L. F. WILFORD



THE mighty Andes encircle the basin in which the capital of Ecuador lies 9300 feet above the waves that break along the coast. It is remote, this lofty capital, and it is old. No one knows how old. Nearly four hundred years have passed since the Spaniards took possession of it in the name of their king and their cross. Before the Spaniards there were the Incas; before them the Caras; before the Caras a vague people whom they are said to have conquered; and before them? We do not know. Quito does not tell its past or its age. It has the air of remembering more years than it troubles itself to reckon. Yes, Quito is old.

Although there remain no ruins of its former civilizations, Quito seems not to forget. Even its most modern streets and squares somehow whisper of the past. Despite its flowery *parques*, its new and handsome buildings; despite even the brilliant white light of vertical sun-rays, the city conveys an impression of melancholy and mystery. Its very odor is ancient.

Incredibly narrow streets climb and descend steeply. The paving is of rough cobbles. In the middle of the street is a line of flat stones over which the burden-bearing Indians have trotted so long and in such numbers that their bare feet have worn in the stones deep depressions; and as they have

thus worn away the very rock, they have polished smooth its surface.

The houses of Quito are of one, two, and more rarely three stories. Balconies overhang the narrow sidewalks. Shops often occupy the ground floors, or families of Indians are found dwelling in squalor directly beneath the establishments of the prosperous. Ecuador does not, as do we, shove out of sight its poor. They kneel in the most gorgeous churches; they wander in the proudest squares. The same roofs shelter silks and rags; Lazarus actually dwells at the very door-step of Dives. This, some Ecuadorians maintain, is true democracy.

Many of the houses are weather-stained; others are pastel pinks and blues; still others are blindingly white. In the older parts of the city houses are often perched so high on the hillsides that long steep steps lead up to them, with occasional foot-bridges to connect the two sides of the street. Deep, precipitous *quebradas*, or ravines, carve the city into sections, and these are at intervals united by masonry bridges over which vehicles may pass. There are many churches, built to withstand earthquakes—massive Moorish churches with low, square towers. And in the towers hang bells.

Those bells waked us daily at twenty minutes after four, clashing suddenly in the darkness. They rang madly,

frantically; clanging deafeningly in the night, clanging frigidly as cold metal struck against cold metal, pealing now slow, now all at once fast and furious. There was no sequence or cadence in their ringing. They seemed at one moment to exult in noise for the sheer love of noise, and then with a swift change of mood they would toll as though in slow bewilderment; pause, and again wildly clang.

Under a weight of gaily striped Indian blankets I would stir cautiously an inch at a time to avoid too sudden contact with surrounding arctic sheets. I would be glad not to be one of the pious called to prayer by those insistent bells. It could not be good for the soul to rise in the coldness of an Andean night to kneel upon chill stone floors at mass. Such a practice would so justify one in self-righteousness that one might complacently neglect all the small commonplace duties of life.

Thus reasoning, I would fall asleep, and when I awoke again, the smiling *cholo* room boy would be coming in with the breakfast tray, and the sun would be pouring through the big windows of our room at the Metropolitan.

By the time we were dressed there would be an October warmth in the sun, and before going out to explore

Quito we would bask for a few moments on our balcony, sitting there in the sunshine and looking out beyond the tower of San Agustín, over the

city to the green mountain slopes of the encircling Andes, where tumbled a silver cascade, tiny in the distance. Beneath us were tile roofs of a soft faded red, like the vague dull reds of Egyptian paintings. In the eaves of these roofs grew little flowering plants about which hovered humming-birds, brilliantly iridescent, with



Houses pink, blue, and blindingly white

long tails so out of proportion to the size of their bodies that they looked like dragon-flies—like the glorified dragon-flies of a child's dream.

If we delayed in the sun on the balcony, the bells would burst again into sound, commanding the devout to still another mass. The air would be filled with their clamor from the distant outskirts of the city to San Agustín, pealing in our very ears.

Looking into the tower, we seemed to see the materialized spirit of all those chaotic bells. We saw the poncho of an Indian swing back and forth with each mighty peal of the great bell. His body vibrated with the huge clapper, peal following swing, now fast, now slow. He also directed the lesser bells, whose controlling ropes he gathered in one hand as a driver gathers together the reins of his team.

All over Quito similar ponchos thus swayed with the clappers of many bells in many churches. Small wonder that the bells of South-American Catholicism are not as those of Europe, that they toll in no orderly fashion, in no scientific harmony or disciplined melody; for primitive man directs them—primitive man with his rapid, unaccountable changes of mood, his sudden shifting from a frantic placation of terrifying gods to a hesitating hope, a tremulous groping toward light, flickering and elusive, wandering like a will-o'-the-wisp among the shadows, lost often in the darkness of superstition, but from time to time reappearing, and expressing itself in the sweet, resonant peals which occasionally find their way into the clanging pagan medley.

Thus it is the Indian, the conquered race, who in Ecuador calls to worship cholo, mestizo, and Spaniard—the poncho summoning the cowl to prayer.

In the streets of this far-away Quito the centuries paraded. Caravans of mules came and went. They provided the only means of transportation between Quito and the towns of the northern frontier, Otavalo and Ibarra and Tulcán in Ecuador, Ipiales in Colombia. The mules entered the city in long, weary lines, gray with the dust of the desert of Mojanda. They imparted an added atmosphere of far-away-ness. They stumbled mutely over the cobbles, yet their dejected figures were eloquent of great distances, of exhausting and perilous trails. They brought into the strange little mountain capital the very breath of the great lonely wastes beyond, as the camels that pass through the gates of the Great Wall bring into Peking a consciousness of the mystery of the Gobi Desert.

It is impossible to think of Quito without seeing the holy fathers of the church moving always up and down those narrow streets, passing almost invariably in couples, as certain birds fly always two and two across the sky. There were members of the order of La Merced in long white gowns and flat black hats; Dominicans in white robes with black cowls; Franciscans in coarse brown, with their bare feet in hemp sandals; *Hermanos Cristianos* in black cassocks and black hats; and the *frailés* of San Agustín in black-hooded cowls.

These priestly robes, passing continually up and down the streets, seemed almost to equal in numbers the black *mantas* drawn closely about the heads of the pallid women who hurried from mass to mass like somber wraiths. Priests and *manta*-ed women contrasted sharply with young officers in truly gorgeous uniforms and with occasional señoritas who, with slim bare arms slipped into muffs, contrived an air of coquetry even in the black garb of mass.

These figures of Spanish-American civilization shared the streets with those aboriginal people who trotted under heavy burdens. A woman carried on her back the gruesome heads of three oxen, to which their menacing horns were still attached. Many carried whole pigs, stiff and stark and looking pitifully undressed. A family would undertake the contract of moving an entire house, and one day we saw twenty-four men hurrying under the weight of a great iron water-wheel, and yet all moving in perfect harmony of step.

Sometimes a costly limousine would dispute the way with a flock of sheep or a drove of rebellious pigs. The

Indian women who shepherded these beasts showed a complete indifference to limousines. A motor in their village would have been a sensation, but the sights of Quito did not concern them. They were there to drive their flocks to market and then to return to their own place. Dust veiled the barbaric color of their skirts. They walked with an air of great aloofness, as though they were as removed from the world of motor-cars as the year 1535 is removed from 1921. As they walked they were busily spinning, occupied only with affairs on the Indian plane of existence, where the behavior of pigs and sheep is important and there is always need of much spinning.

Often as we sat in the Parque de la Independencia, where all day little Andean whitethroats trilled cheerily in the sun, there came to our ears the bizarre shouts of passing Indians, the shriek of an automobile horn, and suddenly the crashing clang of bells. And Quito, which at first had appeared to us so unreal, began, because of its very unlikeness, its very remoteness, to seem, after all, the one reality. It was the rest of the world that was strange and far away.

The beauty of the Ecuadorian plateau is a stern beauty—the beauty of harsh mountains and great sterile distances seen through the medium of lofty desert air. Upon this simple and austere land Catholicism in pristine pomp long ago imposed itself. Ornate churches dominate Quito. Upon crossing their thresholds one forgets that outside, in the sunshine, a new Quito is by degrees in construction.

A stone's-throw from the carved façade of La Compañía de Jesús the Bank of Pichincha was erecting a building of modern type; but within the

Compañía blazed candles with all the glory of the church militant and supreme, their multiplied glimmer becoming a splendor which revealed walls and dome carved and gilded with an appalling intricacy.

There at mass kneeling figures crowded the floor. A filthy heap of rags might kneel beside the proudest lady in the capital. How glitteringly marvelous these churches must seem to the Indians whose poor life is as austere as the plateau itself! How dazzling to him must be the imposing, shining ritual!

In the kneeling multitudes of Quito I was aware of a sincerity so complete, a faith so unquestioning, that in its presence the world of skepticism and science seemed to dissolve into a vaporous nothingness. And yet the very magnitude of that faith tends to destroy faith. Here where day after day, century after century, prayer, prostration, and prayer had been incessant and faith entire, should there not have been some answer which would ring around the world? How each petition emphasized the wretchedness of mankind as over and over man implored his God to pity, pardon and pity! "*Tened misericordia! Tened misericordia!*" until, standing in the shadow of a great column, I felt my heart break with the silence—the silence of the images before which flared the candles. But my heart need not thus have broken. There are many roads to God. Perhaps those beseeching souls heard an answer to which my ears were deaf.

In the entrance to the monastery of the Dominicans we found a young monk, white-robed and black-cowled, sketching in the figures of a mural painting. He sat upon a high scaffold, and below him passed a procession of



Cotopaxi, the Fuji-yama of Ecuador



devout Indians, begging at the door of the convent a drink of the blessed water of San Vicente. They drank one by one from the same cup, ragged and dirty ponchos sharing equally with ponchos whose lavish dyes showed clean and new.

Through the partly open door could be seen the pure callas and the palms of the monastery patio; but up on his scaffold the monk, absorbed in his work, was oblivious of all that passed beneath. From time to time he would pause to contemplate his sketch, and then his long, sensitive, olive hand would again be silhouetted against the white wall.

In the plaza outside, a statue of General Sucre pointed to the hill where, on May 24, 1822, he fought the battle of Pichincha, which freed Quito from the rule of Spain. The Ecuadorian friend who often accompanied us in our wanderings about the city told us proudly that plans had been made to construct a motor road to the top of the hill and to place there a lighthouse. The Quito which this good-looking young man wanted to show us was the Quito of the future. A railroad from the capital to Esmeraldas he would indicate, "Behold in construction the line!" There was also to be a new post-office, a library, and a splendidly wide avenue called "The Twenty-Fourth of May." All these awaited the necessary funds for their completion.

There was in actual construction at the time a great sewer in the excavation of which men and women and children were employed. They were carrying away the surplus earth in wheelbarrows, the tiniest tots with barrows adjusted to their size, their little strength in many cases equal only

to the wheeling of a shovelful or two.

We had come upon this work not far from the church of the great monastery of the Franciscans, which is the most important monastery in Ecuador and one of the largest in the world. Outside massive wooden doors I found seated a line of beggars waiting for the meal daily served them by the monks. There were men in the assemblage, and women with little children. I wondered what constituted a beggar in Ecuador, and why those who toiled in the sewer or trotted under the burden of bricks did not join the ranks of mendicants, to sit in the sheltered entrance without the doors of the Convent of San Francisco, and there to wait for the servants of God to spread their table. It was pleasant in that portico, though I, alas! was not dressed for sitting on the ground, and had to stand while the beggars sat at their ease in the sun.

Upon the wall hung a holy picture done in the crude colors that the Indian loves and understands. And while the supplicants waited, a gentle-faced *chola* woman read aloud to them from some book of saints. She was evidently in the employ of the church, for her calico dress was clean and the shawl about her head fresh and new. She read in a soft, lilting Spanish, and she read of miracles within the hope even of "the most poor," provided only that they possessed sufficient faith. The beggars listened attentively. No one seemed restive under the quiet voice, which went on in an uninterrupted flow of miraculous happenings. In a world of such possibilities, where wonders slept in every stone and flower, in every bit of blessed ribbon, none need despair.

And then at last the key was turned

in the great lock, and the ponderous doors swung open. A brown-robed priest rolled out a low table not more than eighteen inches high. I wanted to stay. I wanted to see what manner of food was served to those who sat and listened patiently to miraculous tales; but at that moment the monk who had wheeled out the table waved me imperiously away.

As San Agustin was our neighbor, we came to know it better than the other churches of Quito. We fell into the habit of dropping in there at all hours and we made friends with a benignant *padre*, a little dark man with alert, responsive eyes. I loved to explore the church. There were many pictures on its walls, and in the chancel hung a huge canvas upon which are

said to be painted two thousand faces. But I was chiefly interested in an image in a scarlet velvet robe, seated upon a silver chair and holding a silver scepter. Many candles blazed before this image. There was about it much sparkle of jewels and of tinsel, and the heavy scent of massed flowers and of incense.

It was not, however, its splendor,—there are in Quito any number of richly appointed saints,—but its coloring which had caught my attention and aroused my curiosity. For this image, evidently an object of special sanctity, was of the brown tint of the native Indian. Who, I wondered, had made this image with clear aquiline countenance and yet of the color of an Indian?



Even its most modern streets and squares whisper of the past

I watched the worshipping figures who murmured before it: "*Jesús de la Buena Esperanza, en vos confío, en vos espero; salvadnos, Jesús!*" I watched and wondered, and later, when we were walking through the church with the *padre*, my question was interrupted by a figure that rose up suddenly from the adoration of a Calvary—the figure of a woman so plainly garbed in black that in the vague light she might almost have been one of the horde of beggars

that hung about the churches. She proved to be the aunt of one of Ecuador's statesmen, a man of presence and culture, and she herself a woman of wealth and position who had traveled and who had lived in Paris.

In the dim light her face, framed by the uncompromising lines of the tightly drawn *manta*, showed chalky white, unearthly. It was the face of a woman who lives in her emotions, her spiritualized emotions. The type is very usual among Spanish-American women of the older generation. The lives of such women rarely have any intellectual outlet. They center in family affections and in a highly personalized love of the church. I found them bafflingly indifferent to all the world, without curiosity about abstract things, but keenly, amazingly interested in every member of my family. How long had each been

married, how many children did they have, and what were their names and ages? And they are curious in permanently plaintive voices, as though they enjoyed the tender melancholy which expresses itself in funereal *manta* and in the stressing of pretty diminutives and superlatives.

Our benignant *padre* informed us that two monks from Chile were visiting the monastery. They were, he said, on a pilgrimage to the holy image of *El Señor de la Buena Esperanza*.

He added that they had traveled up in the train with us and had seen us in the hotel at Riobamba.

I immediately identified them as the cowed figures who, upon our last night in Riobamba, had slowly paced the corridor with cigarettes glowing in the darkness. So monks upon a pilgrimage had eyes for a rose-colored negligée pausing while its wearer appreciated the romance of black cowls in the starlit Andean night!

I made the *padre* tell me the story of that dark-hued *Señor de la Buena Esperanza*. He told it in whispers as we stood before the image, while all about us the murmured protestations of faith were reiterated as bead after bead was slipped along the rosaries.

The image, the *padre* said, was an effigy very prodigious, the oldest in Ecuador, so old that there are no documents to confirm its history.



The water-jar porter

There is only tradition. Upon a certain day, ever so long ago, there had been seen to traverse the streets of Quito a mule. The mule carried on its back a great box. The animal proceeded alone, with no master to direct it. Of its own volition it had stopped at the door of the Convent of San Agustín, where it fell exhausted. When the monks removed the burden from the back of the poor beast, it had risen and walked away. It had never been seen after that. The box had contained the holy image that later came to be known as the Señor of Good Hope.

From the very beginning it had been evident that this was a most miraculous image. In great numbers the afflicted sought from it comfort. Very many were the miracles wrought, and the grateful had clothed the image magnificently and incased its feet in golden sandals.

Then came a certain man whose name tradition has not preserved, though it is known that he was the father of a family, that he was a Christian and a man very simple. Full of trouble, he came to the Señor of Good Hope, for he found himself without means to feed his children or to pay his debts. So long he remained in the temple in devout supplication that at last the sacristan was obliged to tell him that it was already past the time for closing the doors.

At the following dawn the patrol, passing the home of the unfortunate man, saw lying at the entrance a corpse that he recognized as that of a noble lady of Quito. A little later the man of the house was seen hurrying in the direction of the sanctuary. At that hour the place was empty, and the wretched one, without thought of observation, prostrated himself be-

fore the altar. When he finally raised his eyes, full of faith, the image stretched forth its foot and let fall one of its golden sandals directly in the hands of the supplicant.

Full of gratitude, amazement, and joy, this man hurried to the nearest jeweler with the idea of converting the sandal into money. Whereupon, the sandal being very famous in Quito, he was instantly arrested as a thief. The population, infuriated by this profanation of that sanctuary, which was as the child of its eyes, demanded swift and tremendous punishment. No one credited the culprit's defense. He was not only a thief, they declared, but an assassin. Had there not been a corpse found at his very door? And was there not blood on his clothing?

"Blind in my trouble," the poor man replied, "I did indeed, as I went out, stumble over a body that I believed only that of a drunkard, and thus did my clothes become blood-stained."

But none believed.

At last the day of his execution arrived. In the garb of the condemned, bound hand and foot, the miserable one begged as a last favor to be allowed to bid good-by to the *Señor de la Buena Esperanza*. There, throwing himself at the feet of the image, he cried aloud:

"Señor, your words and your gifts do only harm to those who have faith in you. Señor, return to me my honor and save me from death!"

Then in the presence of the executioners and the rabble, the image let fall into the hands of the condemned the remaining sandal of gold.

"*Milagro! Milagro!*" went up from hundreds of voices, "*Milagro! El condenado es inocente! Milagro!*"

Such was the tradition that was told to me by the *padre* while before the altar the candles burned and murmured prayers begged salvation and pardon.

In the aisle knelt an Indian, no longer young. His faded poncho hung about him like a tent, through the apex of which his old head emerged. Although deep furrows marked his cheeks, as the *quebradas* scar the face of the land, his heavy, bullet-shaped head was covered with a thick shock of black hair; for the Ecuadorian Indian seems never bald and rarely gray. It was only those lines in his face and a certain droop of the figure that suggested age—age and a lifetime of toil.

His eyes were fixed, as though held immovably by some unseen force,

upon that image whose coloring matched his own.

Seeing this Indian in intimate company with his sheep or his donkey, the one would have seemed little removed from the other. And yet this immense difference, this unbridged chasm, this something which led the man to kneel upon a stone floor and implore with impassioned fervor mercy and salvation, while outside his donkey might unthinkingly browse happily in the sun.

The tapers flickered.

*"Salvadnos! Tened misericordia!"*

There was no other sound in the quiet church of San Agustín.

And then in the tower there burst forth the clashing clang of bells, bewildered, troubled bells. Up there we knew a poncho swung, directing that strange, wild clamor.





## Night-Letter to Louisville

BY EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL



TYPES, said a shrewd dramatic critic some years ago, exist in the theater, never in real life. Recalling myself to the better discretion, I restrain a first impulse to suggest that though the Middle West produced her, actually as a type she belongs pretty much to the wide world, with possible reservations regarding China and the Ottoman Empire or the neighborhood of Cape Horn, all of which places are misty and far away. At any rate, with reference to types and hemispheres brushed aside as of slender importance, the main concern is the woman herself.

And to tell the truth, Miss Myrtle Ryan was rather climactically concerned about herself. One anchored the fact to an odd little pucker as she completed the details of tidying her desk for the night and unpinning the neat paper sleeves. Except for this pucker, Miss Ryan's face was round and smooth. Massage and creams cost frantically, but one had one's self-respect to think of; it went with being an optimist. She blew a few Chicago soft-coal cinders off the current page of her little memo desk calendar, then, making sure that she had transferred such of the memos as were not already checked into her special office note-book, she removed the calendar leaf and stood a moment, eying the shorthand jottings on to-morrow's page. To-morrow—August 19. Would it be momentous? Times innumerable

she had stood thus, surveying a new leaf of the desk calendar; but her optimism conquered, and the pucker waned. "We 'll see," she thought, starting for the locker-room for her hat.

On the way her path was crossed by Mr. Sam Sheffelin, the assistant office manager. He had an almost perfectly triangular face and an officiously nervous manner; but what annoyed Miss Ryan most was the extremely low V-cut of his waistcoat. She considered herself at least a semi-authority on men's clothes, having at one time in the distant past acted for a few months as supply secretary to the president of an important big clothing house. The privilege of this insight had convinced her that low V's were vulgar.

"What about the James P. Brockdau Company's complaint about the valves in those radiators sent out last week, Miss Ryan?" Mr. Sheffelin asked in his somewhat tight, rasping voice, tapping rapidly with his pencil on the edge of the nearest desk.

It was, she told herself, this habit of tapping things with a pencil that always flurried her when accosted by Mr. Sam Sheffelin. As a matter of fact, the valve complaint had been thoroughly disposed of earlier in the afternoon; but the assistant office manager liked to accost as many people as he could on their way to the lockers.

Miss Ryan's present contribution of refreshment to Mr. Sheffelin's memory was quite humble and conciliatory; but as she adjusted the modish summery hat, it pleased her to fancy that she won a not unimportant victory over the assistant office manager.

She surveyed her face in the locker-room mirror, applied a suspicion of powder skilfully. The smile which had previously accompanied that somewhat wistful "We'll see" returned; for the fact of this difference inevitably brought to mind Mr. William Rogers Tait, who three years ago had demonstrated for Miss Ryan that degree of niceness to which office managementship can attain. But here was a transcending of the mere business realm, for Mr. William Rogers Tait was all inextricably, even all thrillingly, mixed up with what has been called the climactic concern about herself. Those two spots of temper merged into a more diffused blush. She looked really handsome in her medium-large way—yes, she would furtively admit, quite beautiful—as she thought of the supreme office manager who had entered her life three years ago while she was with the Coburn-Dodge Corrugated Box Company on South Clark Street. The present F. M. Robertson & Son Radiator Company possessed undoubtedly a more elegant establishment, and was located on Michigan Boulevard, along with all the big motor-car concerns; but think of having to deal with a man like Mr. Sam Sheffelin, with his triangular face and vulgar waistcoats!

"Life seems to be that way," the woman sighed; for it was in her to speak of life in all sorts of connections, just as it was to keep mellifluous generalizing mottos, especially by such

thinkers as Dr. Van Dyke, pinned up on her bedroom wall at the boarding-house. Mr. William Rogers Tait was now far away. He had gone on the road two and a half years ago—on the fourteenth of January, the date of her leaving the Coburn-Dodge Corrugated Box Company. To be perfectly exact, she had left the box company on South Clark Street the same day that Mr. Tait left it: however, this is pica-yune adherence to exactness; besides, the loyalty was mutual.

It had developed, especially since the time of leaving the South Clark Street office, into a strong and beautiful romance. The words "strong" and "beautiful" were favorite words with Miss Ryan. Her friendship with Mr. Tait had entrenched itself "strongly" during their "mutual" relationship in the Coburn-Dodge Company, but it was during the ensuing two years and a half that it had become "beautiful." They had corresponded faithfully. Of course he had been occasionally in Chicago, too, although his present company, the Standard Motor Tire Company, Ltd., was located in Akron, Ohio.

There had been just one glancing digression from what had developed into the salient "romance" of her life; that was ten months ago, when Mr. F. M. Robertson, Jr. (the "Son" in the radiator firm), had paid her tentative court. He had been very nice, and had taken her out to dinner upon several occasions; but then Mr. Robertson, Jr., had gone abroad in the interests of building up a foreign market, and from Europe he had gone on to the Orient; and when finally he came back, on the ninth of last May, their relationship stood merely in a condition of pleasant nod and

occasional office chat. Mr. Robertson, Jr.'s, friendship gave her a feeling of "strong" footing with the radiator company, and helped bolster her attitude toward Mr. Sam Sheffelin; but the timid stirring of romance here died out, leaving her unqualifiedly loyal to William Rogers Tait.

As she descended in the elevator from the seventh floor, and particularly as she turned into the home-moving rush of Michigan Boulevard, Miss Ryan was in an excited frame of mind. It had occurred to her in the middle of the afternoon, while taking dictation from the president, that instead of writing a special-delivery letter concerning next week Sunday, she could send a telegram. It would not cost very much, and would be more in keeping with the "approaching climax in her life." Miss Ryan often felt things like this "psychically." She was as sure of an approaching climax now as she had ever been sure of anything. True, there had been rather a good many expected climaxes back across the years that had turned out to be only so-so, but here figured the beautiful optimism.

"Let 's see," she pondered. "I wonder if I could stop in at the telegraph office now and still be home in time for dinner." Mrs. Felger, proprietor of the boarding house in Clayton Street, "near Lincoln Park," was inclined to be fastidious about promptness; nor did her soups improve as they cooled. "I somehow feel," she proceeded, glancing at an array of new blouses in a shop window, "as though I wanted to be very *leisurely* to-night. Why can't I send off the telegram and then take a car as far as that cafeteria on North Clark Street?" She liked to treat herself once in a while to a little

independent dinner; had certain theories about being decently good to oneself. "Yes, I think I will. If I 'm not there by a quarter to seven, Mrs. Felger will know I 'm dining out; perhaps she 'll think Mr. Robertson, Jr., has invited me again." Nor would it be necessary too precisely to deprive Mrs. Felger of this interesting surmise.

"I suppose," she carried on her planning, "I might go to the telegraph desk in one of the big hotels." It would represent a valid excuse, and Miss Ryan adored the atmosphere of the leading hotels. But she had already walked past her favorite, the Blankley, and the Concourse was, she knew, crowded with a convention. After all, though with certain temptations toward going into the Loop district, she decided to visit a certain unassuming telegraph office in Adams Street. There she had once despatched Christmas greetings to Mr. Tait, and thus felt a faint sentimental attachment.

## § 2

There was no one ahead of her at the desk, and she optimistically thought, "I 'm in luck!" It was not a busy part of the day. In fact, there was but one telegraph clerk in evidence. He stood with an elbow resting on the counter, and his cheek against a hand; the posture hunched his shoulders and gave a long relaxed slope to his back, while his feet, one crossed against the other, were planted at some distance behind the counter, for greater ease in lounging. There was a pencil thrust above one ear. His forehead wrinkled, and he was staring a little dreamily out into the hot street. Miss Ryan presently remembered having seen him now and then strolling in the



evening along the waterfront, out near Lincoln Park. She was *sure* he was the same man; it was an item of pride with Miss Ryan that she never forgot a face.

"I want to send off a telegram, please." Miss Ryan smiled, unconsciously using the smile which revealed her two very slight dimples. There was a different way of smiling—not letting the lips part—that left the cheeks quite smooth and uneventful. This one, however, was the fuller and more gracious smile. The other sort always suggested that, despite the silver linings of life, Miss Ryan's humor had developed with the lengthening perspective of maidenhood a certain ironic grimness.

"All right," the clerk answered, straightening. He supplied her with a tablet of blank forms.

"Which is this," she asked, "a regular night telegram?"

"Yes. Did you want a night-letter?" He had a way of speaking which was abrupt, a bit cynical, though not quite curt.

"Well, I'm not sure. When would the night-letter get there?"

"Where is it going to?" he inquired; and the faint tone of weariness, summoning a vista of similar patient reminders, rebuked a little.

"I'm sending it to Louisville, Kentucky."

"To-morrow morning."

"Early?"

"Yes."

"But not *too* early?" she half implored. "It won't make them call him up out of bed?"

"Somewhere around eight—eight or nine."

"I suppose"—she hesitated—"a night-letter would do just as well as a

telegram, and of course you can say so much more."

"Fifty words."

"Yes, fifty instead of ten. And a telegram costs more, does n't it?"

"Would you like the rate?" He rapidly ran his finger down a line of figures. Miss Ryan smiled again.

"Does n't it seem queer that any one would choose to pay more for ten words than less for fifty? But of course it depends on how quickly you have to get it there. I think I'll take the night-letter. Is this the form?"

"Yes. You'll find more at that table if you care to sit down."

"Thanks; I may as well."

The woman seated (it might perhaps be said that she "established") herself at the table, looking as cool, as possessed, and in a way as queenly as she always looked behind her own desk. She took up a pencil attached to a chain which kinked and snarled quite wretchedly; that was the way with the pencils in telegraph offices. She wrote steadily for a moment or so, then realized that she had used nearly all of the allotted fifty words without really coming to the body of her communication. Crumpling the form, she selected another, but this time so reduced the substance to skeleton that it was certain no one but she could have more than a hazy notion of what it was all about.

"Oh dear!" she thought, "*should* I have sent a special delivery?"

But a third effort seemed more satisfactory. While evolving it, Miss Ryan was intermittently aware of scrutiny. Glancing up, she squarely met the eyes of the clerk.

He was not startlingly good-looking, and his hair was very thin on top, especially in front; but she had passed

him again and again on warm evenings along the lake-front, and the very fact that he was sending this night-letter off to Louisville seemed drawing him a little bit into her romance with William Rogers Tait.

The clerk had very nice eyes, as though he had suffered,—that was the way she put it: “as though he had suffered in his life,”—and she glanced up again discreetly. Yes, the V of his waistcoat was nice and shallow, refined. And from the V she went back to wondering what his life had been, how he had suffered.

The message completed, Miss Ryan again approached the counter.

“You ’d better go through it and see if you can read all the words, although I ’ve been complimented on my hand.”

“It ’s quite clear,” he assured her, his eyes skimming the message. “A week from Sunday will be my birthday and I was wondering whether you could arrange to be in Chicago. We could plan a little celebration—perhaps go out to Ravinia in the evening for grand opera. Am engaging two seats on the chance. Long since I ’ve had a letter. Am writing more fully. Myrtle.’ ”

There was something almost magnetic in the way the telegraph clerk pronounced her name; not that she could say what it was, only that it was just that—magnetic.

“Yes,” she said, feeling ever so much more excited than when the idea of the telegram had come to her in the afternoon. “How much will it be?”

“You have fifty-four words. Do you want to pay for the extra ones or cut it down to fifty?”

“Fifty-four? Oh dear! Are there any words that can come out?”

“‘Is my birthday’ instead of ‘will

be,’” he suggested, whistling sketchily. He had a queer way of whistling through his teeth; it seemed to detach him miles from his immediate surroundings.

“How silly of me not to have thought of that!” she cordially apologized. “That cuts it down to fifty-three.”

Their heads were drawn rather together, and she was sure he sniffed her perfume.

“‘Wonder’ instead of ‘was wondering.’ ”

“Oh, yes, and just ‘celebration’ instead of ‘little celebration.’ I don’t want it to sound too grand; that ’s why I put in ‘little.’ But I guess ‘celebration’ is understood as a semi-jesting word in a connection like this, is n’t it?”

The clerk judged corroboration unnecessary. As a matter of fact, though his business was in words, he was not the English authority Miss Ryan’s years of expert stenography had made her. Instead, he merely offered:

“One more word and you ’re fixed. How about saying ‘go to Ravinia’? Is n’t that enough? From here on,” he added a trifle drily, “you ’ve been more telegraphic.”

“Why did n’t I think of that!” she deplored. “It ’s awfully good of you to take so much trouble. Would you mind reading it through to me again, just to be sure it ’s all right?”

He read the message a second time. She waited for him to come to her name, and when he pronounced it once more, she blushed.

“Do you want to put your telephone number here in the corner?”

“I have n’t a telephone,” Miss Ryan admitted. “You see, for the present

I'm boarding." "For the present" sounded a bit more romantic.

Midway to the door, the woman turned back.

"Gracious! I never paid for my telegram!"

"Forgot it myself." The clerk laughed shortly.

"You did? How funny! Do you know what I'd decided about you? That you were a realist."

He was softly whistling again through his teeth.

"It seems to be so much the rage just now," she went on, "especially since the war. Sometimes I tell myself I'll try to be one, too, for, you see, I like to keep up with the intellectual movements. But I always get switched back to idealism. Yes, I guess I'm a confirmed idealist." She felt that he noticed her dimples for the first time.

"All ists of some sort," he observed bluntly.

"Oh, *would* you mind telling me what sort *you* are? Am I too insistent?"

"You were right," the man muttered, scowling into a rather opaque mental distance. "I'm a realist, but I prefer another word."

"What is it?" She waited almost breathlessly.

"Socialist."

"Ah, a follower of Carl Marx!" exclaimed Miss Ryan, half in dismay, yet half with an irresistible fascination. "I was reading something about Carl Marx only the other day. Some of his views sounded so—so—"

"Some of them do," admitted the telegraph clerk in what she secretly estimated "a low, passionate, all but terrible voice." He added, "A good many people who call themselves socialists would be scared pink at the

idea of standing or falling with rock-bottom facts."

"Oh, I *hope* you won't fall!" cried Miss Ryan, impulsively, and looked, indeed, so gravely concerned for a moment that the man on the other side of the counter succumbed to a saving grace of impersonal humor. He began whistling again, just audibly. "It may be true," she embroideringly hesitated, "that you're a socialist, and I admire a man for having strong views; but I'm—I'm sure you're not a revolutionist." The terrifying word was appropriately whisped.

They faced each other in brief silence, and then she heard again the dark, muttering tone:

"You never can tell. I'm sick of the mess our capitalists have made of things."

"You mean—Wall Street?" Awe proclaimed her instinctive leaning without, however, tarnishing the thrill of this unexpected encounter—this "meeting of ships in the night," as she secretly framed it, idealistically un-mindful of the nautical disaster her smile might imply to some.

He nodded his head slowly.

"But—would you want to see society—you don't want to see the whole existing order—overthrown?"

"That's it," he answered in the same "passionate, low" voice.

Miss Ryan felt somewhat weak, yet at the same time swayed. She could n't help being swayed by this "dark eloquence," full in the face of the fact that all of William Rogers Tait's views were "capitalistic."

Miss Ryan thoughtfully opened her bag. In the little stitched art-leather purse there was, she knew, enough change to pay for her night-letter to

Louisville. But instead she handed him a five-dollar bill. That would, she whimsically decided, solidify the admission, "boarding for the present," no telephone. Besides, she would have had to change the "large" bill at the cafeteria, anyhow.

### § 3

"Come in," called Miss Ryan, and Miss Hart entered her bedroom.

"Oh," exclaimed the latter, "you're writing a letter." Miss Hart was the kind who always said things like that; could be relied upon to say them, in fact. Her stock in trade was the self-evident. "Oh, you're here," she would cry, as though the contribution were quite brilliantly penetrating. Or, "Oh, you're curling your hair." Miss Hart was little and dark and rather dull, yet dependableness waved its banner along the paths of her admirations, which was something not to be despised. Miss Ryan had come to represent, perhaps, the most shining object of her many admirations; she was looked upon as an unfading, an even brilliant, figure of romance.

"Yes, I'm writing a letter, but I don't mind in the least. Not at all sleepy, and will finish it later. I drank a cup of after-dinner coffee," such indulgences being manifestly out of the question in Clayton Street.

"Did you have a grand dinner?" the other asked, settling in a chair and slipping Miss Ryan's little fancy cushion with scenes from a Michigan summer resort behind her head.

"Oh, just a very simple dinner at the cafeteria on North Clark."

"I did n't know but maybe you'd had another invitation."

"Not this time." Her friend laughed openly. "One can't expect to be

invited out *every* night; it would soon become an old story, would n't it? But I'll tell you a secret, if you won't mention it outside this room. I may be going to hear grand opera at Ravinia Park next week. Don't you think I'm getting to be the giddy lady?"

"With *him*?" asked Miss Hart, partly closing her eyes, as she always did when uttering a special subtlety.

Miss Ryan laughed.

"If he can get here; business is so exacting! I sent a telegram to Louisville—a night-letter. We'll see."

Little Miss Hart quivered. A dinner out, the same day a telegram to a man about going to the opera; Fate had her favorites. But, after all, wonders were heaped up.

"I met *such* a nice man to-day," Miss Ryan added. "Or, rather," she now verbally expanded, "we did n't exactly 'meet': he was the clerk who sent off my night-letter to Louisville. And what do you think?" She lowered her voice to almost the "revolutionist" whisper. "A socialist!"

"Oh, my gracious! how could you tell?"

"We had a beautiful long talk. He's a disciple of Carl Marx."

"I should n't think you could sleep a wink after such an adventure," Miss Hart assured her.

"I'm not sure I shall; I'm not sure I want to."

"But was he nice, notwithstanding?"

"Quite charming—the most eloquent eyes! You know, the sort that fairly seem to *speak*."

"Yes, I know the kind," murmured Miss Hart.

"I could n't help thinking all the time what an ideal office manager he might have made if only his life had n't

made him—what he is. Even so—”

“But,” Miss Hart reminded her, “you already have one office manager.”

“Oh, of course.” She had for the moment almost forgotten about the *real* romance in her life, and recalled her riches with a short, fluttery laugh.

“Is n’t it funny,” the other observed, still lingering at the door, loath to go on up the additional flight to her own room, “how one meets men and talks with them even a long time, and then they drift right out of your life? I remember once a school superintendent, when I first began teaching—” It lapsed.

“Yes, so many,” agreed Miss Ryan, thinking concretely of F. M. Robertson, Jr., but with a host for background.

#### § 4

The next morning, on her way to the office, Miss Ryan did a rather odd thing: she got off the car at Adams Street instead of going on, in the usual manner, to the corner of Wabash and Twelfth. She told herself she was n’t getting enough exercise. One ought to walk a certain distance every day before the sun got too hot. A tiny breeze drifted across the scorched town from the lake. She breathed it gratefully, and strolled along Adams Street toward Michigan Boulevard. As she passed the telegraph office she glanced in and caught sight of the clerk. He was counting the words in somebody’s telegram.

That afternoon a wire from W. R. T. came to her desk. It was a regular telegram, ten words, and read: “Will make it Sunday if possibly can am sending letter. Rogie.” Her heart stirred with a sense of romantic wealth.

That evening Miss Ryan decided, after dinner in Clayton Street, that she would go out for a little time and sit in Lincoln Park.

“Oh, you’re just putting on your hat,” said Miss Hart, who paused before the half-open door on her way up-stairs.

“Yes; going for a walk with Mr. Robertson, Jr.,” Miss Ryan answered; for was n’t it always conceivable one might meet one’s friends in the course of after-dinner strolls? The fact was, she wanted to be alone to-night, “alone with her thoughts,” and Miss Hart was always only too ready to run for her own hat.

After sitting awhile on a bench in the park, quietly, yet at the same time painfully, interested in ambient love-making, Miss Ryan asked herself if she would n’t like to be treated to a short stroll along the waterfront. It might be a shade cooler, and there were the lighted ships to watch, full of brilliant life, she always fancied, and bound for fabulous ports. Of course, in reality, the ports were only such places as Milwaukee, Michigan City, Ottawa Beach, and the more northerly resorts; but Miss Ryan was an idealist. She thought about the socialist at the telegraph office; then, spying one of the lighted ships, thought drifting of the summer resort where she had spent a two weeks’ vacation, and where she had bought the fancy cushion, four years ago. A man who always wore white clothes had taken her sailing; the wind had dropped, she remembered; the party had lain becalmed for an hour or more; and the host had brought out some bottles of iced beer and sandwiches, and they had all sung popular songs together. How gay it had been! That was

three months after she had definitely made up her mind that Mr. Hadley Spruce Welch, secretary of the building and loan, was engaged to be married.

A little wearily the woman seated herself on the stone coping beyond which ran the broad stone slope to the water. It was not really cooler here than in the park, but it was nice to see the line of blinking lights as it swept off and gradually out to the municipal pier, where there was always dancing.

Near at hand a channel cut into the lagoon where small yachts and canoes and racing-shells were harbored. F. M. R., Jr., owned a gasolene yacht. He kept it here. If only he were n't away on his vacation, she might see him come steering through the channel any minute. In that case, and if he saw her sitting here, she was quite sure he would invite her to go out on the lake for a sail.

About five minutes later her ever roving gray eyes rested upon an approaching figure—the figure of a man who instantly seemed familiar. He paused not far off, and she knew him to be the telegraph clerk; had felt it psychically even before she could be visually sure. He stood gazing off across the lake; “into the future,” was the way she valued his stare.

Had he seen her? She daintily cleared her throat. Was he pretending? Miss Ryan sat very still, “conscious of her heart.” At first she determined that he must have seen her, had paused, and was asking himself how he could make advances without appearing indelicate. She wondered how he would work it. Should she clear her throat again; but after what seemed a long time the man sighed and resumed his walk, passing

by without seeing her at all. And now, with a little ache, she hit the metaphor more precisely: “Ships that pass in the night.”

Two days later a letter came, written on the stationery of a Louisville hotel. It was a fairly long letter, in the flowing, round hand that had covered the stationery of many hotels in the course of their “correspondence,” and sustaining the cheery, slightly bantering, semi-sentimental, rather flowery style which always characterized the letters on both sides—a faint redolence of latter Victorianism, with a gay sprinkling of “thees” and “thous” and an occasional poetically inverted clause. Although ostensibly designed to expand the necessarily brief substance of the telegram, the epistle chatted to the middle of the next to the last page before reference to a week from Sunday was reached. Finally, however, she read:

“Ah, here am I all but forgetting what I sat me down to say to thee. Fain would I wend my way to Chicago in time to share the delights of your birthday *and* the Ravinia song-birds; but, as luck would have it, I'm obliged to be in Rochester Saturday and divide the ensuing week betwext Syracuse, Ithaca, and Troy—*there's* an array of antiquity for thee! What a pity that birthdays are so inexorable! Let me hastily add, lest thou mistake my meaning, so insistent upon one particular *day* in all the *year*. If only you had first beheld the light on September 4! I am to pass through Chicago then on my way out to Denver, and shall be there five or six hours. Wilt dine with me? In older and better days it would have been, Wilt *champagne* with me? I leave the

trusting-place to your discretion, but let the hour be not too late, since that dire dispenser of my fate, the railroad time-table, warns me of a date at the Union Station at 9:15 P.M.

"Thine until then, and thenceforth evermore,  
"Rogie."

She was not able to dispose of the purchased seats for "*La Bohème*," so at the last minute, lest it appear other than an unavoidable eleventh-hour disappointment, she invited Miss Hart to go in place of "Rogie" Tait. They went out together on the elevated after an early boarding-house "tea." Miss Ryan bought a box of chocolates, and they really had a very nice time. Miss Hart, stimulated by Puccini, asked, "Why have n't I formed the Ravinia habit ages ago?" But the money she earned teaching school was not the money one earns with corporations, and in the morning she was able a good deal more clearly to understand why it was that the Ravinia habit had been neglected.

The birthday behind her (as one of the mottos attested, "A woman is as old as she feels"), Miss Ryan was free to begin planning the dinner for September 4. For several evenings she thought over possible menus, but finally decided it would be pleasanter to leave all that for W. R. T. and herself to arrange "on the spur of the moment." Perhaps, she pondered, it would be safer to engage a table, however. Where should they dine, since he had intrusted that matter to her hands? There was, in her mind only one superlative place, the Blankley. She remembered, with a derisive smile at her one-time simplicity, how years ago she had slipped into the handsome lobby of the hotel one icy noon after

lunching on Wabash Avenue, to sit and "warm her toes," and how terrified she had been lest a "house detective" come up and ask whether she was waiting for one of the guests. It had given an edge of sharp anxiety to the fun without quite spoiling it, and she had elaborately unfastened her bit of fur and had kept glancing at her watch, then impatiently, expectantly all about for the guest. But nothing had happened to her. Ten months ago F. M. Robertson, Jr., had taken her to dinner in the Pompeian Room of the Concourse, and after that she had treated the hotels as though they were her native heath.

On September first Miss Ryan thought she would send W. R. T. a wire, stating the hour and place, so that he could find her without loss of time. Debating that six-thirty would undeniably prolong the tête-à-tête, she finally compromised on seven, so as to avoid any stigma of "country manners."

In the telegraph office on Adams Street she faced the clerk who had been figuring regularly in her Emerson day-book. She mentally assured herself, "A light of recognition sprang immediately to his eyes"; but, to tell the truth, the clerk seemed largely absorbed in vistas of his own, or perhaps society's. Miss Ryan gave him one of her cordial smiles; it revealed both dimples most distinctly.

"I 'm getting to be quite a regular customer, are n't I?" she said.

The man behind the counter whistled impersonally between his teeth and supplied her with a form.

"This time," she told him, "it 's going to be a ten-word telegram. What is the rate, please, to Akron, Ohio?"

She wrote, "Will be in the lobby of the Blankley at seven o'clock," then made it read, "of Blankley," so as not to exceed the limit.

Again the telegraph clerk read through the message, and again, when he uttered her name, Miss Ryan blushed. There was the old look in his eyes—the look of having suffered. She thought: "If he were suddenly to take me in his arms and kiss me, I'd be willing to become a socialist and fly with him this very day to the ends of the earth. I should n't be able to help myself." But what she said was, "How much?" and gave him another bill to change.

"I've been thinking a great deal about your theories," she observed brightly, inclining her head in a way that somehow perfectly conveyed, "You remember our talk, all the things we said to each other."

"Theories," he sparred, gazing rather heavily beyond her at the traffic of Adams Street.

"Perhaps," she daringly suggested, "if I come here often enough to send telegrams, you'll explain some of them to me."

"So long as they remain just theories, what good will ever come of them?" His eyes kindled with an incipient magnificence.

Miss Ryan felt herself growing alarmed and a little faint again. "What is my destiny to be?" she tacitly pondered. And she was, at the same time, more fascinated than ever, as though, contrary to Miss Hart's implication, this were a man *not* destined merely to enter her life for a glancing moment and then glide out of it forever.

"What do you mean to do?"

"I don't know." It was the same

tone he had employed before when he said, "You never can tell."

But the man looked rather small and obscure and lonely. After a moment he began whistling, in his soft way, between his teeth.

### § 5

She thought she would make a pleasant little entrance, so walked around a block or two, arriving about five minutes late. But Mr. Tait was not in the lobby. Miss Ryan went, with a quiet dignity of possession, into the ladies' dressing-room, responsive to its atmosphere, and took inventory of her toilet. At a quarter past seven she reentered the lobby, selecting a position not so prominent as entirely to obviate the necessity for search. She was looking her best this evening in her white linen suit and white hat. Mr. Sheffelin had cast her a sharp, suspicious glance as she left the office somewhat earlier than usual this afternoon to put it on; but she felt strong in the strength of F. M. Robertson, Jr.'s, former attentions.

It was seven-thirty-six when William Rogers Tait at length appeared, cheerfully abject over an unforeseen business date, and her dimples quickly forgave him.

Mr. Tait, externally—but, no; types exist only in the theater, and in order to remain decently profound, it must be admitted that he was as utterly a person as *Prince Hamlet* or Lloyd George. Yes, W. R. T. was unique, unpatterned, irreproducible. Nevertheless, was he a traveling salesman for a house in Akron, Ohio. And he was, type or no type, jolly, hearty, facile, a trifle bromidic, romantic, gay, bald; and, though short of stature, drove the scales to a hundred and



eighty-nine. He wore clothes that always looked tailor-made and sometimes were, and there were no cuffs on his trousers. He liked knitted ties, and wore in his lapel the insignia of one of the solid secret orders, reiterated in connection with a watch-chain pendant. He had, indeed, a good deal of elusive jingle-jangle about him, shading off into the silent counterpart of efficient little details: a fountain-pen, pocket-clip, silver pencil, patent lighter for cigar, cigar-clipper, morocco gold-edged memorandum- and address-book. Intensely individual, he yet could not be pronounced riotously conspicuous in the thick of the modern urban scene.

"Let's see, how much time have we now?" he said. Miss Ryan smiled anxiously, apprehension intensifying in her large gray eyes the perpetual look of strain and hunger. Mr. Tait glanced at his watch. "Quarter to eight. If I jump into a taxi at five minutes to nine I can make it O.K., barring earthquake and flood."

"I have a table all engaged," she announced happily. "If I'd known how short the time was going to be, I might have ordered the dinner."

"Never mind, Myrtle. We'll order for speed, and you can ride along to the station with me afterward—that is, if you have n't another engagement!"

"I might have, you know!" She laughed.

As they seated themselves, "Rogie" Tait said, his eyes twinkling behind the nose glasses he had slipped on to facilitate the menu-reading:

"I never saw you looking so fit, my dear. What's particularly agreeing with you? Not the hot spell?"

"Oh, just life, I guess."

"How are they treating you at the Radiator Co.?" (He pronounced it that way—"Co.")

"Just fine."

"Still thick with the junior partner? I suppose you never stoop to mere staff any more, what?"

"Well you see, F. M. R., Jr., has been away a great deal. I don't know that you could call us exactly 'thick'; but he's always just as nice to me as can be."

"Did it ever occur to you, Myrtle," mused her friend, sentimentally rubbing his hands together while they waited for the waiter to bring them some things, "that I might ever grow jealous?"

"Just listen to him!" She blushed, and was vaguely disappointed in his philosophical expansion, "I suppose I must be sensible." Yet the suggestion itself whirled her into the bold crux of a campaign. She had not foreseen precisely this; yet instantly she knew it to be the climax. A sense of life's vast and inexhaustible romance brought to her a feeling of giddiness not attributable to the simple, but very nice, cold-meat salad with garnishings of which they were partaking. The waiter had recommended it on account of the 9:15. "Toying," as she would say, with a bit of pressed chicken on her plate, Miss Ryan asked: "I don't suppose you've imagined, Rogie, that I might have something interesting to tell you to-night?"

She had taken the step, and watched his face with desperate, searching attention.

"Aha!" the man jovially exclaimed, while her heart sank a little.

"Or, rather," she qualified, "not to-night, but perhaps—a little later on."

"By George! really, Myrtle?"

"You were n't the least bit prepared?" Her dimples mildly reproached him.

"But—does any amount of preparation prepare one quite to be prepared for—*such* a preparation?"

Miss Ryan had always been very proud of "Rogie's" cleverness, but just now, for once, it did n't altogether seem to meet the demands her hour could have relished.

"I can't tell you even his name yet," she continued a trifle hysterically. "It 's all come about very suddenly. We met only a few weeks ago, and well,"—she faltered, not daring to lift her eyes,—"*it 's been most—interesting.*"

"But do you mean you 're going right ahead,—art thou?—not even consulting with yours truly, or seeking advice from one who has known thee this many a moon? Art? *Couldst?*" His eyes still twinkled, though the faintly jingling glasses had gone back into their velvet-lined silver case.

The climax had been reached, was passed, had not been very dramatic; but to the woman a sense of tightness in the throat, of dullness in the heart, attested its having come and gone—the climax so far, at least, as her relationship to William Rogers Tait was concerned.

"Seriously," the man said, "no one wishes you more happiness than I do, Myrtle; but, great Scott! who is he—who is this lucky dog? Wilt tell me not his name? Look here, do you mean to say it 's Jr., himself?" (He pronounced it J. R.)

"No, not Jr.," she told him quietly. "Nobody you know at all. He 's a—I guess"—she laughed, with an inflection of shrillness—"you might n't agree with some of his theories. But

—no, I can't tell you a word more now."

"Has theories, has he? Yet for all that he 's *nice?*"

"Yes, Rogie," she murmured, thinking with a vague pang of the remote, impersonal way the telegraph clerk had of whistling between his teeth.

"Don't you go throwing yourself away, Myrtle," her friend affectionately twinkled. "You 're too nice yourself. Have n't I always said so?" He leaned across the raspberry ice. "Wilt promise?"

"Yes, Rogie." Her dimples were just discernible.

"No sly runaway match, Myrtle. I insist on being asked to the wedding."

And then they decorously clinked together the tall glasses containing what was left of their fruit lemonade; clinked to "happiness." And then that other dispenser of fate, the traveling salesman's watch, warned W. R. T. that he must rush for his train.

"I don't have a pretty girl like thee say farewell at every station," he assured her in the waiting-room while the porter with his bags looked round.

She felt a sudden aching emptiness in her life.

"Keep me posted, Myrtle."

"I will. It was awfully nice seeing you,—it always is,—and was n't the dinner *good?*"

## § 6

"Oh, you 're reading your mail," announced Miss Hart, pausing a moment enviously, adoringly at the half-open door on her way up the third flight.

The picture post-card with "summer greetings" and no address from the man who had once taken her sailing gave Miss Ryan an idea. She

would stop in at the telegraph office in Adams Street with the intention of sending a telegram, and discover, after the message was written, that she had neglected to bring along the address.

On the door-step she hesitated, noting that her clerk was not behind the counter. There was another clerk. However, remembering the door leading from the inner spaces of the telegraph office, and reminding herself that "he might emerge at any moment," Miss Ryan went at once to the table and took up the pencil with its crinkly chain. She wrote:

"Message received. Will meet you in the Fountain Room of the Dakota Friday at five for tea. Myrtle."

There were more than ten words. Mechanically, she discovered there were seventeen. But in this case it did n't matter. To gain time, since the door in the partition remained closed, Miss Ryan recomposed the message. It was already two o'clock; she must be getting back to the office. At length she walked up to the counter and, covering the strange clerk with a glance of surprise, said:

"Oh, I thought you were the man who always takes my telegrams."

"Benson? He 's left."

Her smile made the upper part of her cheeks tremble. "Gone on his vacation, perhaps?"

"No, left town; transferred to Lansing, Michigan."

"Oh, I see." Adjustment to this new "phase" of her life had to be sharp, swift, and without gradations. Dimly she phrased it to herself, "I 've lost him forever, then."

The other clerk inquiringly eyed the telegram in her hand.

"Will I do?" He grinned.

And when, a moment later, the

missing address was pointed out to her, Miss Ryan gracefully lowered the curtain on her little comedy.

At her desk throughout the remainder of the afternoon Miss Ryan looked, as ever, cool, possessed, and in a way queenly. At four o'clock she was called into the president's office to take the minutes of a directors' meeting. Miss Ryan could be depended upon for exactness; she was in every sense first class. The meeting was adjourned in three quarters of an hour. As she came back into the large general office, F. M. Robertson, Jr., stopped and chatted with her for a moment about nothing in particular. Mr. Sam Sheffelin observed this interchange from afar. Returned to her desk, Miss Ryan accorded the assistant office manager one of her little independent half-smiles, the kind that left the dimples unsummoned. He brightened, strolling casually across.

"Everything going all right, Miss Ryan?"

She studied his triangular face with her gray, hunger-strained eyes.

"Quite all right, Mr. Sheffelin."

"Please don't think me too personal, Miss Ryan," he went on pleasantly, the rasping in his voice intangibly softened, "but I 've been admiring for a long time the way you do your hair. It 's very becoming."

"Thanks. You think so?" After all, the V of one's vest might be a matter of mode. It was years since she had acted as supply secretary to the president of the clothing-house.

"I wonder if we could n't keep a little more in touch with each other about—well, about the work here."

Slowly her smile warmed till half shyly the dimples began to show.

"We 'll see," she thought.



# The Revolt of the New Immigrant

BY MAURICE G. HINDUS

DRAWINGS BY JOHN SLOAN



CONSIDER the so-called new immigrant as he is upon his arrival in America. He is usually a peasant, barely literate, coarse, somewhat superstitious, with feebly developed reflective faculties and with a low self-esteem. I once saw a Galician peasant kneel down and kiss the hand of the farmer for whom he had come to work. I know a Polish youth who slept on the floor his first night on a farm. He dared not lie down in the bed for fear of soiling the linen. These may be exceptional cases, but they accentuate the peasant's consciousness of his social inferiority.

His group loyalties are limited. The family is his center of existence and commands his highest fealty. His sense of nationality is feeble, as are his pride of race and his spirit of patriotism. In the state he has little interest. Its aims he distrusts, its powers he fears. He accepts it as something inevitable and indispensable, but as unreasonable and cruel. He strives to avoid contact with it. He will lie to a policeman, refuse to answer questions of the census-taker for fear the state would use the information to his hurt.

In his social thinking he is a rigid conservative. He worships private property; none more than he. His highest aim is to come into possession

of a farm of his own, a big farm, as large as that of his richest neighbor. No task is too heavy or too painful for him if it will only lead to this precious goal. No communism for him; nothing but individual possession of land. The fiercest blow dealt to Bolshevism in Russia did not come from the Allied armies or the Russian middle class, but from the muzhik, who refused to abandon private property.

Unless he comes from certain parts of Hungary or Finland, the peasant immigrant brings upon his arrival here no knowledge of socialism or radicalism or even trade-unionism. In the old home he may have heard of socialism and revolution, but he has associated these words with movements opposed to landlords, monarchs, foreign invaders, not with schemes or theories of social and economic change. Under severe provocation he may have risen in rebellion against the police or against landlords. When he did so, it was to right an immediate personal wrong, not to attack an established institution. One cannot be too vigorous in emphasizing the fact that the peasant immigrant imports with him no revolutionary experience, no radical traditions, no acquaintance with labor organizations. Trade-union terms are quite unknown to him.

This is one reason why in his early

days in America he holds aloof from the union and other social movements. There is another.

What brings a peasant to this country? It is well enough for Steiner and Antin and Yeziarska to glow with ecstasy over the idealism of the immigrant, to soar into raptures over his irrepressible hunger for American liberty. Candor compels one to state that as far as the peasant is concerned, he comes here in search not of our ideals, our free public schools, our right of suffrage, our social equality, our Constitution, but of our jobs, our wages. In the beginning his plan is not to settle here, but to stay long enough to save a neat sum with which to purchase a homestead in the old home. What he covets most upon his arrival is steady employment. The sight of his pay-envelop and the thought of the big sum of money his American dollars would make in the old village only intensify his desire to keep continually at work. But if he should join a union, he might arouse the wrath of the employer, be discharged or laid off; or he might have to join a strike, and be idle and cease to draw wages. The argument of his countrymen in his own language that the strike would be won, and that then his losses during the interval of unemployment would be more than amply offset by the gains of victory, evoke no response in him.

It was for this reason that in pre-war days the management of our basic industries courted peasant labor. It was labor that was ignorant of social

movements, that eschewed the union, ignored the agitator, took orders, obeyed, and did not grumble. If only the peasant could be made to stick by his original fund of ideas, then

there would be no vigorous labor conflicts in the basic industries in which he was most numerous. But American life pushes him into new channels of thought, and shakes him into a critical examination of his position. His work here is different from anything he ever has known. His agricultural training is of no value to him in the American shop. He has



Italian

muscle, but no skill, and works as a common laborer indoors or in some yard amid dust, smoke, heat, the stench of chemicals, the crash of machinery, or deep underground in darkness and moisture. The independence he enjoyed as a tiller of the soil he has now lost. His work is monotonous, a continuous repetition of the same motions and strokes.

And what is his position in the shop? In most cases he does not know except, perhaps, by name the man or men at the head of the establishment. He feels himself a stranger in the place. He does just as he is told, and if he misunderstands directions, he is often scolded and abused. Supposing he is dissatisfied with his wages or his tools or anything else, where can he obtain a hearing and a readjustment of his grievance? Supposing the foreman, the only boss he knows, bluntly dismisses his complaint, and tells him that if he does not like his job, he is at liberty to search for work elsewhere?

What can he do then? Go to see the big boss? Alone? He does not, dare not, only because he knows how dangerous it is to carry a complaint over the head of the foreman, who has a multitude of ways to wreak vengeance, but also because, knowing little or no English, he can hardly make himself understood. Then, too, it is not so easy to get to the big boss. It is well enough for industrial magnates to proclaim to the public that they are always glad to receive their workers personally and listen to their complaints. Their numerous secretaries and office boys and hall porters have something to say about that.

In his early days he is indifferent to these and other disadvantages in the shop. He is sustained by the thought that his job, however irksome, tedious, and exhausting, is only a temporary inconvenience. Within a year or two he hopes to have his one or two thousand lire or marks or rubles. The time will pass quickly, and then he will rush back to the old village.

But disappointment lies in store for him. He knows little about the ebb and flow of productivity in an industrial society, the hazards of shop work, and the precarious position of the man who depends solely upon his job. Now there is an interval of unemployment, now a financial depression, now the failure of a bank, now a period of illness or an accident. Pay-envelopes cease to come. He must live upon his accumulations. That which he has laid aside with so much joy for the realization of his highest dream

he must now begin to spend on bread, clothes, lodging, car-fare.

Soon it dawns upon him that his task is not so easy as he had imagined. To carry out his original plan he will have to stay in the shop much longer than he had supposed. His return home moves out of the foreground of his mind. He thinks less of his distant and more of his immediate future. He realizes how different is the whole basis of existence here from what it was in the old village. There, if anything happened to him and he was out of work and he had no home of his own, a friend or relative would care for him willingly. Unless there has been a disastrous failure of crops and the entire community has been rendered destitute, no ailing or unemployed peasant need despair of getting a living in the old village.

But in America every one is for himself. He has to be. Space on the floor or bench has its price, and potatoes, cabbage, and bread come not

from the cellar, but from the grocery. In America a man must always have money to live, and if he is ill, idle, or has no savings, woe to him! The peasant soon realizes that he has nothing here that is so firm, so reassuring as a hut of his own and a parcel of land. Here everything he needs costs cash. Cash! cash! cash! Money! money! money! The words bite into his

mind as he realizes their power. And cash comes only when a man has a job—the job that is the biggest thing in his life, his sole source of sustenance. Business? He has not the



Spanish

business instinct and the business tradition of the Jew or the American. Tell him that in this country the poorest immigrant can rise to a position of affluence, mention names of immigrants who have done so, and he will shrug his shoulders. The story of the successes of other immigrants leaves him cold. It stirs no fervor in him for America and her opportunities for the alien. He knows that he never can rise to such a position. He lacks the training and the mental equipment. He knows that as long as he is in this country his destiny is fixed: he will remain a laborer, with his job as his sole means of support.

The longer he stays here, the more keenly he feels the difference between his life in the old village and in the American industrial community, and the more critical he grows of the conditions that surround him: the character of his work, his position in the shop, the hazards and uncertainties of factory labor, his cash basis of existence, conditions which gave him no concern in his early days here. At this point in his American experience, if the labor leader comes and presents to him the case of the trade-union, the words now have a new meaning to him.

Consider, now, the effect of the campaigns of our sales agencies upon the mind of the immigrant, or any other worker, for that matter. In no country in the world has business mustered such a vast and varied array of talent to conduct its advertising crusades as in America. Poets, jour-

nalists, artists, college professors—all are making their valued contributions. With pen and brush they appeal to every conceivable whim and impulse of man, woman, and child, native and alien. With word and picture they strive to inculcate the desire to possess the thing advertised. Persistently, vigorously, seductively, they preach one sermon: buy! buy! buy! "The way some firms advertise their goods," I heard a professor say once, "they make you feel that you cannot digest potatoes unless you send them an order." And the salesman does likewise. If



Slavish

he is sent into territory where there has been no demand for his "line," it is his duty to create it. "Salesmanship," I heard a sales manager say in an address to a group of men he was training, "is the art of making your customer want the thing he turns down." Exactly. If a man goes into so-called Polish territory to drum up trade for player-pianos, talking-machines, silk shirts, jewelry, and if the dealers tell him they have no call for such wares, he does not pack up his grip and leave. With the aid of his home office he proceeds to build a new market. Once while walking along a shopping street in the Polish district of the Chicago stockyards I was attracted by a remarkable setting of an American wedding in the window of a large store. Bride, groom, attendants, were dressed in the latest fashion. Not a detail in the scene seemed to be omitted. It was a shrewd stroke of salesmanship. The sight of this pic-

ture of luxury and elegance had its effect upon the minds of the Polish girls who stopped to look into the window. It made them dream of similar weddings. Through a multitude of such schemes the salesman of talking-machines, player-pianos, cheap silk shirts, or cheap jewelry seeks to gain a market for his goods.

He has done something else besides creating a new market for his firm: he has made the Polish worker dissatisfied with his norm of living. By continually and seductively playing upon the Pole's instinct of ostentation, vanity, enjoyment, and possession, he, with the aid of other sales agencies, has caused the Pole to reach out for an increasing share of the world's material goods. How often have factory-owners and managers complained to me in our interviews that the trouble with the alien is his growing extravagance. Supposing this were the chief cause of his restlessness, shall we not lay a large portion of the blame to our sales forces, which so persistently and so shrewdly beset him with all manner of temptation with the avowed purpose of making him yield to it? And when he does succumb to these blandishments, why wonder that he grows more exacting, more aggressive, demanding higher wages, and striking for long periods when the demand is denied?

And what shall be said of the publicity given to the item of profits and its effect upon the mind of the worker? In former times this was a secret shared only by the heads of the firm.

Nowadays the information is in most cases public property. The most persuasive argument a stock salesman offers is the statement of the amount of dividends his stock has been paying.



Hungarian

If profits happen to be substantial, as during and following the war, newspapers, in their hunt for sensations, feature the facts on the front page in blazing headlines, spicy stories, and statistical tables. Politicians, lecturers, social reformers, preachers, both native and alien, join in the crusade of enlightenment. From every direction the information is flung at

the public. The result is indignation and resentment on the part of the worker, a feeling that he is not receiving a sufficient reward for his labor, and a determination to wrest a larger share of the returns of industry. No item of propaganda received such wide-spread publicity during the steel strike as the report of the Federal Trade Commission on the profits of the United States Steel Corporation. Not only every leader, but nearly every striker, could reel off the figures with the ease of a child reciting a jingling rhyme.

Here are two conditions in American business life, the work of sales forces and the publicity of profits, vitally necessary to the promotion of business, yet directly and indirectly stirring an incalculable amount of dissatisfaction in the labor world. Let those who are in the habit of ascribing the restlessness of labor to the machinations of agitators ponder over the significance



of such phenomena in American life.

What further stimulates the discontent of the peasant worker is his unsatisfying social life in the American industrial community. I spent several days recently with a group of Lithuanian miners in Illinois. I was amazed at the wide-spread desire among them to return to the old home. They are under no illusions as to the blessings they will find there. They realize they cannot obtain as remunerative work as they have here. They know their children will not have as good schools to attend as they have here even in a mining-town. Yet they yearn to go back, because "*tam veselo*" ("it is cheerful out there"). Indeed, in every European village, whatever the physical deprivations of the people, however sodden their poverty, they are accustomed to community life; they have their festivals, their games, their dances, their song-festivals, which divert and cheer. But here in America the peasant hardly has any community life. He craves social diversion,—none more than he,—but he must largely suppress this craving. He lives very much by himself. From American society he is shut off. American lodges and orders he cannot join. In American homes he is not welcomed. He is too un-Americanized in his outward behavior to make genial company. Socially, his is indeed a thwarted life, and a thwarted social life does not add to a person's spirit of contentment.

Meanwhile his personality continues

to expand. He becomes aware of a new self. Here he lives in an atmosphere of political freedom and individual independence. Outside of the shop it is not his inferiority, but his equality, that is continually emphasized. It is all different from what he had been accustomed to in the Old World. There is no cash system in America. Here he sees people all about him, people of his own race and other races, of wealth and power, yet without outward marks of distinction. In the streets he sees few soldiers. The policemen do not as a rule interfere with his actions, excepting perhaps in time of a brawl or a strike. They do not spy around his home and club and keep constantly telling him that this he must, and that he must not, do.

And here no one pays homage to superiors; there is no doffing of the hat, no kissing of the hand. He grows accustomed to walking the streets without even thinking of the chance of meeting some one to whom he must make humble obeisance.

Here he can go wherever he pleases. No one will stop him. And here he eats better food. Things he regarded as luxuries in the old home, such as sugar, white bread, meat, syrup, cakes, he eats often, just like the landlords and aristocrats in the Old World. No class of people in America consumes larger quantities of meat than do Slav



Russian

workers when they are at work and draw wages regularly.

And here the peasant wears better clothes. In style there is no difference between his suit, his collar and tie, his

shirt, and those of others—of business men, bosses, persons who belong to a higher social stratum. And he handles larger sums of money—sums that are quite substantial when compared with the small pittances he was receiving for his labor and his produce in the Old World. Of course he spends more, but the mere act of handling larger sums gives him a sense of dignity, of power.

Now, all these personal experiences Americanize the peasant. They shatter old inhibitions, rub out old characteristics, burn out of him his sense of social inferiority, implant in him a new spirit of self-esteem, a new pride, a new sense of self-importance. They break down his old-time timidity, and with it much of his old-time conservatism, the dread of venturing upon a new mode of action. He becomes a bolder, a more self-assertive person. Loud words and abuse no longer cower him. Instead, they stir him to active resentment. He regards himself the equal of others, and is ready to defend what he conceives as his rights and interests with a vigor and determination that were formerly foreign to him. It can truly be said that this, the opportunity to discover his own individuality, is the greatest contribution America makes to the spiritual development of the peasant immigrant.

And shall we ignore the result of our idealistic war propaganda upon his psychology? In English and in his native tongue we proclaimed to him that he was our equal, a brother in

arms, battling for the same lofty goal and destined to share equally in the noble fruits of victory, in a richer, freer, happier life. Through our War Labor Board we upheld his right to collective bargaining, shorter hours, higher wages, better conditions of employment. Of course our words and our acts, official and unofficial, flattered him, heightened his self-esteem, his dignity, and intensified his desire for a richer life and for greater power over his own destiny.



Finnish

The new immigrant is now a changed person. He has undergone a tremendous soul-stirring ex-

perience during his sojourn in American industrial centers. He has risen to a higher standard of living, to a higher mental plane. He has not the same feelings, the same thoughts, the same aspirations that he harbored upon his arrival in this country. American life has shattered these out of him, and has stocked his mind with a fund of new ideas that drive him into new modes of behavior. That is why he is in revolt against the world he formerly accepted. That world, with its long hours of labor, with its individual bargaining, with its rigid discipline, its demand on workers' docility, represses him now as it never did formerly. He now joins the union and goes out on strike readily enough, and stays out until he exhausts himself in the effort to bring the employer to terms. There is not a more determined, a more stubborn striker in American industry than is the new immigrant.

Witness the desperate labor conflicts in the steel, textile, packing, clothing, and mining industries. One need be no prophet to foretell that the time is not far distant when all of these industries will be solidly unionized. That is the direction in which the immigrant worker is traveling, or rather in which American life is pushing him.

Those who view with alarm his new industrial behavior need to remember what has already been amply emphasized in this paper, that upon his arrival here the peasant immigrant was the most docile of our workers. He knew nothing of the union or the strike. There were exceptions, of course, but it is not with these that we are now concerned. These weapons of labor warfare he did not import from his old village. They did not exist there. He found them here in America. At first he persistently refused to make use of them. He cared not for labor organizations, for the eight-hour labor day, for a living wage, for a worker's voice in the affairs of the shop. Because of this attitude he was denounced as a menace to the American home and American civilization. In scores of volumes and thousands of

speeches his industrial docility was decried as the standing evil in American social life.

Now, however, he has discovered the union and the strike and other weapons of labor warfare, and he has been making use of them in his own way. In the future he will wield them with ever-increasing firmness and facility. To expect him to go back to his old ways of industrial relations is like expecting a grown-up woman to return to the playthings of her childhood. What needs to be emphasized is that the peasant immigrant has come to the discovery of the labor movement not suddenly or accidentally, but through a long period of trial and struggle and experimentation with individual methods of industrial relations.

Instead of being the result of alien influences, as has been persistently averred, his present-day labor activities, his revolt against conditions in American industry, are the outcome of a prolonged and painful process of Americanization, of an attempt to fit himself as completely as he can to the mold of human existence which America lays before him.





# His Religion and Hers

## *II—What Her Religion will Do for the World*

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN



This is the second of two articles in which Mrs. Gilman discusses the relative value of the masculine and the feminine contributions to religion. Death, according to Mrs. Gilman, was the outstanding crisis in the life of the primitive man; birth, the outstanding crisis in the life of the primitive woman. Primitive man, standing over his fallen victim, whose soul had fled the body, said, "Where has it gone?" Primitive woman, holding her baby in her arms, said, "What can I do for it?" Thus the religion of man has been concerned with the afterwhile; the religion of woman, with the here and now.—THE EDITOR.

IF the religions of the past, with their overpowering interest in death, have been largely modified by the man, what may we expect when the woman becomes actively human and contributes her share to the management of the world?

We have seen how in the long formative period of our racial infancy the major crisis in the hunting and fighting exertions of primitive man was in killing something, in taking life. This stirred his thoughts to meditations upon death and its possible consequences, a field of limitless speculation, and underlies all our great religions. Not only was this an early stimulus to thought, but, owing to the inherent combativeness of the male and to his preference for a predatory life above an industrial one, war and rapine still held first place in his mind, and spread their lamentable influence throughout history.

The life of primitive woman, on the other hand, was spent in work, not war. There was small excitement in

this, no thrilling event. Yet her life held one crisis more impressive, more arousing far than man's: her glory was in giving life, not taking it. To her the miracle, the stimulus to thought, was birth. Had the religions of the world developed through her mind, they would have shown this deep essential difference—the difference between birth and death. The man was interested in one end of life, she in the other. He was moved to faith, fear, and hope for the future; she to love and labor in the present.

To the death-based religion the main question is, "What is going to happen to me after I am dead?" a posthumous egoism. To the birth-based religion the main question is, "What must be done for the child which is born?" an immediate altruism.

The first nurtures a limitless individualism, a demand for the eternal extension of personality. Such good conduct as it required was to placate the deity; or, for the benefit of oneself, "to acquire merit," as the Buddhist

frankly puts it. The second is necessarily altruistic, forgetting oneself for the good of the child, and tends to develop into love and labor for the widening range of family, state, and world.

The first leads our thoughts away from this world, about which we know something, into another world, about which we know nothing. This has two unavoidable and undesirable results, the exaltation of belief with derogation of knowledge, and the neglect of this world as being merely a sort of spring-board from which to leap into another one. The first was something to be believed; the second, something to be done.

### § 2

Before we attempt to follow the natural consequences of a birth-based religion, let it be clearly understood that here is no denial of personal immortality, against which we have no proof. Neither is there any condemnation of sex or any overrating of women, who are indeed at present far behind men in human development. But just as the male sex throughout nature expresses itself in desire, display, and competition, so does the female sex throughout nature express itself in love, care, and service. Mother love tends to develop into an ever-widening love for humanity; mother care, into the whole vast range of law, government, and education; mother service, into the varied arts and crafts which maintain and elevate our race. If the human female had had free scope and growth beside the male, her influence would have produced results more in accordance with happiness and progress.

The impression of sex is marked in

the more ancient religions. So far as the female influence appears, it is shown in worship of fertility, of great mother goddesses giving life. But as the male became predominant, we find the phallic religions, worshipping not fertility, but most unfertile excesses. Venus and Cupid are masculine contributions to the world's deities, and the wild orgies of still darker, more primitive times were also masculine in origin.

See the intrinsic and far-reaching difference resultant from the instant action following upon birth, as compared with the unlimited discussion following upon death. The person being dead, all that we could do was to invent cumbrous rites of burial or other disposal of "the remains," sometimes the measureless folly of making mummies or the construction of vast enduring monuments to "preserve their memory," those pathetic memoranda of long-forgotten persons. All this being accomplished, nothing remained but to weep and mourn for the departed, or—and this was the engrossing thing—to discuss what might have happened to him.

How different when birth is the event! Instead of grief and mourning, there is joy and triumph. Instead of a precarious "memory," an assured hope. Instead of boundless discussion, swift, well founded action for the good of a growing thing, for the good of the world.

The primitive woman would have felt only the maternal instinct, like any other mother animal. Even now, so thoroughly has her development been arrested, to most women motherhood is only a personal affair. But had she broadened and deepened in humanity, in freedom and power, she would have

grasped the broader implications of her great work. As a conscious human being of to-day she may see her distinctive process in its true nature—the evidence of race immortality.

Whatever may happen to us after death, the race does not die. It goes on, well, strong, wise, happy, rich, and progressive, or sick, weak, foolish, miserable, poor, and reactionary, according to what each individual member of it has done while alive.

Birth is the most important event we know. It is the ceaseless, visible recreation of an undying race. Through it we see humanity as a growing, continuous thing, coming into our hands fresh and plastic, open to unmeasured improvement or to degradation and decay, according to the circumstances with which we surround it.

Birth-based religion would steadily hold before our eyes the vision of a splendid race, the duty of upbuilding it. It would tell no story of old sins, of anguish and despair, of passionate pleading for forgiveness for the mischief we have made, but would offer always the sunrise of a new hope: "Here is a new baby. Begin again!"

The nurse is the first servant, with mother work and child care spread into ever-widening coöperation. But this essential of human progress has been ignored by most religions, and though taught by Christianity, was soon discarded, owing to the innate combativeness of men.

Being utterly misled by the old teaching that the sorrow and pain of life were unavoidable and in some mysterious way good for us, we have gone on assuming that the wretchedness about us was beneficial, that bad was good.

No one suggests that miseries are good for babies. In our care for children we have at least learned the rudiments of advancement. To the mother comes the apprehension of God as something coming; that his work, the new-born child, was visibly unfinished and called for continuous service. The first festival of woman's religion would be the birthday, with gifts and rejoicings, with glad thanksgiving for life.

Our demand for an ever-watching love and care is that of the child, always turning to his mother:

"An infant crying for the light,  
An infant crying in the night,  
And with no language but a cry."

The mother, feeling in herself the love and care, pours it forth on man, her child. This recognition and expression of divine power are better than "worship." You cannot worship something inside you; the desire of the soul is to give benefit rather than to receive it.

### § 3

It is no wonder that the teachings of Jesus were eagerly accepted by women, widely spread through their efforts. They were not, however, the interpreters, the disputers, the establishers of creeds. They did not gather together to decide whether or not men had souls. They did not devise the hideous idea of hell, the worst thought ever produced by the mind of man. It cannot be attributed to women any more than to Jesus that his wise, tender, practical teaching of right living was twisted and tortured into a theory of right dying.

Believing as they must the doctrines of gloom and terror forced upon them,

and sharing in the foolish asceticism of early Christianity, we still find in religious associations of women their tendency to works of love and service. It was not in nunneries that char-*treuse* and Benedictine were concocted; we do not see pictures of fat nuns carousing in cellars. For the convent turns naturally to the school, the sisters as naturally become nurses and teachers; and when, outside of religious orders, we see the first little organizations among women, they are charitable, educational, or to help the sick. After them comes the early reading-club, the "ladies' literary," with other efforts toward improvement, growing into immense organizations for social betterment, and thus increasingly effective.

We all know, some to our cost, the reformatory impulse in woman. Her instinct for care, for training, for discipline is a grievous thing if highly developed and focused on too small a group. This is sadly well known to many a man who has to live under the tutelage of his wife's mother after having escaped from his own. The entrance of women into politics was most dreaded because of that reformatory tendency. What will this essential feminine influence do when it has free play in the expression of the world's religions?

Singular, how fond we are of having a badly behaved world, how convinced that it cannot be made a good one!

"You cannot legislate morality," we triumphantly assert. Yet the nature and purpose of legislation is exactly that, to enforce morality. That it does not wholly succeed is painfully evident, but absence of law or ignoring of law does not produce better results.

We need a change in the very foundation of our religious teaching in this respect—a change which rests on that vision of a new-born, ever-growing race, open to constant improvement. We cannot improve a dead man; we can, a baby. Our despair has come from the individual limitation of our thought; but when we rise above that petty thing, and fix our interest on the boundless possibilities of the undying race, there is no more of that clogging hopelessness.

Even to-day, after our shameful World War, when every impulse of an intelligent race should be toward such behavior as would make another war impossible, what do we see? Merely a wide resurgence of the old ghost worship, a revival of the ancient riddle, "Death, Death, and where is the dead man?"

The mother does not sit down among her mischievous brood and say, "Children are bad by nature; one cannot legislate morality." She does not call their inevitable mistakes a problem of evil. With such knowledge and such power as she can command she spends her time in improving the behavior of those children. The black discouragement of later life is due to the lack of such cheerful teaching, such constant direction, in our still primitive religions.

"The problem of evil" in our groping past has been complicated by that grotesque survival of voodooism, the devil. No devil is needed to account for the easily classified evils which afflict humanity. Ignorance is the worst devil we have, and he could be removed forever in one generation. It is quite within the power of the present citizens of this country to provide for every child in it as much

education as it can take, and then to raise better ones who can take more. What blindness, what idiocy is it which keeps us sitting helplessly in the sad mess we make and blaming it on this "man of straw," the devil!

One religion after another has come into our minds, grown and spread and changed with the ages; and from the best of them has come no better stage of living than that from which we are at present suffering. They have not applied themselves to life; only to some theory of death and the hereafter.

Let the personal hereafter be what it will, according to our deserts or to the judgment of God or karma; the hereafter of our children on earth depends on us, on our behavior. Think for a moment how it would seem to be proud of the human race! It is indeed difficult now, but when we even start to improve it, and begin to see the sure results, the glory in our hearts will be something brighter than we have ever known. As human beings, members of one race, and more intimately members of one organic social group, we cannot escape suffering and shame in our general condition, or joy in common progress.

That we are so poor a race to-day is due to a blind and crippled motherhood. In all the flood of theory and practice which blackens and befools the sex relation, we fail to note that it is the male side only which is under discussion. Sex to the male is expressed in his relations to the female; that is what he is male for. Sex to the female is expressed in her relations to the child; that is what she is female for.

The long dominance of the male, necessarily seeing only from his own

side, has made us limit our discussion of this relation to its mere preliminaries, and to consider women not as race-builders, assisted by men in their mighty work, but as a sort of sex assistant to men, made for that purpose. It is no wonder that birth has fallen from its high estate, and become an accident, a thing to be submitted to or prevented, as seen fit.

The rise of woman, which so far has been groping upward through limitations and injustices, is by no means recognized as the world-changing phenomenon it is. The kind of women carefully bred and trained through ages of masculine selection are not such as one would trust the world to, unassisted. These laborious house-servants, contented with their lot, or discontented, but still in it; these decorated darlings, taking everything they can get without any momentary idea of producing wealth to equal what they consume; these enthusiastic reformers of other people; these reckless indulgers of themselves, are they the hope of the world?

Having reached in large measure their goal of "equality with men," not real equality in social development, but equality in immediate conditions, it is sickening to see so many of the newly freed using that freedom in a mere imitation of masculine weaknesses and vices. Yet just this is to be expected of a subject class when suddenly released, and the release of women is the swiftest movement in history. Within a lifetime they have covered steps of advancement that took men thousands of years.

#### § 4

This is why we sorely need the lifting force of religion to carry us over this



discordant period. It is hard for men; they are losing forever the woman servant of the past. It tears at the very roots of their world, which is built on subject women. It is hard for women, too. As blinded, pale, and weak as those released from the Bastille, as reckless as children let out of an oppressive school, they have as yet shown small sense of their great purpose, their tremendous power.

But in religion women have always stood side by side with men, when allowed. They made just as good saints and martyrs. They have always been, in our religion at least, the easiest converts, the most numerous supporters of the church. Now, when the basis of their faith swings round from death to birth, they will see themselves not as the poor second thought created "for Adam's express company," but as, in fact, the main line of evolution, and their major purpose not sex service or house-service, but the carrying on and improvement of the human race. They will see God not as a remote judge, not as a collector of confessedly inferior souls to sing to him (with the devil, as a rival collector, much more successful), but as a power within, working through us, whose worship is fulfilment of law and whose law is evolution. The fact of death will steadily diminish as we learn to live without killing one another or ourselves, and the thought of death will lose its false significance before the far more important thought of birth.

Religion is the primal power essential to humanity, because our consciously directed behavior calls for some "theory of the game." It gives us something to behave *by*, a basis for decision. It gives consciousness of the

unbounded power on which the individual man may rely when called upon for action beyond his personal strength. It gives us something large enough to stretch the human spirit, which can never be satisfied with the limits of individualism. The thought of the unity and power of God centralizes and steadies the mind.

We say of those specially devoted to some favorite theory that they have "made a religion of it." We have "made a religion" of many strange ideas, in many races, at many times. Beneath them all throb the vital truths of the universe, and in every lasting religion some truth is found. But also in every one we find a mass of lingering tradition, the habits of thought and feeling soaking slowly down the ages from the period of our first groping efforts, our first gross mistakes.

The mind of to-day needs to rouse itself to fresh thought, based on wider knowledge, and to make its own connection with the love and power that run the universe.

There is something strangely baffling in the dull paralysis which falls upon the mind when facing the problem of how to make a better world. It is not easy to throw off the pressure of many thousand years of religious teaching. We are poisoned to the core by that insidious "inferiority complex," that heavy weight of inhibition: "we are all poor creatures," we are "miserable sinners."

Having for so long believed that we were bad, that the world was bad, and that we could not do anything with it anyway, it is difficult to arouse the opposite conviction that we are good by nature, that the world is good, and that we can do what we please with

ourselves and with the world. Not in a day, to be sure, not in a generation; but what is that to a human being? We who are so profoundly interested in our ancestors, and prouder of them in proportion to their remoteness, surely we can stretch our minds a little along the line of our descendents. Twenty generations behind us, we boast, a king was our ancestor. In ten generations, yes, in five, we could produce a race of kings, of people finer than any kings of all the past.

Yet this does not appeal to us in the least. It seems to the average mind "impractical." We will listen to anything revealed, imagined, or told by some ectoplasmic apparition about the beauties of "another world," but when some one shows us how this one can be made beautiful, we call him a "visionary," and tell him, "You can't alter human nature."

We can. We have already in some degree, and can lift and change it with

increasing speed as soon as we recognize that as our business on earth, and go to it.

No truth in any religion can be hurt by the perception of more truth. No law rightly attributed to God can be broken by further recognition of His law. The religions of the past have fought hard against the proved facts of science, but this new-seen religion of the future rides on science, delights in it, fills it with all the pouring enthusiasm of the most glorious hope ever opened to us—the hope of a race growing better in geometrical progression, faster and faster as each new generation gives us children better born, circumstances which lift us farther, and education spreading wider with every year that we live in a regenerate world.

We have followed the sunset and sat mourning in the darkness. Now we will turn to the sunrise, welcoming God on earth.



"The Church," woodcut by Herbert Pullinger



## The Mama of Manuelito

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE MINARD



I SHOULD doubtless have been quite as much diverted and scandalized as were the rest of Santa Anita had I not realized from the beginning that Lupe was a rank feminist.

The beginning was the day when, a new teacher in the Mexican school, I came in the morning roll-call to the name Guadalupe Lopez. It was such an alluring blend of labials, vowels, and lisped consonants, and it went so trippingly on the tongue, that I lingered over it fondly. Consequently, I did not hear the sibilant interchange that was taking place in the corner of the room, and it was not until I noticed an expectant turning and craning of necks that I realized an event of some interest was impending.

It was over in a flash, and Maria Salvador and Concha Florida were panting at my desk, importantly supporting a wailing Anita Perez. Indeed, Anita Perez had cause to wail, for her round little face was sadly scratched; her much beribboned tresses were utterly disorganized; her dress was rent from seam to seam, revealing a brown little body innocent of undergarments.

"Ticher, Ticher," wailed Anita. "that Lupe Lopez she keel me."

A small whirlwind projected itself through the rapidly assembling mob of Anita's sympathizers.

"Ticher," stormed Lupe, "she tells bad names about my mothers. If she do so again, I *will* keel her."

"But, Ticher, if it iss true," sobbed outraged Anita. "Lupe's mama—"

"My mothers iss good enough," blazed Lupe. "It iss all those damn men."

Concha Florida put in a word.

"Of course Lupe she have to ponch Anita," she conceded judicially. "But that mother of Lupe she iss a bad woman. Lupe hass many, many papas. I thing better she did not have any. Thees last papa—"

"Go to your seat, Concha. You talk too much," I interrupted.

Concha departed, the aggrieved angle of her little chin more eloquent than volumes of argument in favor of free speech.

"But Concha iss a little right," cried Lupe. "Better if there were no papas at all."

Her next outburst was no less revealing.

The time was May, the month of Mary, observed with much prayer, many gay new ribbons, many *fiestas*. Daily there came to my desk a sheaf of excuses, written by the children and laboriously signed by their parents:

"Pleas you excuse Anita at the three. She goze to the church."

"Excuss Felipe that she iss from the *escuela* next day. He has beezness at the shurch."

Three was the usual hour for the exodus, but religious duties encroached more and more upon school-time. Realizing that one might as well bid the desert winds stand still as to attempt to question the mandates of the *padres*, I nevertheless ventured a feeble remonstrance when one day the majority of the notes specified two o'clock as the hour.

Scarcely had the recess bell tingled when a dozen brown hands twinkled, a dozen voices announced in thrilling whispers:

"Ticher, the bell rinks."

I spoke firmly.

"Have I not told you many times that the bells ring for me? I will tell you when you may go. Those who spoke out must sit in their seats for ten minutes."

"But, Ticher, Ticher,"—it was a concerted wail,—"*the padre!* He tell us at *los doce*. He will be veree, veree angree."

A calm voice rose above the hubbub.

"Ticher, those are lies. He say come *if* it can. Anyhow, I wish to stay here."

Concha sprang up furiously.

"Lupe Lopez, you are one weeked girl. You do not lofe the church and the sweet Mary."

"I thing I am good enough," replied Lupe, placidly. "I lofe our Mary very mooch. She iss a woman."

My next opportunity for observing Lupe showed her in a new capacity. I and my house had been for months at the mercy of a disheartening succession of inefficient, dirty, and dishonest Marias, Florentinas, and Valerias. Somehow the child heard of my dilemma, and demurely, but with eager, telltale eyes, she came to put before me her proposition. She would work for me on Saturdays and after school for what I would pay her.

"I keep your house good, Ticher," she said earnestly, stroking a bright chintz cushion with caressing fingers. "Ah, *que bonita!* Pretty house! I keep heem fine. And we need so much the money. *Mis pobres chiquitos!* Seex of them, and not much to eat." Her eyes brooded.

"Where is your father?" I asked thoughtlessly.

"Ticher, thees last papa iss a very bad one. My mothers doss not find very good papas for us at all. Much better none. Ah, *que bonita!*" She broke off, to run through the open door into my white-enameled bathroom. "For to wash the self, iss it not? I will keep heem veree clean."

And she did. In fact, she discovered such a frenzy for cleanliness that under her reproachful eyes it required real courage to use or move anything about the house after she had cleaned it and set it to rights. One pondered the necessity of washing in her immaculately polished wash-bowl. She was as punctual as the four-o'clock mill whistle. Altogether, the arrangement was charming.

True, it was necessary to keep under lock and key such dainties as I did not

want consumed outright or carried home to "los pobres chiquitos." For despite a real devotion to me, Lupe would help herself to what took her fancy; never making, however, any attempt to conceal her pilfering, and taking only what her own generous nature persuaded her that I could not refuse if consulted in the matter. Why waste time in formal petitioning when the *señora* was so kind?

True, also, she was an inveterate beggar when her good sense told her the matter could not be adjusted so simply.

"Pore leetla ones!" she would exclaim dramatically, holding aloft a pair of my husband's old boots. "My pore leetla brothers and sisters! Seex of them! The oldest of eight years!"

"Now, Lupe," I would remonstrate, "don't try to tell me that even an eight-year-old child could wear those boots." My husband measures over six feet and wears foot-gear of suitable dimensions.

"Oh, thank you, *Señora*! I can feex it," she would answer, with a shrewd little nod, tucking her treasure under her arm.

When the erratic little mother left town one day with her latest matrimonial acquisition, Lupe, to my profound surprise, tearfully tore herself away from the "pore leetla ones" and elected to stay with friends in Santa Anita. She had left school, and now gave her entire time to my interests.

"My pore mama!" she often cried, rolling dark eyes tragically heavenward, shaking her head, and punctuating her lament with luxurious pops of seductive candy. "But *que quiere*,

*Señora*? I tell her, if she go weeth that man, I will leave her. Weeth heem I can do nothing for *los niños*. He take' my money. But my mothers she must have a man. She iss like that. Some women are. I am not. I thing the men are the devil." And she would cock a flexible eyebrow at me, noting the effect of this sally.

One day she star-

tled me by adding contemplatively:

"Iss it not sad, *Señora*, that before there can be the darling *niños*, there must be the weeked men? But how I hate them!"

It was not long after this that I began to realize that the men did not hate Lupe. For she had grown very pretty despite the emaciating deprivations of her childhood. Now, with only herself to care for, she blossomed like a garden of posies. Always petite, with dainty, yet strong, articulations and a step that danced, she had suddenly ripened into a thing of tantalizingly delicate curves, firm, clean skin, hair of silken black coiled high on a proud little head, and strangely puzzling eyes. They were not the moody, often somberly smoldering eyes of Mexico, or the capriciously provocative eyes of Spain. Despite their dusky depths, they were the eyes of



"Lupe was a rank feminist"

twentieth-century America, whimsical eyes, in which the adventurous vied with the speculative.

When she appeared to do my ironing one spring day attired in black satin of sophisticated cut, and when I found her another afternoon experimenting with my best face-powder, I realized that Guadalupe was no longer a child.

The powder episode raised a vexing question. The girl's skin was as fresh and exquisitely clean as a rose, but I was unreasonable enough to want to be assured of exclusive use of my toilet accessories. With what I felt to be consummate tact, I presented to her a box of delicately scented brunette powder, suitable to her complexion. She sniffed regretfully at the dainty contents.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Señora," she mourned. "It smells very nize, but it iss of a color for the dark skin. My color it iss peenk. You may give it to Florentina." Florentina was the greasy half-breed who did our washing.

My husband solved the problem.

"Leave a box of bright pink stuff on your table, and keep your own under lock and key."

If it seemed good enough for the señora, it was good enough for Lupe; so, daily preening herself at my dressing-table, she reveled in a violent pink powder which turned her vivid olive coloring to an anemic lavender. Lupe was entirely happy in the effect. Lavender complexions were stylish in her circle.

Certainly, the ardor of some half-dozen dashing young *caballeros* did nothing to disillusion her. Few were the evenings upon which some swarthy-skinned gallant was not hovering in the purlieus of my garden when the Señorita Lopez issued forth

after the completion of her daily duties. There was little Pedro Arcienega, round-faced and merry; there was Felipe Gonzalos, with the furtive eyes and crooked smile; and there was Manuelo Sedillo—Manuelo, as slim and lithe as a toreador, with his clean-cut features, ardent eyes, and poignant Gipsy charm. Almost I persuaded myself, when I saw Lupe with Manuelo, that she had forgotten that "the men are the devil."

Then abruptly Manuelo went away. If I had expected any manifestations of grief on Lupe's part at this defection, I was thoroughly disappointed; for she went about her work with a serenity that nothing could shake. Only one day I caught her dreaming, an unheard-of indulgence for bustling,



"'She goze to the church'"

matter-of-fact little Lupe, a plate steaming itself dry in her idle hand, happy, yet wistful, eyes on the hazy blue mountains far across the sand-dunes of the Southern border.

Then, quite suddenly, the heavens fell.

Dr. Emmons, the company surgeon, dropped in to see me one day. I found him in the living-room, mopping his



“ ‘Thees last papa iss a very bad one’ ”

large face exhaustedly, his one hundred and ninety pounds poised uncomfortably and precariously on the extreme edge of his chair. Knowing how harassed and overworked the dear old man was as the sole practitioner of a floundering and much-ailing mining-town, I was not one of those who caviled because from the moment of his entrance he seemed always on the verge of departure. Now he blinked rapidly several times, felt tenderly of his wilted collar, and then demanded gruffly:

“I wonder if you know that your Mexican girl is expecting to become a mother in a few months.”

My first reaction was an exclamation of disbelief; then I realized that, quite incomprehensibly, I was neither shocked nor surprised.

“But, Doctor,” I felt obliged to protest feebly, “she’s only fifteen and she hates men. She insists that she will never marry.”

“Marry!” snorted the doctor. “I should say not! A most astounding young person. A regular fighting little anarchist.”

His first question, it seemed, had elicited the information that it was not the Señora Lopez who desired his services, but the Señorita Lopez. She had been quietly and unnecessarily insistent upon the distinction.

“Who, then,” the doctor had asked, “is the child’s father?”

“Oh, he has no father,” was the casual reply.

The kind old doctor, horrified and pitiful of what he believed to be the bravado of desperation, threw himself into the breach.

“My dear child,” he remonstrated, “you do not understand. You are entitled to the protection of your child’s father. The law will see that you get it. Give me his name. By gad! I’ll see that he marries you or know the reason why,” pursued the doughty doctor, gathering speed.

Lupe smiled, gently complacent.

“Oh, he will marry me all right. He very much weesh to marry me.”

“That’s fine!” applauded the doctor. “That’s right. Better get it over with at once. Can’t be too soon to—”

“But,” went on Lupe, blandly, “I do not weesh to marry *heem*.”

The doctor believed for a moment that his ears deceived him. He looked again at this impossible girl, serenely rocking and chewing as she daintily seamed a tiny garment and enunciated her unbelievable declaration.

“But, my good girl, you do not understand. You—”

“But it is you that does not understand. There are women who like what you call protection of a man. But me, I am not one of them. I can

take the very good care of myself. Why should I be so stupid as to marry myself weeth any man?" Lupe had crossed her trim little feet and folded small brown hands. She was thoroughly enjoying her companion's discomfiture.

"But your child? Your child has a right to a father," somewhat blankly expostulated the doctor.

"Will he not have me? I shall be his mother. I shall love heem verree, verree much; and some time, maybe, I have another—oh, two or three, maybe. That will be a verree nize leetla family, eh, Doctor?"

"But what about his name? Do you realize that your child will have no name?"

"Oh, he can have his mama's name. Lopez a verree nize name."

So it went. The doctor, entirely losing control of this unheard-of situa-

"This is all very well, Guadalupe," he said at last, "but what will the name of Lopez be worth to your child after this? It will be a spoiled name, like those of Emilia, Rosa, and Valeria at old Pedro's place. How 'll you like having people say that Guadalupe Lopez is just like—"

She faced him then like a small fury, face white, eyes ablaze, little fingers plucking at the folds of her skirt.

"They will not! They will not do so! You shall see I am not like them. I weesh to have a baby. All my life I have weesh that. I must have that baby. But I do not weesh be like my mama. Thees baby shall be all mine. No one shall beat or make go hungry my child. Whose beezeness iss it if I weesh my baby for myself alone?"

Then with one of her swift flashes of mood she put her hand on his arm.

"You shall see, Doctor. I shall be verree good mama, and people will not say those things of me. I am different."

She was right. When she appeared, pale and demure, but with shining eyes, her bright-eyed *niño* always resplendent and dainty in the most exquisite of diminutive finery, there was much interest, some pity, but no condemnation. Pity soon changed to incredulous amusement, for Lupe wasted no time in making her position known to the world in no uncertain terms.

"Thees baby iss my baby," she announced firmly. "He doss not need any papa. I am his mama."

Dr. Emmons had become converted into a stanch ally. He waxed almost maudlin in his praises of her exquisite care of the baby and of her skilful management of the tiny house she had taken. It was he who discovered that



"The men did not hate Lupe"

tion, pleaded, scolded, bullied; she met him at every point with defiance, with contempt, with cajolery.



the girl had a real talent for nursing, and who solved the problem of her self-support by taking her into his office to care for his instruments and to help him with the poor, ignorant, difficult Mexican mothers. Under his delighted instruction she learned with her usual lightning rapidity, and developed a magic touch with sick babies.

Just back of the dispensary was a room which the company, at the doctor's suggestion, fitted up as an official day nursery for the small Salvador Lopez, as he was first named, who could not be left at home alone.

Lupe, fitting about the place in a trim cap and apron, was an engaging and, it must be confessed, a somewhat self-important little figure. So, evidently, thought the young *caballeros* of the camp, who began to discover an unwonted need for medical attention. But for Lupe, in her new dignity and responsibility, they simply did not exist. Was she not the official assistant of Dr. Emmons, and as well the mama of the unequaled Salvador?

Then, quite suddenly, Manuelo Sedillo returned, and solved the mystery of the baby's parentage. For Manuelo lost no time in publicly acknowledging and trying to claim his son. Indignantly, he demanded to know if Lupe could not be made to marry him. He would have come long ago, he assured his interested friends, but he had not known. He had left town in a fit of

temper after one of the girl's saucy refusals to become his wife, and was not surprised when she had failed to answer his letters. Now he had returned despite her, and what had he found? That Lupe, his wife in all but law, was apparently sole parent of the most bewilderingly beautiful boy in the world, while his own rights in the matter were utterly ignored. All this was with much flashing of white teeth and dark eyes, much play of slender hands; for Manuelo was not of the stolid half-breed type, but combined the natural dignity and grace of the Spaniard with the temperamental charm of the *gitano*.

Of the stormy interviews in the little room back of the dispensary Dr. Emmons, frequently summoned as intermediary, told me much.

"It is true, Manuelo," Lupe told the young father of Salvador, "that you are the papa. I tell you the truth, for I do not wish you to think that there were others. But do not think that I will marry you because of that. This baby is my baby, Manuelo."

"Mine, too," cried Manuelo, fiercely, out of his outraged paternity. He knelt quickly by the little bed, both arms thrown hungrily across it. "I must help you to care for him, Lupe. It will take much money."

Lupe smiled the little tantalizingly superior smile that she had found with the coming of Salvador.

"I do not need your money, Man-



Manuelo

uelo," she said with discouraging finality. "I needed only the *niño*, and him you have given me. But because every one now knows that you are the

up, his face flushed and radiantly triumphant.

"See, dearest one," he cried, "he knows me! Manuelito knows his father!" He showed a forefinger tightly clenched in the pink little fist.

Lupe's face hardened. Jealously, she caught her baby to her shoulder, where he lay contentedly kicking, crooning untranslatable secrets to the ceiling, with a funny little frown between his eyebrows.

"You must go now, Manuelo," said Lupe, firmly. "I must put my baby to sleep. You may come again sometime—maybe."

Despite Lupe's surveillance, however, it was not many months before the little Manuelito had struck up a warm friendship for his dashing young father, whose pockets were so fertile in sweets and fascinating toys. There were clandestine meetings at the fence back of the dispensary, Manuelito exploring confidently for the treasures that never failed to materialize, Manuelo adoring his son's firm, straight little back and silken rings of hair. We all felt that Manuelo took a base advantage of Lupe's preoccupation with her duties to press the acquaintance.

As might have been expected, Manuelito found the back fence an entrancing place, and, early discovering its possibilities, developed into a most accomplished little beggar. Hanging there as the afternoon shift went on duty, he assailed all comers with a smile ingratiating enough to wheedle the choicest dainties from full lunch-pails. Huge pieces of watermelon, sticky sweets, tortillas,—everything, in fact, that a baby should not eat,—found their way into his round little tummy. As a consequence, there was one rather awful night when Lupe



"She appeared, pale and demure"

papa, I will change his name to Manuelo—Manuelito, eh?" she went on kindly. "And you may come to see him sometimes—when I let you," she added hastily.

"But, Lupe, dear to me, I love you, and the little one here he is a little piece of me," and he buried his tragic young face in the fragrant bundle of lace, bubbling smiles, and strange inarticulate croonings that was his son.

Lupe's eyes softened; her firm little mouth trembled; her hand moved very gently toward the head of the father of Manuelito. Before it had reached its haven, however, Manuelo looked

hovered dry-eyed, but with a face like death, over a moaning little sufferer, while Manuelo crouched just outside the door, his hands limp between his knees, his head against the wall, so still that you would have thought him asleep but for the glazed eyes immovably fixed on the little bed. The doctor, seeing him, swore from pity, and thought hard thoughts of the agonized, but efficient, little mother nurse.

When it was safely over, Manuelo wiped his eyes on his hat and went home without a word. Lupe had hardly seen him.

Gradually, however, under the pricking annoyances attendant upon his anomalous position, Manuelo began to grow sullen, for his position was a desperately humiliating one for a high-spirited young fellow. The rejected, outcast mother was a figure not unknown among his acquaintances, but a discarded father! He was the butt of many sly innuendos and good-natured jokes that were slow poison to his proud heart. Why should Lupe deliberately subject him to torture that he would have died to spare her? It became known that he was going away again. Where, he did not know; but this time, he said, he would not return. Lupe smiled and quirked an incredulous eyebrow. But his preparations went definitely forward. He would finish his week, for a new helper must be broken in.

The night of his departure arrived. I think Lupe had confidently expected to see him before he left. It was difficult to believe that he would give

up so easily. Perhaps she had even thought of the hard, snubbing little speeches with which she would speed him upon his way, since he was actually going. But as the hours crept toward the time for the El Paso train and still he did not come to say good-by, if the white stillness of her little face meant anything more than weariness, she speedily forgot it when seven injured men were sent from the mill to the dispensary as the result of a break in the machinery. After the wounds were dressed,



Manuelito

the doctor and Lupe went to the bunkhouse across the street to see one of the homeless victims properly put to bed. Manuelito she left in his official nursery, smiling in his sleep.

It was just ten o'clock when Mike Garrity, a night watchman, saw a dark figure scale one of the oil-tanks which skirted the mill-yard, just across the tracks from the dispensary. Mike knew it was ten, he said, because the night train for El Paso had just pulled out. Supposing the figure to be that of Jerry Linf, the tank inspector, he was turning away when, to his horror, he saw the man light a match and lean over the opening to the tank, disregarding the electric extension provided for illuminating the cavernous depths. By the flare of the match Mike recognized the figure as that of half-witted Ike Springer. This was all Mike or any one else was ever able to testify with positiveness about the cause of the catastrophe.

The impact of the explosion was terrific. For one gasping moment all

Santa Anita was numb with apprehension; then we rushed into the streets in time to see a dull-red flame break through the dense cloud of murky black which had immediately surged across the town, leap up, and become an enveloping fury.

A wild-eyed Lupe, struggling in the arms of two stalwart millwrights, saw flames mount higher and higher from the smoke that obscured the back room where slept and smiled the little Manuelito.

"Let me go, *insensatos, puercos!*" she shrieked. "Manuelo! Manuelo! Let me go, or when Manuelo come, I will have heem keel you."

"Her kid 's in there," explained a bystander, hoarsely. "Cute little black-eyed beggar. Crazy about watermelon."

"And her man went out on to-night's train," volunteered one of her captors, lowering his voice. "I took

hard, Pete! No use in her going in there."

Lupe fought like a wild thing indeed.

"Manuelo!" she screamed again and again. Of all the cruel, indifferent world, Manuelo alone knew, as she did, that it was the most precious thing in the universe that lay alone, perhaps wide-eyed with terror and calling for his mother, behind that angry hell of flame. Perhaps even—then she remembered that the ten-o'clock train must have gone. Manuelo did not know. He would not come, even though she, Lupe, was calling to him as she had never called before in need of him. She herself had driven him away, and now this terrible, agonizing aloneness in her anguish! And the little Manuelito! Mother of God! He had been smiling in his sleep, his soft hair clinging to his little head in moist rings.

"My God!" she moaned in her native tongue, "Manuelo will not come, and no one else understands. He was our son."

The main dispensary, a compact brick building, seemed in little danger from the fire, which showed a tendency to follow the line of fences, shacks, and piles of lumber along the track. But the little frame building behind, caught in the first wave of flame, now suddenly started forth, glowing from the enshrouding darkness, swelled out like an inflated fire-balloon, and as suddenly collapsed, a skeleton of blazing timbers.

A frenzied Lupe flung herself writhing in the dust of the street.



"Manuelito had struck up a warm friendship"

his stuff up to the station. Pretty tough. Gosh! but she 's a wildcat!"

"She 's like to gouged my eye out," said the other millwright. "Hold

"Manuelo!" she moaned, "Manuelo! Our poor little one! He was warm and all uncovered in his bed. The fire! Mother of God! If you had loved him, you would have been here to save him."

A group from the corner of the opposite lot were surging around the fence toward us. Some one was explaining breathlessly:

"He was just outside when the lid blew off. He run in an' grabbed the young 'un an' got this fur an' then dropped, just like that. Smoke, I guess."

The group opened, disclosing a tottering, but determined, Manuelo, supported on each side by willing hands, and cringing against his breast, with all his baby strength, a wailing, but unharmed, Manuelito. Lupe hurled herself at them. Then shaking off his supporters and standing proudly erect, Manuelo, smoke-blackened and trembling, placed the frightened child in his mother's arms.

"It is all right now, Lupe. I have brought him to you. See how strong

his grasp!" he commented, with happy pride as he gently loosened the clinging little hand from his neck. Then, half ashamed: "It was of no use. I could not go. I loved him too much—and you."

Lupe, the scornful, gathered father and son together close to her in a tempestuous, strangling embrace.

We left them together.

Several days later Lupe came to see me. Wandering about, inquisitively fingering what pleased her, asking questions, making pert comments, as usual, she was nevertheless obviously embarrassed by the need of finding expression for something she must tell me. At the dressing-table, absently touching her piquant nose with my best powder, she paused to remark, very much by the way:

"Oh, say, Señora, to-day I marry myself weeth Manuelo. You know," she hastily apologized, "he love veree much that Manuelito of mine. Also, soon Manuelito will need a leetla brother, and I could not have for the papa any one but Manuelo."





# The Ku Klux Klan

*Its Social Origin in the South*

BY FRANK TANNENBAUM



THE Ku Klux Klan is a thing of passion. It has aroused fervent hate and provoked reckless loyalty. There is nothing passive, cool, reflective about it. It is denounced with an intensity that seems unreasonable, and espoused as a symbol of all that is holy and beautiful. There are towns in the South that are split wide upon the issues raised by the Klan, and the difference is one of feeling, not of opinion. Instead of confessing disagreement upon the subject under discussion, people indulge in reflections upon the character of their opponents. This is typical of both sides. It is impossible to find a quiet mood when the topic is raised. People are either for or against it, and vehemently, almost hysterically so.

This intensity of feeling blocks any attempt to get at the root of the matter. Few can objectively answer the question, "Why a Ku Klux Klan?" Yet this question must be answered if one is to understand the movement at all. It will not do to call people cowards and scoundrels. Doing so only reveals a blurred intelligence and contributes to a confusion of issues. There must be a why. There is some root, some need, some lack, some function which the movement satisfies. If there were no roots, there would be no movement. There is little use in

implying evil motives to people dedicated to a cause we condemn. This is too easy an explanation. As such, it is subject to the suspicion of being untrue. Sincerity is a common virtue, and must not be denied in an analysis of group behavior.

The Ku Klux Klan has a setting. Historical antecedents, passions, prejudices, hates, loves, ennui, the need for constructing a defense mechanism against one's own sins, the attempt to preserve as static what is becoming dynamic, the craving for dramatization and excitement in the face of a dull and monotonous existence—all of these and more constitute the items which determine the social milieu within which the Klan operates. It is futile to attempt to deal with or to understand the Klan without first examining the factors that have played their share in giving this organization its vogue in the community.

The traditions of slavery, the broad scar of the Civil War, the wounded pride and the bitter indignation of the period of reconstruction, tinge the texture of emotional outlets and social behavior in the South. The vestiges of unquestioned dominance have fed the heritage of pride, the passionate self-assertion in the face of criticism, the conviction of superiority, and the ever ready wrath in defense of a social

status saturated with the tang of painful righteousness.

The original Ku Klux Klan was a reflex of the vindictiveness of Northern politicians and of the unscrupulous carpet-bagger who swooped down upon the South as a vulture upon a wounded and stricken victim. It was a desperate act of self-assertion and self-defense. It was an attempt to rescue for the South the remnants of a civilization that was being subverted by coarse hands and without regard for the feelings of an outraged and unhappy community. All of this has given the Ku Klux Klan a sacred place in the storied traditions of the South. It saved its self-respect, its sense of mastery, its place in the community. It drove the carpet-bagger across the Mason and Dixon's Line and uprooted his evil influence. This helps to explain the present vogue of the Ku Klux Klan. Its use gives dignity to those who avail themselves of it, and weaves about the new organization much of the ardor that historical romance has credited to its precursor in the field.

## § 2

Th Ku Klux Klan is, however, more than the embodiment of a tradition. It expresses a deep-rooted social habit—a habit of ready violence in defense of a threatened social status. This resort to the dramatic and exemplary use of force is a common characteristic of social control over a large and alien population. It is in fact the consequence, one might almost say the concomitant, of mastery. It need not necessarily be obnoxiously evident at all times, but it has always been in the background as one of the conditions of slavery. It has implied

an ability to assert power at any threatening moment. One has only to remember the Spartans and their Helots, the Romans and their slaves, the Belgians in the Congo, the English in Ireland and India, and our own relations to the Indian to understand how natural, how inevitable, is the manifestation of violence in the South. This, of course, is neither a condemnation nor a justification. It is, however, an explanation. It explains the presence of the ready hands the Ku Klux Klan finds for its work; they are there because the exercise of self-assertive mastery is there. But violence is a habit, and habits slowly acquired in response to a social need tend to persist after the causes which gave rise to them have passed away. In the South, however, these influences are still present. There is, in fact, strong evidence that they have been augmented, and that the Ku Klux Klan is the outcome of this augmentation. They seem to have been made more poignant and irresistible by fear. The South gives indications of being afraid of the negro. I do not mean physical fear. It is not a matter of cowardice or bravery; it is something deeper and more fundamental. It is a fear of losing grip upon the world. It is an unconscious fear of changing status. Peaceful and even-tempered coexistence of ruler and ruled is possible only where the relations between the classes remain static for long periods of time. Such a condition of affairs stimulates the growth of traditions, habit of obedience, the love of common things, feelings of security, and the manifestations of kindness and personal loyalty. These become important factors in easing the strain of submission and of accepting a position of inferiority

as natural, as an unquestioned basis of social existence. But these static conditions were upset by the Civil War.

The old Ku Klux Klan attempted to reestablish them, and the attempt was never quite successful. One of the reasons for the failure of the South again to secure for itself in full the older tradition of compliance on the part of the negro was the gradual and persistent infiltration of the forces of modern industrialism. The development of factories, the building of roads, automobiles, telephones; the public schools, moving-pictures, newspapers; the easy methods of communication; the growth of various negro social activities; the development of cities, with their inevitable stimulus for the larger life—all these have contributed to upsetting the older static relationships and introducing dynamic ones.

These forces are inevitable. The colored man is not in a position to escape their consequences: they tend to make the negro feel, think, and be different. He is caught in the whirl of a flood that is sweeping away old moorings, old relations, old loyalties, and is developing newer cravings, ideals, and habits—habits that are strange and incongruous to the white people in the South, with their memories and traditions of a static world. They want him to be, as he was of old, "a good nigger." They blame him, forgetting that he is the victim of a changing world as much as the white man.

### § 3

The World War brought three important factors to bear upon the situation in the South. It intensified the habit of violence, as is evidenced by the "crime wave" which followed the armistice. This sudden outburst of

violence in the United States and in Europe suggests the common thread that binds the Ku Klux Klan in the South with similar movements in other parts of the country and in Europe. The war left a common mood upon the world, a restlessness that craved appeasement. The outbreak of the war roused human passions. Its continuance raised them to a level that was sustained by deeds of physical violence and stories of brutality and atrocity. War cannot be supported in a placid, quiet mood. The ready acceptance of the most weird and inhuman tales of cruel, lustful, brutal, and savage behavior bespeaks the growth of an unnatural appetite and craving for such tales of horror. These emotions were more or less systematically fed and supported during the war.

During the war all of the emotions were concentrated upon one objective, one end. The armistice suddenly suspended the habituated behavior without destroying or abolishing the emotional cravings which it had fed. The violence that followed was a continuance of the practice characteristic of war and the enormous growth of passions concentrated about political, religious, and racial differences are now substituted to make possible a feeding of these irrational, unstable cravings that were left as a heritage to the world when the struggle was suspended. These new hates, like the old ones, are means. They serve to give joy to those who would feed the passion for abuse, calumny, and physical brutality. This seems to be especially true of those who themselves did not share in the sobering and satiating experience on the field of battle. The best evidence seems to



point to the fact that soldiers who fought in the trenches are less virulent than those whose participation was mainly vicarious and second-hand. That the war emotion laid the foundation for the movements of extreme bigotry and emotional concentration seems well illustrated by the fact that, while the K.K.K. was organized in 1915, its great spread did not occur until after the war was over.

There is also a remnant of the millennialism which identified Germany with the devil, and the hope of victory with the dawning of a new and beatific world. The disillusionment so general after the war was due to the failure of this utopian hope. As was to be expected, the more hysterical and naïve have discovered their pet explanation. To them the failure was due to some malign influence; if only—and there are many such if's. If we had only marched to Berlin; if Wilson had not been a pacifist; if Lodge had not been a politician; if the Catholics were not in league with the devil (and there are many good souls who believe that they are); if the Jewish bankers had only not been afraid of their investments; if the radicals could only have been exterminated; if only there were no sin in the world. In part, at least, the Ku Klux Klan and all similar movements of hate in the world are an attempt to destroy the "evil" that stands in the way of the millennial hope—a hope made vivid to many souls who actually believed that the war would usher in a "world fit for heroes to live in."

The second factor which the war brought to bear upon the South and which served as a gathering center for the emotions reflected in the K.K.K. was the influence of the war upon the

negro. The war gave thousands of negroes a vision of things unknown and undreamed of, and an experience in the world that made different beings of them. It must be remembered that two million negroes were registered during the war, over five hundred thousand were drafted, and two hundred thousand were shipped to France. This sudden expansion of horizon, this sudden enriching of experience, the cheerings, and the adulations, the experience on the field of battle, the freedom of contact with white people in France, added to the belief that out of the war would come a new world for them as well as for other oppressed peoples, have produced what is recognized as the "new negro." Even to this day many Southerners deplore the influence of the war upon the negro. There seems, in fact, to be substantial ground for the statement occasionally heard in the South that during the war, and while still in France, many Southerners banded together in a secret organization to meet what to them seemed the peril of the returning negro soldier.

The third influence of the war upon the South was due to its economic consequences. The migration of half a million negroes to the North, the drafting of half a million others, the general rise in wages, the equal pay for negro and white soldiers, the remission of part of that money to dependents at home—a sum which seemed considerable to the negro women, had much bearing upon the independence of negro labor. Any one who was in the South during the war will recall the general complaint against negro labor, from that against the servant in the house who was said to have become too proud to do certain kinds of

work, to that against the negro mechanic who was demanding unheard of wages. All of these factors tended to increase the flux and tide in the Southern communities and greatly upset the hitherto relatively static relations between the races. Here is one explanation for the K.K.K. It is an attempt to maintain static what is becoming dynamic. It would reestablish the past by nullifying through terror the influences of the present.

#### § 4

To these factors is to be added ennui, just pure and simple boredom. The lack of interest, of creative outlet, of joy in living, of ambition, of a vivid sense of life—all these, and more that is deadening, have always been attributed to the small town. In addition to lacking the positive qualities that make for personal growth and development, they generally contain negative factors that help to constrain and dwarf. There is the small town scrutiny, the compulsion to conformity, and the inescapable pressure to walk the straight and narrow path. The small town has always craved and found artificial thrills. It must needs have some excitement. The revival meeting, the itinerant preacher, the occasional scandal, the persistent village drum, the eternal local clown, have played their part in keeping village life habitable by supplying some sort of outlet, some sort of emotional freedom. All this is true of village life everywhere, and people who know the village best know that it is almost always capable of emotional abortions under proper stimuli.

The intensity of family feuds is only one illustration of the violent compensations for the dull, inbred lives led by

isolated mountain communities. The statement of the reputed Maine farmer, who in reply to a question as to how they spend their winter evenings, said that "Some of us sets and thinks, while others just sets," tells the story. Village life is dull everywhere, but in the South the situation is in many respects worse than in any other part of the country. The single crop so characteristic of the South has its influence in denying the rural population varied interests. The single crop, with its reduction of the farmer to the status of a city worker, who has to depend upon a money economy for nearly all of his needs, with its greater emphasis upon a money crop for sale rather than for a varied crop for use, with its tendency to neglect the other subsidiary activities that are the very foundation of diversified farming, with its large tenancy, its frequent change of place, its intermittent periods of idleness, its monotonous food, its dependence upon the creditor, its greater indebtedness, lack of interest in the farm, in its appearance, and the too frequent absence of numerous cattle and their almost human appeal to tenderness and care—the single crop has made the rural community in the South much more a burden spiritually and has meant much greater need for external excitement, partly expressed in intense religious emotions and protracted meetings. Added to this is the frequent idleness of the white farmer, who depends largely upon colored labor or crop-sharing, who often confines himself to superintendence—a superintendence that proves not burdensome either for the mind or the body.

This lack of interest and varied occupation is made still more barren by

the fact that the South has had poorer roads than most parts of the country. Communication, contact, and variation were thus more difficult, and isolation, inbreeding, localism, and a narrow village life more inevitable. It has meant that the theater, the moving-picture, the neighborly visit, the get-together played a lesser part. To this must be added the influence of greater illiteracy than usual in the lives of the isolated communities. It is true, of course, that the average farmer or small village inhabitant makes comparatively little use of his ability to read and write, but it is also true that he makes some use of it. There are more libraries in Northern and Western villages and towns; there is more reading more interest in the world at large, more vicarious enjoyment and emotional compensations where there is greater literacy. And, most of all, those who actually need much of the varied and the intense do tend to read more. In the South this instrument of contentment and satisfaction has been less in evidence. There has, therefore, been a comparatively smaller share of the joy and peace to be derived from the reading of novels and detective stories, and this lack has by that much increased the ease with which an unpleasant occurrence can rouse intense passions.

Everything different is seized upon by the emotions and made much of. The pressure of ennui is tremendous. That explains one important thing about the Ku Klux Klan. It is a rural and small-town institution. I do not suggest that it has no following in larger cities; but the fact is that in larger cities it is not taken as seriously, the "best" people do not belong to it, and it is looked down upon. In the

rural districts and small towns it is the instrument of some of the "best" people; its leaders there are often the reputable, dignified village chiefs.

It is this dead monotony which makes the occasional lynching possible. One has seriously to ask why and how a people so generous, kindly, hospitable, free-spirited, and brave as are the people of the South can indulge in a lynching. There is seemingly only one answer. The white people are as much the victims of the lynching—morally, probably more so—as is the poor negro who is burned. They are starved emotionally. They desperately crave some excitement, some interest, some passionate outburst. People who live a full and varied life do not need such sudden and passionate compensations; but those whose daily round never varies, whose most constant state is boredom, must find some outlet or emotional distortion.

Something happens; a rumor is spread about town that a crime has been committed. The emotions seize upon this, and the people are in a state of frenzy before they know what has taken possession of them. Their thwarted impulses become the master of the situation. The emotional grip is unrelenting. Men and women are transported from a state of comparative peace into one of intense excitement. The lynching takes place not because the people enjoy it, but because the passions, the shouting, the running, the yelling, all conspire to give the starved emotions a full day of play. What happens is that, instead of planning a lynching for the sake of the excitement, the excitement determines the lynching, and the people who commit it are its victims. It takes place not because they desire

the thrill that it brings, but the thrill determines its occurrence. The outburst victimizes the population, and is only a cruel compensation for many months of starved existence.

After the lynching the community settles back to a state of quiet. One exhausting orgy is enough to last a long while; it provides material for discussion, for argument, for explanation, for reflection. In dull moments the whole thing is lived over again. It helps one to come to grips with the world; it stabilizes the existence of the unfortunate community.

### § 5

The danger of the Ku Klux Klan is that it dramatizes and perpetuates this state of excitation. It seizes upon the monotony of a small town and gives it a daily drama. It takes him who lives an uneventful life, one who is nobody in particular, and makes something of him. It gives him a purpose; makes him a soldier in a cause. The very existence of the K.K.K. is proof of emotional infant-hood. It would not be possible in a community where the people lived full, interesting, varied lives. People who live actively in a busy, serious world look upon this thing as child's play. That is just what it is. It is pretending to be what you are not. It is assuming the possession of importance and significance when you have a robe and a hood because you have no importance without it. It is living in a make-believe, magic world. It is child's play.

It is part of the hocus-pocus and make-believe imbedded in the small American community. It is of the same order and appeals to the same set of interests that infest the small

town and village with its innumerable secret and fraternal orders. It has the same leaning to the "Great, Grand, Holy and Exalted Ruler of the Universe" in checkered cloth and idle pretense, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The optimistic might even discover in the Ku Klux Klan, with its greater mystery and assumed moral purposes, promising evidence that the small American community has tired of mere folly and nonsense, mere play and silliness, and is outgrowing its emotional and intellectual infancy.

The man begins to lead a double life. He is an ordinary mortal during the day, and at night he becomes a soldier in a sacred cause. The parade, the secret meeting at three A.M. in some hidden wood, with nothing but a fiery cross and many white robes and hoods, with the darkness and the wind, all combine to add mystery and give satisfaction. Then there is the opportunity to pry into other peoples' lives as a sacred duty. The need for something to do gives this organization living purposes. These objectives must be discovered, and so they are. If you are organized to do something, you *have* to do it, and that something soon appears. That person is a suspect, this person needs to be warned, that one has to be whipped, and possibly this one has to be tarred and feathered. It must not be assumed that I am imputing evil motives to the people who indulge in these practices. If it were only an evil motive that prompted their behavior, it would not deserve these pages or the reader's time. Because they are sincere, because they mean well, because they are fighting in what to them is a holy cause, is what gives the K.K.K. its

significance. Insincerity has never supported a real movement, and never can. The K.K.K. is hysterically sincere, and hysteria is always dangerous, because it is next door to emotional insanity.

What is dangerous here is that the man who has no grip upon the world receives one through pretense. It is dangerous because the emotional eruption which fed itself upon a lynching is dramatized, crystallized, and habituated to sustain itself by the feelings of self-esteem and power always derived from the imposition of cruelty upon other people. That is one of the basic and inescapable results of the K.K.K. It stimulates the glorious exaltation of superiority by tantalizing the emotions roused when another person is whipped or beaten in a righteous cause. And the cause becomes righteous as soon as the beating begins, and increases in worth with the intensity and frequency of the exercise. It is here that one must look for the significance of the K.K.K.

### § 6

It is difficult to write upon such a subject as this without hurting people's feelings. That in itself would not be so bad if the fact that they had their feelings hurt did not interfere with their thinking, with their open-mindedness, with their receptivity to an objective analysis. It does not help to get angry, because one becomes angry all over. Interestingly enough, you do not have to say anything to make people angry; all that is necessary is to mention certain words, and one of them for many people in the South is "sex." Yet one cannot make a simple objective analysis of the K.K.K. without mentioning that

phase of the subject. If it were ruled out of a discussion, the analysis would have to be suspended.

There are numerous evidences of a curious sensitiveness to matters of sex in some parts of the South. For instance, in one Southern State I read the order of a county superintendent of schools to the effect that school athletes would be expected to wear stockings and full uniforms reaching down below the knees. Shirt-sleeves would have to reach below the elbows. This order was justified on the grounds of morality, virtue, and public decency. A second instance occurred in a Southern city which I recently visited. A Mexican, looking out of a second-story window, saw a friend passing across the street. He waved to him. It so happened that there were some little girls playing on the sidewalk. That night the Mexican was taken from his house by twenty masked men and severely whipped. These are mild cases.

The fact that they occurred is indicative of something fundamentally serious in the whole attitude toward the question of sex. All such manifestations have a root, and the root here is the defense mechanism which some Southerners have constructed against loose moral standards. This mechanism is a back-wash. It is purely defensive, but the defense is against oneself rather than against any one else.

The simple truth of the matter seems to be that the tremendous protection which the South throws about the white women is the compensation for the lack of protection which the colored women have to endure. The attitude toward the colored women is not flattering. To make a distinction

between colored and white women at all, the distinction must be absolute; there must be no basis of comparison. The difference is not relative. It must be infinite, or it would be no difference at all. The point here is that habits and attitudes, notions and ideas, practices and relations derived from the position of the colored women in the South tend to persist. That is in the nature of habits. You cannot indulge in certain relations toward colored women and expect to escape free from influence in your attitude toward white women. The idealization of the white women in the South is thus partly the unconscious self-protection on the part of the white men from their own bad habits, notions, beliefs, attitudes, and practices. This helps to give the facts of sex in the South their peculiar quality of sensitiveness. It is not insinuated that all white men in the South are habituated to practices suggested here, but there are enough of these men to give the atmosphere its requisite tensity. This is a highly complicating factor.

The Ku Klux Klan plays its rôle in feeding this attitude. It is a fiery organized public conscience—a conscience generated by habits which have persisted from the days before the Civil War, with some, but comparatively little, abatement. It advertises sex. Like all advertisements, it generates a persuasive influence. It makes a public concern of what has always been a matter of private adjustment, and does so with the flare of trumpets. Now, any one who knows anything about human nature knows that it is exceedingly sensitive to suggestion; that for some people suggestion is irresistible when it cen-

ters about the subject of sex perversions.

Every community has its weaklings, its perverts, its starved, unsatisfied, subjective members. The negroes have their share. What happens is something like this. Some poor weak-minded negro is subjected to the influences which are generated by the hysteria of defense against sex irregularity. The thing is advertised, whispered about, talked of in undertones; there are hunts, raids, lynchings, persecutions, fear, terror; a constant flood of stimuli are pressed in upon him. The very terror generated may lead to delusions of bravery, of heroism, of powers of greatness. The very cruelty may stimulate a craving for participation in the things persuasive in the community. The poor weak-minded negro becomes haunted by delusions, by an irresistible craving to exhibit his powers, to participate in the forbidden thing. He dreams of committing the crime, of beating off a dozen white men, of ultimate escape. If he accepts the possibility of capture, the zest of the chase, of the excitation, and even of the final burning may become irresistible and attractive, and he does something that he would ordinarily never have done. This is one explanation for the fact that a community which has the most lynchings, the most terror, has also the most crimes to deal with. The very terror generates them. It is not suggested here that these are the only influences that lead to crimes or that they are not real and substantial fears. All that is emphasized is the influence which the Klan generates toward increasing their number.

There is also the fact that the things which influence the weak-minded negro

influence the weak-minded over-sexed girl, and every community has its share of those. All doctors know that. The whole pressure on the subject of sex tends to stimulate delusions, fears, imaginations, and hysteria. They are in an expectant mood. They imagine all kinds of possible things that they would do. They would fight, scream, run, yell; they, too, as well as the poor negro, become heroic in their own imagination. Enough is known about such things to understand that a girl over-stimulated by suggestion might imagine advances being made without their ever occurring. But more likely than that is that the expectant, strained, persistent mood of fear of attack tends to give significance to unintentional, meaningless incidents. An accidental meeting on a lonely road with a negro, a look, a chance contact, and the whole mechanism of fear and expectancy is set in motion. The girl screams; the negro runs. In the excitement that follows the thing that actually happened is forgotten. A story gets itself built up; all the emotions that have been roused come to the front. Only one thing will pacify the community; the emotions demand their full satisfaction. They will not be denied.

It is here again that the real danger of the Ku Klux Klan resides. It helps to build up a mood of expectancy, a terror that something will happen, and a set of habits that demand cruelty for satisfaction. The thing to remember is that such emotions tend to increase in ratio as the habits of cruelty increase, and that the excuse for the satisfaction of the emotions roused is always found. The story of witch-burnings is old, but fruitful to him who would understand the pos-

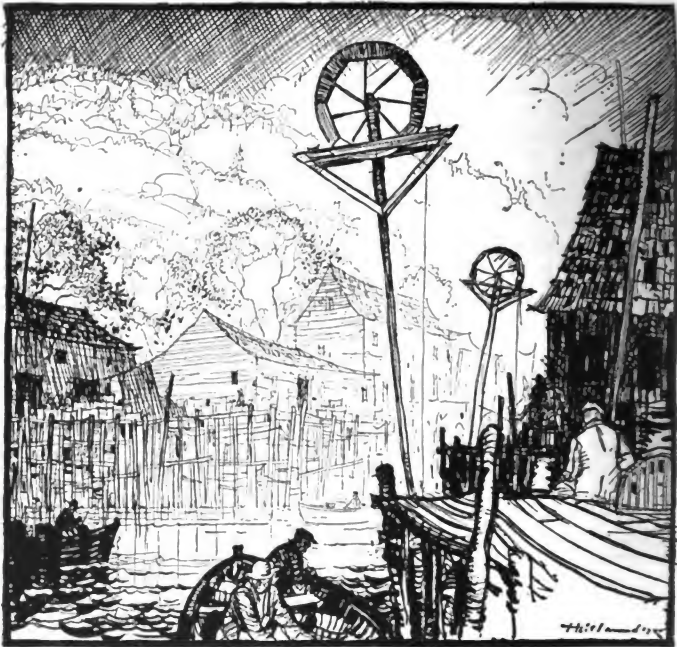
sibilities of human perversion. A community would go on for centuries without a witch being discovered or burned. Suddenly some one witch would be burned. Soon another would make her appearance, and then another and another, until in some instances thousands of witches would be destroyed before a reaction would set in. What is interesting and significant is that during the excitement some people would confess that they were witches despite the fact that they knew that they would be burned to death. It is here that the Ku Klux Klan is making itself felt. It is generating a habit of physical violence in the name of a sacred cause. It is feeding deeply rooted atavistic tendencies that may be roused in any community under the strain of excitement. It is dramatizing the whole process of self-indulgence in these tendencies in the name of social good. Worst of all, it is taking a lot of young Americans and giving them habits which will for a long time unfit them for the ordinary give and take demanded by a democracy. No truer words were ever uttered than those of the Waco Ministers' Union, which in protesting against a burning that took place in that city said, "Mob action defeats justice in that it is primarily by men who are themselves dangerous to society, or by irresponsible youths who are thus demoralized for all time to come."

One might raise other aspects of the situation, as political influences, possibilities for personal revenge, race hatred, and religious bigotry. These are important, no doubt; but they are comparatively insignificant when set beside the emotional distortion and the habits of violence which the Klan tends to generate.

**IN PORTS OF ARCADY**  
**DRAWINGS OF NOVA SCOTIA**  
**BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND**







### LITTLE RIVER

Scores of these coves, cutting sharply into the pine-covered hills, notch the shores of St. Mary's Bay—coves lined with fishing-huts set askew on spindly pilings, where the men build their own smacks after the manner of their fathers and their grandfathers, and contrive these rude fish-wheels for hoisting up their daily catch when the tide drops low; and whence they set out each morning, fair weather or heavy, to sustain their lives on the gifts of a turbulent and ungenerous sea





### WEYMOUTH

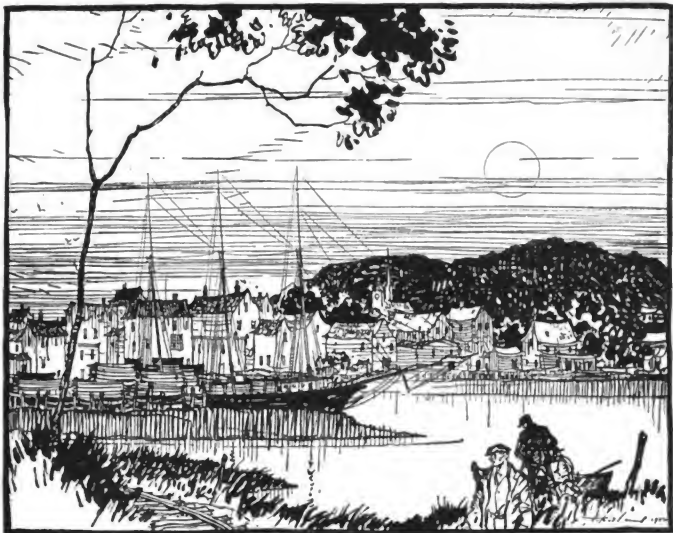
Weymouth town sleeps by the Sissiboo River, two miles inland from St. Mary's Bay, a place of ships and shingles. Industry has passed it by, but a more placid fortune lingers there. Time goes not so much by the calendar as by the table of the tides; for of what importance is it that the days drift easily one into another? But when the *Westway*, there at the foot of the street, will be able to make sail for Providence; when the ferry-boat from the ports across the bay can come puffing up-stream; when the fishing-boats will find enough water under their keels to go out after the day's haul of haddock and cod, there is another matter altogether





### THE AMETHYST-DIGGERS

Climb the Lookout, high above Wolfville, in the Land of Evangeline, and you may encounter these perennially youthful brothers, homeward bound from their daily search after the amethysts that hide in those rocky hills. The bearded one protested the sketch. "Why, you have made me look like an old man!" An old man? In years alone, my good sir



### PARRSBORO

Parrsboro, a good-natured, busy little town, with its crooked streets and its huddled roofs piled helter-skelter one above the other; with its screeching sawmills and straggling piles of freshly cut, good-smelling timber; with its schooners loading lumber for the States or the West Indies; with its own *Ancient Mariner*, who, at the age of one hundred and three, still jaunts down the main street daily to cast his appraising eye over the waterfront; and with its roving harbor, deep enough at flood tide to float a deeply loaded four-master, but retreating at low water a mile and a half into Minas Basin





# Women's Part in the New Renaissance

BY LUCIE A. ZIMMERN



DESPITE the disturbing condition of world politics, there is a widespread consensus of opinion that we are perhaps on the eve of a great spiritual and intellectual change. Signs of it are abundant in many diverse fields. The politicians and the scientists, the captains of industry and the artists, the younger school of writers and the younger school of preachers, all feel that what our society is in need of is a great inward transformation, and that men's minds are awakened to the need. And it is not these open and articulate expressions which are the most significant; it is the response that they arouse from readers and audiences, from sections of opinion and centers of sentiment, which could not have framed or formulated the expression themselves. It is the plain people, the humble, unintellectual multitude, which is most aware of the failure of the isms and ologies, of the outward remedies and systems, and which welcomes most eagerly the idea that the big movement of the coming generation, the rebirth of our troubled society, must proceed from within; that it is not now a matter of reforming society in order to liberate the individual, but of helping individuals to liberate themselves, in order that they may be the nuclei, the radiating centers, of a free and joyous society.

Yet in all this discussion, in all this

literature of hope and encouragement, there has been one significant omission. One vital element in the problem has been, if not forgotten, at least ignored. We have been told to go back to the individual, but we have not asked ourselves who "the individual" is. We have not sufficiently faced the fact or the implications of the fact that the individual is no longer, as was the tacit assumption of reformers in previous ages, *man*, but *man and woman*; and we have failed to allow for the influence which this elementary, but all important, fact must exercise upon our plans and visions of a new society.

## § 2

No candid and thoughtful observer of contemporary European and American society can deny that it is racked by the problem of sex relationships. If it is true that the industrial revolution and the coming of a machine age have destroyed the balance between traditional social classes, between town and country, even between Europe and the other continents, it is equally true that modern industrialism and modern education, acting together, have destroyed the old relationship between the sexes. Woman has been awakened and in part emancipated, but she has not yet found her place in the new order of society. A true balance between the sexes has not been estab-

lished in our modern life. Man and woman, together the authors and distributors of life, have not learned to act together and to harmonize their intellectual and spiritual contribution. From this inner disharmony and disorder spring countless troubles and difficulties in the outer world. If the secrets of all hearts and all homes could be revealed, how many of the personal failures and political and social distresses of the present moment could be traced back to misunderstanding and incompatibilities arising out of sex relationships! Charity, as we all know, begins at home; but so also does renaissance. It is in our own homes, and not only in the kitchen and the drawing-room, but in the privacies of the intimate life and in the too little analyzed recesses of the mind and spirit, that the cleansing process must begin. To clean the outside of the cup and the platter has always been an impressive and sensational program for the unthinking multitude or for the Pharisee afraid of introspection. But we have long since been warned of its insufficiency. He who preached to the Messianic enthusiasts and reformers of his day that the kingdom of heaven was within them would be the first to tell us to-day to look into our own hearts, to sweep out with the broom of self-analysis the dust-bins which lurk there, and to set the problem of sex relationship in the very center of the movement toward spiritual renaissance.

Woman's case against man, reduced to its simplest terms, can be stated in a single phrase: he has made of her a *convenience*. There were ages in which it was more convenient to him to enslave her; others when it was more convenient to flatter and pamper;

others again when his purpose could best be served by granting a fictitious equality, with the dice heavily loaded against her. But whatever the outward circumstances, and despite examples set by enlightened persons in almost every age, the broad general fact remains that men have used women selfishly and inconsiderately, not as equals, but as instruments to minister to their own purposes. It has been a man-made society, and women have had to take the position assigned to them, whether kindly or roughly, by the dominant sex.

In some very important respects the spiritual teachings of the Christian church were less favorable to women than the classical influences which preceded them. It is one of the great historical misfortunes of the sex that the first great Christian organizer happened to be a misogynist. St. Paul is the fountainhead,—let us be frank and say the muddy fountainhead,—of the traditional teaching of the Christian church about the impurity of the body, the glory of celibacy, the inferiority of women, and the acquiescence in marriage as a physical safety-valve. In these days, when we are trying to reassess the values of our traditional Christianity and to relate what is divine and enduring in it to the discoveries and inquiries of modern science, it is well for us to recognize frankly the immeasurable damage done by Paul not only to the personality of woman, but to the cause of human decency. To turn back from the discussions and investigations of modern doctors and psychologists to the famous verses on marriage in the seventh chapter of First Corinthians is like passing from civilization to pre-civilization. As a human document as a

study in sex psychology, it is full of interest; but to realize that these harsh, bitter, legalistic, and aggressively masculine phrases were accepted literally by professing Christians for many centuries is to stand appalled at the vagaries of "progress." For had it not been for Paul and his sex embitterment, the truer teaching of the gospel might have won through; and how great and gracious would have been the change!

### § 3

The Renaissance marked a sharp break with the Pauline tradition, but if the body was restored to its rights, and fresh air was let in on the stuffy asceticism of the Middle Ages, it was man rather than woman who benefited by the change. Moreover, both the Reformation and the Catholic Counter-Reformation, both the Puritans and the Jesuits, each in their own way, closed the window again and once more polluted the atmosphere. During the last four centuries woman has been increasingly felt to be a moving force in modern society, and individual women and individual groups of women have had large achievements to their credit; but society as a whole has still treated them as a convenience, and their distinctive gifts have received no real recognition in the modern community. They have often prepared and contributed to intellectual movements, but seldom have they benefited by their fruits. Queen Margaret of Navarre in the Renaissance, Queen Elizabeth in the growth of British sea-power, the women of the Hôtel Rambouillet in the French literary movement of the seventeenth century, the salons of Paris in preparing men's minds for the French Revolution, and

a long roll of illustrious women in England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Poland, Rumania, and Russia, from Mme. de Staël and the Brontës to the Carmen Sylvas and the Mme. Curies of our own day—all these have been stimulating and inspiring forces in their time, though for the most part they have passed from the stage as lonely and unrewarded pioneers. Men benefited by their labors, but did not crown them with the one reward which would have been appreciated—the grant of full, frank, and uncondescending equality.

The nineteenth century brought a great outward change in the place of women. The industrial revolution, by destroying domestic industries, deprived woman of much of her household occupation. In many cases the result was that Martha followed her work to the factory. Woman became engulfed in the vortex in consequence of industrialism.

This brought with it new social and political relationships, culminating in the grant of woman suffrage in most industrial countries. But the equality thus conceded was more apparent than real. No one surveying either the political or the industrial system of the countries in which women have voting rights could detect there any signs of real sex equality arising out of that fact. The truth is that men have allowed women to share in industrial work as a convenience, because they needed them, and have granted them the vote as the best means of dealing with the difficult and equivocal situation thus brought about. Despite women workers and women voters, disharmony and disorder still prevail, and man still dominates the social scene.

What can be done to bring order out of this disorder? How can women be enabled to make their contribution to the new renaissance? What must we do to secure that this impending movement shall not be one-sided, arrogant, and ultimately, sterile, like so many of its predecessors?

#### § 4

The answer seems easy. We must treat women as women, as the equals, not the inferiors, the collaborators, not the instruments, of men. Men must treat them as such, and women must think of themselves and of other women as such. We must aim at a society which will be a diversity, not a uniformity, a harmonization, not a standardization, an orchestra, not a masculine solo. We must find room in our social arrangements and in our hearts and minds for the distinctive gifts and qualities of women, for their quick intuition, their eye for character and individuality, their sense of the shades and nuances, the priceless details and delicacies, of life, for their power of harmonizing and adjusting the big rough blocks which masculine energy is forever rolling pell-mell on the stage, and leaving there in bewildering disarray. We must allow woman to play on equal terms, unimpeded by masculine condescension and interference, her part as wife and mother, as hostess and diplomat, as talker and letter-writer, as artist and intellectual, as a lover of ideas and of truth, as a lover of ideals and of the good, above all as a lover of that outward and inward beauty which man in his love for wealth and power, for size and statistics, has well nigh exiled from this poor man-handled world.

All this is easy preaching and will

win easy assent, but what does it mean in the concrete? It means, in the first place, a revolution in the character of women's education, at least as it is in Great Britain and North America. During the course of the nineteenth century, when women began increasingly to engage in occupations outside the home, the pioneers of girls' education, anxious for academic equality for their sex, developed systems and curricula, and sometimes even recreations and amusements, which were a conscious imitation of the traditional arrangements for boys and young men. In England the higher education of women may be said, broadly speaking, to be carried on by spinsters on lines imitated from the men's public schools and universities, and sometimes, as in the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, in actual collaboration with them. In the United States and Canada the movement has gone further, and actual coeducation, both in the secondary school and the college stage, is rather the rule than the exception. The result in both countries has been, again speaking broadly, disastrous. The English system has produced the "hockey-girl" and the high-school teacher or academic blue-stocking, both of them types diverging palpably and unpleasantly from the normal perfection of their sex. The American system has produced the peculiar combination of feminine seductiveness and masculine efficiency variously known as the "coed," the office girl, the bachelor girl, and the flirt. Let it be added, in fairness to women on both sides of the Atlantic, that side by side with these novel types, products of a novel system or of novel conditions, there are innumerable examples which testify to the living



power and enduring qualities of British and American womanhood. But in too many cases these are not products of the new system of women's education, but have grown up despite it. How often, in analyzing such cases, is it discovered to be due either to special home influences or to some older and wiser system of education!

The higher education of women in Great Britain, in the existing state of sex relationship in that country, tends to blunt the edges and sensibilities of the feminine intellect and to repress the natural development of the life of feeling. The academic developments of the last fifty years have, it is true, led to certain improvements in the state of the law as regards the property and dignity of woman, but as regards the central problem, the sex relationship itself, they have done little or nothing. It is not the college woman, but women writers and artists and other rebel folk, most of them not college-bred, who have tried to face these questions and to let the sunlight into the dark places, while their better-educated sisters have been restrained by traditional inhibitions that their education has only served to reinforce. No observer of English life, aware of the grim significance of the fact that there are nearly two million more women than men, can help shuddering over the vast amount of suppressed and silent suffering, of sex starvation, embitterment, ill health, and unhappiness which post-war Great Britain is harboring at the present time. In such an atmosphere women are either driven in upon themselves or driven out to feverish and distracting activities, to committees and philanthropies and efficiencies. But both these modes of living are equally far from the rule

of life contemplated by Him who came to show men and women how to live and to live more abundantly.

In America the atmosphere is freer, brighter, and, on the surface, opener. There are fewer inhibitions and suppressions, less stagnant, untouched nastiness. Men and women talk more, and allow themselves to think more on sex questions, and there is a greater recognition of the essential differences between men's and women's qualities. But though differentiation is the basis of equal collaboration, it does not presuppose its attainment; and no visitor to the United States can help being struck by the fact that the boys and girls, the young men and women, who grew up at school and college together, pursue their lives, as married men and women, more independently and in greater mutual isolation than is the custom for married couples in any other modern country. Marriage in America, so far from being a partnership of soul, body, and mind, is too often merely a convenient nucleus for separate interests, separate activities, separate ways of thinking and feeling—in a word, for two separate ways of life. The difference between marriage and divorce is not the difference between union and separation, but between lives running parallel and lives divergent.

If women are to play their part in our renaissance, they must play it as women, not as the nerve-racked, restless, hysterical half-women who fill a large place in our contemporary movements, or as mere skilful, but unconvincing, imitators of men. Women are physically, intellectually, even spiritually different from men; that is why they need a different education, if not in subjects, at least in methods

of approach. And that is also why men need to make an effort to understand the mind and quality, the distinctive soul and personality, that is too often left hidden beneath the pretty exterior which is all that a man has accustomed himself to look for. True collaboration between man and woman is not easy; if it were, it would not remain over as the last outstanding task of civilization. But if it is not easy, it is vastly worth while; it is the greatest single source of human happiness, and the very corner-stone of a stable human society.

### § 5

Let us attempt briefly to trace the movement of this new principle of sex collaboration along the pathway of modern life. Not long ago a baby girl who had come into the world in a lying-in hospital near New York was rejected by her parents, who declared that it was a boy that they wanted and that they were sure it was a boy that had been born to them. On the threat of legal action they agreed to acknowledge the child, but what a life lies before this infant whose very cradle has been embittered by the stigma of sex inferiority! Yet the incident is only a frank revelation of a traditional and still prevalent attitude. The Greeks exposed their unwanted baby girls; we cover them with a hypocritical and condoling condescension. It seems as though our unduly concrete minds could not get over the fact that the central figure in the Christmas story which embodies for us the glory of babyhood is a *bambino* and not a *bambina*. In a truly civilized society the infant girl would rank from the first moment of her conscious being as the equal of the infant boy. Mothers

take good care to discover the suitable color and adornment for their little ones, blue for the little boy, pink for the little girl, but the care bestowed on this outward differentiation is too seldom extended to the tasks of inner understanding and harmonization.

The same condescension and neglect are to be found in the school to which the six-year-old infant proceeds. On the plea that twice two makes four for a girl just as it does for a boy, the teaching art has been blunted and standardized without reference to the needs and desires, the peculiar receptivities and characteristics of all the blossoming variety of girlhood and boyhood stiffly displayed upon the school benches. The baleful science of pedagogy, that compost of stale "tips for teachers" and of old-fashioned and wooden psychological formulæ, has degraded teaching to a dreary, indiscriminating routine, chilling to boys and girls alike, and pedantry and poor prospects combined have kept away from the teaching profession, both in Great Britain and the United States, just that family of spirits, those lovers and born teachers of human kind, who are needed in our schools if school is to supply, as it can and should, the deficiencies of the modern home.

What is needed to improve our schools for young children is no ingenious tinkering with the curriculum, no patching with this or that fashionable fad, but simply better teaching, or, in other words, teachers who are live, observant, and sensitive human beings, working under conditions in which their natural insight and love of their pupils can bear fruit; teachers to whom each child, boy or girl, Anglo-Saxon, Slav or Latin, Jew, Greek, or colored barbarian, is a treasure-house

to be unlocked, a riddle to be solved, a unique human soul to be loved.

At the adolescent stage, however, the plot thickens. Coeducation, far from solving the problem, intensifies it. If the needs of a little girl are different from the needs of a little boy, the needs of adolescents of the two sexes are still more difficult to harmonize. Sex begins to enter in, vivifying and energizing, yet at the same time ebullient and confusing. To ignore it, to try to keep the atmosphere "healthy" by "counter-attractions," by sport and gymnastics and even by dancing, is to bury one's head ostrich-like in the sand. Far better frankly to recognize that during these difficult years all intellectual work is pursued under an inevitable disadvantage, and that intellectual collaboration between the sexes is embarrassed by their unequal rate of growth. Coeducation carries with it, no doubt, certain "social" benefits; but it is precisely in the class-room that it is seen at its weakest, as any sincere teacher who has tried to teach mixed adolescent classes will admit. When our teachers and ministers are frank enough to acknowledge, and to draw the inevitable conclusions from, the physical facts of the adolescent period for boys and girls alike, the atmosphere of our schools will be less unreal and more edifying, and the old ceremony of confirmation may once more be worthy of a name that has been abused by many generations of flabby pastors.

The sex problem at our universities is familiar ground. Every one knows, although few will admit, that coeducation and collaboration are far from synonymous terms; that college, while tending to bring the sexes together for the pastimes and dissipations of idle

hours, has done little to promote that true marriage of minds for which common arrangements for study were presumably devised, and that, as has already been said, the most obvious result of the bringing together of the two sexes at college, apart from the happy exceptions who conspicuously illustrate the rule, is the persistent division between the activities of college men and college women in after life.

Here, again, the remedy is not hard to find. Smaller classes, more discriminating tuition—in a word, *real teaching* is the solution. The subjects of university study are the same for all, but this does not mean that their handling must be the same. Just as there is an English approach to Hellenism, and a German approach and an American approach, so also there is a man's approach and a woman's approach. Collaboration between the sexes, as between scholars of different nations, is the natural culmination of sincere and sustained study, not its inevitable accompaniment. If our existing coeducation were successful, we should witness its fruits not so much in the class-room or in the degree lists, where in any case no mature fruits are to be looked for, but in the after careers of the students and, above all, in the homes of the professors themselves. But, let it be added in passing, if the case of M. and Mme. Curie is exceptional in academic life, the fact that a low salary scale has turned the professor's wife into a domestic drudge must not be overlooked.

After school and university comes the school of life. What of the sex relationship to-day in that wider sphere? Has not the problem been solved once and for all by the passing of the nineteenth amendment? So we might be-

lieve if we accepted the standards and attitudes of the conventional drawing-room and tea-table, closing our eyes and ears to the sex disturbance that surrounds us, and refusing, above all, to reflect on the record written within our own hearts and minds. How many mature men and women are there in our modern society who can look back without regret and even without shame over their own sex history, over its obscure, repressed, and embarrassed beginnings, its blind timidities and equally blind audacities, its cruel and unnecessary ordeals, its long and painful passage through the dark forest before it at length emerged, if it has emerged, into the sunlight of an integrated life? And who is there who can pass through our Broadways and Piccadillys and other centers of Christian civilization and society in night-time without being overcome by shame at the destiny to which the call of sex and the call of convention, in unholy alliance, have condemned thousands and even millions of girls and women? Here is a flaming denial to the bourgeois optimism of those who are satisfied with the externalities of the nineteenth amendment and refuse to look more closely at the inside of the cup and the platter. So long as there is a host of prostitutes on our streets to assuage the appetites of dominant masculinity and in the very homes from which their paymasters are drawn a host, equally unhappy and equally starved, of marriageable femininity pining away in the chains of a cowardly convention and cowardly self-ignorance, so long will there remain a glaring incompatibility in our outer life and a distracting incoherence in our inner natures.

These things have often been pointed out before. They have usually been met either by fatalistic acquiescence or by vague and unhelpful preachments. But it was not so that the founder of Christianity met them. He met them by analysis and understanding—an analysis so frank and searching, an understanding so intimate and loving, that a lazy world has preferred to sentimentalize a situation which it needs hard thinking to understand. But He who called Himself the son of man, the typical man, was not a sentimentalist, nor even a preacher. He was a teacher and a doctor, and when he was faced with the problem of Mary Magdalene, or with her more conventional sisters, such as Martha, he knew, what the modern world has forgotten in its specialisms, that mind and body must be treated together. It is through sincere self-analysis and sincere observation, through clean thinking as the source of clean living, through the courage to set the big and the little things of life in the right perspective and proportion, to set love, for instance, above convention and happiness above riches, that modern men and women can find the way out of our present perplexities; and it is through the enlistment of courageous pioneers, men and women alike, into the army of teachers, those teachers who, despised like the British Contemptibles of 1914, are yet the crucial factor in the situation, that men and women of the coming generation, heirs of the knowledge and the self-knowledge of the ages, will at length be enabled to establish that equal and harmonious relationship that is the only enduring foundation for the good life for men and nations.



## The Hat of Eight Reflections

BY JAMES MAHONEY

DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE HOWELL BARKLEY



### ONE REFLECTION

WITH his rusty, black felt hat in his hand and oblivious of passers-by, Ventrillon stooped before the shop-window until the reflection of his finely chiseled young face came into place, with the forehead of the image nicely adjusted into the crown of the hat behind the clear plate-glass. It was a magnificent hat, an elegant hat, a formidable hat, a hat which was all there was of chic, a genuine, glistening stove-pipe hat, a *véritable chapeau à huit reflets*,—an authentic hat of eight reflections,—and the Ventrillon in the glass was wearing it. The effect was amazing.

"But why should it surprise me," said Ventrillon, "when such is my present character? *C'est idiot!*"

For not only was this shabby young man contorting himself before the shop-window the youngest prize-winner of the spring Salon, but that afternoon he was going into society; for the first time, it is true, and into a very

curious stratum of it, but society even so. Nevertheless, though he had spent the last of the three hundred francs of his prize-money on an elegantly tailored costume of morning-coat and striped trousers, he had expected to wear the rusty, broad-brimmed black felt he held in his hand. But as he marveled at the effect of his reflection in the window, the hat before him became essential. It was the final touch, and it is the final touch which is vital.

And yet, once he appeared on the boulevards in such a hat, he would never dare to face his comrades at the *Closerie des Lilas* again.

They were a gay company of vagabonds: Sabrin, who worshiped Ventrillon, like a mild-eyed dog; Clo-clo, whose golden ringlets outside her head would have compensated fully for the complete emptiness inside it even if there had not been her childlike adoration of Sabrin; Pinette from Marseilles, whose passionate tenor he had heard so often seizing upon the stars above the

terrace of the café, r-r-rolling the r's of "Tor-rn a Sor-r-rento!"; cow-eyed, scarlet-mouthed Ginette, who always wept at Italian music; poor little Tric-trac, the poet, who invariably, when drunk, recited "Le moulin de mon pays," the only poem he had ever managed to have published; Olga, the husky Russian girl, who invariably, when drunk, bussed Tric-trac resoundingly with what she called "little soul kisses"; Noiraud, the wag; Hélène, the inviolate; LePauille, whose capital P was an affectation; Margoton, who had no taste—all of them penniless, and none of them disturbed by that fact. For if one of them had the price of the beer, all drank. They had made the bomb together, ah, they had made the bomb! One would not soon forget that night when they had invaded the Cabaret of the Two Armadillos, and had driven the regular clients into the streets by thundering with full lungs:

"Elle ne fait que des trucs comme ça—  
Elle m'aime pas! Elle m'aime PAS!"

pounding the tables with their beer-mugs to the terrific rhythm of their music; nor yet those mad evenings when they raced arm in arm down the broad pavements of the Boulevard St.-Michel, startling the bourgeois, and screaming with laughter.

He could conceal that damning morning-coat beneath his well worn *impermeable*, but how could one conceal a hat of eight reflections and wear it? They would think that he had become a snob, they would say that his prize had mounted to his head, they would ridicule him, they would begin to misconstrue his every statement, they would take offense; for them the hat would amount to betrayal, and

he knew that he would not be able to bear it.

But Ventrillon at that moment visualized himself entering the carved portals of a great house in the Avenue Victor Hugo, the whole effect of his newly bought elegance destroyed by the rusty black felt. It was indeed the final touch which was vital. "I am beginning to see," said Ventrillon, "that though they are undeniably amusing, they are all a little vulgar. It appears that my taste is improving in advance." But having spent the last franc of his prize-money, in the whole wide world he possessed not a single perforated sou.

He crossed the Seine to his garret in the rue Jacob, stripped off the clothes he wore, and carefully arrayed himself in the full splendor of his new garments. From the slim patent-leather shoes to the exquisitely tied cravat he was perfect. Then he went bare-headed into the streets.

When he reached the shop he hesitated not, but entered with an air of command.

"My hat has just blown off into the Seine," he explained to the first clerk in sight. "Show me the best silk hat you have in the shop; and quickly, or I shall be late for my appointment."

The clerk, after inquiring the head-size of this elegant, bareheaded youth, produced a counterpart of the hat in the window.

Ventrillon put the hat on his head and adjusted it before a mirror.

"The fit is perfect," he said, "though I had hoped for a better quality. But—I have no time to waste. You will place it on my account." He turned to walk out of the shop.

The clerk came hurriedly, but politely, from behind the counter, and

modestly touched Ventrillon's elbow.

"Then monsieur has an account here?" he inquired.

"Of course," said Ventrillon, impatiently, and with his finger-tips dusted the sleeve the clerk had touched. "And have I not told you that I have an important appointment?"

The clerk adroitly interposed himself between Ventrillon and the door.

"But I do not know the name of monsieur," he persisted, always polite.

"You do not know who I am!" cried Ventrillon, as if the statement were proof positive of an utter imbecility he had already suspected.

"I am afraid not, sir," faltered the clerk.

Then Ventrillon's voice, a huge baritone absolutely astounding from a throat so young, roared out to its full, thundering in the clerk's ears and frightening him half out of his wits:

"I am Odillon Ventrillon, name of God!" shouted Ventrillon.

The clerk, who for some reason he has never fully understood was under the impression that this was the family name of the Prince of Monaco or perhaps the King of Spain, and murmured, "Oh, I demand a thousand pardons, sir," has never been able to explain this affair to the complete satisfaction of the proprietor.

For, before the clerk could recover, Ventrillon had left the shop, and, having dashed impudently past the ticket-puncher, was well on his way in the Métro, wearing the hat of eight reflections. In the dark tunnel he could see his image facing him in the windows of the lighted car.

"Undoubtedly," reflected Ventrillon, adjusting his lapels, "it is the final touch which is vital."

## ANOTHER REFLECTION



WHEN a handsome young man commits a murder, forges a check, or sets his heart upon a hat of eight reflections, one may well say to oneself, "It is a woman." And a woman it was; but it was Mme. Sutrin.

A work of art, upon obtaining a public success however slight, becomes forthwith an irresistible magnet to its maker. Though every day had seen Ventrillon setting out to walk in the opposite direction, every day had found him at last somewhere in the neighborhood of his prize-winning canvas in the Grand Palais.

It was there that he was discovered by Eugène Savillhac, an acquaintance who since his success had become his friend. In that portion of society smarter than good Savillhac was one of those hangers-on who boost their own stock by boosting the stock of others. It appeared, incredibly, that every one of the hundreds he knew was the most extraordinary person in Paris.

"Ah, there you are, *mon vieux!*" he cried. "What luck! The youngest prize-winner of the spring Salon and the most extraordinary woman in Paris are under the same roof. It is the first duty of a celebrity to be known by Madame Sutrin."

He indicated a large woman in black silk whose plain skirt, neither full enough to be picturesque nor scant enough to be fashionable, swayed like a peasant's from side to side as she waddled briskly through the crowd. Before her marriage to Timoléon Sutrin, the rich sugar industrial, she had been the beautiful Simone d'Estray of the Opéra Comique; but her beauty had been of that drastic sort which perfectly represents the triumph of feminine mind over matter, and after her marriage, with her future secure, she had comfortably allowed herself to become what nature had always intended her to be—very fat and very ugly. But she had the faculty of retaining all her old friends and quickly making new ones, and her flamboyant *hôtel* in the Avenue Victor Hugo was continually the scene of brilliant, though somewhat dubious, gatherings of boulevard celebrities, leavened with a scattering of those persons of real distinction who find delight in such society.

"Come, and I shall present you," said Savillhac, and darted across the space, Ventrillon unenthusiastically trailing.

Smiling benevolently, Mme. Sutrin turned to face them. Her tight, black bodice was pointed like a basque, and a large plastron of jet beads was applied down its generous front from the high collar about her neck to where her skirt was gathered in at her expansive waist. The unmistakable shadow of a coming event decorated her upper lip.

"Aha," boomed Mme. Sutrin in the mighty bass which once had been a magic contralto, "and to what lady of the Opéra Comique do you want me to introduce you now?"

"Ah, madame," said Savillhac, "you deceive yourself. I have brought a young man to introduce to you. The most extraordinary young man in Paris, in fact. My friend Ventrillon, the youngest prize-winner of the spring Salon." With a fine gesture he produced Ventrillon from invisibility.

Mme. Sutrin gasped as if struck in the face.

"*Bon dieu!*" she exploded at last, "Adonis!"

"Enchanted, madame," murmured Ventrillon. "I am honored—"

"Don't waste a look like that on an old woman!" boomed Mme. Sutrin. "Young man, this world is badly arranged. Either I should have been born twenty years later, or you twenty years earlier. You should have known me in my youth. Both of us would have profited.

"I know nothing about painting," she rumbled on, "and I do not like yours; but I like you, though your clothes are abominable. Come to my house Wednesday afternoon. It will be a dancing. Do you fox-trot? But it does not matter. Smile at everybody the way you are smiling at me, and grow a mustache as soon as you can." She turned to Savillhac. "If Gabrielle sees him, his fortune is made. You know how she goes in for the young ones. But those clothes will never do. I'll wager he has n't a sou. But make him sell his bed, and buy something that would n't shame a cab-driver." Then abruptly she shook hands with both the young men and, swinging her skirts, waddled her way.

"A droll of a type," commented Ventrillon.

"*Sacré nom de dieu!*" breathed Savillhac, staring at him aghast.



"Why—why—what is the matter?" stammered Ventrillon.

"You are invited to Madame Sutrin's on Wednesday afternoon, and you say, 'What is the matter?' It is *you* who are the droll of a type to ask it."

"But of course I shall not go."

"Then you will be an imbecile. It is the chance of your life. All Paris will be there. Does that mean nothing to you—*tout Paris*?"

*Tout Paris!* A definite social unit, it is a social unit without definition. Many belong, but more do not. If one goes where *tout Paris* goes, does what *tout Paris* does, says what *tout Paris* says, knows the people *tout Paris* knows, does not know the people *tout Paris* does not know, then one is of *tout Paris*. But if one is not of *tout Paris*, one can do none of these things. One does not know how. *Tout Paris* is success, it is failure, it is the heights, it is the depths, and it is always seeking a new sensation. Without laws, it is of fashion the law, and is of the greatest importance; for if the newspapers say, "*tout Paris* was there," that settles the matter. But, above all, *tout Paris* can applaud, and the applause of *tout Paris* can more quickly than anything else fill the empty pockets. The pockets of Ventrillon were usually abysmally empty, as he again remembered.

"And do you not know who is this Gabrielle of whom she spoke?" Savillhac continued. "The great Gabrielle Belletaille herself, *nom de dieu!* The most extraordinary woman in Paris. And you heard what Madame Sutrin said? If the Belletaille becomes interested in you, she will soon introduce you to everybody of any importance. Think of the marvelous portraits you can paint, and the prices you can

charge! Perhaps she may even allow you to paint *her* portrait! Who knows? Then you will be in a position to refuse kings and queens."

Gabrielle Belletaille, the prima donna of the Opéra Comique, was, as everybody knew, the idol of *tout Paris*. There was nobody like her. Where she led, *tout Paris* followed. Where *tout Paris* leads, all the world follows. Ventrillon stood for a moment silent. His clear, deep eyes held a wonder such as one sees in the eyes of those who pause upon the thresholds of strange palaces.

"But," he said at last, "I shall not know what to say to her, even if I see her."

"Say anything but the name of Fanny Max," said well posted Savillhac. "She is beginning to attract attention, and you can understand what that means to the Belletaille."

"But—" said Ventrillon again. Ruefully he looked down at his own baggy corduroys, his cracking shoes, his threadbare coat, and the rusty, black felt hat he held in his hand. Then he considered the slimly clad, gray-striped legs of the impeccable Savillhac, the glistening foot-gear, the smart morning-coat with a gardenia in its lapel, the shining top-hat. Savillhac was fashion itself, the embodiment in one person of *tout Paris*. Ventrillon reflected.

"My prize has brought me three hundred francs," he said. "Take me to your tailor. But I refuse to wear one of those hats. I should be assaulted in the Boulevard du Montparnasse."

For it was not until he had seen his image in the plate-glass of the shop-window that his head was completely turned.

## THIRD REFLECTION



IN the Métro station of the Etoile Ventrillon dusted his patent-leather shoes with his pocket-handkerchief, shot his cuffs, tilted the hat of eight reflections to its most killing angle, and then sallied forth into the Avenue Victor Hugo. Unfortunately, custom would not permit his wearing the hat in the salon of Mme. Sutrin. As he reluctantly surrendered it at the entrance his ears were assailed by an incredible noise, which increased in discordant violence as he neared the door of the salon.

The large room was crowded. The shining faces of a group of perspiring American blacks grinned with yellow teeth and rolled their white eyeballs above a variety of strange instruments that the negroes were tormenting with wild, angular abandon of elbows and knees. To the barbarous compulsion of the bizarre rhythm a number of couples were moving about the floor, poising and posturing with the curious exotic dignity of the Parisian fox-trot. In fashionable dishevelment smiling-eyed ladies sat about on chairs and ottomans, drinking tea; and miraculously tailored gentlemen of figures

ranging from the concave to the convex stood balancing tea-cups in saucers.

The grace of his embarrassment fulfilling somehow the perfection of his garments, Ventrillon made an exquisite figure against the futurist splendor of Mme. Sutrin's flamingo and purple portières. She saw him standing overwhelmed in the doorway, uttered a hoarse little shriek of delight, and in her tight gown of magenta velvet rushed with a sort of oscillating precipitation to take his hands. Names of the mighty poured into his ears as she introduced him at random to everybody within reach. But he was not long abashed. He was never long abashed. And, besides, to any man, as a wise American has said, the consciousness that he is well dressed is a consolation greater even than the consolations of religion.

Mme. Sutrin left him to the mercies of a group watching the dancing from the end of the room opposite the jazz-band.

"This noise," began Ventrillon, promptly, to a negligible lady beside him, "is it music?"

"Ah, no, monsieur," confessed the lady; "but it is the fashion."

"Then I must like it," said Ventrillon.

"One has not met you before, I believe, monsieur?" said the lady.

"I have not been a success before," said Ventrillon.

The lady laughed.

"Then you do not know anybody. I shall have to inform you. The little woman with the red hair near the door is Madame Ribot, the wife of the journalist. She has a wicked tongue; it is well to cultivate her. Her husband controls public opinion, and she controls him. The man behind

her is the minister of public services—”

A passing couple jostled the minister's arm and, awkwardly, attempting to save it, he dropped his tea-cup. Crimson even to the barren scalp of his head, he stooped to mop with his handkerchief at the spilled tea in the lap of Mme. Ribot. The little red-haired woman smiled, clenched her teeth, and bided her time.

“Madame,” said Ventrillon, “I sit at your feet and learn. I had never before known that a minister of public services could drop a tea-cup.”

The lady laughed again.

“Monsieur,” she said, “you are delicious. Look! The tall blonde who enters is the Belletaille—”

With a resounding metallic crash, the jazz-band happened at that moment to stop short. Short of breath, the dancing couples separated. In the gap of the portières stood a lean, hawk-nosed woman in black, with a dead-white face of astonishing and fascinating ugliness. One shoulder was held higher than the other, one chalky hand rested with fingers wide-spread upon her uncorseted hip, and the other caressed at her waist the enormous bunch of scarlet amaryllis without which she was never seen. Everybody turned to look. The Belletaille, as usual, had achieved an entrance.

“Allo evreebodee!” she cried in English, showing all her fine white teeth. “Ah, there you are, my Marianne! Kiss me! And, oh, my dear Madame Sutrin, how pleased I am to come! *C'est épatant!* A jazz-band! *Bon dieu*, but it is ravishing! Aha! Théodule—*ça gaz?*” She had called the minister of public services Théodule, and asked him how he was in slang. “That,” thought Ventrillon, “is success.”

Taking for granted that everybody was overwhelmed with delight at seeing her, on she came, with a bow here and a hand-shake there, until in the center of the room she halted abruptly.

“Théodule,” she cried, “I forgot to tell Madame Hortense to send up that gown this evening. Telephone her for me. And hasten, or the shop will be closed.” The minister of public services obeyed, and left the room.

Then she turned, and on she came again. With the sinuous step of the walk she had learned at the Conservatoire, on and on, smiling, smiling, her eyelids painted sky-blue, her alizarin lips smiling apart like something unreal, jingle by jingle, faintly clicking her high heels on the parquetry, on and on, smiling always, came the great Gabrielle Belletaille of the Opéra Comique.

Ventrillon had never before in his life made an effort to please, and now his mind refused to work. In fact, it was scattered into tiny little bits all over the salon of Mme. Sutrin. “What a marvelous subject to paint!” was the only idea his devastated brain could hold. He could do naught but stare at the extraordinary creature and breathe with difficulty. She was almost upon him.

Now she was speaking to him in that golden voice, a single intonation of which could break a thousand hearts, and was extending one of those chalk-white hands, a single gesture of which could from a thousand bodies draw a thousand souls.

“And this,” she was saying, “must be the Adonis of whom Madame Sutrin spoke.”

Ventrillon grasped his impudence and yearned for his breath and his voice; but everything he could con-

ceive was either too long or too obvious, and with every fraction of a second it was swiftly becoming too late. One of those terrible tea-silences had fallen when nobody can think of anything more to say.

"Ah, Madame Venus," he heard his voice stammer at last, resounding in his ears above the tinkle of teaspoons, as if he had been shouting, "n-n-not Adonis; for that f-foolish Adonis ran away!"

He saw her narrow her eyes as she looked at him, and heard the sharp intake of her breath. "Oh, my God!" thought Ventrillon, "I am ruined! I have gone too far!"

"Audacious!" she murmured. "I like audacity." She flashed all her teeth upon him and for the moment blinded him. "Come and talk to me."

She sat down, letting her long arms drift from the arms of her chair. "I hope you don't fox-trot. I refuse to fox-trot. It is so vulgar. When that Fanny Max began to fox-trot, the Belletaille ceased. Now tell me all about yourself. I am a person in whom one can confide. Everybody tells me everything. I am always so interested in other people. It is my character. That is why I am never bored. Only the stupid are bored. And then my life has been so interesting, so full of such strange coincidences and such fascinating episodes." Then, before allowing him one word of the telling all about himself, or herself the time to catch her breath, she shrieked the length of the room to the minister of public services, who had at that moment entered again, "What did she say, Théodule?"

"She will send the gown at once," said the minister, mopping his forehead. "But what a devil of a time I

had getting her! Telephonists have lost all respect. I did not remember the number and I did not want to waste the minutes, so I said to the telephonist, 'I know, my girl, it is forbidden to call without a number, but this is the minister of public services who speaks.' And figure to yourselves what she says! '*Flûte, alors!*' she says. 'Go on with you! That is what they all say!'"

"Oh," laughed red-haired little Mme. Ribot, "that is exactly what happened to Fanny Max, the new soprano everybody is talking about, you know." Ventrillon saw Mme. Sutrin give the little woman a warning glance, and knew that the Belletaille had stiffened at the mention of the name. But Mme. Ribot wore a gown which had been ruined by the minister of public services, and she was about to pay him the nose. Nothing could have stopped her. "Excepting that *she* said she was the *wife* of the minister of public services; and the telephone girl said—"

Mme. Sutrin, having not the vaguest idea what that telephone girl had said, but knowing Mme. Ribot's tongue only too well, made a desperate gesture to the leader of the jazz-band, hoping to drown it in cacophony. The negro had gone out for a drink. Mme. Sutrin subsided hopelessly.

"The telephone girl said," Mme. Ribot continued calmly and deliberately—"she said, 'Oh, the pig! *He has deceived me!*'"

The minister went a violent shade of royal purple.

"And that very day," the shameless red-haired little creature went on, "Fanny Max went to the telephone bureau with a riding-whip, and it required six men to eject her. Ministers of public services must be fascinating."

She looked up wickedly at the minister, who looked down at her in turn as if he would have liked to bite her. She was obtaining royal indemnities for her gown.

"Oh, spare me!" cried the Belletaille. "I suffocate! All one hears is Fanny Max! Fanny Max! Fanny Max! The newspapers are full of her. Why people will discuss such a creature I cannot understand. Such vulgarity! It makes me ill. And she will do anything for notoriety. I abhor notoriety myself. I loathe notoriety. And voice? It is like the screech of a rusty hinge. Really, Madame Sutrin, if we are to have nothing but Fanny Max—"

"I assure you, madame," said the minister to Mme. Ribot, striving to keep his rage from his voice, "that I have not the honor of knowing Mademoiselle Max—"

"Oh," she cried quickly, "never fear! Your wife will not hear it from *me*."

"Ugh!" said the Belletaille to Ventrillon, "it continues! It is disgusting! It is unspeakable! It is—"

"Mademoiselle," interrupted Ventrillon, "why speak of her? She exists only to be ignored by you."

The Belletaille gave him her grateful full face. "I knew it the moment I saw you," she declared. "You are a mystic, and I think mysticism is so fascinating. You have the eyes. I am a mystic myself. Everybody notices it. Sometimes I think we mystics alone know the true soul of things. What a truth that is, 'She exists only to be ignored by me!' You are a painter, are n't you? It is these young ones, these young mystics, who do the great things. Why do you not paint my portrait?"

Ventrillon gulped.

"I dared not ask it," he said.

"Then that is settled. We shall begin to-morrow afternoon. But come, take me to my car. It is evident that these surroundings are not for us. Ah, Mme. Sutrin," she said sweetly as she took her hostess's hand, "it has been so interesting! One finds so many people at your house one would never dream of meeting anywhere else."

When she passed the minister, Ventrillon heard her hiss something into his face. It sounded extraordinarily like, "Never speak to me again!" But Ventrillon was never sure of this, for the jazz-band had begun anew. Nevertheless, he distinctly saw little Mme. Ribot look up from under her red hair to observe this brief passage, and then down to contemplate a large wet stain on her satin skirt with a smile of enormous satisfaction.

"After all," reflected Ventrillon, "the great are all ridiculous. It is easier than I had thought."

#### FOURTH REFLECTION



AT the curb Ventrillon handed the Belletaille into her limousine.

"Till to-morrow," she said graciously as he stood there bowing, with

the hat of eight reflections in his hand. The car, purring, was about to move off, but she signaled the driver with a vibratory gesture of both her long white hands, and then tore with them at the vivid bouquet at her waist. She leaned from the car and thrust a scarlet amaryllis into Ventrillon's buttonhole. "It is my flower," she said, "the guaranty of our bargain."

As the car rolled silently from the curb into the traffic, he raised the lapel of his coat and gallantly pressed his lips to the flaming lily. He saw her smile with all her teeth and wave her hand.

"Undoubtedly," he said to himself as he strolled leisurely on down the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, "it is because I happened to be designed by nature to wear a hat of eight reflections."

His recent success ran in his blood like champagne. The scarlet badge of it was brave in his buttonhole, and if he had been wearing his old black felt and strolling down the Boulevard St.-Michel, he would have sung. But such behavior was not for the man he had become. Neither was the company at the Closerie des Lilas.

In the Champs-Élysées he passed his good old friend Sabrin, who was promenading Clo-clo on his arm. Clo-clo shook her golden ringlets and giggled.

"Regard me that if you please!" she cried. "Ventrillon has become a bourgeois! Ventri in a hat of eight reflections!"

How shabby they looked!

Ventrillon lifted the hat of eight reflections and bowed—with a grace, and hoped nobody saw him do it. Sabrin's mild eyes deepened as if he had been a dog and Ventrillon had

struck him, but Clo-clo gave a delighted little scream of amusement.

"I do not think," reflected Ventrillon, his ears blazing as he walked on, "that I shall frequent the Closerie des Lilas any more."

As that was the only place in Paris where might be found a friend to buy him a dinner, and the reason for his walking the long distance from the Etoile to the rue Jacob was that he had not even the price of a Métro ticket, Ventrillon went to bed early that night, imploring sleep to quiet his hunger.

#### FIFTH REFLECTION



If it had not been for the sandwiches the Belletaille served with her tea and the suppers to which she had him invited, Ventrillon might have starved. But in the smart company at those suppers in fashionable restaurants he had begun to wonder how he had ever been able to endure the shabbiness of the Closerie des Lilas. And every day he could glimpse his image in the shop-windows as he wore the hat of eight reflections along the boulevards to the doorway of the greatest singer in Paris.

She had arranged with Volland for a public exhibition of the portrait in his

celebrated galleries on the day after it was finished. Volland well knew that the portrait of such a woman could not fail to bring *tout Paris* in crowds to his doors. After the *cachet* of a commission from the Belletaille and an exhibition at Volland's, other commissions would begin to pour in to Ventrillon, and complete success would follow rapidly. He who now wore a hat of eight reflections with bravado could then wear it with authority. Ventrillon would be a personage of *tout Paris*. Cannot one well bear one's hunger for that?

Enthroned in a tall-backed Spanish chair draped with cloth of gold, the Belletaille sat in emerald green and all her make-up. She insisted upon the make-up.

"Without it," she said, "the portrait would not be decent. You might as well paint me in the nude."

Ventrillon worked in rapt absorption. He was doing the most brilliant bit of painting he had ever done, and this youth with the bright face of an archangel could paint like the devil himself. "It is my chance," he said to himself as the composition took form on the canvas with which the Belletaille had supplied him, "and I am going to startle the natives."

She refused to look at the portrait.

"The Belletaille is beautiful," she said, "and an unfinished painting is not. I shall wait until it is hung in a good light at Volland's."

During the *repos* she would sing to him, or feed him with sandwiches and tea. The number of sandwiches he ate astonished and delighted her. "He is a true original," she thought. "They always eat like that. Besides, he has such nice eyes."

She sang for him, without accompa-

niment, songs which she said she reserved from the public for her dearest friends alone. It was a curious collection of unknown things: strange, wild songs of the Sicilian peasants, weird, lonesome songs of Siberian slaves; and sad, earthy songs from the Hebrides, all unwritten, and passed down by tradition.

"These songs are old; God knows how old," she would say. "They are ageless, cosmic things. That is why they are so amusing."

"One must confess," thought Ventrillon, "that it is better than hearing Pinettré squeal 'O Sole mio!' at the Closerie. And to think that I am hearing it all free! Evidently, I was born for this."

They worked in the music-room, and whenever she sang she opened the windows, all of which faced the street.

"It is for my children," she would say, "the people of Paris. Sometimes they gather in crowds beneath my windows, and it is touching to hear their applause. You will not envy them the crumbs of your feast."

On the last day Ventrillon placed a slender high light down the length of the nose, and heightened the green reflection of her gown under the curve of the chin. With these two strokes the portrait sprang into solidity and completion. Ventrillon stood back, astonished.

"*Nom de dieu!*" he swore, completely forgetting how far he had risen out of the atmosphere of the Closerie des Lilas, "I shall not only startle the natives, but, *ma foi*, I have startled myself!"

"Is it really like that?" cried the Belletaille, eagerly, and ran to the easel. But she restrained herself, covering her eyes with her hands. "No, I shall not look! My children

must see me when I look upon it for the first time at Volland's. I must give them that privilege. But I know that you have done me a great portrait. I said at the beginning that you had the eyes. I shall sing for you. I shall sing for you a song I almost never sing. It was written for me by Rimsky-Korsakof himself. Even Rimsky had no copy. 'It is for you alone,' he said to me; but, my friend, I shall sing it for you!" She opened the windows, and went to stand in the curve of her piano.

"Ah," she said, "but this song is bitter! Bitter, bitter. You will hear how bitter it is." She thrust one bony knee forward, and clasped her long thin hands upon her head, crushing her hair down into her eyes. Her rouged lips taut, she sang through her teeth, and her eyes became malignant slits under her hair. Slowly, in the deepest, the most troubling tones of all her extraordinary range, she began:

"Tr-r-r-r-a.....la! La!  
Tr-r-r-r-a.....la! La!  
I will not allow my heart to br-reak!  
Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la!"

She stopped.

"Now, do you hear? Is it not bitter? Is there anything else so bitter in all the world? But wait until you hear the A in altissimo at the end! That is the bitterest of all. I give it my full voice, and it is terrible. You will never hear anything like it as long as you live. Never! Listen!

"Her lamplight shines upon his face,  
Tra-la-la!

His mouth is hot against her throat,  
Tra-la-la!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! I do not  
care! Tr-r-r-r-a-la-la!

Tra!—La!—LA!"

Her full voice, loud, hard, and colorless, cut the last syllable out of its shrill heights like an ominous, sharp-edged knife. Shiver followed shiver down Ventrillon's spine. He sat spell-bound. When she sang she was truly great.

Outside the windows rose a burst of applause from a crowd which had gathered in the street.

"Listen!" cried the Belletaille, shaking her wide-spread, long white fingers above her head with joy. "My children!" She darted to a window.

As she stood in the window, holding the draperies apart with her hands, the radiance upon her face flickered and died. Her chin thrust steadily forward from between her thin shoulders, and the cords of her neck stood out like wires under her skin.

"Ah-h-h-h!" she gasped, hoarse with rage, "the cow! the camel! the pig! the poisse! The—the—agh-h-h-h-h-h!" She could not think of words terrible or scorching enough to soothe the hot desire of her throat for exacerbation. Ventrillon felt like stopping his ears against what she would say next. "The—the *species of indelicate!*" she cried at last, and subsided, thwarted by the French language.

Ventrillon went to her side and looked out. One side of the street was packed with a mass of excited people, gesticulating, laughing, applauding. The other was deserted save for a little Dresden-china figure in a ridiculous frilly frock, with a tiny absurdity of a hat cocked down above her impertinent, tip-tilted nose, and the two huge black leopards she was promenading through the streets of Paris on a leash. The muscles of the black beasts slid like snakes beneath their sleek hides, their soft



muzzles slobbered, their red tongues lolled, and their jade-green eyes shifted uneasily as they dragged the foolish little creature behind them along the pavement on her stilted heels. She was laughing with delight, and flicking them frivolously with a jeweled riding-whip. It was Fanny Max.

Four *gendarmes* stood in the street, consulting in whispers. The one with the longest mustache took his courage in his hands and advanced with his chest out. The others gallantly followed. The crowd cheered again. Fanny Max touched her beasts toward the *gendarmes*. One leopard snarled. The *gendarmes* ignominiously fell back. Fanny Max laughed a silvery little "ha! ha!" and continued her triumphant progress. The crowd cheered wildly and howled with delight. The Belletaille burst into wild tears.

"T-to think," she sobbed, "that she would have the impudence to come *here!* In *my* street! She does it purposely! I *know* she does it purposely. Oh, but she is vulgar! And her notoriety! How it is disgusting! How I ab-b-bominate n-n-notoriety!"

Suddenly the Belletaille straightened. She turned to clutch both Ventrillon's arms with hands like steel fetters.

"Tell me," she demanded hungrily, "it is true that this portrait is great, is it not? It is something incredible, it is an amazing portrait, it is true that it will startle them, is it not?"

"Mademoiselle," said Ventrillon, "have I not said that it startles even me?"

"Ah," murmured the Belletaille, reassured, "then to-morrow! To-morrow! I will not look. I could not recapture the emotion. I must give them that emotion to-morrow! To-

morrow at Volland's! Let me kiss you upon your forehead—like a mother."

Ventrillon had not fully realized that no more than a single day lay between him and his triumph. Thus far, to *tout Paris*, he had been only a protégé of the Belletaille. That in itself was no small distinction. But within twenty-four hours, to-morrow, to-morrow at Volland's, he would be Ventrillon, the most celebrated portrait-painter in Paris. As the Belletaille pressed her painted lips to his forehead, the remunerative applause of *tout Paris* already resounded in his youthful ears. His heart began to beat faster, and his blood throbbed in his temples.

"To-morrow!" he said, with eyes like stars. "To-morrow at Volland's!"

#### SIXTH REFLECTION



VENTRILLON brushed the hat of eight reflections until it shone again. He had eaten no luncheon, and was compelled to walk all the way, but he

had become accustomed to both these facts. Besides, from under the gay awnings of the cafés along the boulevards people pointed him out to one another as he passed, and that was a compensation. As he neared the doorway of Volland's his heart was beginning to swell in his chest, and his head was growing dizzy beneath the refulgent hat.

To the point of discomfort the great exhibition salon was packed with *tout Paris*. Volland shoved his way about amid richly dressed shoulders, beaming upon them with his little pig-like eyes, and tugging at his goatee with joy. Luminous with electric light, and the only ornament of the barren gray expanse of his walls, the portrait dominated the hall. It was a tremendous success. Not only was it the portrait of the most conspicuous figure in Paris, but the brilliancy of color and design was sensational. On every hand one heard: "Superb! Magnificent! One expects her to speak!" The crowd, already too closely pressed, increased, but nobody left the salon; for *tout Paris* was waiting for a still greater sensation. The morning papers had announced that the Belletaille would arrive that afternoon to look upon her portrait for the first time. The Belletaille had seen to that.

A new enthusiasm developed near the door and spread rapidly through the entire assembly. "It is she herself!" they whispered, and made way for her. It was the Belletaille. She was entering.

She advanced to within a few yards of the portrait and halted for a magnificent moment, confronting her painted self.

A young girl whispered excitedly: "It is exactly like her! One knows

not which is which!" Then she gave a little frightened shriek and shrank back into the crowd, for the Belletaille had turned on her like an angry tigress.

It is a curious fact that every one of us carries in his secret heart an image of himself totally different from the person that others see. The hardened portrait-painter strives to approximate that image. But the portrait which Ventrillon, the novice, had painted was more like the Belletaille than was the Belletaille herself. For that great lady was, in every moment of her life, hard at work being something else. Perhaps that is the true cause of what followed, and perhaps it is not.

She collected herself. Opening her vanity-case with splendid quick movements of those famous chalk-white hands, she took out a little ivory-handled manicure implement to do with it a thing for which it had not been designed.

She advanced upon the portrait, and with the gesture that she had until that moment reserved for slaying the baritone, slashed the tiny knife through and through the canvas until it dangled from the frame in twisting, slattern shreds. Then she turned to face her awe-struck audience.

"The Belletaille is beautiful!" she cried in a sonorous middle-voice. "None but the hand of time shall dare to deface her!"

Whereupon, with the magnificent walk of her second act of "Tosca," she strode toward the door. As she reached it, Ventrillon was entering, his young cheeks hot, and his eyes shining with elated expectancy.

Those who saw the ensuing event were to boast of it afterward, and those

who had not seen it were to pretend that they had.

"Pig!" she cried full in his face, and swinging high her parasol, broke it over the hat of eight reflections. Carrying the remains of the parasol with her, she stalked, always magnificently, into the street.

Vaguely, Ventrillon removed the ruin from his head, and stared at it, stupefied. The crowd was wild with restrained excitement, but he heard not their whispers, or even their sudden, suppressed little outbursts of high-strung laughter. The portrait was destroyed. The Belletaille hated him. She had made him ridiculous. *Tout Paris* would reject him. There were now no future commissions on which to count. He was hungry, he had not a sou, and even the hat of eight reflections was a wreck in his hand.

Ventrillon reflected. This was his to-morrow, his to-morrow at Volland's.

#### SEVENTH REFLECTION



BUT certain fierce and earnest words whispered in his ear with excited persistency began at last to penetrate the vacuum of his deadened brain. Puzzled, he turned to face the speaker.

A thin, blond young man with white eyelashes was begging anxiously:

"I'll give you a hundred francs for that hat! I'll give you two hundred! I'll give you five hundred—"

Ventrillon blinked. Then his brain cleared, as does the atmosphere with lightning.

"No!" he thundered in a voice which filled the room. "*Nom de dieu!* No!" And Ventrillon was himself again.

"A chair!" he shouted. "Somebody find me a chair!"

Nobody knew what was going to happen next, but everybody was ready and delighted to do anything which might promote its happening. From somewhere a chair was passed over the heads of the crowd. Ventrillon mounted upon it.

For a moment he paused. The beauty of his young face and the verve of his pose commanded a spontaneous burst of applause; but as he opened his mouth to speak, the noise died quickly into breathless silence.

"*Messieurs et 'dames,*" he cried, "Regard me this hat! There is none other like it. Never has such a thing happened before, and never will it happen again. Here is the unique hat crushed by the umbrella of the great Belletaille, and merely to own it is to render yourself famous. Now attend to this extraordinary fact! I, Odillon Ventrillon, stand here upon this chair, willing to part with this treasure. It is incredible, but, *messieurs et 'dames,* how much am I bid?"

This turn of affairs was not banal; it was not at all banal. And it was perfectly true that the shapeless hat which Ventrillon was offering was already historic. It was on a par with the shoes of Catharine de' Medici in the Musée de Cluny. The highest bidder would be the envied of *tout Paris*.

"Six hundred francs," piped the tenor of the blond youth, breaking the silence.

"A thousand francs," cried an extravagantly dressed South-American, enjoying himself hugely. There was a burst of applause.

"Ah, no, monsieur," regretted Ventrillon; "there will be higher bids than that."

"Two thousand," abruptly announced an ambitious lady, wearing pink pearls, from the midst of a group of her three daughters dressed exactly alike in yellow cotton.

"Only *two thousand francs!*" shouted Ventrillon. "Madame, you do yourself the injustice of underestimating its value."

"Two thousand, five hundred," recklessly screamed the blond youth. The ambitious lady turned pale.

"O *Maman*," cried the eldest of her three daughters, "bid again! We are so rich, and he is so beautiful!"

"Yes, *Maman!*" urged the other two, breathlessly. A ripple of amusement spread through the crowd.

"Two thousand, five hundred, and seventy-five," announced that lady with excessive poise, and switched a superior smile over the entire assembly.

But the bidding became general, and little by little the price went up. The hat was now the sensation of Paris; every franc bid increased the sensation; and *tout Paris*, which lives on sensation, bid on. Then entered the lists a modest little gentleman with a pince-nez, a *nouveau riche* of the war, who felt himself intruding wherever he went. His timid voice becoming weaker with every increase until at last it was only a whisper, he began persistently overtopping every bid made.

"Four thousand, forty-five," bid the blond youth.

"Four thousand, fifty," bid the gentleman in the pince-nez.

"Four thousand, fifty-five," bid the lady in pearls.

"Four thousand, sixty," bid the gentleman in the pince-nez, almost automatically.

The lady in pearls set her jaw.

"Four thousand, sixty-one," she pronounced grimly.

The blond youth mopped his overheated brow and shot his bolt.

"Four thousand, *eighty!*" and, immediately over-bid by the little gentleman in the pince-nez, rushed frantically from the room. Another bid in a voice without identity.

"Five thousand miserable little francs!" thundered Ventrillon, scornfully. "And the rate of exchange, what is it? *Bon dieu!* it is an insult to Mademoiselle Belletaille!"

But the sum was already beyond even reason of unreason; it was as if a cold wind had blown into the room. Ventrillon became sensitive to the situation.

"Five thousand, five hundred," suddenly whispered the little gentleman in the pince-nez.

"Five thousand, five hundred," shouted Ventrillon, quickly, "Going, going—" For a moment there was dead silence.

"O *Maman*," excitedly cried the eldest daughter of the lady in pearls, "is it too late?"

"*Chut!*" hissed the mother, pinching her daughter's arm until she squealed.

"Gone," thundered Ventrillon, with finality—"gone to the dignified monsieur in the pince-nez."

That little man, advanced conspicuously to take possession. The crowd

cheered wildly. Volland made his way in through the uproar.

"Of course, my friend," he said genially, rubbing his hands before the chair of Ventrillon, "you will not forget my commission. A hat is not art, to be sure, but I am accustomed to ten per cent. on sales made in my galleries."

Ventrillon, with an air, peeled off five hundred-franc notes and one fifty from the huge packet the dignified little monsieur with the pince-nez had produced from his pockets, and presented them to Volland.

He who was accustomed to wearing a hat of eight reflections went bare-headed that evening to his garret.

"But," reflected Ventrillon, "one never wears a hat to eat. Politeness forbids." And that night he would dine extravagantly.

#### EIGHTH REFLECTION



AT noon the next day Ventrillon woke from the long slumber of the well fed to a nervous knocking at his door.

"Who is there?" he roared angrily.

"*Chut! Chut!* but it is I," loudly whispered the awed voice of the concierge. "There is a lady below—"

"Tell her I cannot see her."

"*But, monsieur, she says that she is the great Mademoiselle Belletaille of the Opéra Comique—*"

Ventrillon started in alarm. Perhaps that astonishing woman had come with a gun.

"Tell her I cannot see her."

"*But, monsieur, she resembles precisely her photographs in 'Excelsior'—*"

"I don't care whose photographs she resembles—" But he stopped short, for he heard the footsteps of the Belletaille herself running up the stairs.

Ventrillon leaped from his bed, and in his bare legs and shirt flung himself against the door.

"Open your door to me!" cried the ecstatic voice of the Belletaille. "Have you seen the morning papers? You cannot refuse me the pleasure of grasping your hand! The name of that Fanny Max does not appear. There was no room for it. She had not even the distinction of being among those present."

"*But, mademoiselle,*" protested Ventrillon, "I cannot see you."

"*Tout Paris* is wild with the news," the Belletaille rushed on; "even your head-size appears in the papers. It was a clever idea of me to destroy that portrait, was it not? Even as I plunged it into my own likeness, I felt that I plunged my little knife into the heart of that creature. But you have surpassed me. It was a stroke of genius. And what an advertisement for my American tour! I must kiss you on both your cheeks—"

"*But, mademoiselle,*" cried Ventrillon, in agony, "I am not dressed.

Would you have me receive you in my shirt?"

"Then open your door a little way. All the world will want to know you now; but can you not come to me this afternoon? We must begin another portrait. Open it only a little way! Permit me to give you the present I have brought you."

Ventrillon allowed her to intrude a large band-box through the gap of the partly opened door. When she had gone, he examined it, gingerly; he wondered if she had handed him an infernal machine. He had heard of such things, and could not trust her honeyed words.

He placed it on his table, and opened it by cautiously cutting away pieces of its sides with his pocket-knife. When all the cardboard had been cut away, there stood upon his table, crown-side down, and filled with scarlet amaryllis, a hat, a magnificent hat, an elegant hat, a formidable hat, a hat which was all there was of chic, a genuine glistening stove-pipe hat, an authentic hat of eight reflections.

Ventrillon stared. It was really true that he was higher in the favor of the Belletaille than ever. He was probably the most talked-of person in Paris. He could that afternoon begin another portrait, and a greater celebrity than he had ever hoped for was within his grasp. There was even

before him on his table a shining hat of eight reflections in which to walk before the admiring eyes of *tout Paris*.

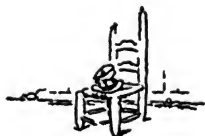
Now the concierge, who, fascinated, had remained behind to peek in at the crack of the door, saw a strange thing. When she reported it eagerly to him that evening, her worthy spouse remarked that now he knew what had become of that bottle of *eau-de-vie* his uncle had sent up from the country, and he was not a man to be taken in by a woman's lies, even when she was sober.

Slinging its contents of scarlet amaryllis about the floor, Ventrillon snatched the hat from the table, placed it accurately in the seat of his chair, and sat upon it.

"It is curious, old fellow," he reflected aloud, without rising from the inchoate mass it had become—"it is curious how strange one always feels when one discovers that one has been human. But to-night you and I—you and I are going together to the Closerie des Lilas. May the francs in my pocket persuade our friends to be merciful!"

So far as the concierge could ascertain, he was addressing a rusty, broad-brimmed black felt hat which hung shapeless from a nail on the opposite wall.

Which, of course, was absurd.





Gilbert K. Chesterton



# The English Lecturer in America

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

DRAWINGS BY ROLLIN KIRBY



RUDYARD KIPLING, writing long ago to the unsurpassable Major Pond, gave utterance to a surprising heresy. "America is a great country," said he, "but she is not made for lecturing in." Alone among modern writers Mr. Kipling has held this opinion. Ever since Thackeray struck the mine of literary lecturing, all the others have known better. Even Thomas Carlyle was slightly tempted toward the American platform, and since his day few have been troubled by doubts as to the prospect whenever it has been presented to them. No modern man of letters, for example, could have seemed a more unpromising lecturer than Henry James; but he wrote to W. D. Howells that, after long playing with the "slightly glamour-tinged, but more completely forbidding" project, he had succumbed. The result was announced by him to more than one of his adoring correspondents in England. Following his first appearance, at Bryn Mawr College, he wrote:

"The leap is taken, is being renewed; I repeat the horrid act at Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Louis." Gladly do they pay him, he added, "one pound a minute, like Patti, and always for the same lecture as yet." And to crown all, he makes a delighted comment upon himself as performer: "I do it beautifully, feel as if I

had discovered my vocation, at any rate amaze myself!"

For once, at any rate, Henry James was entirely of the orthodox party. During something like half a century the author-lecturers, not excepting some who were conspicuous failures, professed themselves happy over their exploits on the American scene, as well as, and with more reason, over the pecuniary rewards. They were the fortunate successors of men who had traveled a very hard road. The organization which has made them possible is the developed product of the old-time lyceum, of whose remarkable character and function the American citizen of to-day stands in some need of being reminded.

The pioneer missionary of culture in America undertook an extraordinarily arduous task, as you may read in the life-stories of many a New England worthy. To us it seems an astonishing thing that a man of Emerson's kind should have made his living chiefly as an itinerant lecturer among the little towns, earning by the labors of a whole season a good deal less than the "top-notcher" of our time can make with ease in a week. The phenomenon of the philosopher lecturer, however, was not altogether strange to Emerson's contemporaries in England, for during his second visit to Europe, in 1848,



they provided him with typical lyceum audiences at the mechanics' institutes of the industrial cities. Early-Victorian England was in the lyceum stage, and the provincial lecture tour was for some famous orators an accustomed experience.

## § 2

The Civil War, in this department as in most others, marks the end of an age in the United States. In the decade which followed it there were three unquestioned lords of the lecture platform, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and John B. Gough, all of whom upheld the earlier character of the lyceum as an avowedly reformist agency, capable of providing a nationwide pulpit for the eloquent advocate of any cause. But as the country settled down into its era of swiftly expanding wealth, the lyceum was driven to compete with various forms of popular entertainment unrecognized in the simpler puritan epoch. A new kind of practitioner was demanded, and for a long time he was not forthcoming in sufficient numbers. This was the opportunity for a modern organizer, and he appeared in the person of James Redpath, founder of the first regular lecture bureau and the man to whom, more than to any one else, belongs the credit of creating the American profession of lecturing and the business of arranging wide tours and collecting fees on an ascending scale.

It was to the Redpath inheritance of a platform with vigorous traditions and a certain number of established reputations that James B. Pond succeeded in the eighteen-seventies. The first important fact to be realized by him was that there was a growing demand for lecturers, with names and that the home

supply was altogether inadequate. The major therefore threw his glance around the European horizon. England, obviously, was a rich recruiting-ground, for America was living upon England's spiritual resources. Moreover, the American public had a vivid interest in English personalities, political, literary, and religious—an interest far exceeding that of England in her own men and women. Pond never ceased to marvel at the English for their lack of curiosity as to the people whose books they read. Americans, at any rate, liked to make sure that there was some kind of individuality behind the printed word.

When Pond opened his campaign among the English celebrities, the ground had hardly been broken. True, Thackeray had made two lecture tours, and the second one, in 1855-56, had been both popular and remunerative. The triumph of Charles Dickens in 1867-68 was a recent and unparalleled event. No contemporary public character could dream of approaching it, for no other had achieved so marvelous an empire over the popular heart. But there was a large choice among politicians. Major Pond, having a clear notion of his own as to an Anglo-American entente, made for the highest attainable quarry. He offered Gladstone twenty thousand dollars for twenty lectures. Year after year he laid siege to John Bright, who, if he had surrendered, might have eclipsed every speaker known to the lyceum from its beginning. As a matter of fact, however, the first international lecture agent had no luck with English statesmen. Not a single front-rank man among the Victorian parliamentarians was to be captured; nor did it occur to any of their wives to volunteer



Colonel Repington

for service. Obviously, then, the next choice was the man of action, or the man who had seen action—the explorer or the war correspondent.

In this second class the most resonant success of those years was Henry M. Stanley. Chauncey Depew relates a curious story of his advent in New York. Facing a magnificent audience drawn to the Metropolitan Opera House by the fame of his African exploits, Stanley, with the naïveté in important little things of the returned adventurer, judged that the account of his travels would be stale stuff, and so opened with a commonplace lecture on a literary subject. This preposterous blunder was, of course, at once corrected, and Stanley's tour, comprising 110 lectures, was a colossal success. Pond was never able to equal it, for no later achievement in exploration, not even the conquest of the poles, had for the American public, or the English, the fascination that attended the unveiling of Africa.

It is here, midway in the annals of the American lecture platform, that Matthew Arnold belongs, and in this connection he makes rather a pathetic figure. In 1883 he was Pond's trump-card. It was taken for granted that he would gloriously wipe out the record of Oscar Wilde.

Arnold's first lecture was an impressive occasion. The speaker's (or rather reader's) fame was very great. They had told him gravely that even the railroad porters read his books. All New York that counted for anything was crowded into Chickering Hall, Chauncey Depew being in the chair. But for most of those present it was a noiseless performance. The lecturer's lips were seen to move, but the sound that issued was negligible.

"Well, wife," said General Grant to his life-partner, "we have paid to see the British lion. We cannot hear him roar, so we had better go home." Mr. Depew, distressed, like all the lecturer's friends, over the result, advised him to take lessons in voice-production. The advice was followed, and in his letters home Arnold expressed amazement at the discovery that the technic of public speaking was something that might be learned, like anything else. He hoped he was not too old to begin, but Pond had no such illusion. He thought Arnold incurable, and, though hardly ever ill natured about his clients, he allowed an acid note to get into his comment on the handsome amount of money which Arnold, despite his failure, was able to take back to England. The tour was in more ways than one ill omened. Matthew Arnold was not the type of man to be understood or admired by the Americans of forty years ago, and we must, I think, date specifically from his visit certain difficulties that have proved to be enduring, particularly the attitude of suspicion toward the English author-lecturer as an adventurer coming to America for the purpose of exploiting an abounding field.

The closing years of the last century were the happiest time for the English literary lecturer in America. It so happened that an unusual number of popular favorites had arisen. Many of the novelists enjoyed a vogue with the American reading public, and they had the good fortune to catch the eye of the practitioners of personal journalism. Among such people Pond was in his element, and at the turn of the century the novelists came in flocks: Anthony Hope, F. Marion Crawford, Israel Zangwill, Mrs. Humphry Ward,



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge

Ian Maclaren, Arthur Conan Doyle. The two last named easily carried the palm for popularity. Ian Maclaren attained his power over American audiences by virtue of a dual appeal, being preacher as well as story-writer. And so, but in very different fashion, did the creator of *Sherlock Holmes*, returning to the United States many years later with his claim to the knowledge of an open door into the unseen. *Sherlock Holmes* is a common possession of the English-speaking peoples, but what is or can be his attraction for the multitude by comparison with that of the man (haply the same man) who has the daring to proclaim that this

oppressive frame of things, steel and gold, and the paper that is stronger than either, is a mighty illusion, and that the etheric body is our only reality? The occult makes the strangest platform alliances. Nothing else, we may surmise, could have brought two such opposites as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge into conjunction, the one forgetting the ways of medicine and the pleasant arts of the detective in his pursuit of "ectoplasm," the other devoting the powers once absorbed by the analysis of the ether to the discussion of human survival among conditions that suggest a distressing similarity to those of



Mrs. Asquith

New York and London, Oxford and Harvard. But, after all, training tells, and Sir Oliver Lodge, if not such an expositor of the marvels of nature as an earlier generation on both sides of the Atlantic found in Huxley, does at least, in presence and manner, suggest the masters of the Victorian age as he invests the mighty atom with an afternoon charm.

### § 3

The Great War, needless to say, wrought an immense change in the lecture situation. Among other things it introduced a new and troublesome element. The American public became acquainted with the phenomena of European propaganda, from the effects of which we cannot hope to be speedily delivered. Many well known writers and public men accepted speaking commissions from their governments, and for Anglo-American relations especially this development was significant. The lecturer fell under a general, though not necessarily an unkind, suspicion. He was no longer accepted without question as a man whose word was his own. Audiences and responsible secretaries were tempted to think that a lecturer from England, even if he were the writer of books that had gained him a host of friends, should be regarded as an interested missionary or special pleader; and hence it happened that some of the most admired representatives of letters, of the law and the church, found that they had to overcome a barrier of reserve before they could be sure that they were accepted on the basis of their personal value.

In the case of not a few who during the war were able to survey the American lecture-field the results were valu-

able. There was revealed to them the possibilities of a profession which in England for the most part is a depressed or sweated occupation. The contrast presented by the two countries is almost indescribable. Not, of course, that England is deficient in the volume of public speech. There is palpable exaggeration in the statement, frequently made, that the Americans are a lecture-hearing public while the English are not. Every considerable city in Great Britain has its lecture societies at work during the winter. The list of the day's engagements in the London "Times" may contain almost as many gatherings with speeches as appear in the daily lists of New York. Nearly every educational and propagandist society in the island has its annual program of lectures. University extension is a national service. The summer schools have grown to a large total. Year after year a certain number of well known men and women add to their incomes by lecturing, and a few make large sums. Now and again a foreign lecturer may earn on the American scale. Nansen's tour after his "Farthest North" was an event. George Kennan, describing the prisons of czarist Russia, met with an immense response. And two years ago Stephen Leacock's rediscovery of England was, I believe, a venture no less lucrative for the voyager than it was diverting for his victims. Nevertheless, it remains true that the United States is precisely what Kipling said it was not, while England, speaking generally, provides a meager income for the professional lecturer, and for the lecturer of the other kind only a small measure of opportunity.

Consider the picture of the North

American continent as the lecturer sees it. Here are the hundreds of colleges standing ready to invite the visiting European; the city clubs and chambers of commerce; the university extension centers and such widely different agencies of public service as Cooper Union and the League for Political Education in New York; the vast network of the Chautauqua and the more recent meeting-places of the open forum; the extraordinary number of the women's clubs. Is it any wonder that the English lecturer or the author of a novel that has hit the market feels, when an agent lays a chart of the ground before him, that the Lord is leading him into a land flowing with milk and honey?

Or the point may be made in another way. Think of a half-dozen English cities bearing historic names, and then of their nominal counterparts in the United States: Plymouth, Worcester, Rochester, Northampton, Richmond, Stamford. As Gilbert K. Chesterton has it,

"Birmingham grew so big, so big,  
And Stratford stayed so small.

The English city may be a flourishing industrial center, and its American namesake a small residential town, or *vice versa*. In either case the astonishing difference, for the lecturer, is there. In Plymouth or Rochester, England, there would be perhaps one or two openings for the speaker from a distance, and the certainty of an ovation for the rare great man; in Rochester, New York, or Plymouth, Massachusetts, a women's club, a college or two, several associations of business men, a forum; and each would be a first-rate "prospect" for the lecture agent. And, what is still more amazing from

the English point of view, not a single one of them would be in the least alarmed when some member suggested that an invitation might just as well be despatched, by wireless to the *Aquitanian*, to Lloyd George, the Earl of Balfour, M. Clemenceau, Sir James Barrie, H. G. Wells, or whatever European celebrity might chance to be on the high seas.

Of course the American conditions are sufficient in themselves to account for the annual invasion of lecturers from England. The temptation is almost irresistible for any successful English writer, or any man whose name may have reached a place in the Sunday head-lines. He has heard entrancing stories, not at all exaggerated, of American hospitality, of large and marvelously respectful audiences. He has no fear of the one-night stand and the Pullman sleeper, for he does not know what they are. He cannot believe himself to be more awkward or less expert than this or that one among his literary acquaintance who has done it, and has returned with something more in hand than a batch of press clippings. And, naturally, the New York agent who is prepared to route him through the country appeals to him as a discerning and thoroughly businesslike man.

#### § 4

As one runs over the records of the last ten years, one may observe that the invading lecturers fall into three unequal divisions. There is, first, the spectacular head-liner, who, as likely as not, is not a speaker at all. He is a reputation. He has dug up the dodo or the mummy of Pharaoh's daughter, has crossed the Rubicon, or sent a radio message to the outer planets.



John Massfield



He need not be an orator, but on the whole it is advisable that he should be able to deliver an address in intelligible English. The marvel is that so many of them can; but the memory is still fresh in New York of the day on which Maurice Maeterlinck confronted a great audience in New York and strove vainly to translate his manuscript into English phonetics. The art of the platform, indeed, is a mysterious thing, as more than one recent striking example would show. Mrs. Asquith, for instance, had no training in public speaking before her appearance in New York, and her initial ordeal was sufficiently affrighting. But by the day of her second lecture she had acquired a technic that, as Heywood Brown remarked, most professional lecturers might envy; and it is reasonable to suppose that if Mrs. Asquith, with her skill of voice and vocabulary, had cared to draw upon her knowledge of England and public affairs, instead of keeping to the green and quiet ways of social anecdote, she would be remembered in America as a successful example of the lecturer *ad hoc*.

Quite otherwise was it with the war diarist who shared the social interest of the same season. Colonel Repington could never for a moment have thought of dropping the manner of the cavalry officer, which fits him like his dinner jacket. He discoursed of Europe after the war, and the results of the Washington conference, in the soothing accents of the Pall Mall Club; and if the Middle Western audience felt that the tones appropriate to a *chronique scandaleuse* of Europe in dissolution were rather low-pitched for Chicago, well, why should the colonel be troubled? He had his reward, and the sale of his diary was not impaired.

More surprising, on the whole, than either of these was G. K. Chesterton, whose platform manner two years ago was in disconcerting contrast to his physique and to the boisterous laughter of his stories and verses. And not only so; it was the very reverse of the earlier manner familiar to his friends in England. G. K. C. is the triumphant improviser; it is absurd that he should put his mind or his humor in shackles. Yet in America he tried hard to keep within the bounds of a little black note-book, and those who listened to him are still trying to reconcile their memory of the man who held it in his hand with their rollicking vision of "The Man Who Was Thursday." To this division of the head-liners belongs properly Sir Philip Gibbs, because of the boundless audience reached by his day-to-day story of the war. It gave him a standing from which he was enabled later to tell certain things about Europe which *They* would not allow any one to whisper before 1919.

In the second division I should include those lecturers who come to America in the happy knowledge that their public, large or small, is already in being. They are exceedingly diversified, ranging from great lights of the intellectual realm, such as Gilbert Murray and Bertrand Russell at one end, to the maker of the current day's wonder at the other. It is a fascinating procession that moves before the mind's eye: W. B. Yeats, in voice and bearing very nearly the ideal of the poet-reader; John Masefield, looking and speaking less like a victim of the one-night system than any one you could name; John Galsworthy, manifestly resenting the pressure that would make a speaker out of a man whose single instrument is the pen;

Alfred Noyes, the one English poet of his time who has succeeded in the public recital of his own verse; John Drinkwater, in the surprising position of helping Americans to understand their own greatest man; Hugh Walpole and Gilbert Cannan, discoursing of the English novel to the most enthusiastic novel-reading public in the world; St. John Ervine and Granville Barker, alike in the ability to speak with convincing force on the stagecraft they practise; W. L. George, whom in a moment of expansive humor some one seems to have commended as an authority on the soul of woman. And, among women, Mrs. Pankhurst, coming in the heyday of the suffrage agitation, preceded by a terrifying fame; or Maude Royden, in the present year, making a unique spiritual appeal for the healing of society.

The third division of visiting lecturers is by far the smallest. It consists of the men and women who year after year play the arduous calling of the international missioner, literary or educational: John Cowper Powys, for example, ranging over the universe of modern art and expression; Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, prospecting the widening world of women; Norman Angell, following up his international thesis with quiet pertinacity and with a sense that the post-war world is somewhat too full of corroborative illustrations.

There remains one practical aspect of the matter upon which a few words may here be said. Lecturing lies still almost entirely within the province of speculative adventure. Doubtless it will for the most part remain there, and no one would propose to interfere with the enterprise of the lecture bureau. None the less must it be

recognized that lecturing has become an important international service, and it seems advisable that responsible bodies on both sides of the Atlantic should give some systematic thought to it. In this connection I have seen only one practical suggestion, which comes from Mr. Vachel Lindsay. It is that a committee of the universities should take in hand the selection of a small company of speakers every year, arrange invitations and hospitality, and so relieve the public servant, the writer, or the holder of an academic position who may wish to visit America from the necessity of approaching a commercial agent or of being troubled by the matter of fees and traveling expenses. It will, I think, be manifest that a proposal of this kind can only be of limited application, and will leave the business of lecturing where it is.

And now a personal word in conclusion. Every Englishman who has enjoyed the privilege and delight of addressing any large number of meetings in the United States and Canada carries within him a memory that is beyond expression and above price. Countless happenings and a cumulative sense of indebtedness have gone to its making. For myself, I think of audiences eager and kind and transcendently forgiving; visits to cities large and small that stand out among the brightest experiences of life; fleeting glimpses of intelligent and joyous households that seemed to contain all the promise and fulfilment of American life; talks with men and women possessing that shining quality of citizenship which, as we are proud to believe, is a divine gift to our English-speaking world; and friendships that year by year have shown themselves to be "part of our life's unalterable good."



# The Last of the Vikings

*A Novel in Seven Parts—Part VI*

BY JOHAN BOJER

NORWEGIAN DRAWINGS BY SIGURD SKOU



THAT evening, when Kriståver had put his fish on board the trading-vessel, he asked the skipper if for a good sum of money he would take a sick man to the hospital at Kabelvaag.

The skipper, however, was going south to Aalesund when he had his cargo on board, and did Kriståver imagine that these were times for carrying about sick people?

No, perhaps not. He went to several trading-vessels, but was only laughed at. A sick man! They would soon all be ill, the way they toiled and worked night and day; but all the same every one had enough to do in looking after himself in times like these. "You'll have to look after your sick man yourself, old man."

The evening was calm and frosty when the men sat in the plank hut eating their supper. On the rock outside they had boiled fresh fish, for they had fire-wood now, and numerous fires burned along both shores, where boats' crews were at last having a hot supper.

A candle-end in the neck of a bottle lighted up the hut, and at last the men's hunger was appeased; but they hardly dared to utter a word. They knew that Elezeus had inflammation of the lungs, and he was now so ill that they were dreading the night. He was their neighbor at home in

their poverty, and here he was their comrade.

Lars noiselessly cleared away the cups after their meal, and the men remained sitting on the benches and chests. Kriståver had hinted that if Elezeus was no better in the morning, they would have to make up a bed in the boat and take him in to Kabelvaag.

The others said nothing. They had had a good supper and could hardly keep their eyes open; they would have liked to lie down and go to sleep, if their comrade had not lain there close to them, wrapped in skin rugs and talking confusedly. Something seemed to be always rousing them, so that their eyes opened wide. Elezeus was scolding his wife, or he laughed and joked with her; at one moment he was ill natured, and the next good to her.

His sea-boots projected from beneath the coverlet. They were probably frozen stiff, and perhaps his feet were wet; but it would be no end of a business to get those big boots off the feet of the fever-stricken man.

The little door was lifted to one side, letting in the frosty mist, and Peter Suzansa entered in all his sea-clothes, sou'wester and big, fingerless woolen gloves. Round his throat he still wore the bandage that the doctor had put on, and over it a red

<sup>1</sup> Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

woolen scarf wound several times round his neck.

He came from the cold winter night outside, with its stars and streamers of northern lights, but in this tiny room he was met by a stillness as of a sacred place, and he stood still without speaking. At last he whispered:

"How is he?"

Kristáver looked up, and shook his head. The five men sat there with sou'wester and woolen gloves on for the cold, but they said nothing. There was nothing to say.

Peter advanced to the sick man and bent over him. He saw that they had tied his gloves on with string round his wrists, and the strings of his sou'wester were tied beneath his chin. He looked as if he was ready to get up at any moment and go out with them on the sea.

His mouth was open, and the white teeth gleamed in the bearded face.

The old head-man began to whisper to him, as one would speak to a child that is to go to sleep.

"Do you feel bad to-night, Elezeus?"

The sick man frowned in an attempt to understand, and then opened his eyes and said in a voice that was almost inaudible:

"I must go to the sacrament."

The other men moved a little. Peter Suzansa said, "H-m," and a little while after he said gently that it was a long way to the priest.

"It 's—it 's farther to—to pardon," said Elezeus.

Peter bent lower and, taking off his glove, laid his hand on the sick man's forehead.

"Are you so very bad, then, Elezeus?" he asked.

"I—I shall die to-night."

"H-m."

Peter kneeled down. His eyes were on the other man's face, and as he looked, his own face gradually changed and became a reflection of what was passing through the mind of the sick man. Lars looked at the old head-man. Could this be Peter Suzansa, that merry spinner of yarns? He was behaving like a father to Elezeus, and his red-lidded eyes were full of concern for him, while the expression of his weather-beaten face was one of peace—a peace that might have come from the singing of a hymn.

No one spoke. All eyes were upon Peter Suzansa. At last Kristáver said: "It would be of no use, perhaps, to—to sail in for the doctor?"

"H-m." Peter looked up at the others, but no one had anything to say.

There was silence again until the sick man said:

"I—I must get pardon. I must take the sacrament."

Again there was a movement among the men, but they no longer dared look at one another.

Peter Suzansa raised his head and looked at Kristáver. It was as if the two head-men had been overtaken by a trouble from which they saw no escape. It was impossible to get hold of a priest within a reasonable time, and they looked at each other. It was unnecessary to shake their heads.

They sat listening to the sick man's breathing, and the tallow candle burned lower and lower.

"If only something could be done!" said Kristáver at last.

The eyes of all the men seemed to be searching for this something, and in a little while Arnt Awsan said hesitatingly:

"If we had been Baptists, now—"

They were silent again. Kriståver passed his gloved hand across his forehead, and at last ventured to say:

"As far as I can remember from my school learning, any one can—h-m."

"Yes," said Lars, who was the most recently confirmed of them all. "It says in the catechism that in cases of need any Christian—" He dared not say more, for it seemed pretty well impossible that an ordinary man would be bold enough to give the sacrament.

The sick man began muttering again. He opened his eyes and looked about wildly, saying he must get up and go to church with his wife.

"Come along, Berit!"

Peter made him lie down again, and covered him up.

"You must lie still, Elezeus," he said gently, as if he were speaking to a little child. But Elezeus began again:

"I must go to church. I must—take the sacrament, or else—I shall be lost."

They sat for a little while listening to his quick, labored breathing. Then he began to sob.

"There he is!" he said. "It 's too late now. There 's no pardon for me. If only I could have the sacrament! But it 's too late now. Is it too late?"

Again they sat silent for a little while, not knowing what to do. They could see that Elezeus had not long to live. At last Arnt Awsan spoke.

"We can't let it end like this, can we?" he said.

Suddenly Peter raised his head again and looked at Henry Rabben, and immediately all faces were turned in his direction.

No one ventured to speak, but he felt they had indicated him. Their eyes said, "If any one of us is worthy to do this, it is you."

Henry lowered his eyes, not daring to look at any one. Would they lay such a burden, such a responsibility, upon his shoulders? But he felt their eyes still rested upon him, as much as to say: "We choose you. If any one of us is worthy to do this, it is you."

He? Was not he just like the others? He had no more learning and was not pious; he was a poor farm-laborer and fisherman, just as they were. He managed to comb his hair and beard and to wash when the others thought it was unnecessary, and he had a garden at home. He did not fight, or drink until he was quite drunk; but that was mere chance, for he would have liked to. If there was any one to whom people behaved unreasonably, he did, perhaps, take his part, but not so often as he ought. Why should they now choose him?

He wanted to rise and say that he was not the right man, that it should be their head-man or Peter Suzansa, who was the oldest; but the silence was so profound that he felt he could not break it. All the eyes resting upon him, every face, said, "It must be you!"

When the sick man moaned and spoke a few muttered words, it seemed like a warning. Perhaps there was no time to waste; he must make up his mind.

He rose, and as he did so, he met the eyes of the others, but was unable to speak. He moved toward the door.

"Are you going?" asked Kriståver.

"I 'm coming back," Henry replied.

He went out and stood on the beach. The night was frosty, and the waves broke at his feet; on the fiord lights gleamed from ships, and in the sky stars glittered above the white mountain-tops. In the west the roar of the ocean could be heard.

Henry wanted to move, to walk up and down in order to collect his thoughts and find out what he ought to do; but there was no room. The hut belonging to the *Sea-Fire* was near, and beyond that the mountain rose perpendicularly out of the sea.

Suddenly he heard a strange sound from the other side of the fiord, where lights were shining from many huts. It was singing, the singing of a hymn.

He knew now what it was. It was the Methodists holding a prayer-meeting before they went to bed.

He stood listening. At last he looked up into the clear, frosty sky, over which played bright bands of auroral light, and as he stroked his beard he whispered:

"Forgive me, Lord, if I 'm doing wrong!"

He turned to go in again, but at the door he stopped, and going round to the other side of the hut, he knelt down in the snow and folded his hands as well as he could with his gloves on.

When he entered the hut a little later, the men sitting there saw a strange expression of peace in his face, and he held himself erect and looked from one to the other of them.

"If you choose me for this," he said, "I 'll do it in God's name. We must remember that the disciples—they were only simple fishermen like us."

The head-men glanced at each other and nodded. No one spoke, but Henry felt that all were of the same mind.

Lars had a difficulty in keeping back his tears. Something great was taking place. It reminded him of the time when the doctor took out his instruments to operate on grandmother. But, no; it was something much greater than that.

Henry Rabben still stood there. He passed his hand across his forehead and looked from one to another of his comrades.

"But there 's one more thing," he said. "If a simple man undertakes to perform a sacred act, he must have a clear conscience; so I 'll ask you, comrades, have I done you any wrong? For if I have, I stand here now and ask your forgiveness for it."

This was more than Lars could stand, and he covered his face with his hands and turned away, that no one should see that he was crying. He heard his father say:

"You can be quite certain of that, Henry. You 've never done us anything but what was good."

"Well, in God's name, then," said Henry.

It was only now that he began to wonder what he was to use. There was no wine, no proper bread.

But there was no time for long consideration. The candle in the bottle burned on, and all sat silent while Henry opened his chest and took out a small bottle of Riga balsam. He poured a little of this into a coffee-cup, mixed a little water with it, and tasted it. He then cut a piece of his own bread that his wife had baked, but after doing so it occurred to him that Elezeus had a loaf like it in his chest that his wife Berit had made. It would be better to take that, for then Berit would be with them. With the piece of bread on a pewter plate and the cup in his hand, he then went up to the sick man and knelt down, placing the cup and plate on the floor.

"Elezeus," he said, touching him, "do you know me?"

"Yes," said the sick man.

"We 've no way of getting hold of the priest, but would you like me to give you the sacrament?"

"Yes."

"Would you like us to sing a hymn first?"

"Yes."

Peter Suzansa had moved into the background. Henry looked at the men.

"Perhaps we might take 'A safe stronghold our God is still.'"

They had no hymn-book, but they knew this by heart, and they sang it. Lars's treble sounded above the others, Peter Suzansa folded his hands in their woolen gloves and sang, and Kaneles Gomon joined in and thought of his old father. The yellow light of the candle shone over the little room and over the men sitting there in their oil-skins. As they sang, it seemed to Lars that they were changed; they became disciples, like those fishermen of old. And the hymn was well suited to their life in these desolate regions, to the dying fisherman, and to those in a cottage in the South who would soon be left without a bread-winner.

When the hymn ended, Henry took off his glove and laid his hand upon the sick man's forehead.

"Is there anything you want to tell us, Elezeus?"

"Yes."

"Have you done any one any wrong that we can try and put right?"

"Yes. Give my love to Berit."

"Is there nothing else?"

"No. Try and help Berit."

"We promise you that, Elezeus. Berit shall have food and drink as long as there 's any in my house."

"That 's—that 's good!"

There was a pause, and then Henry asked:

"Do you believe in God, then, Elezeus?"

"Yes." The dying man's voice was low.

"And are you sorry for the wrong things you have done?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

After a few moments Henry went on, his hand still resting on the other man's forehead:

"Then I declare to you, in God Almighty's stead, the forgiveness of all your sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And he gave him the little piece of bread and a sip from the cup, after which they sang another verse of the hymn.

They sat silent for some time, but at last Arnt Awsan spoke.

"Things won't be very easy for Berit," he said.

"We must give her a helping hand whenever we can," said Kriståver.

"M-m," said the others, agreeing.

When Peter Suzansa rose to go, he leaned over the sick man and said:

"Good-by, then, Elezeus!"

"Good-by!"

"You—you can say I 'm coming soon. I sha'n't be long after you." Turning to the others he said, "Good-night!" and went out with bowed head.

When the others had sat a little longer, Kriståver said that they could go to bed; it would be enough if he sat up through the night.

Lars crept under the rug with the others, and fell asleep at once, waking only when his father shook him in the morning. The others were having their breakfast. There was no sound from where the sick man lay. He was completely covered with a tarpaulin.

"You must make a coffin, Arnt," said Kriståver. "And you, Lars, must



"This was more than Lars could stand, and he covered his face with his hands"

go in to Kabelvaag with it, and send it south by steamer."

§ 2

All this time there were little schools of whales out in the West Fiord, wandering restlessly hither and

thither, blowing and spouting. The great quantity of herring in the fiord had excited them, but they dared not go in; the ships, the boats, and all the commotion in there kept them out in the open sea, but at the same time made them remain in the neighbor-



hood. They only took little turns of a hundred miles or so up and down to keep watch, so to speak. They went southward off Helgeland, and westward outside Værøy and Röst, for the great Atlantic was refreshing in a storm; but they had to return, and darted back right over the maelstrom, the water foaming about their jaws, and along the Lofoten Wall again, for the fiord in there was alive with all manner of delights. The sea is a good conductor of sound, however, and they heard the noise there for a distance of many miles. They must have patience a little longer, but how long should they wait?

One morning a vessel on her way from Svolvær to the fiord saw the shoals of herring going out to sea again. There was a broad river of small herring across the West Fiord, and over it flocks of screaming white and gray birds.

The whales were there now, accompanying the shoals like sheep-dogs that run beside the flock. They were having an easy time now, for it did not need many turns of their tail to keep up with the herring, and all they had to do was to open their mouths and take what they wanted, move slowly along and take another mouthful. Several miles out to sea other whales were seen spouting on their way in, and millions and millions of herring were going west again over the endless plains of ocean.

One day the shoal will sink, however. The whale dives, and can still reach it; but the shoal goes still lower, and then the whale cannot follow. It can only feel which way to go, and moves slowly above the shoal; and then in the morning, when the shoal generally goes to the surface for a little,

the whale can have a good breakfast. At last, however, the herring descends to depths from which it does not rise again that year, and the whale has a period for rest and digestion. It lies on the surface of the water like a ship without rigging, and perhaps takes a nap, for it is rather tiring to go on feasting for several days. Then one morning it is roused by a peculiar movement in the water, and opening its small eyes, it is instantly wide awake and listening. The sea gives warning of an all too well known enemy, the grampus. It is still some miles off, but it is already on the track of its prey. With a powerful stroke of its tail, the whale takes to flight, but the grampus is a good rider, and in a few hours there is a wild chase through the boundless sea.

The day after the departure of the herring the other fish had also left the fiord. From boat to boat the shout was repeated, "Have you got anything?" and the answer was always the same, "No; have you?" "No; there is n't any here." "Nor here either." "They've gone." "Yes, the fishing 's over." "Yes, it 's over."

The dense fleet of ships and boats dispersed, but as it was too early to go home, most of them went out to their usual fishing-station, where there might be a chance of a little extra fishing during the next few weeks.

Once more the fiord lay empty and desolate. The tide rushed in at the flood and out at the ebb, but it no longer wore away anchor cables; and here and there along the deserted shore might be seen a plank hut that the men had not troubled to take away with them.

On the day when the *Seal* sailed out along the Lofoten Wall again Kris-

tåver was a well-to-do man. He had lost nets and rope, one of his comrades was dead, and he had gone through much hardship; but in his breast-pocket lay a bulky pocket-book, full of hundred-krone notes. He had never in his life carried so much money in his pockets: it amounted to thousands. When all his men had received their share, there would still be a large sum for himself; and even when the bank and the tradesmen were paid, a very fair amount would be left. A fisherman who owns boat and fishing-gear for five men and has a savings-bank book lying at the bottom of his chest! "What do you say to that, Mårya? Do you still want us to give up the sea?" And there might still be a little more money to come in before the fishing ended.

The weather had become milder, and the sun shone in the middle of the day; and here they came sailing along in a fresh breeze with wealth on board. Kaneles Gomon sang. They no longer talked about Elezeus Hylla. If a man dies or is drowned or a boat disappears in a storm, it is sad, but it is an every-day occurrence among fishermen, and in a few days there is no more mention of it. They would miss Elezeus when they had to row hard, for the sixth oar could not be used; and when they got home, when they had to walk up the beach and be welcomed, they would be one man less than when they set sail.

The surface of the wide, open West Fiord was covered with sails. They looked tiny out there, just like a swarm of insects that had settled on the water with their wings raised.

As Kriståver stood at the helm, he felt a peculiar affection for the *Seal*. He felt secure in his ownership; she

was really his, and henceforth they would be companions, they two. He knew her, too—almost, so that he could do what he liked with her, no matter where the wind was. Perhaps she still had some hidden caprice in her that might play him a trick some day, but they had had no sailing for life or death yet.

The number of boats gradually grew less as some of them turned off to their old fishing-stations while others went on. Some had come all the way from Værö and Röst.

Bacons and harbor-lights were being lighted in the red evening glow when the *Sea-Flower* and the *Seal* entered the sound together.

"You 're a millionaire now, I suppose," Kriståver shouted across to Jacob.

Damnitall-with-the-limp looked all black hair and beard, but there was a little patch of face beaming out from beneath his sou'wester.

"Haw! haw!" he cried, "that 's saying a good deal, but I will say that things have looked worse than they do now." The head-men laughed.

Was it strange that Jacob had done well? Now people could see once more that if they were threatened with a "black year" in Lofoten, all they had to do was to go and sell their boat and nets to Jacob, and then it would be all right. A little while ago there was no fish in the sea, but the four boats' gangs that sold themselves to Jacob knew what they were doing. Money? No, he had no money, but they agreed about the price, and kept their boats and nets as pledges; for in any case they were going to work as "half-share" men under him. Well, Jacob bought; and what happened? There was splendid fishing before you

could turn round! In the fiord he worked with five boats. He was no longer a fisherman; he was an admiral. He had paid for the boats and nets in no time, and the men who had formerly owned them did not know whether to be glad or sorry. It was true they made a good deal as "half-share" men, but if they had not sold, they would have made double as much. Jacob must have made an enormous amount by this transaction; he was padded all over with paper money, and seemed to grow fatter every day. And some thought it was a good thing, and others that it was a pity, that he never could keep his money.

After the men's recent experiences the old hut seemed almost too fine. It had walls of timber, windows, a table, and chairs, and there were bunks with soft straw to lie upon, just as a king would have it. They would live like gentlemen now.

The first thing that the crew of the *Seal* did was to set about a thorough cleaning of their own persons. "No one's going to bed until he's washed himself and changed," said Henry Rabben, and of course no one disputed for a moment that in a matter of this kind he was the head-man over them all.

They lighted the fire and made the hut so hot that people who opened the door with the intention of coming in gasped for breath and fled. That was their lookout. "Just keep it up!" said Kaneles, pushing still more wood into the stove. Why, they had suffered enough from the cold lately, and now there was plenty of peat and wood. "Keep it up!" cried Henry Rabben from the kitchen, where he was getting hot water ready.

The first proceeding was a difficult

one: the sea-boots had to come off. The men's feet were swollen, and the boots themselves had a discouraging appearance after having waded about for weeks in sea-water, fish-slime, and snow without being greased or dried. The leather was a grayish white color, cracked and wrinkled, and resembled the face of a sick person. They had to come off, however. The man sat upon a stool, while another stood behind him, grasping his arms at the shoulder and pulling backward, and a third seized the boot by the heel and toe and pulled with all his might in the opposite direction. Pull away, oh! Both exerted their utmost strength, and it looked as if they would tear their comrade in half; but in the end the boot yielded with a creaking sound.

Then the hair-sock came into view. It had once been white; now was black, and smelled of sea-water, leather, and perspiration. It was pulled off from the top downward, and revealed the stocking. What the color of that had been when it was young was impossible to say, but now it was a brownish gray. If it had to be peeled off it would hurt; it seemed to have stuck to the foot with a mixture of sea-water and blood. It must come off, however, and it was turned carefully down over the leg, which was red all over. It stuck, and brought the skin off, but it had to come off.

At last a human foot appeared, swollen and sore, with marks of wood and sea-water, the heel blue, the toes purple and numb with the cold. The heat made them begin to tingle and prick, and their joints were stiff.

The tub was brought in, full of hot water. "Keep up the fire!" said Kaneles. The hot water made the

feet hurt in earnest, and the men howled; it was like knives all over the body, and yet scrubbing their feet clean seemed to do them good internally, as if their very heart were the cleaner for it. They showed one another their frost-bites and gained a little sympathy. "My! that looks bad!" said one. "Wait a bit, and you will see something worse." It was a good thing they had "gall-brandy" in their chests, for there was nothing like it for frost in the limbs.

More hot water and clothes off! "Keep up the fire!" said Kaneles, for it was no joke to have to strip to the skin. First the blouse and the homespun waistcoat, then the big knitted woolen jersey, and after it the woven woolen shirt, and at last the white linen shirt. Was there a good fire? For Henry Rabben insisted on their taking off the innermost woolen shirt. Very well! So at last they had got down to the bare body, which they stroked with their swollen hands, because it was so white and sensitive to cold after always being shut in behind so much wool, and not having felt fresh air for ever so long.

Now the washing began, and the soap lathered on chest and arms. The men scrubbed one another's backs. "Oh, rub harder!" It did them good. "Keep up the fire!" said Kaneles.

When Peter Suzansa and his men came, they had to go through the same process, but Peter wanted to be alone out in the kitchen when he washed himself.

The "gall-brandy" kept going the round. Many a frost-bitten foot throughout the length of the Lofoten Wall had some that evening.

It was strange to look one another in the face; they were all so clean and

looked so nice, they might all have been bridegrooms, old as well as young.

Many a head-man slept that night with a well filled pocket-book on his breast, fastened to a cord round his neck. It was not customary to settle with the others in the boat until the fishing ended.

Arnt Awsan slept alone in the uppermost bunk, and he dreamed that Elezeus Hylla came and wanted his old place beside him. He began to undress down on the floor, pulled off his boots, then his trousers, and lighted his pipe. "Make room!" he said to Arnt, and then he came up, though Arnt knew that he was dead and sent South in a coffin.

Arnt cried out in his sleep and started up. Thank goodness! It was only a dream, and he could sink back again and go to sleep.

### § 3

"To

Ellen Olsdaughter Koya.

"I must now take up my pen and send you some lines to let you know that we are well and strong, as I hope this finds you, for it is a great blessing. With regard to the fishing I cannot complain, but it was a cold life in the fiord, and who would have thought things would have gone as they did with Elezeus Hylla? A fisherman's life is indeed a hard life, and no one need envy those who have to carry it on as long as they live, and if it were not for my father's sake I would never set foot again upon the sea, as there are other things I would rather do, especially to get on in the world. But I cannot very well leave my father alone on the *Seal* as long as my brothers are not big enough.

"Two fine town ladies have come

here, and they go about in broad daylight trying to attract the men, and many a silly seaman has fallen into temptation; but I walk straight past them, and I think Kaneles Gomon might do the same, for he is an honest fellow.

"I was down on the wharf the other day and saw a lady who swallowed swords that were at least a yard long, and you may believe it or not, but she had not a thread of clothing on, and was even illuminated inside with Bengal lights. She calls herself a princess, because she is the daughter of a king in India, and many think her very beautiful; but I do not, for I know some one who is more beautiful.

"I have bought a little gold brooch and a red silk scarf to wear round the neck, and they would suit a young girl best; only I do not suppose any one would accept them, for they are always so proud.

"I wonder who you are making the garters for, but I suppose I am not the right person to be told, for you must have so many friends and will be having more when you are confirmed. Do you remember the day when we were married in the barn? Games like that are over now, and you are going your way and I mine, and before we know it we shall have seen one another for the last time. But when I look forward at all that I have to get through before I can be anything of a man, I can say no more to-day.

"It will not be long now before we hoist the sail and go southward again, and then perhaps, when I meet you, you will be grown up and wearing an engagement-ring. So farewell until we meet! With many greetings from me,

LARS KRISTOFFERSEN MYRAN."

The days grew longer and longer, but there was a little life on the banks again. Now and then a boat would come in with four or five hundred fish, quite extra wealth. So it was going to be a record year after all, despite its having been so uneven on the whole.

There were now good times for the peddlers, too, and even Jacob had bought himself a blue duffle coat, and a gold ring for his own finger.

#### § 4

Lars was sitting reading in the hut in the evening. It was history this time, and a book of that sort is a wonderful thing. You open it and begin to read, and all at once the hut is gone and you are among emperors and kings, indeed among people who died many hundred years ago. You are with an army on an expedition into Asia. You see the French king's head cut off and fall into the street, where Tom, Dick, and Harry play ball with it. Strange times! And the fisher-boy is taking part in it all, while the other inmates of the hut sit mending their nets.

Once or twice he raised his head and looked at them as if from a great distance. His father was sitting up by the wall with a number of nets that had to be mended. A little help would not come amiss, but Lars was far away in other kingdoms and lands, in fine company, and thinking of becoming a fine gentleman himself. Every book he read took him farther and farther away. What Kristàver thought about it he did not say, for it did not concern any one else.

"Shall I help you, Father?"

"Oh, no. There 's no more than I can manage myself."

The boy knew that it was pride that made his father say this, and he was

on the point of rising to go and help him, but the book held him. He would read only a few more pages. And the hut vanished, and once more he was far away in other lands and other times.

Later in the evening he raised his head once more and came down to earth with eyes that could see his comrades in the hut.

Was he going to become like them? he thought. It was not that he thought himself too good, for his father and grandfather and all the others were good enough; that was not the reason. But an ambitious lad who became a fisherman had no paradise before him toward which he was traveling. Even if he should one day become a head-man, what was that, after all? The head-man toiled through a life of poverty, like the other men in his boat. He was the slave whom tradesmen and banks, middlemen and merchants, here and abroad, sent out to bring the fish ashore to them. The banks and the tradesmen became rich, the middlemen and the merchants became rich, the station-king was rich; but there was one who was poor all his life, and that was the fisherman. Would Lars go in for that?

He tried to read again, but now it was a different history. It was not about kings and wars and revolutions; no, it was the story of his own class through hundreds and thousands of years. An army of millions of weather-beaten men passed before him. They had drawn riches from the sea to make others wealthy; they capsized and were never heard of again; they became lepers and suffered a living death in some hut; they dragged through an old age, crippled with rheumatism, after the long years of hardship on

the sea. A good year like the present one was a streak of silver in their gray life. The fisherman bought himself a ring, and lived for some days in a bower of roses; but then came the seven lean years and the same distress in the gray cottages along the gray coast.

This was what the boy saw. These bearded men now sitting in the hut had once been young like himself, but it would be impossible now for them to sit as he was doing, dreaming of swinging himself up into a better position. It was too late for them, but there was still time for him.

The book was his salvation. It would be good-by to Kaneles, Lars thought to himself; they would not long be comrades, after all.

Once more he lost himself in other times and other countries, while the netting-shuttles danced about him.

During these days Jacob limped about so rich and important that he did not know what to do.

If his wealth had amounted to only half what it was, he would have bought a few barrels of the most expensive brandy and treated the whole station; but this was too much. He lost sight of land, his head was confused enough already, and to drink now! Impossible!

He went out on the sea every day like the others; it was not that. He stood cleaning fish with his men as long as there was a fish left to open, so he was not proud; but when a man is padded all round with bank-notes, he has not much peace either day or night. So this was what it was to be a rich man!

Yes, but the aggravating part of it was that he felt just the same as before. His short leg had not become



"Jacob limped about so rich and important that he did not know what to do"

any longer, he looked just the same when he saw his reflection in the water, he could not eat more than his fill, and if any one were to come and offer him expensive flowers with his bread instead of cheese, he was able to pay for them, but would they taste nice?

As soon as they came in from the sea and had finished with the fish he began to adorn himself. He washed himself and shaved his upper lip, and treated himself to new underclothing from the shop, and last of all put on his blue duffle coat and his ring, and there he was! Then he stood still and tried to feel whether this was what it was like to be a rich man. He now began to limp about and display him-

self with a beaming face and twinkling brown eyes, and was in a glorious state of confusion.

Brandy! Oh, yes, it can brighten the world right enough, but the thought of all one could buy if one only had money enough, also makes one see suns and moons, and sing. Oh dear, Maria! Oho! There was that big, newly painted galleass now. Oh, no! he might just as well take a three-master. Perhaps he would be able to buy one like that, and then people would be obliged to call him captain. He would just like to see them looking down on Jacob! Or should it be a large fish-wharf like the station-king's? People would have

to call him a trader then or, indeed, a merchant. But what about leaving the *Sea-Flower*? N-no. But there was something else he might do. He could gild her stem and stern and buy a silk sail. He hummed to himself as he limped about, and continually saw new visions. Oh dear, Maria! Oho!

One night he decided that he would build a fine house down in the South, and it should not be painted in the ordinary way, but tattooed like a seaman's hand. And then he would hire two or three people to stand on the beach to welcome him when he stepped ashore from his Lofoten voyages.

One morning a thought struck him. Now that he had become a rich man, he ought surely to associate with his equals. He accordingly dressed himself in his duffle coat, put his ring on his finger, and set out. This time he entered the office of the station-king himself.

The gentleman with the red beardless face and yellow eyes was writing at his desk and looked up. No fishermen were allowed in the office. Everything was settled out in the shop. What did the fellow want?

Jacob began to fidget with his sou'wester, to screw up his eyes, and make himself irresistible, as he had done to the commander.

Oh, he only wanted to look in, he said, and hear how the other was.

The gentleman behind the desk opened his mouth, stared, and put his pen behind his ear.

And then he wanted to know, Jacob went on, fidgeting still more with his sou'wester, whether the station-owner would do him a service. It was a strange thing that when one was prosperous one liked to show one's self in

a different light. Well, the fact was he was sufficiently well off to think of giving a party, or a ball, as they called it. He had hired the whole of the hotel and all the food and drink that it contained, and now he wanted to know if the station-owner would condescend to be one of the party, and perhaps his lady, too. He had intended to ask the doctor and the priest and the commander; and he thought that in the future there should be more friendliness and intercourse between those who owned a little more than the spoon with which they ate.

Not a muscle of the station-king's face moved. At last he said:

"Is n't your name Jacob?"

Yes, it was—Jacob Awsan.

"Very well. You were guarantor for nets and clothes sold to a Hitteröy man last year."

Yes, Jacob remembered that.

"The man was drowned," said the station-king, beginning to turn over the leaves of a register.

"Yes, God have mercy on him! He was drowned last spring."

"And he left next to nothing, and his debt is not paid. Your share of it as guarantor is one hundred and nineteen kroner and fifty öre. Will you pay it at once?"

"Yes, certainly." And Jacob took out his pocket-book and began counting it out.

"Sörensen!" called the station-owner, and a man came in from the shop. "Just attend to this man, will you? He wants something or other in the shop. Good morning, Mr. Jacob Awsan!"

Later in the evening the old man was standing in the darkness outside the station-owner's white house, looking at the long row of illuminated windows. He shook his head. How



strange it was that no matter how much money a little man had, it was of no earthly use. The big man would only let him in just far enough to get hold of his money, and then he would chuck him out again.

Jacob revenged himself that evening, however. He went to the priest's house, and taking off his sou'wester, he knocked at the door, opened it, and entered, turning round on his long leg as he did so.

"Why, it 's Jacob!" exclaimed the priest, who was sitting in a rocking-chair, reading a newspaper.

On this occasion Jacob was humble. He only wanted a little information. How much had the station-owner given to the mission?

The priest pushed his spectacles up on to his forehead and looked at Jacob.

"What did you say? What in the world do you want to know that for?"

"Well,—he! he!—because I thought of giving twice as much."

The priest gazed at him in blank astonishment.

"If it 's the Seamen's Mission you mean, of course all contributions are thankfully received. How much can you spare, Jacob?"

"Twice as much as the station-owner."

"Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing. But what if he has n't given a far-thing?"

"Then I 'd better give for him as well," said Jacob, producing two large notes.

The priest did not take them at once, and Jacob stood holding them out. At last he said:

"Now, my good friend, I can take that money, but in that case I shall

put it into the savings-bank for you; for you certainly can't afford to give all that. I know you fishermen. You can't bear to have any money in your pockets, because you 're not used to it. But tell me now, how much have you made during the last few weeks?"

Jacob shook his head. He did not keep accounts. He had not counted up his gains, but he owned a few things—several fully equipped boats—and he was not short of cash either.

"Well, thank you," said the priest, taking the money; and Jacob said, "Good night" and went out of the room. He put his head in again, however, and added:

"Perhaps you 'd be good enough to give my respects to the station-owner and say that I 've paid something into the mission for him."

"Good night, Jacob."

When Jacob was gone, the priest placed the notes in an envelop in which he wrote, "The property of Jacob Awsan," and put it in a drawer in his writing-table. The day might come when they would be useful to have back.

Jacob made his way among the huts in the darkness, humming to himself as he went. Every day is wonderful to a rich man. To-day he had put the station-owner himself to shame. That was something to have done! Oh dear, Maria! Oho!

He met Kaneles Gomon, and together they went into a bar. Kaneles called for coffee, and Jacob did the same. There was no question of brandy in times such as these.

Jacob liked talking to this lad. They called for cigars, and talked and laughed until the room rang with their laughter. Jacob had once been young like this young fellow, and he was also

from a small mountain farm. He remembered distinctly what it was like to herd sheep and goats. It was a long time ago. Once he had been on the point of marrying into a big farm,—he was not lame then, oh, no,—but at the last moment she took some one else. Yes, yes. She was still living, but it was years since he had seen her last. How the time passes! But it was jolly to sail south every time to the place where she lived; but then one day—well, there was an end to it all.

He might as well own, however, that she was not exactly rich. It was as much as she could do to make ends meet, what with rates and debt and a duffer of a husband. Jacob had thought not once, but a hundred times, of sending her a bank-note, or two or three. He had been in a few record fishing-years, and could have paid all her debts; but he never got farther than to the steps of the post-office. He never managed to send the money off. Suppose she refused to accept it and sent it back again! She was a proud woman. "But beautiful fifty years ago. Ah, me! You should have seen her!" And Jacob's brown eyes grew soft as velvet with the recollection of summer and youthful days. Brandy warms the body, but prosperity makes the heart blossom. That evening Jacob felt he must have some one to confide in, and, still more, some one to do good to.

"And what about you, Kaneles? Are n't you going to get married soon?"

Kaneles pushed his cap back from his forehead and laughed. "I've been thinking of it," he said. He, too, had a few things to talk to a comrade about. He would first of all have to

cultivate their land before he could bring a woman to the farm. And the buildings would have to be done up. He would paint the house yellow and the cow-shed red. But it was the money! He had made a little this year, but, then, there was all he owed. To tell the truth, it was not easy.

Jacob asked him if he might lend him a hundred dollars. Kaneles shook his head; he owed enough already.

"Will you take the money as a little present?"

Kaneles shook his head again. He was not going to beg if he could help it. His eyes flashed almost angrily beneath his knitted brows.

At this Jacob brought down his fist upon the table, making the cups and saucers dance.

"Confound the fellow! Do you think I'm not rich enough to pay for the whole of your rubbishy farm and give you a hundred dollars into the bargain? Eh? Do you think I'm a church mouse? Do you think I'm a beggar? Eh? Have you got five boats with all their nets and other things? How much money have you got about you? You miserable fellow, you! Upon my word, it seems impossible to get rid of a single penny to-night!"

For a little while they sat and sulked, each smoking in silence and looking straight before him; but then Jacob's face brightened, and he turned to his companion. It was impossible for him to be anything but good-natured this evening. He had now taken it into his head that he would be like a father to Kaneles and help him on so that he could marry and paint his house and bring the farm into a good state of cultivation. He approached him more cautiously, in order to avoid the risk of having a fist

planted between his eyes. In a carefully worded sentence he asked Kaneles whether he would be able to take him in as a lodger when the time came that he was no longer able to go to sea. A little attic or something like that, as big as a Lofoten boat-cabin. That would be more than good enough.

"Oh, yes," said Kaneles. He could promise him that; he could manage that.

"Yes, but what 'll the rent be?"

"There won't be any rent, so you need n't talk about it. We 'll talk about it when the time comes."

Jacob meant to have the matter settled on the spot, and he would pay the rent now while he remembered it. How could he tell whether he would have any money when the time came? What was paid was paid; it was money saved, and he would know that he had a roof over his head. "Here 's five hundred kroner, and if you don't take them, then, damn it all, you 're a fool and an idiot, and I swear it, too!"

Kaneles looked at the notes and thought of the farm and of his old, white-haired father; there would be new times at Gomon. He accepted the money, and pushed it into his breast-pocket, saying as he did so, "O Jacob! Jacob!" Kaneles had meant to go out on a spree to-night, but he could not go now; there would be changed times now for him, too.

While they still sat, some fishermen came in. They were the head-men on the four boats that Jacob had bought before the good fishing began in the fiord.

"There 's the king!" exclaimed one of them. "It 's you we 're looking for, Jacob. You 'll have a drink, won't you?"

Jacob shook his head and smiled.

He did not want a drink, but he quite understood what the men wanted; and when they sat down at the same table and began to talk about all kinds of things, he smiled again. Did they imagine that he did not see through them? They first wanted to make him drunk, and then buy their boats back for a mere nothing. Well, perhaps Jacob was as great a fool as you take him for. Try, and then you 'll see!

In another moment they approached the subject. They wanted to know whether he did not think it would be reasonable if they bought their boats and nets back again. That transaction had really been almost what might be called a joke. Could they not talk it over?

Oh dear, yes! By all means talk it over.

And the price? That, they supposed, would be the same that he had paid?

Just so. Jacob thought so, too; so they were agreed as to the price.

But, then, about the money. They would have to ask to be allowed to let the debt stand over in the meantime, for what little they had earned while working for him they had already sent home.

Jacob smiled once more. The men had talked it over, he could see, among themselves. But he was not a hard bargainer. Stand over? Of course they could let it stand over.

He knew perfectly well that he would never see a penny of these men's money, but he waved his hand grandly. Was he a rich man or was he not? The station-king would never have done such a thing, but this was Jacob, not the station-king.

When he went home that evening

he was quite sober. There was a new moon again, and he could see the rows and rows of fish hanging on the lines to dry.

Was Jacob drunk? No, but he was excited. His wealth had begun to dwindle, but what of that? He had four boats less than before, but what of that? Had he not still the *Sea-Flower* and bank-notes all over his body? Four boats given away, a room hired and paid for up at Gomon, and a small fortune given to the mission, this was what it was to be a rich man! Oh dear, Maria! Oho!

### § 5

There was the usual swarm of boats lying over the banks, hauling in lines and nets. The air was raw and foggy, and there was a slight swell. "There's good fishing to-day," Peter Suzansa shouted across to the *Seal*, and Kriståver agreed with him. The nets were full of cod, and there would be thousands in the boat if they went on as they had begun.

"The air's awfully still," cried a Nordlander, looking all round. There is a certain kind of stillness that makes the fisherman listen, and when one head-man assumes a listening attitude, it is taken up in boat after boat, until all are trying, as it were, to find the scent. In fog every sound is suspicious, and now the cold sea-mist began to move and drift in a southeasterly direction, and that meant wind. Listen! Already there was a strange roar. "We shall be having a visitor," shouted a Nordland man as he hauled and hauled at his nets to get them in in time. They must make for land.

"Hurry up, men!" shouted Peter Suzansa. In all the boats the men were working their hardest, hauling

for their very lives; they knew this roar that was growing louder and louder, and their energy and their anxiety spread from boat to boat over miles and miles of sea. Make haste! A storm is coming!

This time it came so quickly that there was hardly time to do anything before the boats were in the midst of it, tossing up and down upon huge, foaming billows.

It was impossible to draw in the nets; the boats would only have been swamped. Knives were pulled from their sheaths and the nets cut off, the long chains of nets with all their burden of fish disappearing in the foaming water. The next moment a little sail was hoisted. Would it be possible to tack in toward land? The boat was driven along over waves like rolling mountains; the sail disappeared into a deep valley, and a new wave appeared to be breaking over the very top of the mast; but the next moment the little boat again mounted into view. The men on board were drenched to the skin, and bailed for their lives. They all knew that in such a storm it was impossible to tack toward land; the only hope of safety was in sailing away before wind and wave, at haphazard over the sea, as far as God willed.

They ran before the wind; but the boats lay deep in the water with the weight of several hundred fish, so that the waves broke over the stern and made it useless to bail. The head-man shouted an order that was repeated in shouts forward, and three men fell upon the fish and threw the precious cargo overboard, as if they were sacrificing to the sea to save their lives.

Even now, when every one had enough to do in looking after himself,

comrade boats tried to keep in touch with one another. Peter Suzansa, on the *Sea-Fire*, saw in front of him the *Seal's* brown sail, now high on the crest of a wave, then descending into a deep valley. Would it appear again? Yes, there it was! It grew dark, and the sky was all black, scudding clouds. The wind whirled the spray into the air, where it tore about like wild, white wraiths; and the little sails were scattered and driven like storm-lashed birds in an ever wilder and wilder flight.

Where were they going? No one knew. When would they be able to turn? No one knew. Some time to-night or some time to-morrow they would perhaps be shattered upon a rocky cliff on the mainland; perhaps the wind would drive them seaward for days; perhaps in another moment their boat would capsize, and then there would be nothing more.

It was the first time Kriståver had sailed the *Seal* close-reefed. The sail was now as small as it could be, and did not reach half-way up the mast; and yet it was too large. It would be wrong to say that Kriståver was enjoying himself, but at last he was out with his boat in downright earnest, and how would it end? He had a huge pocket-book in his breast-pocket and was responsible for four other lives on board. Incautious steering, the miscalculation of a wave, half a second in which his eyes were not everywhere, and the next moment they might be clinging to the keel of the capsized boat. It was not this, however, which occupied him most; it was the boat. She had capsized three winters in succession, but it was impossible to discover wherein the fault lay. There was some hidden cause which he

would, perhaps, be able to extract from her now. As he stood in the drenching spray and the darkness, with his whole being intent upon the management of the boat, he felt that something was wanting in his mastery of her, and that at any moment she might play him a trick. The trough of that wave, for instance. If the stern were to be lifted so high that the rudder for one second hovered in the air, the boat would broach to, and then where would they be? Take care! Take care! There it was again—something wanting, insecurity in the rigging and boat. Confound it! He clenched his teeth: it was as though he and the boat were wrestling for the mastery.

Lars stood by the mast, minding the *priar*. This was important now that they were scudding before the gale. His sou'wester was pulled down over his ears and tied under his chin to prevent it flying away, and his eyes were fixed on his father. Every word that the head-man shouted might mean life or death. "Slack the *priar*!" his father shouted; "Slack the *priar*!" all the men repeated; and Lars hung on to the rope and carried out the order, and then once more fixed his eyes on his father, standing with the tiller in his hand, his face intent, his eyes everywhere. When a wave tossed the stern into the air, the head-man seemed to be flying heavenward; then they rode with the crest of the wave under the middle of the boat, and the water all round them was lashed into greenish white foam, making it seem quite light on board. Then the stern sank again, and his father with it, into the depths, and Lars was on the point of shouting, "Are you coming up again, Father?" But there he stood,

just as calmly, at the tiller, ready to meet a new mountain of water; and now he rose again, and Lars felt as if he had got his father back once more. The boy began to repeat hymns, for all good spirits must help his father to-night; and if things went wrong, he was with his father at any rate, and if they ever got to land, he would never leave him, never do anything to displease him.

They sailed on, they knew not whither. Whether it was to be right across the West Fiord or out into the ocean or straight upon a rock, God alone knew. Even if they had had a compass on board, it would have been impossible to see it; and to strike a match in this weather!

Now and then they heard cries that were not from birds, but from human beings—human beings clinging to the keel of an upturned boat. It could not be helped; to-night every one had to do the best he could for himself, and those who still sailed knew that numbers of capsized boats were floating on the sea for miles round, and that those who clung to their keels must go on crying for help, for no one could heed them.

They sailed on and on. Darker it could not be, but it could get rougher. They could no longer distinguish between clouds and sea. The very heaven seemed to be falling upon them in white foam. No, it was a gigantic wave, and the wind broke the crest of it and sent the spoon-drift flying about like white wraiths. Would the boat clear it? She did, but was almost swamped, and the men bailed and bailed until the next wave came.

They sailed on, but it seemed to Lars that they were no longer on the sea, but flying through a weird, dark

region in which foaming billows pursued them like green and white hobgoblins. They howled and tried to reach them, twisting and turning in a wild death-dance, flinging themselves upon the boat, from behind, from above, from the side, coming suddenly out of the depths to dance round her with foam-flecked faces, all round, everywhere. And his father stood on the thwart and was still keeping them off. How long would he be able to manage it? This was a long night.

The waves kept dashing over Kriståver, sometimes nearly knocking him down; but he nevertheless began to feel pleasure in his boat. She yielded so pliantly to the waves and cleared the most incredible billows, and every time he would have liked to pat her as one would a good horse, or cry, "Well done, *Seal!*"

Was it possible for the wind to be worse? Great chasms seemed to be rent in the raging sky, and out of them darted fire, and the long, yellow stormy gleams threw weird reflections over the seething waters. When the boat rose on the crest of a billow and was borne along at a dizzy pace, it was almost as if she rose out of the water and flew through the air, as if even the keel lost touch with the water, with that on which the boat must keep a firm hold; and it was at such a moment that the *Seal* first dived down into the trough of a wave, then broached to and capsized. The waves dashed over her, but now she was floating bottom upward.

There were cries from five men as she turned over; they were drowning in the roar of the wind and the waves, and that seemed to be the end.

But, no! Two men were already hanging to the shrouds. The sea

tossed the boat along, and two more who had been under her came up, and held on to the shroud on the other side. Where was the fifth?

Mechanically and half stunned, the four men dragged themselves up on to the boat, sitting astride the keel, to which they clung, so as not to be washed away. They had swallowed sea-water and had been battered by the waves and the boat, and they had lost their gloves and sou'westers.

Kriståver had a feeling that Lars had come up, but he could not help crying out:

"Are you there, Lars?"

"Yes, Father," came the answer.

"Hold tight!"

"Yes, Father."

One man was missing, however, but Kriståver caught sight of a boot that was flung against the side of the boat, and managed to get hold of it, though he almost fell off into the water in doing so. It was Kaneles that he pulled up, and the man must have received a blow against the boat, for he was unconscious, and made no attempt to hold on. No thought of letting go of him crossed Kriståver's mind; he would just have to cling with one hand to the keel, although it was as much as the others could do to hold on with both hands.

A capsized boat on the Lofoten Sea is an ordinary thing, and they knew it. They were swept along, now high on the crest of a wave, now deep in the trough. It was an ordinary thing to be drowned on a night such as this, and they knew it; but they nevertheless held on tight, because every second was a second more to live, and they cried wild, agonizing cries for help, and the cry was the same from them all: "Lord God! help! help!"

Every new wave that came foaming toward them was perhaps death itself, and involuntarily they crouched down before it to diminish the force of the blow. They cried again, though they knew there was no possibility of rescue; they cried in an agony of fear that stifled reason; they cried like animals that feel the piercing knife; their cries rose above the roaring sound of the wind, but no one answered.

The waves broke over them incessantly as they sat, flinging them hither and thither in the darkness. After a time Kriståver recollected that the boat would lie more quietly if he could cut the shrouds on one side, so that the mast could float up. "Lay hold here!" he shouted to Henry Rabben as he pushed Kaneles over to him. Henry gripped his unconscious comrade and held him fast. "Catch hold of my boot!" Kriståver shouted to Arnt Awsan, who instantly let go his hold of the keel with one hand and grasped the head-man's foot. Kriståver then drew his knife from its sheath and let himself slip down over the side of the boat; and as a wave washed over his head he heard Lars cry, "Oh, Father! take care!" He soon came up again, however, with his knife between his teeth; the shrouds were severed, and in another moment the mast shot up from beneath the boat. But he had made a serious mistake. He had cut the shrouds on the lee side, and the mast came up on the weather side, and was immediately carried toward them on the top of a wave. If it hit any of them, it would be certain death; it might sweep all five of them off at one stroke. No, it struck the boat with a resounding blow, and then retired to gather strength upon a new wave.



"Yes! there was a sail again! It was coming toward them, making straight for them"

"Catch hold of my leg again!" cried Kriståver, and once more hung head downward in the waves, and cut through the shrouds on the other side, too. The mast was now free. It was driven once more against the boat, but without hitting any one, then

retired again, carried away upon the waves with one end sticking up into the air, and finally disappeared from sight in the spray.

The boat tossed less now, and the four men sat holding the fifth between them. Until now they had not known



that they were drenched to the skin, and so assailed with cold that their teeth chattered; they had not felt that the flying spray so blinded them that they could hardly see one another.

## § 6

How long they had been tossing about thus they did not know, when they thought they heard a shout in the darkness. They shouted back and shrieked for help, and in the stormy yellow light that shone upon the foaming wave-crests they saw something, not a capsized boat, but a tiny sail, a boat, coming toward them. They were saved! They cried again, like men begging for their lives. The stormy light shone more strongly upon them, and in its yellow glow the boat flew past. It was Peter Suzansa. He had meant to save them, and they could see him standing at the helm only a few yards off. He shouted, but in such a sea his boat would be dashed to pieces against theirs, and the old man knew it and could only leave them there and go on; but as he left his comrades to their fate he turned his head and looked at them, and a cry escaped from his lips—a cry that was taken up by all his men, as if they were begging for forgiveness because they could only save their own lives. Those on the upturned boat understood, and gave an answering cry of anguish; and in another moment Peter Suzansa and his boat had disappeared into the night.

Kriståver and his men still clung to their boat as if hope were not entirely gone. Kaneles was still unconscious, and Kriståver held him as before; but would he be able to do so much longer? The others had two hands to hold on with when the waves

dashed over them, but Kriståver had only one, and Kaneles was heavy. Leave go of him? No! But what if he let himself be washed away?

"Kaneles," he called into the unconscious man's ear, "try to wake up! Try to hold on! I can't keep up any longer!"

But Kaneles, who was such a strong lad and as elastic as an india-rubber ball, was now unconscious and unable to move a finger; and Kriståver felt that it would soon be all over with himself, too. Here came a gigantic wave, and he would not be able to hold on himself and hold Kaneles up, too. God forgive him if he had to leave go of the lad!

The wave dashed over them, and Kriståver bent before it; and when it had passed he still sat holding Kaneles.

He saw in fancy his father, the half-blind old man living in the little farm up on the mountain; and he still kept hold of the boy: they would have to be washed away together.

The water beat noisily under the boat, which lay high because it was full of air. Kriståver would have taken his knife and bored a hole in it to let the air out, but he had no hand to spare and was not equal to anything more.

The same black masses of cloud were racing across the sky; the same gleams of stormy light broke from them over the sea, showing how high the spoon-drift flew. But was that not another shout? Yes! there was a sail again! It was coming toward them, making straight for them. They shouted aloud, and in the yellow light they recognized the *Sea-Flower*. She passed close by them. Jacob was at the helm, and he saw what Peter Suzansa had seen, that it was impos-

sible to heave to and help them; and as he flew on, he was followed by a cry, a despairing cry. Was he, too, going to leave them?

But that was not Jacob's thought. It would not be like Damnitall-with-the-limp to leave a comrade in the lurch. He and the *Sea-Flower* had been out before on a winter's night, and they knew one another; they could venture what others would never dare to do. He roared an order that was repeated forward along the boat; they got the tack down, and she heeled over in the wind. The head-man put her bow so as half to meet the waves, and started off as if about to tack. It was madness in such weather, but then it was Jacob who did it.

He was not quite sure what he really intended himself; he only meant to take a turn and keep on a level with the other boat, for he would not sail away from a comrade. The boat was filled by the waves breaking over the water-board, but the men kept on bailing. Then they went about again, and Jacob knew that in the meantime the capsized boat must have drifted a good deal to leeward. He set his course at haphazard, and then, in the streak of yellow light, caught sight of a dark line upon the crest of a wave. There they were!

The *Sea-Flower* bore down toward them, and Jacob could hear their cries. They must have seen him and taken heart again, and as he once more steered close by them, he shouted, "Hold tight, boys, and wait a little!"

Such words of encouragement in the storm from one who was still sailing his own boat made them feel half saved and gave them strength to hold on. Jacob sailed away again into the

blinding spray and darkness, but he had told them to wait and hold tight.

Once more the *Sea-Flower* was forced up into the wind to gather impetus for a fresh effort to reach the other boat. She threatened to fill again, and the men bailed their hardest, and Jacob steered farther and farther to windward. No one but he would have done such a thing in a storm like this. And once more he went about and began to make straight for the capsized boat, which had again been driven farther to leeward.

"Keep a lookout for them!" he shouted, and the men along the boat repeated, "Keep a lookout for them!"

The *Sea-Flower* shipped more seas over her water-board, and her rigging and sail moaned under the pressure of the wind. But was not that the boat on the top of a wave down there? No, it was gone again!

A man standing by the tack shouted, "There!" and pointed with his hand. "There!" shouted the others, pointing in the same direction.

Jacob stamped upon the thwart and said, "Damn it all!" for he thought it was time to put an end to all this. He knew now what he meant to do, and he bore straight down upon the black line that stood out upon a wave far away to leeward. "Two men on each side, and haul them in!" he shouted. "Two men on each side, and haul them in!" the men repeated as they placed themselves in readiness.

It was a mad order, but at sea orders have to be obeyed. The fifth man remained by the tack to give the head-man the direction.

At this moment Jacob had no thought for the risk he was taking. He knew perfectly well that there

were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that he would lose his steerage and then they would all be lost; but he had no time to consider this. The upturned boat rose into view again, and he was dashing down toward it on a gigantic billow. "Stand by!" he shouted. "Stand by!" the men repeated, and the next moment the *Sea-Flower* rode in the foam and the spray right over the keel of the *Seal*. "Get hold of them!" The *Sea-Flower* trembled as she scraped over the keel of the other boat, but the men on both sides each hauled in his man. It was like getting big fish into the boat; it was done in half a second, and they were once more scudding through waves and blinding spray in the darkness.

The first thing Jacob was aware of was that his helm was *not* gone. The *Sea-Flower* was as obedient as ever. The next thing he saw was that four men had been saved from the shipwrecked boat, and he heard them cry, "O God! O God!" and then again, "O God!"

But this was not the time to go forward and pity them and say, "Poor fellows!" The steering, the wind, and the waves gave him enough to do. He only shouted to his men, "Are they all alive?" and, as usual at sea, the men repeated the head-man's words, "Are they all alive?" "Yes," said a voice from the middle of the boat. "Yes," they all repeated.

They ran before the wind again, flying on through the darkness, over

mountains and into valleys, in a whirling tumult of white, shrieking specters. sailing, sailing, they knew not whither.

Toward morning they saw right before them a beacon-light. It was on the mainland, but how far north or how far south Jacob could not tell. They were flying in toward a rocky coast that they did not know. At any moment they might run upon a rock that stood up out of the water or lay hidden below the surface of the sea; but, nevertheless, they had to go on sailing.

The wind shifted round to the north, and they sailed down along the coast. They could hear the roar of breakers upon the shore side, and every now and then a gleam of stormy light showed them mountains covered with snow, and the white surf of waves breaking over rocks.

Now, however, the wind had so far fallen that Jacob took it into his head to sail in the direction he himself wished. He had no thought of making for land; the tack was put forward, and he set out at haphazard through the darkness across the West Fiord again. This time it would be a long way to Lofoten.

The four shipwrecked men lay in a half-unconscious state in the middle of the boat. But surely there should have been five? Jacob would have to ask about that when the time came. It was perhaps a little cold for them lying there with the water dashing over them, but they would be able to get warm some other time.

(The end of the sixth part of "The Last of the Vikings")





# Salvation with Jazz

*Vachel Lindsay: Evangelist in Verse*

BY CARL VAN DOREN



**C**HURCH and state in the United States are allied at least to this degree: reforms and revivals take lessons from each other. The rhythm of each is the rhythm of crusade. When souls or cities are to be saved, the tambourine must be shaken, the trombone must disturb the sky. The roots of the American revival go back to Jonathan Edwards, that Peter the Hermit of New England, who found his people sunk in the dullness of prose, and sought to lift them up and draw them after him in a march upon the City of God which he believed might be discovered, or established, on their own soil. The roots of American reform go back to the poets and orators of the Revolution, who found their people accepting too tamely the smug rule of Great Britain, and taught them to hope and work for a republic of mankind which was to replace their ancient form of government when they should have put forth efforts heroic enough to earn a republic. The Great Awakening and the Glorious Revolution thus early set the pace and called the dance which have continued ever since. Even when, as in many of its aspects, American life has become doggedly or venomously reactionary, the rhythm of crusade has kept on throbbing in the popular imagination. Theodore Roosevelt is but the arche-

type of countless strenuous Americans who, fired by a vision of civil excellence, start the bagpipes skirling and raise a rhythmic din among their warriors as they advance toward some high political goal. Billy Sunday is but the archetype of countless strenuous natives who, inflamed with a passion for the good old cause, hang bells upon their caps, set the tom-tom going, and sweep forward, or backward, to the pulse of jazz, to the roar of camp-followers drunk with the pious opportunity.

## § 2

Vachel Lindsay emerged from a plane of culture on which such enthusiasms flourish. He is, among recent American poets, the most impetuous enthusiast. Only he, among those recent American poets who are also important, has a record, which he avows, of membership in a more or less militant denomination, of admiration for foreign missionaries, of activities in the Young Men's Christian Association, of blows struck in behalf of the Anti-Saloon League. Other bards may see in prohibition a set of statutes against cakes and ale or an increase of tyranny deftly managed by clever lobbyists in the interests of a comfortable minority with stocks in its cellars; to Mr. Lindsay the prohibition movement is, or was, a gallant

revolution against the sour and savage King Alcohol who has too long ruled the race. Others may see in Y.M.C.A. secretaries the least imaginative of those persons who believe that a Christian should be all things to all men, and may see in foreign missionaries the least imaginative of those persons who believe that God should be one thing to all men; to Mr. Lindsay such secretaries and missionaries are, or were, knights and paladins whose quarrels are just, whose conquests are beneficent, because they uphold and extend the healing hands of Christ. Others may see in the "Campbellites" an undistinguished, though aggressive, village sect with apostolic prejudices; to Mr. Lindsay the Disciples are the faithful legionaries of Alexander Campbell, the pioneer who proclaimed a millennium in the Western wilderness and set the feet of his companions and inheritors on the path which leads to a New Jerusalem.

Most of the poems in which Mr. Lindsay utters or hints at these opinions are early, and most of them are, as poems, trash. They are not, however, the whole story. They are merely items in his attempt to give his work a basis in the moods and in the rhythms of his native section. As a student of art in Chicago and in New York he was not entirely at home; he could not find a natural idiom to match his impulses. That idiom he eventually found in a language which expresses the mood of the local patriot in the rhythm of national vaudeville. He devised the terms "the new localism" and "the higher vaudeville" to give the authority of doctrine to his practice. Localism, of course, had long been one of the most

potent forces in the country, particularly in Mr. Lindsay's Middle West. Town had striven with town to see which could sing its own praises loudest and so further its own aspirations by bringing in new inhabitants and larger business. The strife had encouraged all the natural tendencies toward optimism and complacency, and had developed the windy lingo of the booster until it had become perhaps the most customary oratory of the region. Here was something, Mr. Lindsay felt, to be translated into the worthier idiom of poetry. But he was a booster of a novel disposition. He wanted to see brought to his town of Springfield not more business, but more beauty; not more inhabitants, but more elevation of life.

This is what Mr. Lindsay himself undertook to do. He wandered in the South and East and got material for "A Handy Guide for Beggars," full of counsel for such as find themselves choked by houses and bored by books, and so take to the open road of the poet and the vagabond. He wandered from Illinois to New Mexico and got material for "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," that quaint, racy, joyful narrative of his experiences while he was about his singular evangelism. On both journeys he carried with him his "Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread," got food and shelter by them, and scattered the seed of beauty on every kind of soil he met. The good he did to others it would be hard to estimate, but the good done to him by his adventures is unmistakable. He came back to Springfield fully developed as a poet. Henceforth he was to be contented to live in that inland capital. He would voice its aspirations, he would inter-

pret its folk-ways, he would use its dialect, he would snare its rhythms, he would write words for the tunes which rang through its sleepy head.

## § 3

His creed was less original than his performance. There had been Americans before him who had in mind to make Boston as memorable as Athens, New York as memorable as Paris; and other Americans who vowed to make Indianapolis as memorable as Boston, or San Francisco as memorable as New York. A European, standing beside a river, calls it liquid history; an American, beside a river in his own land, sees prophecy in it, and thinks what memories are being cast upon its waters by the great deeds being done along its banks. All that was new in Mr. Lindsay's passion was its special object and method. He was the first to boost for beauty in the common American language. In his earliest notable poem, "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," he took the theme of a revival sermon and the rhythm of a revival hymn and achieved the fruitful marriage of salvation with jazz. So much is national, but Mr. Lindsay gives his poem a touch of local color such as any medieval painter might have given it.

"Jesus come out from the court-house door,  
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there,  
Round and round the mighty court-house square."

The scene of the triumphant entry is Springfield, or some town like it; Mr. Lindsay had brought the drama of

salvation home to his own neighbors.

After piety, patriotism. If Mr. Lindsay had seen poetic possibilities in the Salvation Army, so did he see them in the spectacle of countless motors streaming across the continent in a grandiose pageant. As a tramping evangelist in Kansas he had at first resented the proud speed of the automobiles dashing past him, but in time he lost his resentment in his fascination.

"I would not walk all alone till I die  
Without some life-drunk horns going by."

Do the roaring engines and the raw horns disturb the peace of dreams? So does the march of life always disturb them. But dreams, after all, come back when the thunder of the procession dies. Meanwhile there is magnificence in the rush of so many motors, each one bearing a pennant with the name of the city from which it hails. In "The Santa Fe Trail: A Humoresque" Mr. Lindsay reels off the names of the cities in the manner of a train-caller in a railway station—reels them off till he is drunk with the motley syllables and in his exaltation sees the United States go by. Here he is even more native than in his poem on Booth, for Booth was an Englishman who arrived in a reasonably international paradise; but the flood of automobiles pouring across Kansas, perceived by a poet crusading for the new localism, and chanted in a manner based upon a train-caller's drone—this is home-grown, home-spun, home-measured, home-made.

Mr. Lindsay sought, however, to go still deeper into his soil. Springfield has negroes among its citizens and has had race riots. To the superficial eye

these particular Americans seem to give themselves to loose habits, hilarious amusements, fantastic religions. In the literary tradition they have regularly been regarded as mere comic figures or as pathetic victims of oppression. The higher vaudeville sees other aspects.

"Then I had religion, then I had a vision.  
I could not turn from their revel in derision.  
Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,  
Cutting through the forest with a golden track."

These particular Americans are also Africans. The jungle is in their blood: loud colors, powerful odors, witchcraft, malign deities. Mr. Lindsay, observing

"Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room.  
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,"

hears behind them

"the boom of the blood-lust song  
And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong."

Observing crap-shooters and cake-walkers at their irrepressible play, he sees a negro fairy-land with gaudy revelers laughing at the witch-doctors who try to cow them with talk of Mumbo-Jumbo:

"Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes,  
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,  
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,  
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.  
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,  
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,

Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,  
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.  
And the couples railed at the chant and the frown  
Of the witch-men lean, and laughed them down."

Observing that

"A good old negro in the slums of the town  
Preached at a sister for her velvet gown,  
Howled at a brother for his low-down ways,  
His prowling, guzzling, sneak-thief days,  
Beat on the Bible till he wore it out  
Starting the jubilee revival shout,"

the poet sees behind this familiar sight a great day along the Congo when

"the grey sky opened like a new-rent veil  
And showed the Apostles with their coats of mail.  
In bright white steel they were seated round  
And their fire-eyes watched where the Congo wound.  
And the twelve Apostles, from their thrones on high  
Thrilled all the forest with their heavenly cry:  
"Mumbo-Jumbo will die in the jungle;  
Never again will he hoodoo you."

The anthropology of "The Congo" is hardly to be trusted. Whatever cults may have existed among the ancestors of the Afro-Americans, they themselves are most of them Baptists or Methodists, under-educated and under-privileged. Mr. Lindsay's poem is significant less as a "study of the negro race" than as an example of a new poetical use to which a certain native

material was ready to be put. Here more completely than anywhere else in his work he makes drama out of his reading of life. Is the plight of mankind lamentable in the jungle, among the slums, on the lone prairie? It need not be, as Mr. Lindsay sees it. Somewhere there are crusaders to bring salvation, shouting, singing, beating upon optimistic drums.

#### § 4

If Mr. Lindsay's poetry is more original than his philosophy, so is it more valuable. Like all crusaders, he has difficulty in looking ahead to the end of the bright path he follows with such rapture. "The Golden Book of Springfield," in which he sets forth his notion of what his native town may have become by 2018, is a Utopia of Katzenjammer. History serves him better than prophecy, as when he celebrates the fame of that John Chapman who as Johnny Appleseed is remembered for his gift of orchards to the Middle West. Indeed, Mr. Lindsay is at his best when he is engaged in promoting to poetry some figure or group of figures heretofore neglected by the poets: the Salvation Army, the motorists of the Santa Fe trail, the Springfield blacks, Alexander Campbell, John Chapman, John L. Sullivan, John P. Altgeld, the Bryan of 1896.

On these occasions the poet is not content to write history merely; he makes myths. His Alexander Campbell still rides his circuit, announcing the millennium and snatching back renegade souls to the faith; his John Chapman still roams the great valley, a backwoods St. Francis, with the seeds of civilization in his wallet. During the war, in "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," Mr. Lindsay

thus poetically brought to life the greatest of all Springfield's citizens, to move restlessly through the streets.

"Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?"

Poetry, in a conception like this, joins hands with religion, keeping the heroes and the saints and the gods alive because those who depend upon them will not believe that they have died. In a fashion like this patriotism grows up, knitting many hearts together by giving them common memories and common hopes.

And yet Vachel Lindsay is not the personage he was when he published "The Congo" in the same year with "Spoon River Anthology." Both he and Edgar Lee Masters were deliberately going back to Greek models, the one to the chanted lyric, the other to the ironical epigram. Irony, however, won the day, helped by the presence in the times of a tumult through which nothing less cutting than the voice of irony could reach; and in the eight years since the appearance of the two books the tendency of American literature has been steadily toward irony, satire, criticism. To the drive for the new localism there has succeeded a revolt from the village, turning to ridicule the eloquence of the local patriot and laughing at the manners of the small community. To the confidence that much might be made for literature out of the noisier, rougher elements of the national life by the process of lifting them to richer, surer rhythms and giving them a sounder language, has succeeded the feeling, best voiced by H. L. Mencken, that such elements are menace, nuisance, or nonsense, and that the cause of the higher vaudeville, to be based



upon them, is not worth fighting for. Some sense of this shift in the current literary mood must have been responsible, at least in part, for the loss by Mr. Lindsay of the full vigor with which he sang in those first hopeful days; for his inclination to turn away from creation to criticism and scholarship, from poetry to design.

### § 5

The crusader cannot be a connoisseur. He must meet the masses of men something like half-way. Nor can it be merely in the matter of language that he meets them. He must share as well a fair number of their enthusiasms and antipathies. He must have gusto, temper, rhetoric; must apply them to topics which are not too much refined by nice distinctions. These qualities Mr. Lindsay has, and he lets them range over a wide area of life, delighting in more things than his reason could defend. He rejoices, too, in more things than his imagination can assimilate. For Mr. Lindsay's poetical range is not very great. His eye is bigger than his appetite. That eye embraces the Anti-Saloon League and the sons of Roosevelt and Comrade Kerensky and dozens of such morsels; he gulps them down, but no digestion follows. He is a reformer, an evangelist. He lifts his standard for all who will gather round it; he spreads his arms to all who will come to them. His business is not, as that of a different poet might be, to find only the purest gold or the clearest gems. It is rather to spade up new sod and see what unexpected flowers will spring from it; to peer into dusky corners and see that nothing precious has been hidden there; to explore the outer boundaries of the regions of

poetry and see if they cannot be extended to include virgin territories hitherto unoccupied. No wonder he has made as many poetic failures as any poet of his rank.

But besides his failures, there are his successes. To appreciate them it is necessary to have heard him read his own verse. His reading is almost singing; it is certainly acting. The rhythms of the camp-meeting, of the cake-walk, of the stump-speech, of the chantey, of the soldiers' march, of patriotic songs, of childish games, throb through him and are from him communicated to the most difficult audience. His singsong is as contagious as that of any revivalist who ever exhorted; his oratory rings. The pulse of human life has beat upon him till he has felt its rhythm and meter; simplifying them by his art, he turns and plays with them upon his hearers till they, too, throb in excited unison. Noise by itself, when orderly, has some poetical elements; rhythm, without tune or words, may be thrilling. The potency of Mr. Lindsay's verse, however, shows how far he goes beyond mere noise and rhythm. He has pungent phrases, clinging cadences, dramatic energy, comic thrust, lyric seriousness, tragic intensity. Though he may sprawl and slip and though a large portion of his work is simply sound without importance, he is at bottom both a person and a poet. He is, after all, like no one else. Something in him which was better than his conscious aims has taught him, however much he might borrow from the circuit-rider, the crusader, the booster, that true eloquence comes from the individual, not from the mass; that true poetry is actually lived, not merely shared or argued.



# An American Looks at His World

*Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank*



## WHY EDWARD BOK SHOULD NOT HAVE RETIRED

THOMAS CARLYLE gave us the gospel of work. It remained for Edward Bok to give us the gospel of retirement. Three years ago Mr. Bok retired from business and professional activities after having spent some thirty strenuous years as editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal" and as vice-president of The Curtis Publishing Company. At the time of his retirement Mr. Bok was only fifty-six years old and was in the full flush of intellectual and physical vigor. "Never in my life," he said, "had I felt more fit."

No one who knew Mr. Bok thought that he was retiring in order to loaf away the rest of his years and to spend his substance in riotous living. Therefore, his friends reasoned, Mr. Bok must be in ill health. When he refused to give evidence of either sickness or senility, it was clearly up to him to explain why he had retired just at the time when the average American most enjoys remaining at the helm, luxuriating in the sense of power and prestige that comes with a distinguished business or professional success. Mr. Bok buoyantly accepted the challenge to explanation, and proceeded to formulate his gospel of retirement, which he has ardently preached in season and out of season ever since.

He wrote for "The Atlantic Monthly" two papers, in one explaining his philosophy of work and play, and in the other checking up the results of his experiment. Recently he contributed to "Scribner's Magazine" a third paper wherein he stated his gospel of retirement with admirable clarity. Let me try to condense his theory into a paragraph or two. Unless I misread him, his theory runs somewhat as follows:

The average American sticks at his job too long. Not only does he become stale and stomachy, not only does he grow bored and nervous under the monotonous grind of business, but he stands in the way of younger executives who have a right to the opportunity his job affords. Therefore, according to Mr. Bok, there should be a healthy exodus from the ranks of successful business and professional men every year. Their retirement, Mr. Bok thinks, would be good for them, good for the younger men who would step into their shoes, and good for the public at large, provided the retired men used their new leisure wisely and with a sense of social responsibility. For Mr. Bok does not think retirement from business should mean simply moving from one's office to the country club or exchanging professional duties for poker and polo.

Men should retire from business in order to play, but in Mr. Bok's dictionary the word "play" seems to be defined as "public work" or, if that weather-beaten word may be used, "uplift." Lloyd George, when asked how he kept going without more time for play, replied that for him a change of troubles was as good as a vacation. So Mr. Bok's notion of the retired business man's play is hard work in civic and other public movements. And Mr. Bok contends that there is a thrill and satisfaction to be found in unpaid public work that can never be found in the business or profession out of which a man is making his bread and butter. "Instead of dealing with iron, textiles, leather, commodities, and the welfare of his employees, he is now functioning with human beings almost entirely, and this," says Mr. Bok, "brings the thrill which is missing in inanimate commerce." Again referring to the joy attending the hardest sort of work in public movements, he says: "This is not work. Work is where one works for self; for one's own material advancement; for and from necessity. The other work is 'play,' in that one works for others."

Mr. Bok contends that this "novelty of romantic adventure" is reserved for the man who cuts loose from his business and devotes himself exclusively to public work. "No man," he says, "can serve two masters wholly or fully; one or the other must suffer. Besides, the service is not full unless fully given. The problems outside of business to-day call for exactly the same concentration and single-mindedness as do the problems in the business world. They are equally large of scope and wide in momentous potentiality. It is one thing or another;

there is no medium road to the man who would feel the real joy of service. That comes only from complete renunciation of the one and a full devotion to the other. You may experience pleasure from the half-time effort, but not that deep inner satisfaction which comes only to the man who serves singly and solely."

To the question, "Are n't you ready to go back now that you have tried retirement?" Mr. Bok replies, "To what: the bondage of the dollar and the single-mindedness of the trader?"

For all this Mr. Bok has been greeted with loud and long applause. On all hands men have been saying that Mr. Bok's gospel of retirement from business and devotion to public service represents singularly fine social vision. I hesitate to thrust a discord into the chorus of approval that has greeted Mr. Bok's gospel, but it strikes me as a dangerous and essentially anti-social doctrine. It seems to me that it grows out of a fallacious conception of business and a fallacious conception of social service.

Mr. Bok sets out to strike a blow at the American tradition of sticking to business until one drops in the harness. What he really does, I think, is to strengthen the all too prevalent and socially sterile notion of business as a purely private adventure in acquisition. For all the flurry that Mr. Bok's gospel of retirement has made, he has broken no new ground. He has simply dropped into the apostolic succession of American business men who look upon business as an essentially anti-social undertaking to which they devote the first three quarters of their lives and out of which they make money with which they "do good" during the last quarter of their lives.

He has further fortified this dangerous dualism that separates men's private business and their public service into two air-tight compartments. Although Mr. Bok would be the last man in the world to agree to the validity of these bald statements, the fact is that his philosophy says, in effect, that business is essentially an adventure in personal acquisition, and that a business man's public service consists in giving his money and his time to outside causes.

In the first place, this is a very un-businesslike conception of business. I venture to suggest that the great business successes of the next fifty years will be made by the men who think of service first and of profits last. The surest way not to make money in any large way is to center all attention on making money. The indictment of the modern business system is that it makes things for sale rather than for use, but the surest way to sell things in the future will be to make things for use rather than for sale. Business has a higher function than the subsidy of uplift; its highest function is to make uplift unnecessary. The reason we need so much public work, social service, and uplift is because we have failed to catch the full social implications of our business and professional activities. Because we have insisted upon interpreting business and the professions as primarily personal and selfish undertakings, we have gone wild on the matter of uplift and on the matter of government. In a rightly run society uplift would be unnecessary and government would not be the all-comprehending and extravagantly expensive thing it is today. Any philosophy that paints business in terms of a disagreeable

duty to be got through with as soon as possible in order that we can get at something uplifting is, I suggest, dangerously anti-social.

In the second place, Mr. Bok's philosophy rests upon a false notion of social service. The most significant social service is not rendered in and through public movements, but is rendered in and through private businesses and professions. The trouble with the uplifters is that they are not the people who are uplifting the world. The primary processes of production, distribution, and consumption touch life at more points and oftener than all other social processes combined. The way men administer these three processes more nearly determines the tone and temper of American life than all the "public work" of all the public-spirited men in America. It is not an exodus from business that we need; it is a re-dedication to business by business men who realize that the wise and worthy administration of a great business is in itself a vast and complex social service beside which any mere uplift movement is child's play. Instead of business men who flee from business as from some *Caliban* in order to play *Ariel* among the uplifters, we need business men who stay on the job and attempt to put a soul into the *Caliban* body of commerce. The men who possess the greatest public spirit should be the last men to leave business, not the first. Just as the church must ultimately cease to be a separate institution in which men do religious things, and must become simply the whole community functioning spiritually, so business must cease to be a separate section of men's lives, and must become simply the whole community function-

ing in the "romantic adventure" of subduing the earth and fashioning a livable society.

I cannot understand why a man who desires above everything else to render a great public service should decide to abdicate the editorship of a journal that was reaching the ears of two million or more women just at the time when women were entering upon their political responsibility and needed all possible leadership and education in their tasks. I cannot but feel that in the struggle for a better America Mr. Bok threw away a repeating-rifle and armed himself with a tin sword. Instead of being lauded for entering public work, he should be morally court-martialed for deserting his post in the midst of the battle. Just at the moment when all the ripe experience of a lifetime might have been thrown into the scales for a campaign of education of the new women voters, the editor retires.

Is there any need for a publisher who wants to render great public service to retire from the publishing business now when the situation cries aloud for fundamental reform of the business that will double the circulation and halve the cost of books and periodicals?

Is there any need for a business man who wants to render great public service to retire from business now when the situation cries aloud for business leadership that is able to effect reforms in business policy and procedure that will enable American business and industry to raise wages, shorten hours, lower prices, and increase profits at one and the same time? It is a little difficult to follow the reasoning that leads a man to speak of "inanimate commerce" in a

day that is issuing such a challenge to industrial statesmanship. If a man is looking for real adventure, he will be more likely to find it in the ranks of the creative administrators of industry than in the ranks of the hustling press agents of Utopia. If we could only realize that probably the greatest opportunity that will ever come to us to render public service comes to us in our private businesses! If we could only realize that the private businesses of the world are better instruments for social service than public movements! The show-windows of the department stores of Chicago are as good an instrument as The Art Institute of Chicago for exerting an influence upon the popular taste of the city.

Mr. Bok's gospel of retirement is the modern American expression of the thing that turned certain early Christians into monks who ran away from the world in order to be good. Mr. Bok is advocating a new asceticism, which consists in running away from business in order to be useful to society.

I am not attempting to filch from Mr. Bok any of the honor that has rightly gone to his admirable public spirit. His purpose is a pillar of fire in the fog of selfishness and social irresponsibility that hangs permanently over large sections of our people. I am challenging his technic only. I am suggesting that in the great adventure of conducting the private businesses and professions as social services, men set out on a real search for the Holy Grail. When men turn their back upon business and spend all their time on committees of public movements they frequently achieve only a loving-cup.

MW

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

This book is due on the last **HOUR** stamped below.

APR 23 1967 4 AM  
DEC 6 '76 PM

DEC 1 1976

1941

